



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

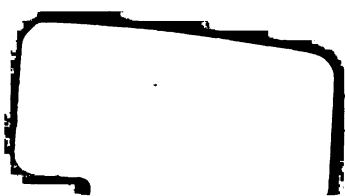
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

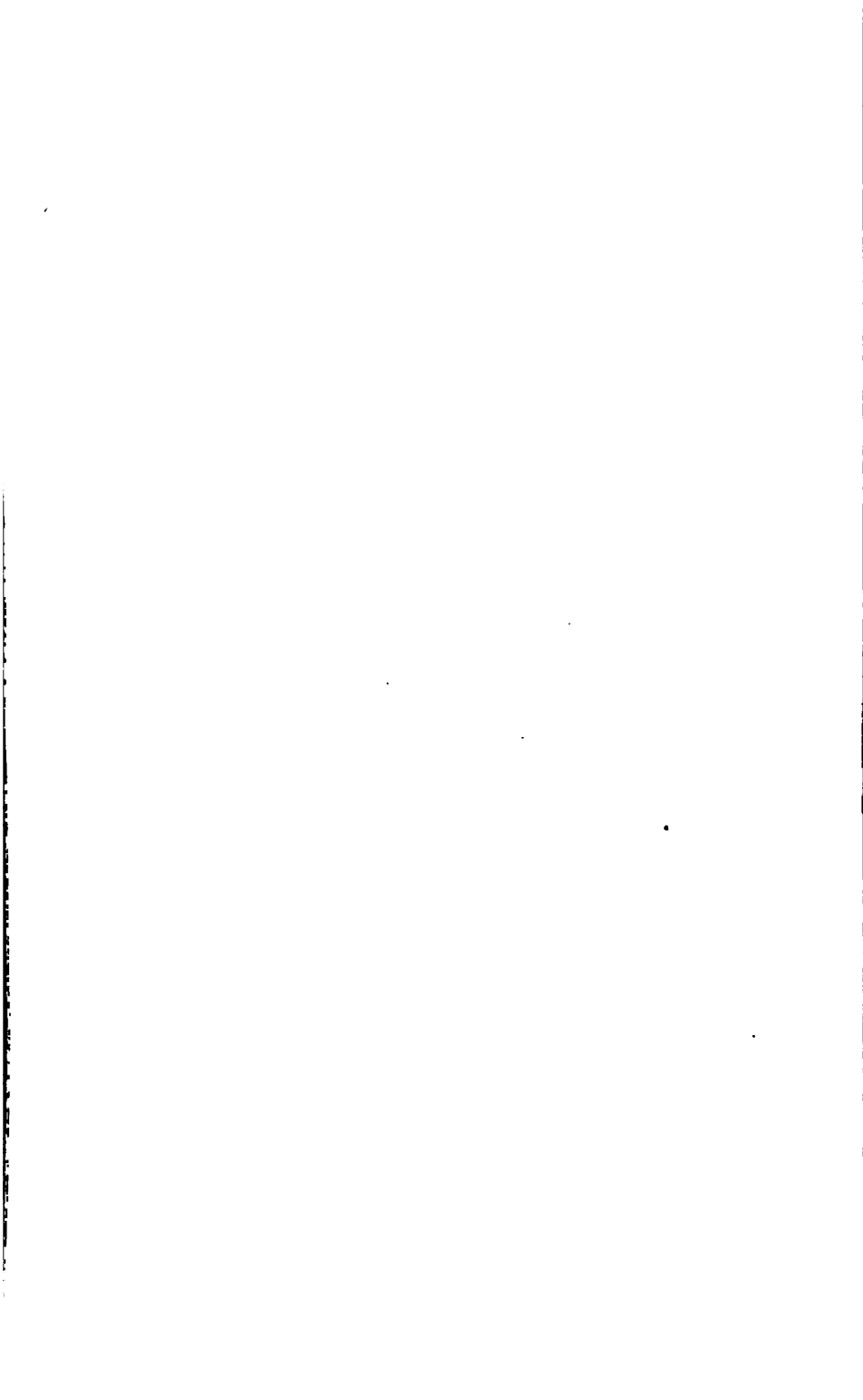
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

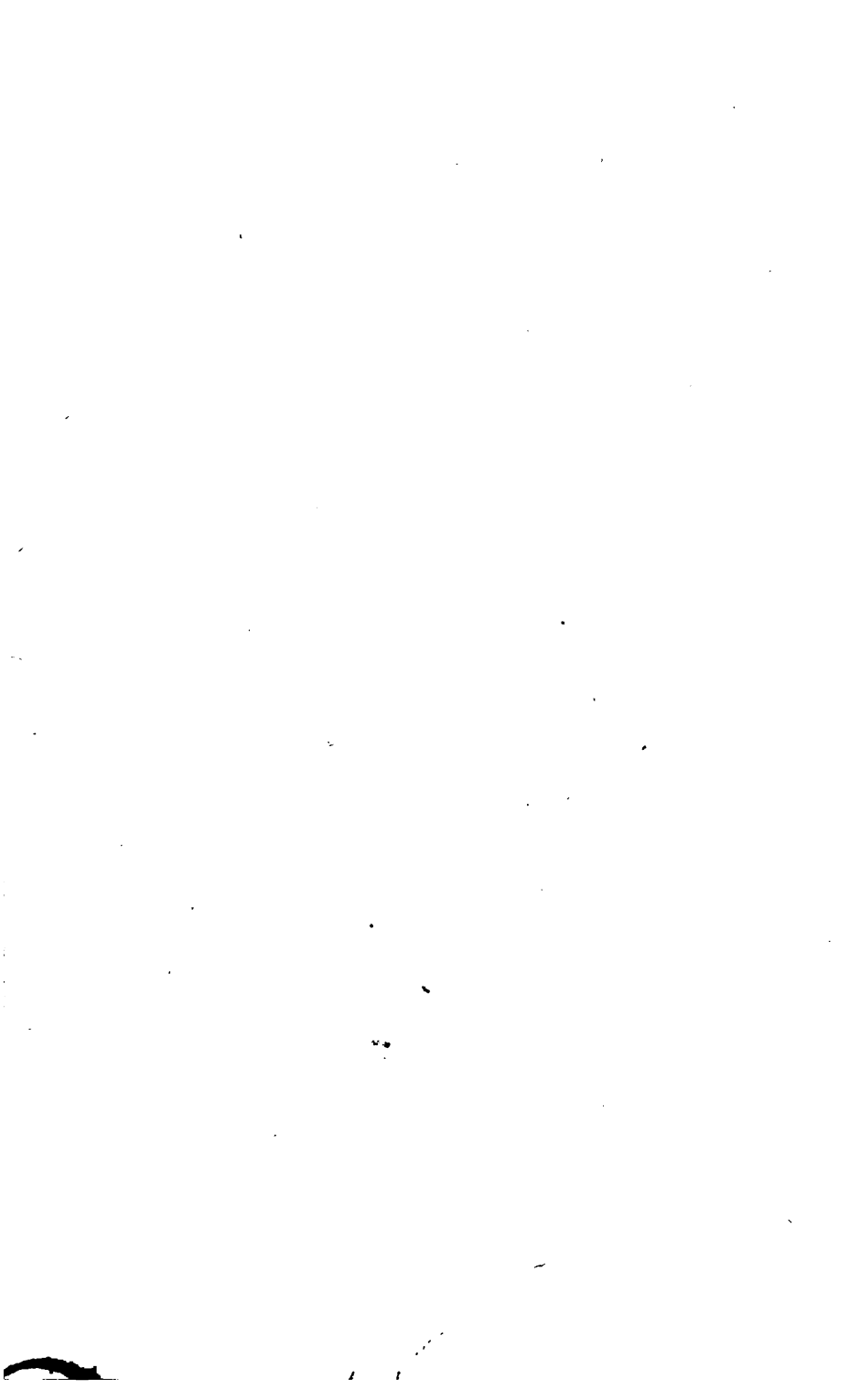


3 3433 08164643 6











E. H. 1

THE DUBLIN
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

Literary and Political Journal

VOL. VIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

1836.

DUBLIN
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., LONDON

MDCCCXXXVI.

F. H. 1



THE DUBLIN *W. H. F.*

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

A

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. VIII.

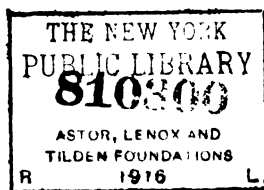
JULY TO DECEMBER.

1836.

DUB

WILLIAM C

SIMPE



Dublin : Printed by JOHN S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelor's Walk.

NOY WERE
DUBIN
VIA RAIL

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XLIII.

JULY, 1836.

Vol. VIII.

CONTENTS.

	Page
SPEECHES OF THE REVEREND MORTIMER O'SULLIVAN	3
SONG, BY ROBERT GILFILLAN	15
SONNETS: BY W. A. B.	16
THE SKETCHER FOILED	16
RICH'S RESEARCHES IN KOORDISTAN AND NINEVEH	17
A CHAPTER ON COUSINS	27
THE BOYHOOD OF A DREAMER—A NARRATIVE COLLECTED FROM POSTHUMOUS MANUSCRIPTS	32
THE EMIGRANT'S TALE	39
STATISTICAL SCRAPS	46
MEMOIRS OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE	60
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN. No. V.—FLOOD.—Part II.	80
THE ATTRACTIONS OF IRELAND.—No. I.—SCENERY	112
FORGET ME NOT	131
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE	132

DUBLIN

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

WORKS JUST READY.

I.

GUIDE THROUGH IRELAND,

Being a description of the Country, its Commerce, Manufactures, Scenery, and Antiquities. With an Appendix, containing a brief account of its Botany, Geology, Population, &c. and numerous useful Tables. With a New Map of Ireland, and Ten Engravings by W. MILLER, after Drawings by GEORGE PETRIE, R.H.A., M.R.I.A., &c. Small 8vo.

II.

TWO MONTHS AT KILKEE.

With a Voyage down the Shannon, from Limerick to Kilrush..

By M. J. KNOTT. In small 8vo. with Engravings.

III.

THE FLOWER GARDEN,

By MARTIN DOYLE. New Edition, much improved, 12mo.

IV.

NATIONAL LYRICS AND SONGS FOR MUSIC.

By FELICIA HEMANS. New Edition, with Introductory Observations on her Life and Writings. In a beautiful pocket volume, 4s. 6d. bound in Silk.

WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Dublin.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XLIII.

JULY, 1836.

VOL. VIII.

SPEECHES OF THE REVEREND MORTIMER O'SULLIVAN.*

THE volume before us contains a republication of six of the speeches delivered by Mr. O'Sullivan, during the latter part of the year 1834. It is of course in the recollection of our readers, that it was with the meeting at the Mansion-house, in the August of that year, that the impulse then happily given to Protestant exertion commenced.—In the efforts of Protestant energy, consequent upon that impulse, the Rev. Gentleman has borne a distinguished part.—We do not know upon what grounds of preference the six addresses now presented to the public have been selected from the many eloquent and powerful appeals which their author has made to public meetings both in Ireland and England.—We certainly are convinced that many of those omitted are even more worthy of preservation and attention, than any which the present publication contains.

It is not, however, for us to quarrel with the selection.—In the speeches before us there is quite enough of truth and power to entitle the volume to be regarded as the Statement of the Case of the Protestants of Ireland. Before any impartial tribunal we should be willing that our case should rest upon this statement,—we would not desire an abler or a more disinterested advocate, or one more devoted to our cause.—Of him we may emphatically say, that his whole heart is

in the cause of Irish Protestantism,—and the fervid eloquence of these addresses is but the outbreking of the enthusiasm of the speaker's soul,—and surely never did enthusiasm kindle in a nobler cause, or one more calculated to call into high and elevated action every generous impulse and emotion of our nature.

Our object is not now a critical examination of the character of these speeches.—The task of analyzing the merits of a living orator is never an easy, and not always a pleasant one ; and although, in the present instance, we would feel less difficulty in approaching addresses upon which public approbation has been so eminently and so abundantly bestowed,—and with respect to which our own judgment altogether coincides with that of the public,—although we might feel less hesitation in commending, and perhaps also less delicacy in finding fault—(for critics must always find fault,) we have determined, upon consideration, that the time is not yet come when these addresses can, in any publication, be submitted to the cool sobriety of dispassionate criticism. Party feelings must die away, and party prejudices be forgotten before political productions can be divested of their party character, and be contemplated purely as the efforts of intellectual power.

It might not be an uninteresting matter of reflection to consider, with

* Case of the Protestants of Ireland Stated: in Addresses delivered at Meetings in Dublin, Liverpool, Bristol, and Bath, in the year 1834. By the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, A.M. With an Appendix, containing Copious Notes. London: John Hatchard and Son, 187 Piccadilly; and W. Curry, Jun. and Co. Sackville-street, Dublin. 1836.

regard to present fame, the respective positions of the politician and the man of letters.—Regarding them both as candidates for intellectual distinction, they present some curious points of contrast. It may be a truth to be lamented, but nevertheless it is a truth, that no one is ready to allow intellectual power to a political opponent,—on matters where men's passions are excited, it is impossible for them to judge impartially. It is natural for us to deny the powers of an argument that fails to convince our judgment,—and to question the existence of talents which we imagine to be exerted on the wrong side. Hence it is that we find such a wonderful difference in the opinions expressed upon the speeches of politicians, by men who might be supposed equally capable of forming a correct estimate upon their purely literary merits.—The very speech which one man will tell you, in all sincerity, may take its place among the finest specimens of eloquence, another, equally competent to form an opinion, will denounce as not exhibiting a particle of genius,—and anomalous as it may appear, each may believe what he says.—The truth perhaps is, that while in every other department of mental exertion the aspirant after fame may look for the unbiassed suffrages of all who can appreciate his efforts, the man who brings the highest faculties to the contest of political strife, must wait until that strife has subsided, for the full tribute to his genius; and, in the meantime, be content with the admiration of a party. In times of great excitement, political parties will only acknowledge the intellectual powers of an opponent when they are forced to do so—and they will take the earliest opportunity of recalling the forced homage to his abilities.

For this reason, the man who struggles for intellectual eminence in the field of political strife, is engaged in a contest the most arduous, and in which success is the most difficult. Of those who are qualified to set a value upon ability, he might almost be said to exclude himself from the suffrages of one-half. For this reason, too, nothing will more tend to sustain a politician in public estimation, as a man of ability, than distinction acquired in

any other department of mental exertion, where, prejudice is not the judge. Professional reputation has, in reality, been the sustaining power to many a one whose fame appears to rest altogether upon his political exertions.

We have been led into reflections which are perhaps irrelevant. We do not mean to apply these remarks particularly to the speeches before us. We believe that the merits of these speeches have been, in an unusual degree, acknowledged by all parties,—their force has certainly been recognized in the obloquy with which their author has been visited by our opponents.—From what we have said, however, our readers will understand what we mean when we say, that the time is not yet come, when these addresses can be calmly contemplated merely as the productions of intellect. They are mixed up with all the exciting topics of the day; and it is not until these topics shall have ceased to possess such tremendous interest, and to involve so much of angry feeling, that the reader will regard them with the sobriety of feeling which is necessary to an impartial judgment. We confess, for ourselves, that we cannot read the burning description of the wrongs of Protestants, without remembering that we belong to the class upon whom those wrongs have been inflicted. We do not pretend to be cool or impartial judges of the eloquence that advocates our rights.—and yet, perhaps it is a high tribute to that eloquence to say, that while our hearts burn with the sense of the injuries heaped upon Irish Protestants, we are satisfied with the manner in which these injuries have been told.

We do not, then, intend to criticise these speeches. We say, honestly, we are not qualified for the impartial execution of the task. Neither are our opponents. *Our* party prejudices must slumber, and *our* party animosities be forgotten before strict and unbiassed judgment can be done to them. When men's feelings are no longer excited, either for or against the politician, they will then, and only then, set precisely the just value upon the orator. Renouncing, then, as far as may be, a task for which our circumstances unfit us, we will consider this volume as a political document,—as embodying

and advocating the principles of the course in which we are engaged. This certainly is the spirit in which these speeches are given to the world—they are reprinted, not to secure the speaker's reputation, but to promote the cause in which they were originally spoken. Weapons prepared for conflict, we will employ them in the strife—when the battle is over, it will be for others to examine their construction in the armoury where they will be laid up.

The first speech in the collection, is that delivered at the great meeting at the Mansion House on the 14th August. Nearly two years have passed since its delivery, but almost every word of it is strictly applicable at the present time. The object of it was to inculcate the necessity of Protestant union—a necessity which every hour is making more imperative. The sentence with which it opens, possesses at this moment a fearful truth.

"The circumstances under which we meet, and the animating addresses to which you have so fully responded, have taught you this stern but salutary truth, that now, for the protection of your dearest interests, for the maintenance of your religion, for defence of life, except in the resources which your own wisdom, and union, and resolution shall provide, you have no earthly dependence."

We will not attempt to preserve connection as to subjects. Our readers will, no doubt, recollect the circumstances attending the period of the delivery of each speech—and this will be sufficient to enable them to understand our extracts. The reverend gentleman had been urging the possibility of the question of repeal being carried. He argued, from the character of his Majesty's ministers, the improbability of their offering to it any effectual opposition. Several of these ministers had been in places in which they were well known to the Irish public. Let us begin with Lord Glenelg—

"The Right Hon. Charles Grant was a Secretary here, and tried his experiment of indulgence, as the true philosophy by which he could sway our fiery populace. What was his success? He conciliated the country into insurrection—an insurrection which extended its outrages to

the suburbs of the metropolis. Crime was encouraged by his indiscriminating forbearance; information was withheld from the government, because it was not unreasonably thought, he undervalued or neglected it; and when the natural result of mistaken indulgence and culpable remissness had been experienced, when evils, which Mr. Grant appears never to have anticipated, were fearfully realized, he made an imperfect, although melancholy compensation for the crippled gait at which his disabled justice had proceeded, by stimulating it into revenge. He assented to an act of parliament which suspended the constitution, and subjected the rural population to the rigor of an extreme, but unavoidable severity. I remember well the days and the nights of his lax government, and of the rigid rule by which it was succeeded. I remember when it was described as the last business of the night, before retiring to repose, within a guarded and garrisoned town, to ascend to the house-tops, and count, over the unprotected lands, the flames in which, it might be, stumbling families were consumed, and to listen for shouts and shrieks which smote the stimulated sense, or disordered fancy created, but which the memory will retain for ever. I remember, too, when shrieks, more terrific than fancy ever heard, arose round the tribunals where the doom of sudden and life-long separation was pronounced—and at the gibbets, where conciliation suspended its sacrifices; and I can in all sincerity declare, that I do not know whether I thought the connivance of the supine Secretary more to be abhorred because of the foul atrocities it encouraged, or because it exacted from returning justice so terrible a retribution. Does your experience of Mr. Grant justify you in expecting that he will be a faithful and wise guardian of the legislative union?"

There is in this passage the terrible eloquence of truth. Conciliation!—it has shed more blood—it has caused more misery in Ireland than years of peace and happiness could atone for. It means supineness—it means the suspension of the power of the law, until murder and outrage have swelled to massacre and insurrection—and peace can only be restored by a vengeance almost as terrible as the crimes which it suppresses. How much of bloodshed and crime can a little vigour in the commencement spare?

Under present circumstances we will say nothing of Lord Melbourne. Let us pass on to the allusion to the Chancellor—Lord Plunkett.

"We have here a noble Lord (our Chancellor) appointed, that he might guide one Viceroy into the right way, retained, that he may keep another in it. What has been his political life? More remarkable for its failures than even for the rare talents which render such failures incomprehensible. He never made a pledge which was not violated by the parties in whose behalf he made it; or gave in their name a promise which they did not break: he never uttered a prediction which events did not falsify, or carried through the Houses of Parliament a legislative enactment, upon which, in the circumstances of its failure, rashness or imbecility was not made manifest. I do the noble Lord wrong. There was one promise to which England may yet find that he has been disastrously faithful. He has erected one monument, of which as a creation of eloquence and taste, Ireland may justly be proud. It is that in which he has dedicated himself with his children, born and unborn, to the maintenance of an eternal hatred to the principle of a legislative union. The malediction which, upon the occasion of that dedication, he invoked, appears to have persecuted him during his subsequent life, and to have blasted every measure he attempted for the interests of the united country. Will you trust to Lord Plunkett to preserve your interests; and believe that *while he listens to the wren* and the file at work upon what he declared the sole stay of British connexion, his active mind is employed in fabricating some new bonds by which the severed countries may be reunited?"

There are few of our readers who will not understand the allusion contained in the strong and expressive figure we have quoted. Once more will we quote the solemn judgment which Lord Plunkett has left on record, on the subject to which it refers. We do so in no spirit of bitterness towards the noble and learned Lord. It is not to add another word of invective against an apostasy on which the scorn of all parties has already been, perhaps too abundantly, poured. We quote the declaration for its truth—its deep wisdom—its far political foresight:

"Sir, with respect to the Protestant

establishment of the country, I consider it necessary for the security of all property. I think that there should not only be an Established Church, but that it should be richly endowed—that its dignitaries may be able to take their places in society with the nobles of the land. But politically speaking, I have no hesitation in saying that the existence of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland is the great bond of union between the two countries; and if ever the unfortunate moment arrives, when the legislature shall rashly lay their hands upon the property of the Church, to rob it of its rights—that moment, sir, will seal the doom of the union, and terminate for ever the connexion between the countries."

We have said that we quote this passage for its far political foresight. We cannot help feeling strongly upon the subject of its prophecy. Perhaps we may be regarded as insane if we venture to say that never was there a time when that prophecy appeared more likely to attain its accomplishment. Events seem all to be tending towards the national independence of Ireland. It is not because a demagogue, who was never in earnest upon any question, has been purchased into a convenient silence upon the subject of repeal, that the impulses of Ireland's heart may not begin to beat with the longing desire to see Ireland once again a nation. It is not because agitation for repeal has ceased, that the complicated machinery of events may not all the while be working out this great result. There is a course of human events—a destiny of nations which neither demagogues nor ministers can control—and it is not from one indication or two indications, that we form our judgment, when we say, that (if we may use the expression) the tide of Ireland's destiny has set strongly in towards national independence. Events, apparently the most opposite in their character, are in reality combining to produce effects that sooner or later will manifest themselves as having prepared the way for the detaching of Ireland from England. Let the principles of government, which, by a strange misnomer, are called liberal, but continue in the ascendancy for a few years, and their action upon the elements of our social state in Ire-

land—upon elements which past events have been silently but surely moulding into fitness for this very influence—must be such as in their inevitable consequence, whatever may be the immediate instruments, by which it may be effected, ultimately to bring about repeal. That the greatness of the British empire cannot survive such a separation, is true; but who is there that does not perceive that other causes are at work to undermine that greatness.

Our prediction may be a bold one—but time will tell whether our speculation is altogether vain. It is not for mortals to attempt to read the counsels of the future; and while we cannot help thinking that we see afar off in the very verge of the political horizon, the coming of the revolution that will give to Ireland self-government, we do not think that there is any man who can predict aught either of the character of that revolution, the effects by which it may be followed, or the agency by which it may be produced. And yet when we thus venture to look upon the distant future, and hazard, perhaps, too daring conjectures, with regard to the events that are yet reposing in its obscurity—thoughts will rise in our mind, with all the vividness of life, and what may be but the dreams of imagination will sometimes shape themselves into indistinct speculations of something that may come to pass. There was a time when Ireland's church was pure, and her faith was apostolic, and her government was domestic, before England, with a foreign government, had forced popery on her people. If, in the progress of events—and who, alas! will venture to say that this is a wild apprehension—if, we say, the spirit of anarchy shall tear the constitution of Britain, and infidelity trample on her religion—is it a crime in an Irishman to dare to hope that, from the wreck of the convulsion, his country may once more be as it was in the ancient times?

We do not altogether yet despair of the safety of Britain. She may yet pass through the sore peril by which her constitution is tried, and her existence as a nation is endangered. The loyalty of the land may yet rally round the altar and the throne—but unless it does so quickly, it will be too late to save

either the church or the monarchy from destruction. Revolution or no revolution is now the great political question that agitates the nation—it is the only one that is really engaging attention, no matter what shape it may assume, or under what disguise it may be presented—and how that question may be decided, the most confident can hardly venture to pronounce; and we confess that to our minds it seems within the range of possibilities that, if indeed the days of British greatness be numbered, in the convulsion that may rend the empire asunder, the Irish nation may rise upon the ruins, and maintain a proud position of civil and religious independence. But these are speculations in which it is useless to indulge. They are, however, we confess, speculations which the aspect of events often forces on our minds.

And yet, perhaps, they are not altogether useless. If we contemplate the remotest possibility of such an event, this but increases the necessity of Protestant union and Protestant exertion; these speculations on the remote destinies of our country—of what may be her position in the latter days, bring with them sterner and more practical considerations of the duties that are before us. If the British empire be broken up in the wildness of the revolutionary frenzy, the Protestants of Ireland have no hope but in themselves. But we would desire to elevate their efforts by the grandness of the conception that should animate them. To them may be entrusted not merely all that is dear to themselves, but the destinies of their country. Our hearts cannot bring themselves, even in thought, to abandon Ireland to be the eternal slave of debasing superstition. We do not, we cannot believe, that it was without an object her Creator endowed her with so many advantages, and implanted in the breasts of her people those amiable and noble qualities which appear amid all their crimes and follies as the elements of high and generous virtues. No! Ireland will yet throw off the thralldom of Rome—and whether it be the pleasure of Him who ordereth all things, that her emancipation should be effected under the parental government of Britain, and by the mild ministrations of a scriptural church, or

accomplished by the fearful agency of revolution, and the mighty movement of great masses of her people, in either case, the Protestants of Ireland must be prepared to bear the post which Providence may assign to them, and to which their high duty may call them.

But we must return to Mr. O'Sullivan, although in all that we have said we have done little more than comment upon the text that he has supplied us. The uncertainty of the country's prospects he urges powerfully as the motive for Protestant union. We have turned a moment from the gloomy contemplation of the present condition of the country, to brighter visions of what may yet be her lot; it needs some such relief to the eye that is called to look upon the black picture of Ireland's present state—the majority of her people sunk in abject degradation—bound in the fetters of spiritual thralldom, and banded together in a foul and dreadful conspiracy against property and law—this is the most appalling feature in her social state—still more appalling, when we recollect that government has ceased to offer any opposition to that conspiracy, and that direct encouragement is held out to the defeat of the authority of the law.

"Our adversaries ask," says Mr. O'Sullivan, "what grievance have we to complain of—in what do we suffer wrong? As if the graves which cover the honored remains of many martyred ministers of our religion, had covered also the memory of their pious and charitable lives, and of the inhuman murders by which they suffered death, they ask us, what are our grievances. As if the frequent aspect of many of their afflicted survivors, driven from homes where their free charities can no longer protect them—where the law does not—had dulled the feelings with which we contemplate the destitute condition of pious men driven forth from the competence which had rewarded meritorious exertion, and condemned, in their mature or declining years, to seek, among comparative strangers, some humble employment which may give them sustenance for their families; they ask us, what are your grievances? They ask us what are our grievances, when the confidant of the ministry boasts, that he must have government countenance in his war, active

and passive, against the property of our church; when men who have supplicated to be placed as tenants on the lands of a Protestant proprietary, who have been told the conditions of occupancy, (that a certain sum is to be paid as rent to the lay proprietor—a sum also, under a different name, to another claimant,) when these men, having obtained their desire, accepted the conditions, and poured out the overflowing gratitude of hearts that seemed as though they never could adequately express their feelings—turn round with defiance on their benefactors, and proclaim that they will not observe the conditions of their agreement; that they will, if it must be, break the law—will destroy life—but will not hold to the conditions of their tenancy, will not surrender the lands upon which the despised obligation was laid, because their conscience demands that they prove false to their engagements. Conscience! who has sounded the depths of this mysterious conscience, or noted the under-currents by which it escapes from God's law and man's reason? And who is so weak as to believe, that when this conscience can bring power to back its principles, the claim of the lay Protestant will not be treated with precisely the same disregard as now manifests the character of the Romish church in its justice towards ecclesiastical creditors?

"But I pass over these and such matters of complaint as are symptoms of the great evil, rather than independent grievances, and answer; our complaint is this—there is in Ireland an extensive and well organised conspiracy to extirpate Protestantism; and the conduct pursued, by a party powerful in the state, towards Protestants and towards the enemies of British connexion, is calculated to strengthen it; and we complain that the disfavor by which Protestants are discountenanced if not dejected, the capricious demeanour of government towards their adversaries, now curling, now caressing, is eminently calculated to inflame an evil purpose, and encourage and facilitate the most destructive and criminal projects: yes, even though they involved an attempt at massacre.

"Do I think so ill of my countrymen as to apprehend so foul a design? I do not think evil of them. Few men better know, none more prompt to acknowledge and to prize their generous qualities, their high deserts; but I know the human heart, that it is wicked and deceitful; and I know that never was there a system of

more fatal power to nurture what is worst, and to destroy what is good within us, than that discipline of combination and outrage in which multitudes in this unhappy country have been trained."

The speech from which we have made this last extract, the second in the volume, contains one of the most powerful chains of close political reasoning that has ever, perhaps, been presented to the public. It was delivered at the Conservative Society, on the 9th September, and earnestly do we recommend its careful perusal to every one desirous of forming a fair opinion on the real state of Ireland. It contains historical statements, collated evidently with care, and we may venture to add after examination, with accuracy. Indeed, to this latter quality a remarkable testimony is borne, by the fact, that not one of them has ever been contradicted. To this instructive point Mr. O'Sullivan, on another occasion, thus directs attention :—

"I beg leave before submitting the motion, which it is my intention to propose, to congratulate your lordship and the Society on the increasing favor with which the affairs of Protestants are regarded; a result attributable, humanly speaking, to the moderate, I trust I may say Christian spirit, in which our proceedings are regulated, and to the indisputable veracity of our statements. It should not be left unrecorded, as it has not escaped general notice, that the statements of Protestant grievances and perils which have, from time to time, emanated from our Society, remain to this day uncontradicted. Those who know the grounds of our complaints and our adversaries' prudence, will not see in this any matter of surprise; but it is not less fitting that we should take note of confessions implied in the silence of those who oppose us, than that, when they are bold enough to make denials, we should be ready to meet them with new arguments or the citation of additional evidence.

"It should be observed, also, that the testimony borne by our adversaries' silence is corroborated by their intemperance. Our statements have provoked them to indulge in personal abuse, they have not goaded them into hazarding a contradiction."

Before we pass from the speeches

delivered in Dublin, we must remind our readers, that their object was to inculcate the necessity of Protestant union, and surely, since the period of their delivery the necessity has not diminished. Every hour is making it more imperative on Protestants to be united, and yet we do not know that the mind of Protestant Ireland is alive to the emergency. The publication of these speeches has recalled our attention to the great efforts that were made at the period of their delivery—but why are not these efforts now renewed? Where is the Conservative Society? All parties are agreed as to the necessity of the formation of Protestant Associations, and yet, while all are ready to admit the necessity, but few appear ready to act on the conviction; and to join in an attempt to establish them. There never was a period when so much might be effected by a judicious appeal to public opinion. Over and over again, have we cautioned the Conservatives against abandoning to their enemies the imposing appearance of being the popular party—it carries with it all the waverers and the unthinking—*possunt quia posse videntur* is still more true as to parties than individuals. The strongest party that do not show their power, will soon become weak; ours is the national cause, the cause of the nation against a faction; let us act like men who felt they had this lofty vantage ground. But the policy of Conservatives has been far different; they have left their enemies to allege uncontradicted, that the people were with them, and by doing so, they went far to send them with them. The voice of the majority, or the supposed majority, must always carry with it more or less weight; there is no way in which you can so effectually paralyze opposition, as by persuading each opponent that he stands alone. And this is just the process by which in Britain the sound and conservative majority of her people have been awed into inactivity, or even acquiescence, by the noisy turbulence of the disaffected minority. It must be put an end to. A grand and vigorous demonstration of all that is sound-hearted in the country, must force conviction that the good old cause has still many supporters left.

How much was effected by the appeals to the people of England, upon some of which, contained in this volume, we next proceed to comment. Thus in a spirit of honest exultation speaks Mr. O'Sullivan, at Bristol :—

“ Mr. Chairman—Gentlemen—I wish I could, in suitable terms—and they would not be unsuitable if they adequately represented my feelings—speak my sense of the favours we have received since we appeared in this country on behalf of the persecuted Protestants of Ireland.

“ Had we listened with credulity to the discouragements addressed to us, we should not have undertaken a task which was represented hopeless. It was said by our enemies, England will not add to her embarrassments by protecting the church in Ireland; she will feel danger near enough to her own, and will not augment it by undertaking a cause in which she does not feel a lively interest. Representations of this character did not dishearten us. England, we said, has already made her election. She has incorporated the Irish church with her own. A compact has been made: Ireland surrendered legislative independence—England promised powerful and benevolent protection; and, even if the difficulties which demand her succour were greater than they are, we firmly believe that the English are not a people who will revoke a promise, and violate an engagement, because the keeping it is attended with inconvenience. On the faith of this assurance we obeyed the wishes of the Protestants of Ireland that we should lay their case before you. That we should be received with good will we were confident; but our most sanguine expectations have been surpassed by the warmth of your fraternal and encouraging reception. Henceforth, perhaps, the enemies of Protestantism in Ireland may be more chary of predictions that you will disregard your engagements.”

Let us see what was the complaint which, on behalf of the Protestants of Ireland, our advocates were commissioned to make to the British people. It was thus stated by Mr. O'Sullivan, at Liverpool :—

“ Our complaint, generally stated, is, that there is in Ireland a conspiracy, extensively organized, having for its object to extirpate Protestantism, and effect a separation of Ireland from Great Britain;

and employing as its instruments perjury and murder; employing these foul agents with a caution and skill which ensure their producing pernicious effects,—rapid emigration of Protestants, general insecurity, general alarm, estrangement of the great mass of the people from all respect for the laws, ascendancy of a reign of terror, under which human instincts, thoughts of mercy, natural or acquired regard for justice, become paralyzed, and the midnight legislator issues his dread mandate with a certainty of being obeyed, and with a discretion which retains Ireland under his sway, while not provoking, by too loud a cry of blood, and too extended a scale of atrocities, the indignation and vengeance of England.

“ We complain that a conspiracy like this should be suffered to waste and pervert a people; and we complain, that, after legislation has practised upon it for more than sixty years, it should still be pronounced ‘ a mysterious system; ’ that it should be so styled, not by the rash or the timid, or those who have been termed the friends of religious exclusion, but, as you heard it stated, by the Chief Justice of Ireland, one whose eminent intellectual qualities have been universally acknowledged, and whose political predilections have been of that kind which are termed liberal, and which were supposed to be in unison with, or at least not opposed to the principles of the late administration. On such testimony you are assured that the system of outrage which has afflicted Ireland for sixty years remains to this day a mystery.”

And after an eloquent and powerful exposition of that fearful state of society, produced by the blighting influence of this terrible confederation—a state of society in which the violation of the law is protected by the sympathies of a perverted population—he then continues,

“ Is the British constitution fitted for such a state of things? Is it wonderful that it has not had power to penetrate the conspiracy which opposed it? In truth, as has been frequently admitted, it has been almost universally our condition in Ireland, that while having the British constitution in name, we have, in fact, been thankful for repeated suspensions of it, and that we must often be contented to submit to the restraints of an Insurrection Act, or be exposed to the horrors of an insurrection. But, it should be observed, that it was not alone because of

the defective instrumentality of the constitution, the confederacy for crime in Ireland remained so long a mystery, but also because it may have suited the purposes of some in high places, to co-operate with the agents in the nefarious system, in covering it with secrecy. It is said that concealment of our disorders and excesses has been studied; and that even the patronage and power conceded to men in authority to aid them in upholding law, have been, in Ireland, profaned to the culpable end of keeping concealed from the public eye the flagrant excesses which had not been repressed or punished. I hold in my hand the testimony of a writer—not a Protestant, nor the friend of Protestantism—not a Tory, or the approver of Tory rule, but a Roman Catholic, I believe a Jesuit, whose object seemed to be exclusively to advance the interests of his religion, and to co-operate with her friends; but who, in a moment of indiscretion, disclosed a fatal truth to the disadvantage of his Whig supporters. Thus Mr. Plowden wrote of the Bedford Administration, which oppressed Ireland during part of the years 1806 and 1807:—‘They betrayed an uncommon anxiety to suppress the magnitude of the evil (the prevalence of insurrection in Ireland) from the eyes of the public; and for that purpose resorted to the hacknied expedient of bribing the periodical publications into silence or misrepresentation. To some of the more independent papers in circulation, they offered the publication of the government proclamations and advertisements, on condition of their admitting no article in their paper which should set forth fairly the actual situation of the Threshers in the western counties. Government was doubly anxious that the English public should believe that there was neither complaint nor cause of discontent remaining in Ireland. It was their pride to be thought capable of keeping the country in complete tranquillity without resorting to martial law or the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, which their predecessors had always insisted upon as imperiously necessary for that purpose. The proposal of government was rejected; and some true and very alarming reports of the Threshers were brought before the public.’”

The Whigs of the present day have ventured on a bolder and a more profligate course to attain the same end. They have taken means to prevent the conviction that might expose the false-

hood of their boasted tranquillity. It was easy to accomplish this, by leaving to juries, composed of the members of this dreadful conspiracy that pervades the country, the trial of their accused confederates and accomplices.

Our readers are aware that the opposition to the church is generally ascribed to the efforts made by her ministers to disseminate the Bible among the people, and our adversaries allege that these efforts were unprovoked.

“It is only to correct a misstatement I would observe that the fact was not so. Far more creditable had it been to the ministers of our church in Ireland, had we, at all times, endeavoured to win souls from an unscriptural system—more creditable had the impulse which of late years roused us to exertion not been provoked by the bold assaults of adversaries. This, however, is the truth—Dr. Doyle not incorrectly dates the commencement of our exertions from the year 1824. At that time, for at least two years, the artifice and energy of the church of Rome had been employed against us. In the year 1822, controversial sermons were preached in the city of Dublin, of such a character, that the *Dublin Evening Post*, a journal at that time the organ of the Roman Catholics, was constrained to describe those of one Romish ecclesiastic as ‘pestilent and abominable incentives to blood;’ to call upon the authorities of the church of Rome to prohibit them, and to confess that they had aroused the fiend of theological rancour. In this year too, and while such sermons were sounding in men’s ears, or under perusal in their hands, (for they were printed, and extensively circulated,) was made public the astounding truth, that there was a conspiracy extensively organized, having for its object the extirpation of Protestants, and the effecting a separation from heretic England. The year following, 1823, was the era of the Hohenlohe miracles, at which you might smile in the security of your happy land, or on which you might calmly moralize with compassion for human beings in a state in which such things could seriously interest them; but we looked on with an earnestness not wholly free from alarm, and when we remembered the ecclesiastical incentives to blood, the abominable conspiracy brought imperfectly to light, the pernicious interpretations of prophecy which unceasingly stimulated hope and enterprise, and heard of miracles, in which

the prelate who authenticated them declared, 'that in this time and in this place'—time and place memorable chiefly because of the pestilent instruction which disgraced the pulpits of the church of Rome, and the detestable conspiracy of which her members were convicted—'in this time and place it was worthy of God's providence that the light of his countenance should be shed upon his faithful people,'—the Protestants in Ireland looked upon the deepening mysteries with wonder and apprehension, and were compelled to see the church of Rome in a light in which it never before had been revealed to them. It was under such circumstances the clergy of the church of England addressed themselves to the important controversy, of which the great effects will, at no distant day, be made known; and while I disclaim for them the credit which their exertions would obtain from all who feel a deep interest in religion, had they originated in a sense of duty not thus perilously awakened,—I must also, on their part, deprecate the imputation, that they wantonly rushed into controversy, and provoked the opposition which they only met, and over which, I trust in God, they shall yet be found successful."

We feel confident that these speeches will be in the hands of every Protestant in Ireland, and we therefore need not multiply quotations. We are already verging on the space we had assigned to their review; but there are one or two passages of such unrivalled eloquence that we cannot refrain from transferring them to our pages. Speaking of the coalition with O'Connell—

"And was it (he indignantly exclaims) for an associate like this,—to make way for the irresponsible control of this dictator,—that the courteous authority of Earl Grey was undetermined by clandestine intrigue, and the ardent support of Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham forfeited by unprincipled legislation? Was it to conciliate a ruler such as this that the honor of England was tarnished, and the welfare of Ireland disregarded—that the peace of that country was abandoned to the mercy of those to whom repose is extinction, and that a true branch of the Protestant church was to be flung into the fires which Popery had re-kindled? Was the national interest and honor to be placed in jeopardy, that any hireling agitator might, if it so pleased him, convulse the country; that he might, like the

fabled wizards of the north, barter his storms for gold, selling the wind, and in a sense never before exemplified, reaping a profitable whirlwind—that he might make merchandize of the sorrows, of the souls of a much-wronged people; that he might exact wages, earned by practices which distracted habits of industry, and inflamed feelings of disaffection; that he might agitate again a harassed and afflicted land, and,—it must be said,—not without shame to this country, and amid the darkening crimes and miseries of Ireland, gather in again his opprobrious remuneration."

The speech at Bristol concludes with the following appeal to the greatness of the British nation—

"Once, and only once, England supplicated foreign protection—when the cry of her children was, that the barbarians pursued them to the sea, and the sea drove them back upon the barbarians. That sea is now her wide and glorious dominion—those barbarous enemies, under her happy sway, have taken their place among the noblest of the human race. Her station since has been a station of power, her flag the ensign of sovereignty, and her voice has been command. The generous need not severe or frequent lessons of adversity, and England has ever been prompt to afford that protection which it was once the condition of her weakness to solicit. She has been the champion of the human race against a mighty despotism. She has listened from afar for the complaint of the slave, and smote the scourge from his oppressor's hand, and vindicated him to the rank of man. Is it only to the Protestants of Ireland her protection is to be denied? We seek no extravagant acts of favor—we implore only that you will not suffer us to be made or to remain outlaws of the constitution—that you will cause law to be obeyed—that you will protect the church which you have incorporated with your own. We do not ask of you to spare a single defect—but, we entreat you, do not work, in the abused name of reform, the vengeance of a body which hates the church because it exists, which, the more excellent it is, will clamour the more loudly against it, and will never feel its rage abated until the object of its hatred has been rendered inefficient. Do not indulge this fell passion. Do not countenance the preposterous notion that Popery would reform the reformed religion. Encourage those who love your name, with an assurance that you are not

regardless of their origin and their faith; and let the common enemy be warned, that he must not hope for your alliance in his persecutions of men whom you consider as united with you in the bonds and the brotherhood of pure and undefiled religion."

With one more passage we shall conclude our extracts from these speeches.

"Let us not lose the benefits of British connexion; let us not be looked upon as outlaws.

"But is it not a question, whether we have not already lost these benefits? In petitions from my country imploring you to guard the bonds of connexion, I have repeatedly seen it assigned as a reason for the prayer, that Ireland must otherwise become the battle-field whereupon contending nations would decide their conflicts. This was the worst evil which was dreaded from separation; and I do not hesitate to affirm that a far more fearful evil is found compatible with what is called a union. Look to the reports which recount, imperfectly and partially, some of the atrocities by which Ireland is now afflicted. Look to the representation ascribed to the late Chief Secretary for Ireland, declaring that the parts of the country where the Church of Rome prevails, should be traced in blood-red colours upon the map—and that, on an average, he received accounts of three murders every two days. Look to the reports from a late privy council in Dublin, at which the Lord Lieutenant of Tipperary (a county to which the Irish government long denied the benefit of the coercion act) gave in returns of crime, and showed in that one county, in the space of only two years and five months, five hundred and sixty murders had been perpetrated; and then say whether any state of things can be imagined more dreadful than that which prevails at this moment. War!—A battle-field! I remember well when the brave and high-spirited gentry of the south of Ireland, would have hailed, with acclamation, war, open, terrible war—in their own fields,—if it were a change from a gloomy, fiendish spirit of assassination, the blackest curse before which ever nation withered. War! If it have its terrors, it has also grand compensations. It calls out noble bursts of human energy,—lights of tenderness relieve it,—and it is glorious in the loftiest qualities by which our unchanged nature can be adorned. The fields which it has signalized are separated

to a peculiar honour—pilgrims visit them—and their names are spells to awaken those deep and proud emotions which are among the high mysteries of our being. But where murder steals out with coward stride and fell purpose—where he withdraws to his lair, and no indignation smites him—I am weak and wrong—where murder becomes the great animating and debasing principle—where it frowns the puny affectation of courts of justice into contempt—where its baleful presence is attested by more victims than angry war demands or numbers—where the fall of every victim is a most fearful crime, and brings a curse and a cry of blood upon many criminals—there is a state of things having less to compensate its evil than comes in the train of battle. And this is the state of the southern provinces of Ireland. War would be better. Who would not rather go forth with the Emperor of France to his battles, than abide amid the revolting butcheries of Robespierre or Marat? And who that reflected would not rather see Ireland the battle-field of civilized war than the shambles which it has been made for murderers.

"We appeal to you, shall it continue thus?"

Here we must cease our notice of these speeches. We have made no attempt to do justice to their merits as oratorical compositions. We may safely leave their eloquence to make its own way with our readers. It cannot fail to command their judgments and arrest their admiration. But it will not do so the less because, for the reasons we have stated, we have been chary in bestowing that tribute of applause which were we indifferent to the pleadings we could not withhold from the advocate. We have a far higher opinion of the merits of these addresses than to suppose, for an instant, that they can suffer by the omission. The eloquence that would need the eulogy of the critic to procure admiration for its beauties, may fairly be said to possess no real beauties, and to deserve no genuine admiration.

Without, however, departing from our intention of not offering any critical comment upon the characteristics of Mr. O'Sullivan's eloquence, we may, perhaps, venture upon one or two observations that will involve, at most, a very slight departure from our rule.

Those who have been accustomed to regard Irish eloquence as the eloquence of exaggeration, both in passion and in fancy, will find perhaps in these printed speeches but little indications of our supposed national peculiarities. We cannot now stop to enter on an examination how far the character so generally and unscrupulously assigned to Irish eloquence is the just one. Those who would disparage our national genius assert, that the Irish orators mistake passion for reasoning—perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that they combine them. Enthusiasm is by no means an impediment to the process of correct deduction. It is when the mind is excited that even the reasoning powers are most acute, and in the midst of strong feeling the judgment will be the more ready to perceive the connexion between the trains of thought. Those who censure Irish eloquence for its passionateness forget this truth—and the phlegmatic coldness which seems recommended as its antithesis can only be praised, or even tolerated upon an hypothesis, which all experience disproves, and all philosophy rejects—that excitement must necessarily disturb the operation of the intellect, and that man, when he begins to reason, must cease to feel.

We need not pause to point out the utter fallacy of a doctrine which, perhaps, when plainly stated, there is no person bold enough to maintain. It was the passionateness of his reasoning that made Demosthenes the first orator the world has ever seen. It is not only that the argument that is tamely stated loses half or more than half its force; but the man whose mind is not excited on his subject will never himself discover half the reasonings that support him.

The reader of the speeches before us will, perhaps, observe that calmness of reasoning and of statement appears eminently their characteristic. He will not complain of any deficiency of energy; but he will, perhaps, that this energy is too much subdued into the character of repose; and so far from noticing the fault generally charged upon Irish oratory by its critics—that it abounds too much with the elevated and impassioned—he will sometimes feel, that the sobriety

of narrative, or the chasteness of reasoning, is almost too long unrelieved by any burst of passion or of fancy.

This might, perhaps, be attributed to the circumstances of the mission which occasioned their delivery, which would have made any approach to violence, at all times injurious, peculiarly unbecoming. But vehemence and violence are very different things; and we have alluded to this, not for the purpose of pointing out a fault, but of reminding the *reader* of these addresses that those who *heard* them spoken could never complain of the absence of the former; and those passages which, in their written form may seem to have too much of quiet, were animated into energy and elevated into grandeur by a delivery which, giving to every word its force, kindled every sentiment into a feeling, and converted, if we may use the expression, every argument into passion.

It is almost superfluous for us to express our sense of the obligations which the Protestants of Ireland owe to the author of this volume; and yet we cannot bring ourselves to close this paper without an acknowledgment that seems almost a formal one. We believe those services are fully appreciated; and yet, perhaps, they are better attested by the malice of our enemies than the gratitude of our friends. There are few individuals upon whom that malice has been so abundantly—none upon whom it has been so harmlessly poured. Calumny and ridicule have been employed against him equally in vain. The talents of the buffoon rhymers, and the foul-mouthed slanderers have been exerted in prose, and we had almost said poetry, (we correct ourselves) lampoon to damage his reputation; but even Moore and O'Connell, masters of their respective arts, were here at fault. The one could find no more laughable subject of ridicule than that the reverend gentleman desired to serve his God—the other no more bitter subject of scurrilous invective than that he had altered the etymology of his name.

Poor Moore! We never can think of the melancholy exhibition he made of his fading powers in his *Fudges* in England, without a humiliating reflection upon the frailty and perishable nature even of that genius which men

fondly call immortal. There needed no better illustration of the truth than to place his last volume beside *Lalla Rookh*. Without the illustration we could hardly believe that any course of degradation could debase the genius of the one, to the rabid venom of the other. We believe that the lampooner has been already roughly dealt with in our pages; and yet we think we can say that sorrow more than anger was the actuating motive of his reviewer. We never can think of the subject without recalling the lines of Byron:—

The wild dog howls o'er the fountain's brim
With baffled thirst and famine grim—
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are
spread.

'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew;
But never more—

It is with sorrow that we make the
melancholy application. The ebulli-
tions of fancy have ceased for ever;
and in the dismal notes of his last un-

fortunate dirge, we can but hear the
howlings of sectarian bigotry watching
like "the wild dog" beside the decayed
and desolate reservoir, where the foun-
tain of genius shall never play again.

But here we may take our leave
both of Mr. O'Sullivan and his calum-
niators. To the Protestants of Ire-
land, in whose cause they were spoken,
we earnestly recommend these beau-
tiful and powerful vindications of their
cause. And of that cause we call on
them never to despair. They needed
not this publication to assure them that
it is the cause of truth, of justice, of
Christianity; and they need no elo-
quence but that of the inspired volume
to assure them that that cause must ul-
timately triumph. Let there then be no
faintheartedness among us—however
dark our prospects may seem—and
there have been times when they were
darker. Let us remember still that
the cause of truth is committed to our
keeping, and in the confidence pro-
duced by that elevating remembrance
we will neither shrink from the contest
nor despair of its result.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

OH STRIKE THE WILD HARP, AND ITS CHORDS LET THEM SWELL!

O! strike the wild harp, and its chords let them swell,
The deeds and the fame of our fathers to tell;
When red was the fight, by land or by sea,
They fought as the brave, or fell as the free!

They crouch'd not from danger, they shrunk not from pain,
When bold hearts were needed our freedom to gain,
The watchword was still, and it ever shall be,—
To fight as the brave, or to fall as the free!

They joined heart to heart, and they link'd hand to hand,
Together to fall, or together to stand:
And woe to the foe, who had courage to dare,
When swords flash'd revenge, and eyes struck despair!

Old Scotland, loved country, our own native land,
May peace guard thy mountains, and freedom thy strand.
But war, let it come, or by land, or by sea,
We'll fight like our fathers, or fall as the free.

SONNETS.

I.—THE PATRIARCHAL TIME.

Oh World, thou hoary monster, whose old age
 Is grey in guilt; how purer and more fair
 The freshness of thine infancy to share!
 The primal records of the holy page,
 Tell how, amid thy morn, the Form of God
 Lighted the valleys of our vernal earth—
 A Parent with the children of his birth—
 And smiled the dark to sunshine as he trod!
 Tending their flocks along the quiet hills,
 And shadowed waters of their orient clime,
 The men of majesty in early time
 Bore heaven upon their brows. Alas, it chills
 The soul to mark the God-given spirit's course,
 Beam of th' ETERNAL SUN dissever'd from its source!

II.—NATURE AND THE HUMAN SOUL.

How vast the little Infinite,* where march
 The last far heavens in all-surrounding round—
 Where, on and on, beyond the lowly arch
 Of inner worlds, God's mighty work is crown'd!
 For, still untired, Creative Energy,
 Scattering new life where only thought can soar,
 Planting his standards through Immensity,
 Builds temples still, and beings to adore.
 Yet is one MIND—the pauper peasant's mind—
 Reason's invisible chamber—more sublime
 Than all that scene material, whose array
 Throngs endless space; more vast and unconfined
 Than aught, (save endless Space itself, and Time—
 Nature's twin lords,) *one soul* that stoops to live in clay!

W. A. B.

* *Finitus et infinito similia.*—Pliny.

THE SKETCHER FOIL'D.

With trembling hand I strive to trace
 The fairy lines of Laura's face;
 But Laura's lip and Laura's eye
 My utmost powers of art defy.
 Whence comes the failure, maiden's, tell;
 Ah me! I feel the cause too well;
 I feel *that* image ne'er will part
 From where 'tis graven—on my heart!

S. F.

THE portion of the globe which is the subject of our author's book, and where he had taken up his residence for a considerable time, is certainly the most interesting spot on the surface of the earth, and connected with recollections of the deepest and most solemn import to mankind. It was here the first man saw the light of heaven—it was here he passed his happy days before his fall—it was here sin entered the world, and by sin death, and so death and sin have passed upon all men—it was here the germ of society was laid, and from this point it expanded over the surface of the earth—it was here the remnant of a people were saved till they again replenished the world—it was here the first city was built, which founded the first mighty empire, to last 1000 years, and be the parent and model of every other. With this place, in fact, is connected all that revelation has communicated, and history detailed, of the first state of man, consequently involving in its consideration whatever concerns the future period of his existence.

To investigate the present state of this place, however, requires opportunities which few men enjoy, and qualifications which still fewer possess. This cradle of the human race is now its tomb—this surface of magnificent cities is now a solitary desert. Nineveh and Babylon, and all their inhabitants, towns of 60 miles in circumference, and populations of countless millions, have left no more visible traces behind them than if they had never existed, and the traveller who now visits these places, meets nothing but solitary plains and pestiferous swamps; and if he be so robust as to escape pestilential disease in the latter, he can hardly hope to avoid the equally dangerous encounter of the only living things now to be met with in the former—the lurking serpent or the wandering robber. To describe such places as they have been, requires an ability and acquisition which the casual visitor who hurries through these regions cannot be said to possess. The only persons who resort thither are men engaged in commercial speculations, or travellers who hastily pass from India. They have neither the time nor the in-

formation requisite for such a task. Intimate acquaintance with remote history, and familiar knowledge of ancient tongues, are not supposed to be the endowments of traders or couriers, and the labour and minute investigation of existing localities, as illustrating ancient descriptions, cannot be enjoyed by men whose only object is a rapid progress. It has therefore happened that this spot is perhaps less known than any other almost on the habitable globe, and that the centre, if it may be so called, of the earth's surface, where the human race began, and from whence it expanded on every side, is actually involved in as much obscurity as the remotest polar regions, to which the human race has not yet found its way. That Mr. Rich, however, was one of the favoured few who enjoyed the opportunity of enquiring, and had the necessary qualifications to profit by it, will appear by a brief sketch of his history.

Mr. Rich was a native of Dijon, in Burgundy, and was born in 1787, but at a very early age was brought to Bristol, where he was educated. He evinced an extraordinary and early propensity to the study of oriental languages. At the age of eight years he accidentally saw some Arabic manuscript with a gentleman of that town, and he immediately applied himself to master them. By the simple help of a borrowed grammar and dictionary, he learned to read, write, and speak the language with fluency and correctness, and by similar aids he was equally master of Hebrew, Syriac, Persian, and Turkish, at the early age of 15. We remember a friend who thought himself such a proficient in foreign languages, as to undertake to be an instructor; but when he came to accost a stranger in his own tongue as he thought, he was politely told by him, he was sorry he did not understand English, for such he supposed was the language in which he was addressed.—Not so Mr. Rich. He met a Turk in Bristol, who could not make himself understood, but when addressed by Mr. Rich, he expressed his pleasure and surprise at hearing his own language correctly spoken in a strange country, and this was the foundation of an ac-

* *A Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan, &c.* By the late Claudius James Rich. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1836.

quaintance, which was afterwards renewed, when they met by chance in the east, in an interesting manner.

This proficiency and capability recommended him to Sir James Mackintosh, by whose interest he was appointed to a situation which gave him an opportunity of visiting countries in the East, and confirming and enlarging his self-acquired knowledge, by actual experience. He was finally appointed, as the most qualified person, to the situation of the Honourable East India Company's resident at Bagdad, at the age of 24, and having married the daughter of his patron, he proceeded thither, with his amiable wife in 1808. Here he spent six years with no other European society than her's, except that of the surgeon of the residence, and in the intervals of his diplomatic labours, he engaged with ardour in more congenial pursuits. He gathered materials for a history and geographical account of Bagdad—he examined all the remains of antiquity, particularly those of ancient Babylon—he spared no labour and cost to procure oriental MSS., and he formed an extensive collection of medals, coins, and gems, found at Nineveh, Babylon, Ctesiphon, and Bagdad.

Having felt his constitution greatly impaired in this insalubrious climate, he in 1813, was compelled to leave it, and proceeded to Constantinople with Mrs. Rich, who accompanied him in all his excursions, and making a tour from thence round Europe, he returned again to his residence and duty, having added much to his knowledge of other oriental countries, and increased his numismatic collection by Greek, Parthian, and Sassanian coins, but particularly those curious ones, Babylonian cylinders, and among other places he visited some of the churches of the Catholic Chaldean Christians, and obtained, among other MSS. valuable Chaldean versions of the Scriptures.

But while he meditated other tours, and other encrease of knowledge, his career of usefulness was arrested by an unexpected enemy. He was at Schiraz, examining the ruins of Persipolis, and the tomb of Cyrus, when the cholera, travelling from India, suddenly appeared in that city, and swept away

6000 inhabitants in a few days. Every one of the upper classes who survived, fled from the infected town; but Mr. Rich refused to abandon the poor. His whole time was employed in visiting the sick and dying; administering to all medicine and consolation. To these benevolent exertions he himself soon fell a victim. On leaving the bath one morning, he was seized with symptoms of the fearful disease, which, before the next morning hurried him away, notwithstanding every care.—Like another Howard, he perished in the sacred duty of visiting the sick in a foreign country; like him also, he lies buried in the scene of his philanthropy, and a monument erected to his memory on the spot, marks the grave of another Englishman, who devoted his life in the cause of a stranger; but more extended in his objects than his benevolent precursor, he has left behind him curious and interesting memorials of the past and present state of the people.

The present work is one of the many he had been preparing, and it adds much to its interest that it is edited by his amiable widow, who was his constant and intelligent companion, in all his journeys. Like Mrs. Heber, Lady Raffles, Mrs. Kennedy, and other gifted women, who accompanied their husbands on their frequent wanderings, it was her lot, as it was theirs, to witness his death, and to record his character as well as his journeys—the one appears to have been as amiable as it was intellectual, and the others add more information on those countries, and from a more qualified man, in some points, than has ever yet appeared before the public.

Mr. Rich set out with a numerous cortege befitting our resident in a foreign land, from Bagdad to Sulimania, in the mountains of Koordistan, to pass some time in the purer air of that elevated region, and repair a constitution injured by the heats and swamps of the plains of the Euphrates. In passing through the low land, every thing he meets reminds us of the former state of that country, as recorded by various ancient writers. Mr. Rich does not always notice those coincidences, but they must strike every classical reader. Strabo* and Justin†

* Γνωσται δὲ ἐν Βαβυλωνίᾳ ἡ ἀσπιλτος πᾶσι καὶ ἡ πᾶσι.—Lib. 26.

† Quæ materia in istis locis passim e terra exæstuat.—Lib. 1. cap. 2.

say that Babylonia abounded in naphtha wells and bitumen. Our traveller found it every where bubbling out of the earth. It mixed with the soil in such a way as to render it fit for building, and the houses were erected with bricks baked from it.* Mr. Rich found the present edifices built of the same materials, the bitumen still adhering to the bricks. Strabo remarks the expedients they had recourse to in building, in order to remedy the want of wood.† Wood is still so scarce at Babylon that it sells at an enormous price, floated down from the mountains to the plain below, where various expedients are used in building, to supply its deficiency. Inundations were so frequent and copious, that it was necessary to guard against them by trenches and canals, to draw off the water. Our travellers were constantly in contact with canals, and saw in some places inundations covering the face of the country. Xenophon's account accords in many of these particulars; the scantiness of wood, the abundance of water in the places through which the Grecian army marched, various trenches and canals intersecting the country.‡ But the historian also mentions another circumstance of curious coincidence. After passing the Euphrates, they entered into a vast plain like the sea, covered with wormwood, the odour of which was so powerful, that every plant in the country seemed to be aromatic. Our travellers met nearly the same productions, and felt the same effects. The country was covered with wormwood, and in some parts with origanums, which sent forth a refreshing and agreeable odour.§

Among the evidences of the usages and manners of the people, are a few

traces of ancient names and customs. One of the most remarkable personages which he met on entering Persian Koordistan, was a prince named Khosroo Bey, who was doubtless a descendant of the ancient dynasty. Khosroo was a celebrated name in the former state of this country. It is found on the coins, and is recorded by the historians. Lucian has immortalized one of them. In his directions for composing history he tells of a fulsome writer who occupied whole pages in describing how a hero of this name swam across the Tigris.

The most distinguishing characteristic of the former natives, was their addiction to astrology, a propensity mentioned by Daniel, Cicero, and other writers, both sacred and profane. When our author arrived at the gates of Sulimania, he was met by Osman Bey, an intelligent man, and a distinguished character in the country. Like the king in Daniel,|| he "called for the astrologers ¶ to point out the most lucky moment for Mr. Rich and his suite to enter the place. "He looked at his watch several times in the course of the interview, and seemed anxious that we should not miss the precise time of mounting. At last when they told him it was the *appointed instant*, we rose together and set forward."

Among the usages that have remained unaltered from time immemorial, is the manner of passing rivers. In crossing the Euphrates at Thapsacus, the natives used rafts made of skins stuffed with dry hay, and then drawn tight together; and on these they transported themselves and provisions from side to side.** Our travellers embarked on the river on their return to Bagdad on a raft called a *killek*,

* *Προς τας οικοδομας ηντιτιδιαι τας δια της σπης πλινθου*—κ. τ. λ.—Ib.

† *Δια την αξυλιαν ψιλη γαρ χωρα*—κ. τ. λ.—Ib.

‡ *Πλημερι γαρ ο Ευφρατης οστι ανακει λιμναζειν* κ. τ. λ.—Ib.

§ *Δαιδρον δι ουδιν ισνη* κ. τ. λ.—Anab. lib. 1.

|| *Παιδιον απαν ομαλον οστιρ θαλαττα αφινθου δι πληρης*—απαντα δι ησαν ισνη κ. τ. λ.—Ib.

¶ Dan. v. 7.

** *Διφθρας επιπλασαν χορτου κουφου ιτα συνηγοι και συνιστων ως μη απτισθαι της κερφης το υδωρ επι τούτων διαβαινον*—Xenoph. Anab. lib. 1.

The same contrivance is recorded by Arrian, as practised by Alexander in crossing the Hydaspes.—Ar. lib. v. c. 12.

Connected with the soil is the climate, the peculiarities of which still exist unchanged from the remotest antiquity. The easterly wind then, as well as now, was the cause of intolerable annoyance. The prophet Jonas sheltered himself by a gourd, which was struck by a worm, so that it withered and afforded no more protection to his head: "And God prepared a fervent east wind," (Jonah, iv. 8.) which so affected the prophet that "he wished to die." This wind is still dreaded in the country. It is called *shekhé*, and is hot, dry, stormy, and singularly relaxing.

similarly constructed with goat-skins; but instead of being stuffed with dry hay, they were inflated, and formed so many bladders.

But besides these, and similar coincidences, there was little artificial left in the country to designate its former state. The muddy materials of which the edifices were built had crumbled away. With the exception of some traces of walls and fretwork, which could give no satisfactory explanation, nothing remained to indicate the ancient state of the people—even the coins were a source of confusion. At one place four were brought to Mr. Rich, and they were all of different æras—

“As if,” said he, “purposely designed to obscure and confuse; one being Arsacian, another Sassanian, a third Cufic, and a fourth an intaglio of a Roman victory.”

But there still exist some artificial remnants which mark the most remote antiquity. Our travellers mention some indications, not only of Nineveh but of Nimrod. The former is situated on the Tigris, near Mousul, from whence Mr. Rich visited the remains of the ancient city. They first came to a large rampart, then a hollow, like a ditch, and then another rampart, which the Mousul Turks called the beginning of Nineveh. They soon passed another ditch and wall, which seemed to indicate that Nineveh had a double wall. He then crossed an area, which led to a Turkish village called Nebbi Yanus, and so traversed the centre of the celebrated town. On excavating about the modern Turkish town of Nebbi Yanus, fragments of brick, whole bricks, and pieces of gypsum, covered with inscriptions in the Cuneiform character, are found; one of which, four inches thick, is deposited in the British Museum. Among the traditions of places still existing, is the tomb of Jonah, over which was erected, at first, a Christian church,—not from the supposition that he was buried there, but the circumstance of his having preached there. It is now converted into a Turkish mosque, as the Mohammedans also recognize Jonas as a preacher against the Ninevites. Within the area were sundry dark passages, which seemed to belong to catacombs, or sepulchres, but of which the people had

no tradition, except that they were of extreme antiquity. No sculpture is now to be seen, but some years ago a remarkable bas-relief, representing men and other animals, covering a grey stone of the height of two men, was dug out. All the people of Mousul went to see it, and every one taking away a small piece, left to our traveller no remnant of it. The walls, in many places, were ten or twelve feet high, and the angles of bastions were still traceable, though no towers seemed to have crowned them. In the foundations appear to have been laid large blocks of stone, and in many concrete masses, even among bricks cemented together by bitumen. In some places, they were nothing more than conglomerate mounds of pebbles, united together by some intermediate substratum, and so worn down into mounds as to resemble natural hills. The area which the remnant of the walls included, did not seem to be more than one mile by two and a-half. This would but faintly resemble a city which Diodorus Siculus says, was 150 stadia long, and 90 broad; which, supposing a stadium to be about a furlong, or the eighth part of a mile, would give a circumference of 58 miles. But Mr. Rich justly supposes that the present remains visible include only the citadel, or royal precincts, or probably both, as the practice of fortifying the residence of an oriental sovereign is of very ancient date. So it certainly is at Constantinople, at the present day, the seraglio occupies the whole space of ancient Byzantium; and among the more than half Asiatic Russians, the Kremlin, in Moscow, is of similar extent and structure.

But the most remote city, to which the human mind can go back, is that of Nimrod,—built by that son of Cush “who was a mighty hunter before the Lord.” The supposed site of this ancient place is four hours’ journey from Mousul. The first intimation the travellers had of this primeval architect was, a voice crying from the waters. This was caused by a dam run across the river, over which the stream rushed with the rapidity of a cataract, and caused a loud roaring, heard at a considerable distance. This mound the inhabitants universally attributed to Nimrod. The country

around was highly cultivated, and villages appear in sight every where, thickly scattered. The principal remains found at the spot assigned as the site of this city was, a pyramidal mound, at the N. W. angle of a raised platform, round which were scattered the remnants of ruins, like those which a place of the remotest antiquity would be likely to leave, after the lapse of countless centuries. About a quarter of a mile from these debris is a large modern village, called Nimrod at this very day. This is a remarkable instance of the permanency of tradition among the inhabitants of a place. The name of Memphis, Troy, and other cities, are altogether unknown to the people who live on the spot on which they stood; but here the name is as recognized as when it was first imposed, immediately after the flood; and the villagers consider this "mighty hunter" as the architect of the place they inhabit, and certain village storytellers entertain the inhabitants at night, by reciting tales of him, from a book called *Kissah Nimrod*, or "legends of Nimrod."

The remains of the old town resemble those of Nineveh; concrete masses of pebbles, and brick, in which the latter were covered with similar Cuneiform character, and thicker than those of Babylon. The pyramid was rounded at the angles, by time, but sufficient remained of it to ascertain its original shape. The height was one hundred and forty-four feet, and the circumference, at the base, seven hundred and seventy-seven. The coincidence of this form of edifice with those in Egypt is worthy of notice. But it was further observed, that in the composition of the bricks of this region, there was not the slightest trace of straw having been used as a material. In another place, bricks were found impressed with the form of a man's hand. These Mr. Rich refers to the Sassanian, or some recent period. It is a remarkable fact, however, that Mohammed sometimes signed his documents by the impression of a hand, and these bricks might have some connexion with this Moslem signature.

Among the artificial objects which attract attention here, are the mounds, or *tumuli*, which are scattered over

this region also. They are called *tepe*, probably a corruption of the Greek *ταφος*, a tomb, to which use they are generally assigned. But the great extent of surface which they cover, in various regions of Asia and Europe, render it doubtful if they were always applied to that purpose. Those seen at the entrance of the Dardanelles, on the supposed plains of Troy, are universally supposed to be the tombs of the heroes who fell in that war; but they expand every where over the plains of Thrace, on the opposite shore, and from thence all the way along the steppes of Tartary, where Dr. Clarke found them so abundant that he could not reckon the number that appeared at once above the horizon. They are found likewise, as appears from Mr. Rich, in great numbers on the plains of Mesopotamia, and thus they are seen in various places within a circle of many thousand miles in circumference, in different quarters of the globe, and among all varieties of people,—the most refined as well as the most barbarous. Mr. Rich conjectures that "they were probably royal stations, marking the progress of an army; perhaps of that of Xerxes, or Darius Hystaspes." It is certain that the Turks, in their march to besiege Buda, did erect some of them in modern times, for this purpose, which are mentioned by Cantemir. Dr. Walsh, on his return from Constantinople, saw several on the plains of Thrace, erected to mark the place where the imperial ensign was stuck up. One of them is still called *Buyuk Sanjak Tepé*, or "the Great Hill of the Standard."

From the alluvial soil of the Tigris and Euphrates, our party ascended the highlands. The face of Koordistan formed a strong contrast to the plains of Babylon and Mesopotamia. Lofty mountains and verdant valleys, were an agreeable contrast to arid plains or stagnant swamps, particularly to an invalid, changing his residence in search of health. Nor did he find the people those robbers that most travellers apprehend, and with reason, who have occasion to pass through the country. The state of the population resembled that of parts of Europe a century ago, divided into serfs and fendal barons. The former are the cultivators of the soil, and seem a distinct race from the

tribes and clans. These latter seldom attend to agriculture, while the others never become soldiers. A tribesman confessed to Mr. Rich, that he believed the peasant was only created for his use; and—

"Wretched indeed," says he, "is the condition of the Koordish cultivators. It much resembles that of a negro slave in the West Indies; and the worst of it is, I have never found it possible to make these Koordish masters ashamed of their cruelty to their poor dependents."

But, while the unfortunate peasant is thus put out of the pale of pity, the attachment of a clansman, to every member of his tribe,—the sacrifices he is ready to make for him, is absurdly romantic, particularly to their chiefs:

"In Bagdad they live with their masters in miserable exile, struggling, without a murmur, with every sort of privation and suffering. Gentlemen who, in their own country, have a horse handsomely caparisoned, and a servant, are seen in Bagdad in rags, and are frequently known to work as porters, or water-carriers, that they may take their day's wages to their master, to contribute to his support. When the brother of Abdurrahman Pasha died at Bagdad, one of his Koords was standing on the terrace, or flat roof of the house, at the moment his master expired, 'What!' said he, 'is the Bey dead?—then I will not live another moment.' And he immediately threw himself off the top of the house, and was dashed to pieces."

This human sacrifice, either voluntary or involuntary, is of very ancient usage here. Herodotus mentions that it was usual among the Scythians, on the death of their king, to offer up his prime ministers as proper victims to his manes.

Koord is probably a corruption of the ancient name, *Καρδοχου*, given by Xenophon to these mountaineers, through whose mountains the Grecians passed in their memorable retreat from Persia; but they do not seem to retain any tradition of the event. The Pasha had promised to procure for Mr. Rich a famous History of Koordistan, called *Tarikh al Akrad*. In return, said he,—

"I told him the story of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand, and the ancient

glory of his race. He, and all his Koords listened with the greatest attention, and appeared deeply interested in the narration. The scene was very picturesque, and would have made a fine subject for a painting.—The Pasha afterwards very *naively* exclaimed, 'I wonder if my family were of consequence at that period?'"

They have traditions, however, of other Greeks and events. In a room next to one appropriated for his reception, our author found sundry paintings, representing various persons and events. One of the former was Alexander the Great, "with a watch lying beside him!" dressed in the Persian fashion, with the face of a coquetish woman. This reminds one of the anachronism of the Dutch painter, who represented the wise men presenting, among other gifts, to the infant Jesus, a little gun. They have, however, a tradition of this extraordinary conqueror, that he was a beardless and a beautiful young man. In another room were various tawdry paintings, representing several famous persons, from Solomon down to Buonaparte,—which last, with more propriety than Alexander, had a musket and bayonet in his hand. On the side of this picture-gallery were two other smaller ones, called *Bala Koneh*, from whence, says our author, is derived our English word balcony. We, certainly, were not aware, nor Johnson either, that any word in our language came from the mountains of Koordistan. This is a *pendant* for another etymology from Toorkistan, in the same neighbourhood. The Turks, it seems, call America, as the new world, *Yeni Doodli*; whence some etymologists derive the much controverted *Yanki-doodle*.

The present capital of Koordistan is Sulimania, built about thirty-six years, and called after a pasha of Bagdad. On its site stood an ancient mount, which they pared down, and found among its rubbish some coins, so as to indicate that it had been the spot of some former city. It contains ten thousand people, in two thousand Mohammedan houses, one hundred and thirty Jewish, nine of Chaldean Christians, who have a wretched small church, and five of Armenian

Christians, who have neither church or priest. The Mohammedans have five mosques; and for the whole population there are six caravansaries, and five public baths. The former capital was Karstcholan, which was abandoned for a characteristic reason, because it stood in a rocky valley, unfavourable for the enjoyment of hunting. The ordinary houses are mere mud hovels, which cover the town, and resemble an Arab village. They are quite open and exposed; but the inhabitants do not seem to regard this, as the women go about like men, and perform their ordinary business with their faces displayed, without any veils. This extraordinary deviation from Oriental usage, is probably the result of that free and unrestrained condition which mountaineers always enjoy, and which mixes itself with all their feelings. The Bagdad merchants, who resort here on their business, and who bring with them their rigid notions of female seclusion, were not only shocked at this exposure, but were greatly scandalized at the simple question, usually put to them, "what is your wife's name?" "How does she dress?" In the mountains of Shina, which abound in the magnificent Oriental platanus, and where timber merchants go to purchase wood for the plains of the Euphrates, men and women live together openly, without restraint, or the affectation of concealment.

Nevertheless, the Koords are such rigid Mohammedans, that in three years two thousand persons, from the province of Sulimania alone, descended from their elevation, crossed the burning deserts of Arabia, and visited the tomb of their prophet at Mecca. Those who have done so are distinguished ever after by the privilege of wearing a white turbau.

The principal amusement of the Koords is partridge-fighting. The little birds are trained up like game cocks with us, and show, like them, astonishing spirit and resolution. There is generally a large house in the *meidan*, or open space left for the purpose, which is a club-house, where, at sunset the better sort assemble and make partridge-matches. The Koords, it appears, are the only Mohammedans who sit up late at night, not retiring to rest with the sun, as is the general

usage of Turks and Persians. In Constantinople a respectable Turk, seen in the streets after dark, is a phenomenon; and if any man be not preceded by a servant and lantern he is taken up by the Coolok guard. But night is the visiting time of the Koords. When it grows dark, they begin to go about to each other's houses, and amuse themselves with conversation, smoking, and music, till three or four in the morning, before which time no gentleman thinks of retiring to rest. In other respects, also, they differ greatly from their retiring, unsocial, and taciturn neighbours of the same faith. They are remarkably cheerful—very fond of company—have no pride—practise no ceremonious formalities. There is one trait of character very remarkable indeed, in which we wish many European and cultivated Christians would imitate them. They are divested of all envy; and our author "never heard a Koord speak an ill word of another, however different they may be in party or interest." We quote this for the benefit of our Whigs and Tories.

The condition, also, of their women is another remarkable deviation from oriental usage, and Mohammedan prejudice. They are treated as equals by their husbands, and laugh at or despise the slavish subjection of Turkish wives. There is a domestic comfort and equality in a Koordish house, which is unknown among other Moslems, and a confidence entirely divested of that brutal precaution which stigmatizes them. The male servants who attend the Harems, are not the revolting mutilated objects one sees among other oriental people. They are as well-looking, and well bearded as European domestics. The women never hide themselves in terror at the sight of any man but their husbands; and when Mrs. Rich returned the visits of Koordish ladies, she always found a mixture of both sexes to receive her. Women of the better classes wear a veil of black horse hair, which they seldom let fall over their faces, unless when they wish to avoid the notice of some person they meet, and the lower classes go about freely without any covering to their face, forming a strong contrast to the same classes in Turkey, where, when a woman does come forth, no-

thing is seen uncovered but her nose. A still more remarkable display occurs, which would scandalize even European notions of female freedom. The houses of Salimania are very low, scarcely more than five or six feet high, with flat roofs, which are frequently made in summer the sleeping apartments in the open air. In walking through the narrow streets, the head sometimes is above the roof of the house, and those who pass early in the morning, see the man and his wife in bed together, close beside him, and sometimes rising out of it to go to their daily occupation. "Notwithstanding, however," says our author, "this freedom and apparent shamelessness, no women can conduct themselves with more real propriety than the Koordish ladies, and their morality far exceeds that of the Turkish females." Mr. Rich concludes his visit to Koordistan, with this estimate of a people we have always considered as a horde of robbers and murderers :

"I left Koordistan with unfeigned regret. I most unexpectedly found in it the best people that I have ever met with in the east. I have formed friendships, and been uniformly treated with a degree of sincerity, kindness, and unbounded hospitality, which I fear I must not again look for in the course of my weary pilgrimage, and the remembrance will last as long as life endures."

This character of the people is very well for Mr. Rich, and no doubt justified by what he had experienced ; but it must be recollected he travelled in the country with a large escort, protected under the sacred sanction of being in some measure an ambassador, and strongly recommended to the care of the authorities. Those who pass through it without those advantages, meet a very different reception. It is a kind of boundary between Turkey and Persia, and the people are at present in that state of society, in which the borderers on the marches of England and Scotland lived in former times. They are all freebooters, and live by plunder as their trade. All the travellers who make this their way from Constantinople to India, know this by experience. They always calculate on the loss of property, or hazard of life in this wild region, and their Surrogees, or Tartar janissaries, as we happen to

know, often return to Constantinople with the point of a Koord's pike in the back of their neck. This state of things Mr. Rich himself acknowledges in some parts. "We were obliged," said he, "to keep a sharp look out for thieves—this place being infamous for them ; and nothing but their poverty protected the poor Chaldeans from their attacks."

Having ascended the mountains of the Koords, we were in great hopes our travellers would have penetrated into the country of the Chaldeans, and given some detailed account of those primitive Christians. We recollect a notice of these interesting people was published in an early number of our "Christian Examiner," about 15 years ago, contained in a letter from a correspondent at Constantinople. It excited much curiosity and remark at the time—as the existence of such a Christian nation in the centre of Asiatic mountains was scarcely known. Since that time Kinnaird, Frazer, and other travellers skirted the confines of Chaldeia, and gave some scattered notices of the inhabitants *en passant*. We expected that Mr. Rich would have connected the detached sketches, and filled up his account by a perfect picture of the place and people, from actual residence among them at their capital. But he has not done so, and we confess we are disappointed that he seems to take but little interest in the subject. He does, indeed, notice the people, passes through some of their towns, and visits one of their convents ; but it is only that portion of them who have been converted by missionaries from the college *de propaganda fide* at Rome, and they are no more than Roman Catholics scattered through the skirts of the mountains. The primitive Nestorian race, who refuse all submission to the papal see, and renounce all connection with its doctrines or discipline—whose capital is Jolemark, in a mountain ravine, and whose country is defended by a natural battlement of rocks—who wear felt hats like Europeans, and have a patriarch of their own creed—have not yet been explored, or, as far as we know, visited by any intelligent traveller. What Mr. Rich has seen, however, must not be omitted.

He visited the town of Teliskof, or

Bishops Mount, entirely inhabited by Chaldean Christians, about 20 miles north of Mousul :

"The crowds assembled to see us were prodigious, and the village seemed to pour forth twice as many people as I thought it would have contained. They were all Chaldean Catholics. I have never been so much stared at in a Mohammedan town. The Christians seemed to take a pride in me, and to look at the Turks with me, and before whom they had been used to cower, as if they might now defy them. This made me have some patience with them, though their crowding and staring was rather inconvenient. We were met at a mile from the village, by the Kiahya ; and an old woman wanted to burn incense before me, but my horse would admit of no such familiarity. We lodged, of course, in the best house, close by the old mount which gives a name to the village. It would be a tolerable place but for the extreme dirtiness, which, with the smell of liquor, is, I am sorry to say, the characteristic of a Christian village in this country."

Mr. Rich had seen no Christians but Roman Catholics ; and we are sorry to say the character is universal. He need not have travelled farther than Ireland to see *dirt and drunkenness*—the prevailing characteristic of every village in Munster and Connaught. The primitive Nestorians, who, by other accounts, are a different people in their habits, had all retired to the mountains, or been absorbed among the converts. "For more than 25 years there had been no Nestorians nearer than Amadia, or rather beyond Amadia."

Near the town of Alkosh, at a greater distance from Mousul, he visited a very singular monastery :

"The town of Alkosh, entirely inhabited by Chaldean Christians, was just before us a little way up the foot of the mountain, and on the right of it, about a mile higher up, in a rocky defile or opening in the mountain, was the Chaldean convent of Rabban Hormuzd, whither we were journeying, and which from this spot had a very imposing appearance. Nothing was clearly distinguishable but a heavy square building, of a dusky red colour, hanging quite over a precipice, like some Lama pagoda. The dark clouds rolled over the summit of the mountain, almost down to the convent,

and greatly increased the gloominess of its aspect and its apparent height. We seemed to be retreating from the world, and entering on some wild and untrodden state of existence, when we found ourselves in the rocky strait by which it was approached. The situation seemed well chosen for devotion ; but devotion of a savage and gloomy character. The hill gradually rose very soon after the slope had terminated. An immense torrent, now dry, had brought down prodigious fragments of rock. Keeping along its edge we reached, at eleven o'clock, the entrance into the defile, along a rocky and rough road. This defile expands and scoops out the mountain into a kind of wild amphitheatre, in which, not half-way up, the convent is situated. It is only the latter part of the road that was very steep. The red building we had seen from afar was part of a church, or rather churches, there being several together. All the amphitheatre, from the top to the bottom, is full of little caves and grottoes—those near the church, and extending up the rock far above it, being appropriated to the use of the monks, of whom there are fifty, only four or five of whom are priests. Each monk has a separate cell, and the communications between them are by little terraces. The rocks are craggy and broken, and of fine harmonious tints, being of freestone, of which the church is built. It is now undergoing a thorough repair, in a very neat manner. It stands on a platform, elevated from the precipice ; but very little of the ancient fabric remains.

"We arrived at half-past eleven. We were accommodated in rather an airy lodging, in a kind of sacristy or chapel adjoining the church. Our people established themselves as well as they could in the surrounding caves, and the horses we sent back to the village.

"In the afternoon I went to vespers. The congregation of rather dark-looking monks, together with the gloominess and simplicity of the church, which is merely a narrow, arched or vaulted room, with no light but what is admitted from a small dome, might well remind one of the solitude of St. Saba. Indeed the monks were not less Thebaid in their appearance, being dusky looking men, clothed in the coarsest manner, like peasants, but more sombre in their colours—their gown being of a dark blue or black canvas, with the common abba or Arab cloak of brown woollen over it. On their heads they wear a small skull

cap of brown felt, with a black handkerchief tied round it. The priests are rather better clothed, in black dresses, with black turbans on their heads. The monks are of all trades, weavers, tailors, smiths, carpenters, and masons; so that the wants of the convent are entirely supplied by the convent itself. Their wants are, indeed, very few—the order being that of St. Anthony, and very rigorous in its observances. The monks never eat meat, except at Christmas and Easter. Sometimes, indeed, if any of their friends bring them a little as a present, they are not forbidden to eat it; but no meat is provided for the convent. Their daily food is some boiled wheat and bread, and even this in small quantities. Wine and spirits are altogether prohibited, and none but the treasurer is allowed to touch money."

The Editor adds :—

"The monks live separately in their cells, when not employed in their work, and are forbidden to talk to one another. A bell summons them to church several times a day, besides which they meet at church at midnight for prayers; again at daybreak and sunset, when they retire to their cells without fire or candle. Some of these cells are far from the others, in very lonely situations, high up the mountains in steep places, and look difficult to get at by day; but how much more so in dark and stormy nights! They are surrounded by wild plundering tribes of Koords, who might come down and murder them in their different retreats, without their cries for help being heard; but their poverty preserves them from such attacks."

The quantity of those caves or little grottoes scattered over all the hollow of the mountain, is surprising. An earthquake filled up a great number of them, and many are obliterated by the crumbling of the rock washed down by the mountain rains. Many may have been natural, but many more are evidently artificial. Some resembled depositories for dead bodies; and Mr. Rich conjectures it might have been originally a *dakhmeh* or burying-place for the ancient Persians. About 500 volumes of old MSS. on vellum, appear to have been formerly kept at this convent, but they were thrown into an old vault, at the side of the hill, a part of which was carried away by a mountain torrent, and the whole col-

lection was so damaged, they were carelessly torn up or thrown about. Some scattered leaves were produced, which appeared evidently of the highest antiquity. Mr. Rich justly remarks that manuscripts are fast perishing in the East, and it is the duty of every traveller to rescue as many as he can from destruction. Of this he has set a laudable example in his own person. He procured several Chaldean MSS. in his present tour, and it appears that he sent 800 in different languages to the British Museum, collected in the East, of which 3 are in Greek; 59 in Syriac; 8 in Carshumia; 389 in Arabic; 231 in Persian; 108 in Turkish; 2 in Armenian; and 1 in Hebrew. One of them is the New Testament in Syriac, written in 768 of our era, and so the most ancient copy now extant.

It is to be deplored that our author did not apply himself as assiduously to acquire other qualifications necessary for a tourist, as well as the important one of languages. He regrets, as we have occasion to do, that he knows little of botany, in countries of such various aspects, and abounding in such vegetable riches, which have never been explored. What additions might he not have made to those of Hasselquest, Forskal, Shaw, and others, who have their botanical knowledge so applied as to be subservient to biblical and other illustrations! What acquisitions might not geology obtain, in that spine of the earth, the central ridges of Asia, which no intelligent traveller has explored, since Noah anchored his ark on the top of one of them. Even his knowledge of languages seems confined to oriental literature. We naturally expected classical illustrations of Xenophon, &c. but have been obliged to offer a scanty supply ourselves. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, which we remark with great diffidence, and a few others of style and arrangement, which we pass over, we are disposed to say that this posthumous work is one of the most important and interesting that has been published of this often visited but little known portion of Asia. We should add that the work is illustrated by maps and plates, with copious appendices, one of which contains a lively sketch, by Mrs. Rich, of the particulars of this tour.

A CHAPTER ON COUSINS.

"*Tristius haud illis monstrum; nec scior ulli
Pestis & ira deum Stygis sese extulit unda.*"

VIRGIL.

"Of all the plagues with which mankind is curst—
Of all inflictions—Cousins are the worst."

MANY are the pictures that have been drawn or painted by poets and others, of a state of perfect joy and felicity. Some have placed the consummation of happiness in Arcadian scenes, and rural enjoyments—representing the ploughman, the gardener, or the shepherd under the hawthorn, as the "beast ideal" of a happy man; some have fixed the site of the terrestrial Eden in the porches of philosophy, and the pursuits of literature and science; some have planted their imaginary paradise in the genial climate and savoury atmosphere of the dinner-table; some have placed the "summum bonum" upon the glittering pinnacles of rank and power; some have maintained it to consist in wealth, and others, more rationally, in virtue; but from each and all of these views and opinions I dissent totally. Neither the husbandman, or the sage, or the gourmand, or the nabob, or the crowned monarch, or even the proprietor of a clear unincumbered conscience, appears to me to have gained the summit of sublunary gratification. There is a bliss above all the blisses that have ever yet been described or fancied—a happiness as far above all other happinesses as the flight of the eagle above the fluttering of the butterfly. Were I required to name the only condition of mortality which I hold to be justly enviable—to lay my finger on the man whom I reckon the especial favourite of fortune, and the possessor of the best gift of heaven—I should reply, without a moment's hesitation—the man without a Cousin!

I had infinitely rather be "the great un-cousined," than the "great unknown" himself; for of a certainty the sorest plague that sprang out of Pandora's fatal casket, was the odious institution of cousinship. Cousins may be near relations, and blood relations; but they are undoubtedly neither dear relations, or "moral relations." At all

removes, (I would they were removed to the antipodes!)—in all degrees—under all denominations—he-cousins and she-cousins—town cousins and country cousins—young or old—handsome or hideous—rich or poor—vary the idea as you will—modify it, turn it, diversify it, twist it into any shape, form, or fashion—cousins are a generation of vipers; and, in my deliberate, sober, and settled judgment, it would be a reform almost as valuable as the reformation itself —; but I command myself—you would say I was a Marat, were I to finish the sentence.

I really know of no plan which would go so near to the realization of the delightful dream of a paradise upon earth, as a project (if any such can be hit upon) for clearing this pretty little planet of ours of the race of cousins.

Let me appeal to any body, who, for the sins of his fathers, or his own, is cursed with a tribe of these detestable relatives, if a hundred thousand times a-day he does not devote them to "auld Hornie." For my part, if I knew any worse wish, it were heartily at their service, for they lead me such a life as a thief passes on the treadmill. I would be a reasonably happy man if my aunts had died maidens, and my uncles bachelors. But no! They were a marrying family; the state of single blessedness had no charms for them; independence no attractions. A rage for matrimony possessed them all; they first exposed themselves to the shafts of Cupid; then they suffered themselves to be led by the torch of Hymen. In a word, they married!—male and female after their kind—all married;—then came the office of Lucina, who was never once unpropitious; a miscarriage was never heard of in any branch of the family; as surely as the ninth moon filled her horns, forth came a cousin—cousin after cousin—a train of cousins, as long as the tail of a comet; cousins-

german every living soul of them. I would give every farthing I have in the world that they were all in Germany.

A grand division of the cousin species, is that of town cousins and country cousins. You suffer from the former more frequently; but from the latter more intensely. You have the town cousins about you always; but then the torture is mitigated by the continual infliction. You know when you get up in the morning that you have a certain quantity of cousining to go through before the day is over, and you make up your mind to it; read a page of Seneca, add a verse to your litany, and commit yourself to Providence, like a wise man and a Christian. The evil does not take you by surprise, and in unknown shapes, as in the case of cousins from the country, whom there is no foreseeing, and no deprecating. They dart upon you, when you least dream of such a visitation, and often from the very points of the compass whence you least expect such ill winds to blow. I have a pack of these relations in the county of Down, near the Mourne Mountains; and I am indebted to them for the motto to this article, for they vividly remind me of the Harpies. They are of the same number, and gender; their descents are just as abrupt; their appetites as voracious; indeed, in almost every particular of their character, they resemble the winged spinsters of the Strophades:

"*Subitæ horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt,
Diripiuntque dapes.*"

Every word in this description hits them. "*Subitæ!*"—they come uninvited, without giving the slightest warning of their direful intention. "*Horrifico lapsu!*"—with horrid stoop—the stoop of a kite on a pigeon. "*De montibus:*"—from the mountains of Mourne. "*Diripiuntque dapes.*"—I never saw young women eat so scandalously. The eldest I call Celæno; and I fancy her, at this moment, perched upon a cliff of Sliebh-Donard, and meditating one of her almost monthly pounces upon my house in ——— street.

Country-cousins are the very plagues of Egypt. I hate the very thought of the country on account of my country-

cousins. The tree is to be judged by the fruit it bears; and the advantages of the country may, in like manner, be estimated by the fact, that it produces the very worst variety of the cousin species. Country-cousins are as migratory as tinkers. Indeed I think they are called country-cousins, because they never stay in the country. And have they any business to town? None whatever. Their general motive for what they call their "trips" to Dublin, is the Zoological Gardens. A grand characteristic of the tribe is a passion for this establishment. Did you ever hear of a country-cousin who did not make it a point to visit the Zoological Gardens once, at the very least, every twelvemonth? I can answer for my own rural relatives: there are the Jumbletons in particular, who come up from the county Sligo twice a-year, and quarter themselves upon me, sometimes for three weeks together, for no other object under heaven but to see those confounded macaws and monkeye. The only thing that comforts me is the *little accidents* which occasionally happen in exhibitions of wild-beasts. There is a *chance* of the keeper, some time or other, leaving a tiger's cage open:—it is just possible that one of my dear little *cousins* may one day tumble into the pit with the bears. The newspapers, no doubt, would announce such an event as "a melancholy occurrence!"

As you may very well suppose, I am tolerably well acquainted, myself, with the Zoological Gardens. No man knows the way to his stable half so well. Between the Jumbletons, the Honeycombs, and the Pumpkins, if I had but the slightest bent towards natural history, I should be a dangerous rival to Buffon and Cuvier; for a week very seldom passes without a weary walk or jaunt to this detestable institution. I must even *cicerone* Mrs. Jumbleton, who has been there every spring and summer since her marriage, with but one intermission; and then I had little reason to enjoy my vacation, for she employed the interval in giving me another second-cousin, who, I grieve to think of it, will very soon be commencing his "trips" to the capital, and developing his zoological talents. The reason why Mrs. Jumbleton al-

ways insists upon my company is her fear that the pelican, who is always strolling about, will "put out her darling's eyes with his awkward bill." If he ever pays my cousin Tommy any little attention of this kind, I shall call him a duck instead of a pelican, and honour his bill to the day of my death. Tommy is perfect master of all the various howls, roars, yelps, barks, grunts, growls, screams, chatters, and screeches, in the gardens, and as soon as we return, the whole hubbub and uproar is performed over again. My neighbours are actually under the impression that I have a menagerie in my house.

And all this I must endure because the Jumbletons are my cousins!—for no other reason under the sun but because Mr. Jumbleton's mother and mine were sisters!

There is nothing so "exigeant" as cousinship. Cousins expect to be noticed, talked to, visited, invited, recollected, and consulted. You must never omit to shake hands with them, and my-dear-Dick them. You must always be at home when they call upon you, whether you happen to be abroad or not. When they are sick, you must never send a servant to learn how they have passed the night, as you may do with the dearest friend you have in the world; as Pylades might do with Orestes; you must go in person, and you must institute your hypocritical inquiries twice, at least, every day,—no matter what distance you have to travel, even though the thermometer should be down to zero. The most capricious woman that ever plagued a lover is not so hard to be dealt with as a cousin. A cousin is always standing on his consanguinity: he never forgets for one moment, that your father and his mother were brother and sister. Second-cousins are the greatest genealogists upon earth. Half the pains that one of these "ne'er-do-wells" will take to trace the stream of his blood up to a common fountain with yours, would discover the source of the Niger. It would be an unspeakable blessing if there were no such things as parish-books, and marriage-registers; it is those odious chronicles that enable people to hunt out their abominable relationships.

There be first-cousins, second-cousins,

third-cousins, cater-cousins, and Kerry-cousins; and I devoutly wish they had all snug births—(quere, deaths, quoth the devil,) in Sierra Leone. It is horrible to think of how many cousins a man may have without the slightest fault upon his part; and it is still more dreadful to reflect that the aggregate number of cousins in the world is continually on the increase. This I regard as far the worst consequence of the advance of population. There can scarcely be a doubt, but that there are six or seven millions of the species at this present moment in Ireland!—Imagine seven millions of cousins!—Think of any one cousin you are visited with, and then multiply the calamity by the enormous number of seven millions!

There never lived an individual so cousined and becousined as I am. "*Haud inexpertus loquor.*" I have from forty to fifty cousins-german; and second-cousins, in what mathematicians call an infinite series. Then such cousins! One of my cousins is a match for a dozen of any other person's cousins in Great Britain. You have heard of the Fizzlegigs; and now you shall hear of the Pumpkins.

I have no peace with the Pumpkins. There is Mr. Pumpkin and Mrs. Pumpkin, and Mr. Pumpkin's father, and Mrs. Pumpkin's aunt. Then there is Miss Pumpkin, and Misses Penelope and Theodosia Pumpkin, and Mr. Peter Pumpkin, and Mr. Anthony Pumpkin, and moreover a whole nursery full of little Pumpkins of both sexes, the family multiplying at the terrific rate of four Pumpkins every three years, which but very little arithmetic will shew you is the fastest rate of increase possible, excepting the birth of twins,—a method I am truly astonished that the fertile genius of Mrs. Pumpkin has not yet adopted for more expeditious cousin-making.

The Pumpkins are so determined not to be bumpkins, that they pass three-fourths of the year in town, and I need scarcely tell you where they board and lodge. It is enough to say, they are country cousins. They come up in detachments of about half-a-dozen at a time; and use my house with as little ceremony as if it was Bilton's hotel. They colour their invasions with a hundred pretexts. Clementina

is to take lessons on the harp ; Penelope to learn German ; or Bobby and Mysie to have their teeth put in order by Mc'Clean. You would form a notion of the interest I take in this proceeding, were you to see the use the little imps incarnate make of their dental machinery at dinner-time. Sometimes Mr. Pumpkin has business in Smithfield ; sometimes Mrs. Pumpkin has affairs in Grafton Street ; and sometimes old Mr. Pumpkin wants a new pair of spectacles. A country cousin never wants an excuse for coming to town ; and the Pumpkins are particularly ingenious ; so much so, indeed, that I often take a kind of miserable pleasure in endeavouring to conjecture upon what plea the next visit, or rather visitation, is to be justified.— I once thought that every pretext, decent, and indecent, was exhausted, when the next morning's post brought me a letter from Pumpkin Hall, containing the intelligence that one of the girls had commenced the study of botany ; that Mrs. Pumpkin was anxious that she should attend a course of lectures at the Dublin Society ; that—— but I had better let the reader have the document itself, as a sample of the epistolary style of a country cousin :—

"Pumpkin Hall, May 17, 183

"MY DEAR FREDERICK,—You will have two or three of us, I believe, with you the day after to-morrow ; perhaps to-morrow evening, if the day-coach from Limerick is not full passing Pumpkin Hall. Penelope has been studying botany, and I wish her to have the advantage of attending lectures in Dublin : Mr. Pumpkin says that I cannot do better than take her with me to town for a month or six weeks, or as long as Dr. Litton's course lasts ; and if you can make room for us, it would be quite delightful, for you know how I abhor hotels. I know the Honeycombs have promised you a long visit ; but Clementina had a letter yesterday from Mrs. Honeycomb, in which she says it will not be in her power to leave Bumblebee Park for some time, as she expects the Switchleys, and does not exactly know when they may arrive. The Switchleys, by the by, are cousins of ours. Mr. Switchley's mother was old Mr. Jumbleton's half-sister : of course they will give you a few days while they remain

in Ireland, and I trust it will be while we are with you, for they are people I long to know, as they are so nearly related to us. I ought to tell you that my poor little Emily is suffering a great deal with sore eyes, and I shall take her with me to Dublin to get advice. She will not be troublesome, as her maid will attend her, and I have promised to allow her to take Clio, the little French poodle, up to town to amuse her. May I beg you to tell Mrs. Dickory to be very particular about airing our beds, and to have good fires kept in our rooms. Mr. Pumpkin and Tom will, I believe, come up with us and remain in town a day or two to see the cattle show ; but you may put Tom any where you like. Aunt Margery begs me to say that she is excessively sorry her rheumatism disables her to be of our party to town : she hopes, however, to be well enough to spend some weeks with you when the weather is milder. Do not, I entreat you, forget my message to Mrs. Dickory ; and believe me my dear Frederick,

"Ever your very affectionate cousin,
"AURELIA PUMPKIN."

Such are my cousins, the Pumpkins, or such rather is a faint sketch of their atrocities.

I am nobody in my own house ; I am an intruder at my own table ; I can call nothing my own ; not a moment of time is at my disposal ; my cousins cozen me out of every thing ; they eject me from my prescriptive place by the fire-side ; they usurp my arm-chair ; they seize upon my favorite cut of the leg of mutton ; they never leave me any part of the turkey but the drum-stick ! Ay, sir, the drum-stick, nothing but the drumstick ! It is now five years since I have tasted—in my own house—at my own table—any part of goose or turkey but the drumstick !

I love a quiet life, and I might better live in a whirlpool, the hubbub kept up by my ruthless relations is so incessant. The knocker is in perpetual motion ; and the hall-door bell rings for ever and ever. "Is this Mr. Jumbleton's ?"—"A parcel for Miss Penelope Pumpkin."—"A note for Mrs. Philip Honeycomb ;"—"Miss Catherine Jumbleton's mantua-maker ;"—"Mr. Snappington, the attorney, to

meet Mr. Honeycomb by appointment;—"A parrot, and three pair of guinea-pigs to be kept for Lady Cecilia Switchley until sent for;"—"A bull-dog for Mr. Thomas Pumpkin, with particular directions to feed him regularly, and not to muzzle him." Peace, order, regularity, and all the quiet decencies of life are unknown in my establishment. All is anarchy and chaos. My rooms are filled with lumber of all kinds: my own drawers and trunks are removed to the hay-lofts to make place for my cousins' baggage. My hall is like nothing upon earth but a stage-coach-office; an inextricable labyrinth of band-boxes, hat-cases, port-manteaus, travelling-bags, great-coats, Indian-rubber cloaks, and umbrellas. If I go into my study, I find Mr. Pumpkin arranging his accounts with his agent. I apologize for the interruption, and betake myself to the dining-room; there I find Mrs. Honeycomb engaging a children's maid. Driven to the drawing-rooms, I discover two of the young Jumbletons taking lessons in fencing in one of them; while the horrid notes that issue from the other but too plainly intimate that young Pumpkin is practising a sonata upon the German flute, while one of his fair sisters is doing her best to improve the din by her efforts upon the harpsichord. Rushing down stairs in despair, I meet Dr. Cataract, who is come to see "my little cousin" with the sore eyes; and at the next step the servant informs me that a person waits in the hall to see me upon important business; and this turns out to be the celebrated Mr. M'Rory, *professor of rhetoric*, come to lecture one of the young Jumbletons, who is designed for the bar, in "the Stentorian system of elocution, admirably adapted to increase the power of the human voice to a tremendous pitch, and enable a speaker to fill the largest assembly in the world with tones very little inferior in loudness and distinctness to the most appalling thunder!"

But there is nothing enrages me so much as to hear the Pumpkins for

ever rhapsodizing upon the charms of a country life, and the misery they endure when "duty" or "indispensable business" obliges them to come to town. So passionately fond are they of rural existence that they pass three fourths of the calendar year in my house in Dublin. They never sit down to my best dinners without a sigh for the rustic fare they have left behind them at Pumpkin Hall; and my fair cousin Penelope, who has actually not seen a tree, or a blade of grass, for the last seven months, except in Merrion-square, or Stephen's-green, marvelled the other day with the utmost complacency, how I could bear to live immured in Dublin, cities were such shocking places, and it was such an unnatural thing to pass one's days in long, ugly rows of dingy brick houses, when there were such sweet places as groves, and green lanes, and meadows, and gardens.

Truly, if country-cousins love the country, their self-denying spirit cannot be too highly lauded. People who love town as I do, seldom or never exhibit our townward propensities by taking up our abodes a hundred and fifty miles from the Castle. To the country, however, I believe I must ultimately betake myself, for it seems to be the only likely way of getting rid of one's country cousins.

Let me conclude by imploring the legislature to take the cousin-question immediately into consideration with a view to the discovery of the means best adapted to reform what every man of reflection and feeling must perceive to be the most crying grievance of the present day. There might be a law to make the claiming of cousinship a transportable offence: or better still to make cousin-killing justifiable homicide. A measure of such a nature would be a second edition of the Bill of Rights. If ever there was a subject where instinct, reason, and religion were unanimous, it is this. We are commanded to love our enemies; but we read nowhere—love your cousins.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I accede to your request, and instead of the fragmentary "Sylvæ," venture these more continuous revelations on the public. As a mere work of literature I know not what rank they ought to claim. That "there are a hundred faults in this thing," is I fear but too flattering a calculation; that "a hundred things might be written to prove them beauties," includes a task which, I believe, would surpass the ingenuity of the most accomplished critical advocate. But I conceive that you accept it—I confess that I offer it—on very different grounds from any purely poetical merit. The tale of the youthful Julian contains much which if not itself profoundly thought, may well be the cause of profound thought in others: and as such, solely as such, I present to you the product of some not unpleasing hours in two of the earliest summers of its author's years.

How far the substance of these incidents and reflections owed existence to direct observation and personal experience, it is, I presume, unnecessary that the public should be informed. The public are only concerned to determine whether the reflections are solid, and whether they arise with the propriety of natural connexion from the facts related.

The charge of abstracted egotism is often preferred against verse of this kind. I confess that I consider it too obvious a misconception to require notice. Julian is an individual: Julian, the boyish visionary, is one of a thousand, of ten thousand. But there is a charge which in an age, covetous of novel excitement and inventive singularity, becomes a serious one. It may be said that the world is weary of such depictions; that we have had them in every form, from the meditative *Ennuyé* of Lord Byron's muse to the inspired packman on whom his great rival has conferred immortality. Those who are offended with the similarity I can only (with the Athenian dramatist) warn to wait for the development. My purpose (if I can interpret myself) will be found to differ not only from the misanthropical doctrines of Byron, but from the scarcely less dangerous and delusive philosophy which has been inculcated by a far more exalted and benevolent teacher. The greatest of living poets would instruct us to heal the maladies of life by a species of remedy which is inapplicable to minds but those which do not require it. I believe that there is one remedy alone. To reprove the growth of this illusion (so natural to all noble spirits), the illusion itself must be represented: but it is only represented that it may be ultimately exposed. On such a subject it would be useless to enlarge: a poem which requires explanation is seldom worth explaining. Of course, if I had not conceived that I was here about to renew a strain whose variations had not been wholly exhausted by those who have already essayed to set the thoughts of men to music, I should never have burthened your pages. But it is my firm belief that the cause of Christianity which has given such a depth and height to the visions of poetical philosophy, is of late almost lost in the superior captivations of these diversified and arbitrary creations; and when I have written of the faculty divine, that

even that Power, the loftiest Earth can name,
Is but a ministry to Faith and Hope,—

I have expressed—what those who are conversant with the sublime but capricious conceptions of the most influential of our present poetical guides, will acknowledge is not entirely superfluous: what those who have not undergone this previous discipline, and matured it by some reflection too, can scarcely expect to understand or estimate. I shall no longer protract this hasty commentary, as I fear that its desultory hints are likely to owe their chief elucidation to the text they were meant to elucidate.

June 10th.

W. A. B.

THE BOYHOOD OF A DREAMER.

A NARRATIVE COLLECTED FROM POSTHUMOUS MANUSCRIPTS.

THE COMPILER'S INTRODUCTION.

From the dark North, its forests hoar, and lakes
 Blue-heaving beneath mists, its sullen hills
 Which the sun eyes with cold unwilling glance,
 Its calms that are but overwearied storms,—
 From the proud children of that rugged clime,
 The ceaseless fervor of audacious thought
 Inquisitive of truth,* the dauntless heart
 Slow to resolve, but eagle-winged to act,—
 Long since I turned for softer souls and scenes.
 I sought the genial noondays of the South
 And its empurpled sunsets, for my soul
 Sank in the sinking of its cell of clay,
 And craved the mild variety of dreams
 Which indolent travel in a lovely land
 Can weave. The brain serenely busy found
 In motion intellectual rest of heart.
 Thus docile to all natural influxes
 Of sight and sound, and in mine inmost mind
 Moulding an untaught science out of all,
 Pilgrim of Health, I sought thee, Italy!
 And there, a freeman of all climes where man
 Dwells, did I dwell, aye studying the deep lore
 Of human hearts unvaried yet unlike,
 The uniformity diverse of souls.
 My mind, the mirror of all hues and forms,
 Cold, but alas! not cloudless as its type—
 Borrowed the colours of the transient hour,
 Renounced itself, and was the thing it saw.

But a time came when better teaching gave
 A law whose growth was deeper happiness,
 When higher musings sanctified the flow
 Of daily thought, and led to holier peace.
 As sought my lagging steps the viny slopes
 Of soft Campania, and the Pæstan wilds:
 Wandering alone, yet not unaccompanied
 By visions wrought from all that ear and eye
 Could glean to swell the treasures of thought,
 And heavenly hopes that fortify content,
 Yea, hopes that sublimiate content to joy.
 The solitary places then were loved,
 And dreamy thoughts that wander in the dark,
 Still hoping, still deceived, and finding still
 Their best loved knowledge in obscurity;
 Conscious in all that darkness, of a power
 Prophetic of its own high heritage,
 Glory to come, and franchise to divine!

For I had loved the silent ways of life,
 A slumberer amid slumberers, vainly calm
 In this my cherished choice of passing peace,
 As he who sleeps upon a sinking deck,

* "A nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to."—*Areopagitica*.

Or smooths his pillow while the groaning soil
 Heaves with a coming earthquake. I had lived
 Observing others, to myself unknown.
 And now a stranger amid foreign climes,
 Ah, more a stranger in my own mute heart !
 Of knowledge thoughtful, thoughtless of the truth,
 And losing Wisdom in Philosophy,
 I sought and won the sunny-sleeping south,—
 Where Nature spreads a couch for reverie,
 And the sky bends its soft voluptuous blue
 To curtain round and canopy men's dreams !
 The creature of the time, my spirit passed
 Unchanged through changeful moods that Circumstance
 Woke into transient life to die again
 And merge in mute repose ; even as an harp
 Whose strings are smitten into endless forms
 Of varying melody, is yet the same,
 The one still subject of a thousand wills.
 Nay, wildest passion in its tempest-course
 Rock'd not my spirit to its deepest base ;
 But, as the winds that sweep the ocean wastes,
 Rousing to wrath its upper wilderness,
 Stir not the green profound of waters laid
 In everlasting stillness far below :—
 Such were my frenzies, such my changeless soul !
 Oh, could I paint the picture of the heart
 With shifting colours and a changeful hand,
 Then would I tell ye what I was and felt.
 And could I print upon the magic page
 Those colours of a tenderer tint, that live
 Unaltered in their depth of tenderness,
 Serenely still as moonlight landscapes seem,
 When shadowy woodlands glimmer on the gaze,
 And the dusk waters, murmuring, roll unseen :—
 Then would I speak of ONE whose life is now
 An echo from the cells of memory,—
 A vanished vision,—a forgotten strain,—
 A dream to that gross earth that now to him
 Is more, far more a dream. Beloved youth !
 Beloved of me, yet rather loved of Heaven !
 Lone dweller in the Vale of Vision,—mine
 It is to weave thy fragmentary lays,
 The gathered music of thy soul, in one
 Wild harmony. That strain abstruse what ear
 Shall hear and understand, but his whose heart
 Hath learned himself in man, man in himself ?
 His whose mature unmutated thought
 Crowds not in *one* poor page the human soul,—
 Knows it hath realms untold, an amplitude
 Of desert wastes—dark pilgrimage of woe !
 Of plains suffused with summer's blush of flowers,
 Drear depths of pain, heights that intrude on heaven ;
 And knowing this, leans anxiously to hear
 From those who have trod its lonelier haunts, the tale
 Of their strange voyage through the inner world !
 Wanderers, and won to union through the power
 Of secret sympathies, attuned oft
 By shades of unresemblance sweeter still,
 We met and parted not in heart or hope.

I came to cherish a decaying life ;
 He sat beside the southern wave, to die.
 For no bright phantasm of deriding dreams
 Mocked his last earthly hours : he knew his time ;
 And smiled upon the darkness of a doom
 Which, glorified by his unquenched trust,
 Brightened to light celestial. Oft he spoke
 Of the Great Mystery solved by faith, unsolved
 By proud Intelligence : and sagely young,
 Unclosed the Book of Life, and taught the Truth.
 Oft, too, the faded splendours of his soul
 Flashed from their embers ; the dead Past awoke,
 And Poesy relumed the languid eye.
 At such a time,—'twas seldom, for he knew
 The glory had departed from his brow,—
 I caught the change, and left the impassioned boy
 To his throng'd solitude of rushing thoughts.
 Then would he gaze upon the waves, and feel
 Once more their music in his heart : but most
 At night, (the noonday of his soul,) he loved
 To yield himself to starry influences,
 Instructed in their deep unworded lore
 By the heart's true, divine astrology.
 But feeble from the lonely strife of mind,
 His eye would seek for me, his accents speak,
 As once they spoke—'twas while the dying sun
 Sunk on its funeral pile of flaming clouds,
 Bequeathing earth to rest and holy thought—
 " I cannot measure what I feel and hope,
 " Hopes incomplete, and undeveloped joy.
 " Voices that echo from the vast unseen,
 " That swell the present with the future world,
 " And, though no words can give their promise form,
 " Yet come instinct with prophecy from heaven !
 " Oh ! when shall I, knowing as I am known,
 " Receive and hold with no corporeal ear
 " The music of the accordant universe,
 " The central harmony of things ; and see,
 " Mine eyes unscaled, the essential beauty sit
 " With wings diffused upon illumined space,
 " Breathing that glow upon the lifeless world
 " Which here our throbbing bosoms recognise,
 " (Faint transcript of substantial loveliness !)
 " And wildly worship with disturbed delight.
 " Ah ! too much worship. I was one, my friend,
 " Who walked enwreathed in lustrous thoughts ; ay, one
 " Who wore that coronal of verse which men
 " Envy, nor know that like the poisonous wreath
 " Of martyrdom, it burns the brain it binds !"
 He paused : then slowly said—" 'twas but the heart,
 " The weak unfaithful heart that stained these gifts.
 " *Blest is the power creative to the man*
 " *Who masters it, but ruin to its slave—*
 " Wretch tortured by the demon he evokes !

* The "*corona feralis*." In the long and learned treatise of Paschalius, the reader may find an account of this invention, which plays a distinguished part in the Martyrologies.

" But Poesie hath peace for him who reigns
 " The Sovereign of Himself, and knows in her
 " The brightest Angel in the train of *Truth*.
 " Calm as the primal deep, when still it lay
 " Glittering in circumfused light new formed,
 " And meek beneath the incumbent Spirit,—*ere*
 " It grew into a world, and while it bore
 " An embryo Universe as yet unborn :
 " Is that all-continent Phantasy, which claims
 " The rightful power to utter from its depths
 " A second world more lovely than the first.
 " Serenely dominant the Law august
 " Of Reason rules it, as that Spirit ruled
 " The blind Immense, heaving with life to come.
 " Yet even that Power, the loftiest Earth can name,
 " Is but a ministry to Faith and Hope,—
 " And poor is he who sees on heaven's high throne
 " A God of power, nor knows the God of love !"
 Again he paused, and with a brighter air
 As one who casts aside a weight of thoughts :—
 " To me it needs not now to say what He
 " Who giveth all, had given ; the spell is broke,—
 " And of the tranced rapture, now there lives
 " A something only which makes Truth more bright,
 " And Joy more joyous, and inspires Hope
 " To rise like that bold bird of Southern climes,*
 " That, calmly soaring, slumbers on the wing,
 " Rock'd by the winds amid the clouds of heaven !"
 Such (the long summer season of the south,)
 Such was the utterance of a heart that wore
 Around it beams from the invisible Sun,—
 The youthful Dreamer who had ceased to dream.
 Such was my Julian's converse. Would ye know
 The story of the flower that faded thus,
 Blighted when others but begin to bloom ?
 That shall ye hear, who musing o'er his tale,
 Bring to the page more than the page can give.
 Enough is said. His latest days drew near,
 And heaven was with him ; dare I say, with one
 Whose sleepless eyes watched weeping by his couch,
 Won by his teaching from a deeper sleep.
 Worn victim of supprest and silent pain
 He came, as hath been said, to make his grave
 Beneath the vigil of Ausonian stars ;
 As though he sought the nearest flight to heaven
 From earth's least earthly clime. His wearied soul
 Fled bird-like, (hovering on a broken wing,)
 To depth of ancient groves, those haunted shades
 That fringe the waves of soft Parthenope,
 Baiæ, and green Pausilypus. Around
 He saw the ruined emblems of the past—
 The future needed none within his breast,
 For Faith lived there, triumphant over Time.
 With few he spoke—yet all revered who saw
 The seal of sadness on so young a brow ;
 And oft the peasants paused, amid their toil,
 To greet the silent stranger as he came,
 With mute obeisance. Most of all it woke

* The Albatross is said to repose in the clouds.

To bloom the withered verdure of his soul,
 To be a child among the children's sports,
 And from the gentle shyness of their hearts,
 To win its love, and point that love to God.
 Summer had passed ; and Autumn found his home
 For ever fixed amid those storied fields
 Which Fancy, less than Truth, has named Elysian.
 There had his mind's illumined childhood framed
 Its fancied paradise ; and there his eyes
 Closed, gazing in mute prophecy on heaven—
 The midnight heaven ! At midnight Julian died,
 His couch beside the casement, and the glow
 Of the far gleaming star-worlds in his soul.
 " Bear me," he softly murmured, " bear the clay
 " That then shall cease to suffer, to a grave
 " In the dim twilight of the forest shade—
 " That hallowed shade—know you it not ? where Christ
 " So oft made one with us, as sought our hearts
 " To feel his teaching, and our lips to speak.
 " Yes, bury me alone : I would not join
 " That world in death which I abjured in life.
 " The Spring will robe in tenderer green, the place
 " Where Nature's lover lies ; the Summer spread
 " Her flowers ; and latest Autumn's wasted leaves
 " Strew o'er his head a sylvan monument—
 " I ask no other from the love of man.
 " I go, my friend, I go : the golden stars
 " Seem, as they beckon through the eternal space,
 " To smile the struggling spirit to its home—
 " To Him who saved it : and the sphered song
 " That bards of old have dreamed they heard on nights
 " Like this, is echoed in my dying breast.
 " It is not death—the better *birth* is come—
 " The clouds dissolve in light—the break of morn
 " Dawns, and the east is reddening with a glow
 " Precursive of the noon that knows no night !"
 Thus did he speak, until the failing heart
 Told its last beat, and I was left alone.

Fragments of recollection, broken lays,
 Unfinish'd scrolls—the weary heart's relief—
 Found scattered where his daily volumes lay,
 Abrupt and hasty as the thoughts they told,
 Though picturing truly a progressive life,
 We give ye here—linked as conjecture may.
 Think not, harsh balancers of thoughts, to find
 The gorgeous novelties of Fancy's store
 In the mild visions of a dying youth,
 Dim shadows of a brightness past !

And now,
 Beneath the sickly smile of latest eve,
 I turn to blend, in one continuous light,
 These hallowed gleams of truth. A fitting hour !
 Calm as his soul—calm as my dreams of him
 Who loved this mute unveiling of the skies !
 Yea, when I gaze on yonder holy star,
 That hangs upon the crown of heaven's high arch,
 And pours, alone, a sad and solemn beam,
 That radiant thing, by some invisible charm,
 Draws nearer to mine heart the memory

Of the poor youth. Thus gentle was his glance,
Thus lone and lofty his unclouded soul!

Ye, then, who mourn with still consoling joy—
Ye who can grieve, not as the hopeless grieve—
Read, pity, and in pity conquering scorn,
As brethren scan a brother's lot. But oh!
Be wiser as ye read; and learn to bow
In meekness confident, before the throne
Of Providence, mercy to see in Him—
Mercy most just, and Justice merciful,
Unchanged because omniscient destiny,
Our Freedom and our Fate combined in one!

END OF THE INTRODUCTION.

(The Poem to be commenced and continued in subsequent numbers.)

THE EMIGRANT'S TALE.

* * * * *

HAVING dismissed my trusty Indian, I encountered, after a little time, a very different character—an Irish emigrant—and as I had been vainly endeavouring to reconcile my mind to the prospect of another night beside a watch-fire in the wilderness, I learned, with no small satisfaction, that we were within a few miles of a lately established settlement, whither my fellow-traveller undertook to conduct me. The sun was low in the west; and as we journeyed on through the dusky paths of the forest, the emigrant beguiled the way by the following homely narrative. Having dwelt with natural enthusiasm upon the recollections of better days, and distant homes, he thus proceeded:—

“There was a neighbour's son of our's, one Brian Donnelly, a comely boy, faix, as you'd see in a day's walk; but beyant that no one had, nor could have, a good word for Brian. It isn't fittin', your honour, to spake ill o' the dead, more partic'lar iv one that died without the holy hand bein' over him; but it's far away the sperit walks; and sure the world knows that unfortunate crathur was never marked with luck nor grace. He had well-wishers, to be sure, for he was a friendly chap enough, and myself often thought that wanst he'd get over his wild ways, he'd be a credit to the town; but it wasn't betther but worse he still grew, till at last we agreed to let him run his coorse—and a woeful one it was for him and his.

He was wicked every way, in troth. Many's the blessed Christmas and Easter was gone by, without him bendin' his knee to a priest; and while you'd pity the ould man, the way he worked late and early to keep the bit in the son's mouth, sorra hand's turn would Brian do; but if he wasn't coortin' the girls, and gettin' into all sorts o' divilment at home, maybe it's an ould gun he'd borry, and off over the mountains wid him, by the dawn of a summer's mornin', as gay and pleasant as a young lord. They say his people had seen betther times, and some allowed it was that turned him agin' humblin' himself to the work; but it's remarkable neither him nor the father ever let on a word about it good or bad; only still when you'd offer the fellow a piece o' neighbourly advice, ‘Och tunder an' agers, boys!’ he'd say, ‘where's the use iv a man workin' the life out iv himself? Sure who knows what luck's afore him?’ and thrue for him, the unfortunate sinner—little did he know what was afore him, when he ris that mornin' wid a guilty heart, and kem afore night to his sudden and evil end.

“Well he was a wonderful upsettin' chap this Brian, and in the coorse o' time didn't he take it into his head to be made a district captain! I suppose he thought the boys were as mad as himself; and certainly there was some foolish crathurs would have him chose right or wrong. Howsomdever, myself was the man they clicted, and from

that hour Donnelly and me was two. There was an other raison forbye the eliction; but I'm goin' to tell you now how I first persaved the heart-hatred that soon brought sorrow on us all.

It was one stormy evening, as we were comin' home from Moneycarig, afther buryin' a neighbour's wife, when a lock iv us turned into a shebeen, to take a dhrop o' refreshment. We were gettin' middlin pleasant, for it was comin' on a rough night, when all at oncoet a little ould man, that was sittin' by the hob when we kem in to dhrink, raiches over behind one or two more, and whispers into my ear, 'Do you mind *kiss*?' pointin' to Brian Donnelly, that sat, with a curl in his lip, lookin' mighty keen at me, and the liquor coolin' afore him. I took no notice, but he still kept starin' just the same as ever. Well I thought it was unnatural the way he was gettin' on, and faix, I was becomin' a little unaisy; so I says, thinkin' to rouse him, 'Brian,' says I, 'your healkh I wish.'

"I thank you, captain," says he.

"And betther manners to you," says I, in my own mind. That was all passed atween us; but afther a bit Donnelly gets up.

"Boys," he says, 'I'll give 'yees a toast—Here's confusion to him that doesn't folly up the bould beginnin'!'

"Of coorse, your honour, it's hard for me to know what was the raison, but a notion crossed me as he said the word—thinks I to myself, there's more in that than he'd be willing to let on; and maybe others had the same doubt—for when, afther swallyin' as good as a naggin o' whiskey, he looks round, and—Lord save us! but his eyes were red and wild-like—the divil resave the man iv us had lifted a glass. So Brian laughed! but I'm tould he laughed the night his mother died. You'll think it odd, sir, but when he gave the toast, the little ould man that was sittin' by the hob, whispers to the boy convanient to him,

"'Somethin' tells me,' says he, 'that's an unlucky toast for him that dhrinks it.'

"None iv us knowed who that ould man was, but it's long his words were remembered when we seen how thrue they turned out. Afther a bit, we got the life into us again, and the boys begun jokin' and jibin'; and one o' them says, givin' us the wink—

"'Donnelly,' he says, 'you and Thompson's become mighty friendly of late.'

"'Och no,' says Donnelly,' but faith he looked cruel dark, 'och no,' says he, nothing parti'lar. He was kindly to the ould man when he had the fever, and I'm thankful to him iv coorse.'

"'Was he?' says the same chap back again. 'Faix that's the first I heard of it, or of his ever doin' a good turn by any man, gentle or simple.'

"'Why, for that matther,' says Donnelly, 'the sorra much differ myself sees among all of his sort; the best o' them, in troth, 'll never break their hearts with kindness to the poor; but I believe,' says he, 'afther all, Mr. Thompson can do a good turn now and then as well as another.'

"'By dad, then, Briny,' says a little chap, sittin' fornenst him, 'you make a liar o' yourself; for it's often I heard you say that the divil had more feelin' in his heart than the same purty Andy; and by my sowl, it's more nor you has that story to tell.'

"'Well then, boys,' says Donnelly, lettin' out a great oath, 'I'll tell you what it is—I'll spake to whom I plase, and I'll be friendly with whom I plase; and let me see the man 'ill say agin it! I'm afearod o' no man,' says he, turnin' wonderful fierce on myself—for surely he had a power o' whiskey in—I'm afearod o' no man, either Captain or GENERAL!'

"'Success! Brian,' shouted the lads; for you see they thought they'd take their divarsion out iv him, when they seen him angered; but myself begun to suspect there was somethin' wrong, or, you know, sir, why would he be angered at their jokin' about his acquaintance with the agent? and, to be sure, if it wasn't for the dhrink, he'd have had more wit nor to let on that he cared for their bantherin' ways.

"Well I mind we had a quare walk home that night; but the stars was all out, and the moon—faix she was twenty times brighter then I seen the sun many a day; and if it was a little windy or so, why the whiskey bein' good, the not a much we cared what the weather was. Brian and me soon got on a good picce afore the res', so we turned into the valley, by way o' makin' a short cut home, and kept as good as half a mile along the river, till it brought us into one of the wildest

sperit-led, and more allows it's your fetch that's in it, and that you're a doomed man. Why but you go to the priest, and see if he can do any thing for you ?

"Well, sir, with that he gives one o' them dark looks, that made people always suspect there was something bad in him.

"Jemmy M'Mahon," says he, 'I owe you no discourse—give over your jeerin', or by this and that,' says he, graspin' his blackthorn, 'I'll make you wish you had.'

"Well, then," says I, 'listen to a word in raison. Do you see the smoke risin' among the trees yonder ?'

"Why what 'id ail me?" says he.'

"That smoke," says I, 'comes from a hearth where no man, barrin' the poor or the stranger shall sit without my free-will,—and as I'd be friends wid you, Brian Donnelly, I must say it ill becomes you to be skulkin' about where you have neither call nor claim. You know myself and Nancy Doolan's as good as man and wife, this many a day; and for the young mistress, a born lady, and bride for e'er a lord or duke in the land, it isn't for the likes o' you or me, Brian, to think iv her.'

"Well, I thought he looked a little unaisy when I mentioned the mistress, but he says, afther being silent for a minute, as if thinkin' o' what I tould him.'

"It's thrue for you, Jemmy," says he, 'and I thank you for the hint.'

"And you'll take it, Brian?" says I; for somehow or another I couldn't thrust him.

"I'll think of it," says he.

"Troth," says I, 'Brian, you'll take it, or I'll know for what. Many's the good turn the poor mather done for us all, though the eaten loaf's soon forgotten; and it's not when he's moulderin' in his grave I'll see the light iv his soul cast away on one that I doubt 'ill never come to good,—so he looks in my face, in a sorrowful kind o' way—

"That along with all the rest!" he mutthers to himself; and then walkin' up close to me, 'you're right enough,' says he, 'I'm an unfortunate man, and I'm a bad man too,—I'll not deny it; but I have the feelin's of another, and if I have, Jemmy M'Mahon, it's your-self that never spared them: but I'll tell you what—'

"What?" says I.—'Why but you spake ?'

"Oh!" says he, 'it's no matther now; I'll tell you some other time.—Good night, and safe home to you: and with that he left me.

"Now," says I, lookin' afther him, 'it wouldn't be tellin' me to be in that fellow's power; but, thank God, I'm beyant his raich.—I was not beyant his raich, but glory be to His name, he brought me through that, and many a throuble forbye.

"When I got up to Owen's cottage, there I sees the two young crathurs walkin' about, and the mistress mighty angry lookin', with the tears fallin' fast from her beautiful eyes.—'Oh sorrow be on the man,' says I to myself, 'that would bring more throuble to you, you poor unhappy orphan.' For, God help her, there was none now to break hard fortune in her way.

"When Nancy seen me, she come forid, and says, 'I want to spake to you, Jemmy.'

"And with that her and me went round, in among the trees; and then she tould me how unaisy it made herself and her young mistress to see that rakehell comin' about the place, at all at all. She spoke to Owen, to bid him again comin', but he said he liked the boy, and thought there was no harm in him.

"I think, Jemmy," says she, 'there's a power iv harm in him; and more than that, I think he manes harm agin' one that you wouldn't see wrong'd.'

"It's the mistress you mane, Nancy," says I.

"It is the mistress I mane," says she; 'for though he never had the impidence to spake out to her, barrin' to ax her how she was, or the like, it's aisy seein' what brings him here collogin' about,—him that never crossed the threshold afore the poor mather's death. But, wait till I tell you, Jemmy: the ould man was in the field when he come in this evenin', and faix my mother gave him a hint we'd as soon have his room as his company; so my lad sat for a while, pottin' in a shy word, now and then, that myself could hardly keep from the laughin', as mad as I was; till at last he sneaks off, sayin' 'Well, a good even-

in, Mrs. Doolan, and without so much as a word to either Mary or me.'

"He'll trouble you no more, I'm thinkin', Nancy," says I; 'or if he does, by this holy light, he'll rue the hour!'

"It wasn't long after this that we begun to notice Donnelly's acquaintance with the agent. He was observed, wasnt or twice, goin' up there after night-fall; but we thought no harm of it, till we seen the way he was angered about it the night o' the funeral.

"Now, of all the curse-o'-God rufians ever you kem across, this agent took the shine in villainy; for while he persecuted the poor tenants to that degree that we were forced to swear him to the keepin' o' sartin rules, sure, if we saved the father from ruin, we couldn't sometimes save the daughter from shame; and many's the young beast he brought to ruin, and many's the happy home, in troth, he made desolate and dishonoured. It was the unlucky chance for Donnelly that he ever seen his face, as he might say when he disappeared, afther a bit, out o' the country altogether. There was a thrife o' mischief done at Martinmas fair; and I'll tell no lie o' the boy, Brian was jist a good warrant to take a friend's part, in fair or market; but there was more than that in it; and it was long afterwards I was told, that one night ould Donnelly was woke out of his sleep by a terrible ruction in the kitchen, and when he ris to see what it was, there was Mr. Thompson gaspin' for the bare life, and Brian, with his hands round his throat, chokin' him reg'lar.

"'You black-hearted thief,' Brian roars, 'is that what you mane? Do you think because I'm a villain, and my life's in your hands, you can make me as great a devil as yourself? Do your worst, you limb o' Satan, but never spake iv her again, or by all that's good I'll pluck the tongue out of your blasted throat.' And with that he gives him a wheel, that sent him, head over heels, into the farthest corner of the place. The poor agent lay for dead; but, afther a bit, he gathers himself up, and I'm told he thrembled like an aspen leaf, afcaerd iv his life that Brian would be for givin' him another set down,—but he got away

at last, while Donnelly stamped about, ragin' and cursin' like a mad lion.—The poor father didn't know what to make iv it all; but he seen the son's life was in danger, anyway, and iv eesore he persuaded him to lave the place, at wasnt. But Brian was desperate.

"'No, I wont, father,' he says. 'When it's come to this it's a dale better I was dead,—so let him hang me, the hathen, and that's the worst he can do; and I hope, father, you'll not feel the loss, but have better luck when I'm gone.'

"Well, with that the poor ould man fell a prayin' him twice as hard to be off; and indeed when he cooled, he seen himself it was time he wasn't there, so he knelt down, and the father gave him the blessin', and afore mornin' he was far enough.

"Very well, sir!—as I was comin' home one moonlight night, though, from Dandy Kelly's public where the boys had been thransactin' a small matther o' business, and passin' through a lonesome way, undher the wall iv an ould castle, what should I hear, but voices arguin' and collogin' within; and sure enough, there was Brian Donnelly, layin' down the law like any counsellor, and makin' them all give in to him.

"But, Brian, man," says one o' them, just as myself got snug in beside the famous ould gateway in the ruin, "some has it you'r turned stag."

"Then, may God forgive them," says Brian; "for their evil thoughts—that's all I say. Now may I never lave this spot if I wouldn't sooner leap from the top, o' that ould turret, than inform agin one that has exchanged sign and word with me in trouble and in danger. But I tell you what it is boys: the *Captain's* not a thrue man; and I *did* dhrink confesion to him—I'd scorn to deny it; for I thought it wasn't loyal-like afther the night in the glen, to let poor crathurs be distressed just the same as ever. Didn't he put us again' wreckin' that Orange thief, Kearney, that sat down snug and comfortable in Connolly's farm, while he was starvin' wid the woman and childher on the road side? and didn't he hindher Kelly of gettin' a girl with a lap full o' guineas, because, he said, it was contrairy to the laws o' the

society to take a girl by force, barrin' it was with her own free will. Lord save us! how scrupulous he was about the laws o' the society; just as if we didn't see well enough that his ra'al raison was to make a friend o' young Smith's father—but where's the use o' talkin'! I tell you, boys, M'Mahon's false, or my name is not Brian Donnelly."

"Well," says the same boy back again to him, "that's a hard word for the captain, and it's not myself would even the like to him or you; for you know, though Kearny's cabin wasn't wrecked, we cleared him out o' that all the same as if it was; and then sure it would be only the height o' murder to throw Peggy Mooney away on that little bandy-legged bothough. Howsomdever Briny we'll stand by you; and if you must lave us, by gor you'll have the grandest wife along with you that ever left this country, any way."

"Faix," says an other chap, "myself thinks the captain takes a power too much on him, though in the regard o' the thraison I clear him o' that."

"Well, your way of it," says Brian; "but ye's 'll stand by me, boys, and if you do, I'll be bound I'll soon take some trouble off poor Jemmy's hands."

"You will?" says I, "Brian!" comin' in among the conspirin' thieves, for my blood was up with the dhrop I had taken at the Dandy's. 'Troth, and that'll be mighty civil o' you; and sure I'm greatly obliged to ye's all for your good will, though please God I'll not be beholdin' to it.' Well, sir, they were a little daunted when they seen me; but Donnelly was daunted more than all; though I only pitied the ignorant crathur when I seen the tack he was on; but I thought I wouldn't let on' that I might circumvent him the better. I was acquainted with the chaps who was spakin' with him—some iv his own sort in troth; but there was two or three ill lookin' ruffans, that I took to be strangers, lyin' among the ruins in under the shadow o' the wall. 'Well,' I says to Donnelly, 'so you have sthrong back in the country, and are to be captain out iv hand, I'm towld. Why bad luck to you, I thought it was on the run you

were these times, and not caballin' agin' honest men.' 'And if I was on the run,' says he, 'maybe betther nor either iv us was on the run in their day; and it isn't for you that ought to try and purtect a sworn brother in distress to cast that up to me any how.'

"I don't mane to cast it up to you in scorn," says I; "though sure it isn't thryin' to thrape it on us you'd be that it was for the batin' o' Tim Rogers you were out, and him not over two days lyin', and any way that wouldn't take law if he'd get it for the axin'; but answer me now," says I, "why are you in the place at all at all, unless it's afther seein' yourself hanged you'd be?"

"Why, then," says he, "I'll just tell you as friendly as you ax me, and troth I take it friendly o' you Jemmy M'Mahon. I'm just here to see the ould man, and maybe one or two more, afore I set off to Ameriky, for faix, to tell God's truth, I find the country gettin' too hot for me."

"And if the peelers come on you?" says I.

"And if you'd catch a weasel asleep!" says Brian.

"Ay, wid his tail on fire, Briny," says another.

"Ay faith, Bill! och by my sowl they'll have more nor a dish to wash that thinks to nab tarin Donnelly, with them two beauties sleepin' there," says he; showin' us in his bosom as party a brace o' pistols as ever you set your two eyes on.

"And what's a brace o' pistols," says I; "you poor unfortunate crathur, again' a throop o' the black-belts that's maybe scourin' the country for you this blessed minute? Brian Donnelly," says I, layin' my hand on his showldher, and pointin' up to an ould windy that was in one end o' the ruin, and where you would scarcely see the breath o' your hand of light, it was that choked with ivy—"Brian," says I, "though I b'lieve the hathred in your heart for me and mine is like a candle in that windy, that they say the wildest night that ever come out o' the heavens couldn't quench*—it might blow towers and all from their foundations afore it could put out the light that

* A fact with regard to lancet windows in many old buildings.

bums on that blessed spot—yet,” says I, “for the respect I have for the ould man—and throth more nor me respects him and pities him too, Brian, I wouldn’t see his son come to an untimely ind; and it’s for that I tell you to have the country afore it be’s too late—lave the country I bid you, Briny, or take my word for it; you’ll bring ruin on yourself and shame and sorrow on your father’s ould days.” Fair, sir, you’d have pitied the poor fellow if you had seen him standin’ there among the ruins, with his beautiful bright eyes, the comeliest lad beyant all comparisment that for many a long year had walked the streets of ———; but he was as pale as a ghost now, the crathur, with sleepin’ out at night and the like; for its cruel hardship a fellow suffers livin’ again’ the law.

“Boys,” says he, and there was a tear in his eye when he spoke; “ye’s have all your homes to go to this blessed night, but there’s neither house nor home for me. Howsomdever I believe Jemmy McMahon’s right; and I’m thankful to you Jemmy for the word o’ wisdom, if it isn’t the word o’ comfort itself; for afther all that’s past atween us, may I never do good, if I don’t b’lieve in my sowl you have the feelin’s iv a thrue and loyal friend.”

“Jemmy is right,” says another of the boys; “and in the regard of what they say, that the devil couldn’t blow out a farthin’ candle if you’d stick it up among the ivy yondher—that’s thrue enough, as I may say that seen it.”

“Seen what?” said Brian, startin’ like.

“Seen a light up in that windy when I ris last night to turn the horses out o’ the praties at the back o’ the house, where they kem for shelter—the bastes. Faith it’s the truth I’m tellin’ you!—there it was burnin’ as clear and party as a new star, and the storm blowin’ that wild that you’d think it would whip the whole consarn away bodily.”

“Then, by the powers, boys,” says Donnelly, “I’m done! It’s well known that light is never seen but afore a bloody death, and, God help me,—I may say it now—I dhrank sorrow to myself where I had evil in my mind agin’ a betther man”—mauin me that was. To make a long story short, we agreed that Donnelly should go home

that night to his father’s. We thought he might be safe for a couple o’ days till he could get clear out o’ the country altogether; but there’s where we were the fools to poor Brian’s cost.

“The next day, as they were at dinner in Owen’s cottage, who should come boundin’ in, for all the world like a coult broke lose, but Brian Donnelly. The women thought he was mad, and small blame to them in throth; for the divil a madder lookin’ crathur ever broke out of Bedlam than he was standin’ listenin’ for a minute on the floor, with two eyes in his head like two distracted kids on a mountain.

“Christ save us Donnelly!” shouted ould Owen, “what’s the matther at all at all, that ye come leapin’ and starin’ as if the devil was at your heels?”

“And maybe he is, ould man, or worse nor the devil, if there is worse,” says poor Briny; but with that he throws himself down on his two knees, and afore a sowl could see what he was at, there he had a houl’t o’ the mistress’s hand, that ahe couldn’t budge from the spot fornenst him. He tould her, your honour, that his hour was come, and that he’d never trouble her nor mortal more. “But when I seen you,” he says, “kneeling by your father’s grave, and none to comfort you in your sore distress. Now, says I,—if undher the holy mother, I might be that orphan’s protector through the world! I thought how I had betther than peasant’s blood in my veins; and so the devil put bad into my mind, and I became a villain and an outcast, and worst of all a traitor to the friends that would have stood by me through life and death; But heaven knows, it was to save you from ruin I’m brought to this; and och! for that raison and for the sake o’ your mother’s sowl forgive me afore I die.”

“May God forgive you,” she says, unfortunate man! “but with that, there was a roar outside, and Mrs. Doolan shouts, ‘Hide, Brian. Oh, Lord protect us;—Brian, hide or your done!’

“I won’t hide,” says Brian, springin’ up and rushin’ to the door, when the first thing he meets was a polisman right in the teeth.

“Surrender!” shouts the peeler; but my jewel, Brian wasn’t the man to surrender to the likes iv him; so as

much as to say "by your lave honest fellow"—with one wipe of his fist he lays him sprawlin' across the threshold. Out leaps Donnelly over the black-belt; and now I can't tell you how it was; but any way, when the stones was flyin' and the boys gatherin' middlin' thick, one of the mardherin' thieves lets slap with his carbine, and, sure enough! Brian's job was done! They carried him into the house, Owen and the wife, and then there was the noise and the fighting about the door, though they seen he hadn't over two minutes to live. Howsomdever he was laid on a bed; and he calls Nancy over, and he says to her, 'Nancy, there's danger hangin' over the mistress! If that devil Thompson's not circumvinted she's lost. Mind what I say! and let Jemmy look to himself. Och Nancy darlint don't curse me now, for if I was a traitor I suffered sorely for my treason!' And them's the last words he ever spoke to mortal; and, God look down on the unfortunate! when the poor distracted father came, he could only raise his eyes, with a look, that I'm tould—for he was dead afore I got to the place—went to the heart of the very man that destroyed him. Two days after we laid Brian in his long home, and a mournful sight it was that summer's day as we carried him round through the plantin' by the lake, and into the little churchyard; for there wasn't one iv us but wore a red ribbon, seein' that whatever was agin him, he was murdered without gettin' the benefit of judge or jury. To be sure, it was his own threackery brought ruin on him and us; but then if it wasn't for his unfortunate notions about her he'd have been loyal to death. Anyway there was hardly a dhry eye in the parish that day; for the best thought it a pity such a comely, clever gossoon should be cut down in the prime of youth, without so much as time to think of his many sins.

"You mind the little ould man that was in the shebeen at Moneycarrig? Well, sir, he was seen standin' for a long while by the death-bed, though none seen how he came there, but at last he shakes his head—"Briny," he says, 'you made a bould beginnin' when you betrayed the cause—but you didn't folly it up ashore, and there you're

lyin now, neither God's nor the devil's.'

"Well, your honour, he was hardly warm in the grave, when myself and half-a-dozen more iv us was whipt off to ——— jail. Then of coorse the whole secret was out. Brian had informed, and after their quarrel, when the agent seen he could have no more dallies with him, he thought to have him in his power afore he'd meddle us. I'm tould the plan between them was, that Donnelly should only be axed to give private informations, and two other notorious vagabonds, them I seen with him in the ould castle, were to have all the swearin' at the trial. By this Brian thought to have every thing his own way, and a rattlin' sum o' money into the bargain, and so be able to marry the poor mistress. We were kept in jail upwards of three months, and after all let out without any trial good or bad. They seen they had no evidence agin' us, for it was the will o' God that one o' the villains that was to swear away our lives, should lose his own afore the 'sises came round. But then sure our hearts were broke intirely, and our bits of farms, you know, went to the bad, and none to look after them: and the crops were saized for riut; and there's the way we were murdered and destroyed, that it would have been better for us to have been transported atwanst. We thought to make a shift when we got out, but by raison of what I tould you, and that the lases were nearly done, and all together—och! by gor it was only a folly to be strivin' seein' we were gettin' from bad to worse, and neither law nor grace given us by Thompson, you may depind. In the coorse o' time, too, ould Owen died; so one mornin' as I was comin' home after payin' the Holentide gale, and hard set I was to pay it, I sees the bailiffs drivin' the country out of the face; so says I to myself, 'Jemmy,' says I, 'ther's no use in you shrivin' to get through. Sure it isn't the praties and the grain o' salt you'd be after givin' to Nancy Doolan's childher, and how can you think to give them that same? says I,—don't you see as plain as the hand on your body, that a couple more bad harvests would dhrove you out of house and home, even if the laise wasn't just done as it is.' With that, sir, I goes up to Mrs. Doolan's, and spakes

to them about what was in my mind, and in six months from that mornin' there was a dhrove iv us as good as a quarter of a mile along the road to Dundalk. Most of all the neighbours agreed there was nothin' for them but to imigrate; and a sorrowful party you may be sure we were, leaving our beautiful homes, that seemed mournin' after us, they looked so sorrowful all shut up, and neither man nor haste in the sunny fields about them. I mind myself couldnt keep in the tear when young Maguire says to me, stoopin' to pluck a blade of the green whate, that I mightn't see his face, the crathur,

"Jemmy," says he, "where will we be when that corn's yellow?"

"God knows, Johnny avich," says I, "but wherever we are, HE will be the poor exile's safeguard; and I hope, says I, that the next that comes to Lissasbarra may be as happy in it as was them that's lavin' it with broken hearts this mornin'."

"Amen!" says Johnny, and troth, sir, you could see the tears rollin' down the poor boy's cheeks. But the devil a hair myself cared if it was to Kamskathy, or the deserts iv Arabia I was goin', when I had my own lawful and wedded wife to wander with me through the world.

"We were betther nor three weeks at sea, when the weather began to grow mighty stormy; and the women was wishing hard to be across, and by dad maybe more nor the women wished it, though they didn't let on. Well, sir, one evening, when the sun was goin' down, and the whole sky about it that red and blackish, that you'd think it was a town on fire, I comes up to where the captain was standin' wid a spy-glass in his fist, musin' like, and lookin' out over the wild waters. He was a murtherin' rogue this captain, and would still be muttherin' and grumblin' about one thing or another, and for ever cursin' the bloody Irish papishes; but we seldom noticed him either good or bad, seein' he was no betther nor an ignorant hathen, to curse God's cratures out among the elements, and nothin' but the black ocean below him and them. Howsomdever as I comes up, he says, 'Faix,' says he, 'the papishes are in clover now any way.'

"Why then, more power to you cap-

tain," says I, spakin' up to him for as gruff as he was, 'but troth myself thinks it's your ould sweetheart,' massin' the ould vessel your honour, for he used still to call her his beautiful Peggy, all as one as if it was a christian woman was in it; 'faix, says I, myself thinks its ould crazy Jane has all the clover to herself, for by gor she's retchin' and rearin' that you'd swear she was goin' to burst.'

"And you might swear a worse oath nor that same, and has afore now I'll be bound; but it's what I mame," says he, 'that we'll soon be where the fish is plenty.'

"Och by dad, now I seen at wanet what he was at; and the divil a thruer prophet of evil ever you kem across.

"The storm riz, and such days and nights as we had, tossin' about in that wild sea, and with a sky ten times wilder hangin' over us, for not an inch iv it you'd think but was torn up, with the lightnin' flyin' out on every side; and sure I mind as myself and another were looking at the tempest, for what could we do but look at it, God help us, he says to me, 'Jemmy,' says he; 'if the sea was made o' whiskey now!'

"And if it was?" says I.

"Och murder if it was," says he, 'what a sight it would be for the man in the moon to see the world afire such a night as this!'

"Well sir, you'd think that ould tather-the-wind was just takin' her divarison out o' the ocean, the way it pitched her and tumbled her, but the divil a sink it would sink her. The women ran here and there, screechin' all sorts o' murther; but somehow it was worse to see the men walkin' about like ghosts, for the ship was soon beyant their management, and it was hard on them, you know, to be forced to give themselves and the women up for lost. The captain would sometimes roar to lower the boats, but then he'd see it was only reg'lar madness he was talkin', for if the sea was wild at first, by gor now it was mad outright; but at long last one night, when we thought the ould vessel was sinkin' they let them down, and as they did there was a rush across the deck, and then rose among the thunder the horrible scream that would have split your heart, and I doubt there's none livin' to tell who escaped in the boats, or how many poor

wretches was seen for a minute strugglin' in the boilin' waves afore they disappeared for ever. I spied a head, your honour, for the long black hair was streamin' through the foam, and I seen the pale face where the lightnin' was dashin' in among the waves, and I made one flyin' bound and caught her just as she was sinkin' down—down to where she now lies, dark and cold, the treasure o' my heart. They threw me a rope, and I climbed up the side o' the ship, and afther thyrin' long to recover my poor Nancy, we waked her there in that solitary wreck, where only a few deserted crathurs wandered up and down, as ghastly, and for all the world as like death as the poor corpse before them. It was a mournful night ! and sure we all agreed it was our last, but next mornin' some o' them got a glimpse iv a sail, and they stood at the edge o' the ship with the eyes startin' out o' their heads; and no wonder if their raison was a trifle shook with starvation and hardship,—but when they seen it makin' towards us, and that it would be up with us in no time, they knelt down every one o' them round the corpse, and they thanked God and the blessed Virgin for their own safety, and prayed for mercy on her poor sowl. God forgive me, your honour, I neither knelt nor prayed, nor cast a second look on the help HE sent us, but only on her that lay there, beyant help or hope, and sure when the vessel raiched us, the sight left my eyes, for they tore me away, and that's the last was ever seen o' the pride o' Lisnasharra. Well, sir, after a couple more days sailin', we were landed safe in Canada, and off we set, and never stopt till we got right into the forest, and here we're livin' not overly happy to be sure, but well enough considerin'. The misthress lives with ould Mrs. Doolan, and though there isn't one iv us but lost some friends on that awful night, yet we're

thankful that she was spared, though in troth, sir, to tell you the truth, I doubt she'll not be long among us. She never complains to mortal, the crather, yet it's easy seein' the poor heart's in trouble within. But there's a pleasant sight, your honour——”

As he spoke, I observed lights glancing through the gloom, which encreasing in number and brilliancy as we approached, seemed like the welcome of cheerful and hospitable homes. We reached at length the little territory, and beautiful it was to behold it lying so still and solitary in the bosom of that magnificent wilderness. The harvest moon was at the full, and shed down her benignant light upon the yellow fields, amongst which the shanties were scattered here and there, “some in glimmer and some in gloom;” the farms stretching on every side into the darkness of the surrounding forest. I shall never forget my residence in that lonely sanctuary, nor the painful interest with which I contemplated the fate of the beautiful and unhappy exile, for even in the spring of life her days were numbered.

Some years had elapsed since that period, when I returned to the Canadian village; and I met my old friend M'Mahon, sadly worn; and old and wasted before his time. The cheerfulness of spirit which, when I saw him first, had in some degree survived all his misfortunes, was now extinguished; he had fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, a gloomy and hopeless man; but his brow reddened when standing uncovered beside a forest grave, the emigrant said—“There she lies sir, her troubles are over now—but God forgive them that had no feelings for their own flesh and blood, and could live in grandeur, while the flower of their flock wandered desolate and heart-broken through the world.”

STATISTICAL SCRAPS.*

To proceed with our Statistics, we shall take up the work at that division at which we left off in our last number.

On looking to the returns of the quantities of British and Irish linen and sail-cloth exported from the United Kingdom, in each year, from 1820 to 1833, inclusive, we find that the Irish linen trade had been increasing rapidly up to 1824, but since that year has been yet more rapidly falling away. The English linen trade has progressively increased, and has more than doubled within the period we have stated. The export of British sail-cloth has been, upon the whole, rather increasing, and the same may be said with respect to the same manufacture in Ireland: but the trade in both these articles has been so irregular as to render it difficult to ascertain its actual state of deterioration or improvement; it being not unfrequently in one year double that of the preceding or following. The consumption of Irish linen in the United Kingdom was increasing up to 1826; but being placed under coast regulations in that year, and exempted from entry inwards, we have from that time forward no means of ascertaining whether it fell off again in the same manner, as we have already seen that the export trade of the same article has done. We have reason to think that it did so fall away; but we believe it has revived a little in the last few years.

Important, however, as the linen trade has been to Ireland, and especially to the most deserving portion of it, the province of Ulster, we cannot refrain from availing ourselves of this opportunity of expressing an opinion, to which a long residence in that part of the kingdom, and an intimate acquaintance with the habits of its peasantry has given rise, that much of the ill-health which must but too forcibly strike every one who is at all conversant with the circumstances and situation of the lower orders in Ulster, may be in a great degree attributed to the

habit of the poorer classes, of wearing coarse linen clothing instead of woollen. It is true that the peasantry of Ulster are in Ireland proverbially designated as the "broad-cloth men," and that to a traveller merely passing through the country, the blue coat and brass buttons of the farmer will exhibit a pleasing contrast to the unsightly and uncouth great coat of the more southern peasant. This, however, proceeds from two causes—the first of which is the neatness which belongs to protestantism; the other is to be found in the fact, that there is no domestic woollen manufacture; the consequence of which is, that all who can afford it purchase the English broad cloth; while those who are too poor to obtain this comfort, are compelled to clothe themselves with the coarser species of their own home-made linen. It is common, therefore, to meet in that part of the kingdom, in the sleet and snow of a winter's day, labourers working, clad, with the exception of their stockings, entirely in coarse linen, while their wives and daughters, as we have been told by the ladies of our family, for we do not pretend to assert any thing of our own knowledge about such mysteries, seldom possess the luxury of a flannel petticoat. It is obvious that diseases of the most afflicting nature must be, as we know they are, produced by the habit of enduring long continued wet and cold, with such covering, and allowing it afterwards to dry upon the person. That this has been a consequence of the linen trade of Ulster, is, we fear, but too true; but it is equally true that this evil has been increased rather than diminished by the failure of that trade; the former having called into existence a great number of looms, and trained a great portion of the peasantry to weave; while the latter threw those looms out of employment, and, by destroying the export, increased the domestic consumption. It is true that the introduc-

* Our readers will perceive this paper to be only a continuation of one in our last number, headed, "Official Tables of Commerce, &c." We have now affixed to it a title, perhaps less formidable to the reader who is not willing to encounter a mass of documents, and certainly more indicative of its true character.

tion of cotton manufactures has been of essential use in affording much more wholesome covering than linen; but the value of cotton is as a garment next the skin, while as a protection against wet and cold from without, it is scarcely more powerful than linen.—We would earnestly wish to see the attention of Irish landlords in general, and especially of our Ulster representatives, directed to the encouragement, both personal and legislative, of a domestic woollen manufacture. We do not mean, nor perhaps under the circumstances would it be possible, to compete with the broad-cloth manufacturers of England: although we protest against the idea that England has that right to impose a veto on the trade or manufactures of Ireland, which she certainly has to restrict those of her colonies; but we *do mean* that an active and energetic encouragement should be given to such a coarse woollen manufacture as would meet the wants and preserve the constitutions of that poorer, but most industrious and numerous class, who are unable to purchase English cloth, and could not, therefore, in such case, be considered as consumers withdrawn from the English market. This would have another good effect in rendering animal food cheaper in that province; as at present agriculture has so completely overpowered sheep-farming, that, to use the expressive phrase of the people themselves—"a joint of mutton will soon be a sight to cure sore eyes."

But to return to our statistics. We find from some of the tables in this work, that the total consumption of wool in the United Kingdom has greatly increased of late years. In the year 1833, it amounted to nearly forty million lbs. This is likely to increase yet farther from the supply that we may expect from our Australian colonies.

The export trade of iron, we find to be increasing; but it is a fact rather remarkable, and we fear in some degree ominous to our manufacturing prospects; that this increase of export has taken place more in unwrought, than manufactured, iron and steel, in the proportion of about three to two. The export of British hardware and cutlery in 1831, was valued about £1,600,000. In twelve years the export of cutlery had nearly doubled; but that of unwrought

steel had about trebled. The United States of America hold the highest rank among this class of customers. We have been informed on the best authority that the American orders at this moment in Sheffield would require 8 months to execute. The proportionate quantities exported to the principal foreign markets may be thus nearly expressed:—The United States, 73; North American Colonies, 11; Asia, 10; Germany, 7; British West Indies, 5; Mexico and South America, ditto; Gibraltar, Brazil, &c. 3. We were surprised to find the exports of lead rapidly and steadily diminishing. We can only account for this by the supposition that foreign nations got so tired of our gratuitous export of British lead during the late war, that they are afraid of having anything more to do with it. Here, however, again, America is by far our best market. It is remarkable that the quantity of British tin coined has been rapidly increasing, although the export of it continues stationary.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to notice the very interesting and minute statistics of our Newfoundland fisheries, &c. as well as of our whale, seal, cod, herring, and other fisheries.

From the tables of the average prices of wheat, as published in the London Gazette, from 1770 to 1829, in periods of ten years, and the average of the next four years to 1833, inclusive, we find that they rose enormously during the war. The averages so taken were as follows, in each of those periods, price per quarter, 45s. 9d.—55s. 11d. 82s. 2d.—88s. 8d.—58s. 5s.—60s. 6d. The export of gunpowder was in 1833 increasing. We had hardly expected to find that the greatest demand for this article was on the western coast of Africa. The proportions of the market were as follows:—Africa, 32; America, 7; Europe, 4; Asia, 1. The whole export amounted to nearly four and a half million pounds.

We shall conclude this division of the work with two branches of information; the one as interesting to the fops, as the other to the school-boys of the empire. We find from the "Account of the goods actually in bonded warehouses in the port of London, on the 5th of January 1832 and 1833 respec-

tively," that there were a hundred and seventy-seven thousand walking canes, and four million eight hundred thousand rattans, bonded in London on the fifth of January 1838. We are happy, however, to be able to congratulate the last of the two classes of gentry above-mentioned, on the improvement of their moral character, to be inferred from the fact, that the store of rattans was less than in former years. We had almost forgotten to congratulate ourselves, and of course our admirers, the public at large, on the fact that the store of goose quills amounted to above fifteen millions and a half.

We shall now proceed to notice, what is to us, perhaps, the most important part of this work—the statements connected with the trade of Ireland; but before we enter on this subject, we must make a few observations upon an error, to us almost unaccountable, which is widely diffused among even the thinking classes of both kingdoms. We constantly hear persons gravely assuming that the encrease of the export trade of a country is a criterion of the comforts of its inhabitants. The difficulty chiefly to be met with in arguing with these persons, consists in their habit of confounding the export trade taken by itself, with the import trade which it produces; and of perpetually shifting their ground in their mode of viewing that export. In the observations we shall make, we shall take the liberty of binding them down by a few simple propositions. In the first place, then, we request them to commence by viewing exports and imports separately: we shall presently give them leave to view them together. The exports of a country are of its produce that portion which its inhabitants do not consume—*do not enjoy*; that portion which is paid as purchase-money for imports; that portion which is to be considered as decidedly a dead loss to the native, as the money paid for a horse is a dead loss to the purchaser. Here we are at issue with these gentlemen; for it is next to impossible to persuade them to view the subject in this manner; and yet they must see, if they would reflect, that the only possible mode of ascertaining whether the purchaser of the horse gains or loses by his bargain, is to place the sum paid for the horse on one side

of the account, viewed as a dead loss, that is, as an export; and to place the value of the horse on the other side of the account, viewed as a clear gain, that is, as an import; and then, by striking the balance of the purchase-money, or loss, or export, and the horse, or gain, or import, to ascertain whether the purchaser be a gainer or a loser by the transaction. How then do we estimate the gain? Simply thus: we say that the horse was worth £50, while the money paid for him was but £40, and that the gain was therefore £10: that the value of the trade of the individual, as regarded that horse, was £10. Now, if the horse had been made a present to the man, he would have gained £50. Whence then does he only gain £10? Because the gain of £50 was *compensated* by the loss of £40. We are almost disposed to laugh at ourselves for taking the trouble to prove so simple an assertion, but we know by experience that this trouble is not unnecessary. Now then, we trust, that our position will not be disputed, that in order to ascertain whether the trade of a country be beneficial or injurious, we must view its export and import in opposite columns as loss and gain, and strike the balance between them. It is natural that the inhabitants of seaport towns should be unwilling to acknowledge this; because both species of trade are beneficial to *them*.

But we would beg leave to ask them one question. Are they in the habit of considering very high prices as a proof of the superfluous wealth of the people, or as a proof of their want of the article for which they pay those prices? They will answer, "certainly the latter." Why then do they consider the export of an article as a proof that there is a superfluous quantity in the country? But we shall presently notice this more fully. To proceed then—the fair way to view this subject is to consider what would be the "beau ideal" of the intercourse of a nation with its neighbours. First then, let us see what would be the perfection of that intercourse, as respects the interests of the nation itself. It is obvious that the most fortunate nation would be that which imported every species of necessary and luxury of life, without any export or purchase-money whatever; and the number of whose inhabitants

increased in the exact proportion of the means of subsisting them in activity. It will be of course exclaimed, that no such state of things could exist. We do not mean to say that it could; but we do mean to say that the more nearly the trade of any country approaches to this state, it is the more advantageous; and the more it recedes from it, it is the less so. The next state that we shall suppose is that of a nation importing as before, but exporting only coin drawn from mines within its own territory, and in itself of no value, except as procuring an import. The next in degree will be that which, importing as before, exports produce or manufactures intrinsically useless at home.—There is not, however, perhaps any nation which can attain to so high a rank of beneficial commerce, as any of those that we have supposed, because the conflicting interests of nations oblige each to sacrifice a great portion of her interest to secure the remainder exactly; as in the social state men are obliged to surrender a considerable portion of their natural liberty to obtain the protection of the rest. That nation, then, whose trade will be the most beneficial to her which is consistent with the interests of others, or rather with so much of that interest as others are wise enough to see, or able to enforce, will import the necessities and luxuries of life, and export manufactures wrought to the highest degree—she will import things intrinsically useful, or the raw material upon which she may expend labour and employ her population; and she will export things intrinsically useless, or manufactures which *have* employed the greatest number of hands. A remarkable instance of this is given in the English cotton manufacture, where the raw material is imported in enormous quantities, and is exported again after having supported a great portion of her population by its manufacture. From this statement of the trade of a nation gaining in the highest degree by commerce, it is easy to see that the opposite, or the nation which loses most, must be that which exports the necessities of life, and the raw material, and imports highly-wrought manufactures, affording no further employment. We had almost forgot that there is one stage yet lower than this—a nation whose exports and

imports are such as we have last described, but whose exports *exceed* her imports—such a country is Ireland.

Great Britain exports manufactures in the highest state to which they can be brought; and imports raw material, and the necessities of life. Ireland, Pomerania, and Tartary, exactly the reverse.

We shall first see what are the imports and exports of Ireland; and then which of them is the greatest in amount. The imports of Ireland are principally manufactures of every description.—Her exports are chiefly corn and meal, cattle, and live stock, bacon, beef, pork, butter, lard, and undressed flax, comprised under the general class of necessities of life and raw material; and soap and candles, whiskey, cotton manufactures, and linen, &c. &c., comprised under the general head of manufactures. The statements given in the work before us, respecting the trade of Ireland are nearly confined to the twenty-five years preceding 1826. The assimilation of the trade with Great Britain to a coasting traffic in 1826, rendered a statement of the subsequent trade unattainable. In the interval from 1801 to 1826, we find that the imports had increased in the proportion of about 85 to 46; while the exports had increased in the proportion of 91 to 37. It is unquestioned that during the war Ireland was in greater prosperity than she has since been; and accordingly during the war we find the imports exceeding the exports by nearly one million sterling in value, and immediately after the war, and thenceforward, we find the tables turned, and the exports exceeding the imports in about the same ratio. And why?—because the continent was opened to absentees. It is true, that since 1825, several important articles of export and some of import, have been introduced; but what may have been the effect of this upon the general trade, we have no statistical means of ascertaining. We are happy to say that in the interval before alluded to, the cotton manufactures of Ireland had increased from about twelve hundred yards to upwards of ten millions and a half, and the linen manufactures in the proportion of 37 millions and a half to 55 millions, but we know that the latter manufacture has since fallen away to a great degree, and we know

nothing of the progress of the former ; while it is but too certain that the export of the necessaries of life has increased enormously. For instance, the export of sheep, thirty-six fold ; swine sixty-five fold ; oxen three-fold ; bacon, &c. sixteen fold ; wheat forty fold ; oats six fold ; while the average quantities retained for consumption in Ireland decreased thus :—Wine as 2 to 1 ; cotton wool 16 to 1 ; silk 92 to 1 ; unwrought iron 31 to 1 ; foreign spirits 56 to 1. These are about the proportions in round numbers of the increase and decrease of the different articles of trade.

The import, consisting altogether of articles of food, (excepting horses and mules, which we are *not yet* obliged to eat in Ireland,) into the port of Liverpool in 1832, was estimated at about four millions and a half. This fully agrees with the fact so often stated in the Poor Inquiry we before noticed, that if the family have only straw for one bed, it is given to the pig. "How fond they must be of bacon !" say our English readers. But what says the next sentence in the report ? They never eat the pig ; they *export* him, to get money to pay the rent. So much for the superfluous luxury proved by the export trade of poor Ireland.

We think we have said enough to shew that trade in the abstract is not necessarily a benefit to the country : that exports are not necessarily a proof of comfort : and that Ireland affords ample illustration of both these positions. One word more as to what is the state of Ireland. It is the state of a country exporting nine millions worth of the necessaries of life, which have given employment to the smallest possible portion of her population, and importing eight millions worth of manufactures, which have given employment to the greatest possible number of the population of other countries, and can give none to her's ; and one million worth of money, which, as it is proved not to remain in the country, as money is visibly not increasing, must be exported again in the form of the rent-rolls of absentees. It is worse than the state of a man who has given £90 worth of goods, and received for them £80 worth of other goods, and £10 in money, and is afterwards deprived of that money by a pick-pocket.

The immense exports of Ireland are the consequence of the productive powers and capacities of the country, acted upon by the necessity under which the peasantry labour of depriving themselves of the necessaries of life, to support the extravagance of the fashionables of Almacks, and the prodigates of Naples. The exports of a country are, in such a case, to be taken only as a proof of *what she might be*. For instance, let us suppose one or two alterations in the state of Ireland to have been effected. We do not mean to undertake to shew how to effect them ; but we suppose them effected merely to demonstrate what would be really a beneficial state of trade to Ireland.—

We will suppose, first, that the present exports and imports remained, but the absentees became resident. Here at once we have, as the returns shew, a sum of one million sterling, which is annually exported in the form of rents never to return, saved to the country, to be expended in additional imports. It is not necessary to prove that the estimated value of exported goods is always received as imports, *either* as money or goods ; and therefore that when the import of goods into a country falls short of the exports the difference must be imported as money. In a country then, whose trade is in a natural state, if we find this disproportion of import to export, or this import of money, continuing for years together, we conclude that an accumulation of coin has taken place in the country ; but when we find the contrary is the fact, we say the trade of that nation is in an unnatural and ruinous state. We will suppose this re-export of money, as we will call it, checked and converted into its legitimate course, to increase the import of goods. This would be one step in the improvement of Ireland, and would add one million's worth of comfort to her peasantry. It is probable, however, considering the absolute starvation prevailing among the very persons who are obliged to export the food of themselves and their children, that the first mode in which the improvement would appear, would be the reduction of the export trade, and the consumption of the provisions at home. This, however, would be one great step gained in removing the distress and

pauperism of the island. The next would be to encourage manufactures; and one means of doing this would be to raise each article of raw material at present exported, one stage in manufacture at a time. It is surprising what a difference this would make;—an article which has employed 10 hands in one stage, will frequently employ, *and therefore support*, 50 in the next. But it will be said, “as this is against the interest of England, she will not suffer it.” We reply, a great deal might be done without interfering with England; and with respect to the rest, we say, what do we hear of an united kingdom, and an imperial parliament, if one portion of this kingdom, and one constituent of this parliament, is to treat the rest like distant colonies, whose interests were merely subservient to her’s, and whose trade is only to be suffered so far as it was beneficial to her, and injurious to them?

To conclude this subject, we would wish to see Ireland in such a state, that the ruinous necessity for obtaining money by the sale of necessaries would cease; the landlords fulfil their duty to society; the export trade be changed from food and raw material to highly wrought articles of luxury; and the former export applied, first, to the relief of her population, and the surplus, if any, which we doubt, applied to the support of an increased population—while the new export would produce an import of such comforts as could not be obtained at home. In a word, we would wish to see the trade of Ireland similar to that of England—not the reverse of it. True it is, that England would suffer by this, as she would want those necessaries which we should then enjoy, and be obliged to pay a higher price for them, or get them elsewhere; but she would only lose what she should never have had; and this would not only be fair and just, but we say that anything else is unfair and unjust.

Our limits will not permit us to enter upon the next branch of the work—the “statements connected with the trade, &c. of the British possessions in India, and with China. We find from them that above thirty-one million pounds of tea were imported into the United Kingdom in 1833, making about 1 lb. 2 oz. per annum, to each

individual of the population. This article of import is on the increase. The British trade is much larger than any other which China possesses, and the value of the whole export trade of China to England averages about four millions, and the whole import into China from England, about one-eighth of that sum. So much for the self-importance of the Celestial Empire. Our regard for this same Celestial Empire makes us observe with sorrow that her sons have imbibed a passion for that atrocious drug, opium, which is increasing to such an extent, that the consumption of opium in China in 1833, was nearly four-fold what it had been seventeen years before, and amounted actually to about thirteen million dollars in value. Hence it is, no doubt, that the Chinese are always represented with their eyes almost shut.

The next division of the work comprises “prices, rates of wages, and local statistics.” It will not be in our power to give any thing like an idea of the vast body of useful information contained under this head. We can only give a few of the titles to shew the nature of the tables, and briefly note some remarkable particulars. Among the most valuable of these statements, are those which display the management of particular public institutions, as regards expenses, &c. Among these we find the following: “A statement of prices paid for various articles of food, clothing, and household stores, bought for the use of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, and for Bethlem Hospital; together with the prices of bread and meat, bought by the Commissariat department; and the rates of wages paid to artisans at Greenwich Hospital—in each year, from 1815 to 1833 inclusive”—“An account shewing the prices of various kinds of provisions, and other articles, in the markets of London, in the months of January and July of each year, from 1813 to 1833 inclusive”—“An account shewing the prices at which the principal articles of provisions and victualling stores have been purchased for the use of the navy, in the year 1832, stating whether by contract or otherwise.

In the statement of the prices of British grain in Kent, from the year 1687 to 1781, we were surprised to find that there has been little per-

ceptible alteration in those prices. From the statement of the prices of butter at Belfast, Dublin, and Waterford, in each year from 1813 to 1832, inclusive, it appears that in 1825, butter was 10 per cent. dearer in Dublin and Belfast, than for many years before, or any year since. But this was not the case in Waterford. The price of butter has been steadily decreasing in the two former towns, and rather increasing in the last. These facts are not so much worthy of attention in themselves, as in displaying how much valuable instruction may be afforded to the practical legislator, and information to the speculative merchant, from the study of a work like that before us.

We shall give a few more titles of tables, to shew the character of this branch of the work: "A statement shewing the wholesale and retail prices of various articles of provisions, and the rates of wages paid to labourers and handicrafts-men, in the city of Londonderry, in each year from 1821 to 1832 inclusive"—"A statement of the wages of labour in the town of Manchester, and the other principal seats of the cotton manufacture; with an account of the prices of sundry articles of provisions, in the years from 1810 to 1825"—"Schedule of the number of persons of various ages, distinguishing males from females, employed in 43 cotton mills in Manchester; the average clear weekly earnings of each age and sex; the per centage which each age and sex bears to the whole number employed; and the per centage of the total of each age, relatively to the gross total employed." We find that the population of Sheffield has been doubled since 1800; and it is remarkable, that though the numbers of paupers have rather increased during that period, this increase bears no proportion to that of the population, and the actual expense of supporting them has greatly diminished. Among these returns we find the following: "Statement of the prices of saws, and of the materials used in the manufacture thereof, with the rate of wages paid to workmen, and the number of workmen and manufacturers employed in that branch of manufacture, in the town of Sheffield, together with the price of provisions in that town." This return

relates to various periods from 1786 to 1833. "Statement of the daily wages of various mechanics, and of the retail prices of various articles of provisions and household stores, in the city of Glasgow, in each year from 1810 to 1819, and in 1831." The statements connected with the Leicestershire hosiery trade are of great importance, as illustrating the view we have taken of the raw material trade of Ireland. Here we see one small county, by one branch of manufacture, producing, when in full work, above a million's worth annually, and (the price of the raw material being only six tenths) obtaining by this manufacture upwards of £400,000 a year, as wages for its labouring population. It is to be observed also, that the price of this article of trade has since that period risen above 20 per cent.

We regret that our limits will not enable us to notice any other of the numerous and valuable tables in this portion of the work, except two; one of which shews that the turnpike roads in England would, if so laid out, exactly go round the world; and the other, that upwards of eleven thousand acts of parliament have been enacted in the present century!! Most justly, indeed, is this last entitled "a gross total."

The next portion of the work comprises the returns of population. We shall not trouble our readers at any great length with this subject. It appears that the proportion of families employed in agriculture, in England, Scotland, and Wales, has been considerably diminished since the year 1811. The proportion in trade have also diminished, but not so much, while those contained in the comprehensive class of "others," have increased enormously. In 1811 the centesimal proportions were nearly these—agriculture, 34; trade, &c. nearly 46; others, 19. In 1831—agriculture, 27; trade, &c. 43; others, 29. This statement applies only to England. The proportions of "others" in Wales is the same, but of those in trade and agriculture, exactly reversed. The proportion of "others" in Scotland, is greater than in England or Wales; those in trade and agriculture are much the same as in England.

We find the population of England, in 1831, was a little above 13 millions;

consisting of above two million seven hundred thousand families, in upwards of one million nine hundred thousand houses, upon thirty-one million seven hundred thousand acres. Of these, the males were to the females as 68 to 67 nearly. The population of Wales was eight hundred and six thousand; consisting of one hundred and sixty-six families, in a hundred and fifty-five thousand houses, upon four million seven hundred thousand acres. The population of Scotland above two millions; comprising five hundred thousand families, in three hundred and seventy thousand houses, on about twenty million and a half acres.

The population of Ireland is about seven millions and a half; comprising nearly one million four hundred thousand families, in rather more than the same number of houses; number of acres not stated. Several very curious results might be deduced from the tables, stating the ages of persons of each sex, and in each kingdom. For instance, we find that in Ulster the proportion of old persons is greater than in any other province in Ireland; and from the tables of mortality for eighteen years, we find the proportion of persons who die under one year old, is to those between one and two years old among males, about four to one; females about three to one. And these again to those between two and three years old, as thirteen to seven in the one case, and twelve to seven in the other.

The mortality diminishes rapidly, till the twelfth year, during the whole of which time it is greater among males; but about that period it turns, and increases gradually to about five-and-twenty, when it continues nearly stationary, till about sixty; and during this period, to the age of forty-five, it is greater among females; after which it turns and becomes greater among males, until sixty-five, when it again turns, and becomes greater among females, which continues to the last, and is particularly manifest after ninety; thus proving that the female sex is the most disposed to longevity; as we are told by one of the wise men of Gotham that all who die at a given age, must have lived to that age.

It will, no doubt, be interesting to those few who happen to have got

into such snug nooks "upon this same foot-ball the earth," as to induce them to wish to stay here as long as possible, to be informed that the counties of Aberdeen in Scotland, Pembroke in Wales, and the north riding of York in England, are the most famous for the longevity of their inhabitants, and among these Aberdeen holds the highest place.

It is a remarkable fact, that the number of male infants baptized, uniformly appears considerably greater than that of females, although the total number of the female population is, in every instance, greater than that of the male. This anomaly is explained by the great mortality among the males under the age of thirteen.

There were more marriages in the year 1825 than in any preceding, or the two or three following years; and, as might be expected, more births in the year 1826; but it is remarkable, that in this year there were more deaths than in any year preceding or subsequent. These last facts only refer to England and Wales.

It is a remarkable, and almost unaccountable fact that, throughout the three decennial periods, from 1800 to 1830, the population in England and Wales has increased at a much greater rate than could be inferred from, or explained by, a comparison of the births with the burials. This will appear yet more remarkable when we consider that to the burials we are to add the immense number both of voluntary and involuntary emigrants. The only mode by which it can be accounted for is, by supposing a still greater immigration of foreigners; but this fact we should not, otherwise, have supposed to exist. The proportion of deaths to the whole population appears to have been decreasing up to the year 1811, after which it has continued nearly stationary, and averages about one in fifty-one. Taking the decennial periods before mentioned, the proportion of burials was least in that from 1810 to 1820.

In the returns of the numbers, absolute and relative, of illegitimate children, in 1830, in England and Wales, it is a curious fact, that the smallest proportion of such, to other children appeared in Surrey, and the next so in Middlesex, London included. (This,

however, can be accounted for without the supposition of a superior degree of morality in the metropolis;) and the greatest proportion in England in Lancaster and Hereford. We were grieved to see that our neighbours the Welsh bear in this respect an exceeding bad character; the proportion in England being one in twenty, while that in Wales is one in thirteen. The worst part of England has one in thirteen, while one county in Wales (Radnor) actually displays one in seven!

We shall next notice a valuable table, giving an "Abstract of christenings and burials in the various parishes of London and Westminster, and in the out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, comprehended within the bills of mortality, stating the different diseases whereby the deaths have been caused, in each year from 1820 to 1833, inclusive." Our limits will not permit us to notice more than a few of the most remarkable diseases; but we cannot help expressing our opinion, that much valuable information, and many practical conclusions might be derived by medical men from these tables, by comparing the progress of each disease, as well as observing those that were contemporaneous, or the reverse; and it is also possible that some of the phenomena occurring in such investigation might be explained by other parts of the work, showing the circumstances of the people at the period. Consumption appears to have increased in 1823, and to have then remained stationary till '29; since when it has been decreasing. Convulsions were steadily decreasing, during the whole period: the different kinds of dropsy, especially that in the brain, increasing; erysipelas, typhus, palsy, ossification of the heart, scarlet fever, and rheumatism, increasing. Common fevers, small-pox, sudden deaths, and measles, rather decreasing. The years 1831, '32, and '33 are remarkable from the fact, that a great number of common disorders totally disappeared; for instance, teething, the deaths by which annually averaged nearly 500, was not fatal in a single instance in the years 1831 and '32. The same holds true in 1832 of still-births; of which there was not in that year one, while in every year before and since they had averaged above nine hundred!! There

was not an instance of death by palsy, or eruptive diseases in those years. Deaths by accident were nearly double in the year 1832. On the other hand, other diseases, particularly those relating to the stomach, increased enormously in those years; among these, of course cholera holds a fearfully distinguished place. Enlargement of the heart appears to have been unknown previous to 1824, and contraction of the heart previous to 1826; from which period both increased rapidly, till 1831, when they disappeared altogether. We find, during the last three years many verdicts, "Died by the visitation of God." Sudden deaths appear to have been steadily diminishing; but, as apoplexy has been increasing, the fact probably may be, that the death has been accounted for, and entered under the latter title. In 1825, we find two cases of "broken heart:" this year, it will be remembered, was famous for ruinous speculations. We shall close these observations with the melancholy fact, that suicides are on the increase, and average, in the district above mentioned, above fifty annually. This leads us, naturally, to the next division of our subject, the annals of crime.

From these returns we find that, in England and Wales, Lancashire stands unrivalled, (with the exception of Middlesex,) for the number of crimes committed in it; displaying nearly double the number in any other county—nearly treble that of any except York. We do not mean to draw any inference from the fact we are about to state—but it is a curious coincidence that this county abounds with Roman Catholic priests—Jesuits and popish seminaries, in unexampled multitudes. We do not pretend to say whether it is to this, or to its vicinity to Ireland, or to both causes combined, that it owes its unenviable superiority in crime. In this list our Welsh friends will find a subject for pride, which may justly wipe from their recollection the little secret we were obliged to tell of them a while ago. We find the returns from the Welsh counties shewing units and tens, where the English counties show hundreds and thousands. It would really appear, that the beauties of nature, and the pure air of mountain scenery, had a beneficial effect on the

mind ; for next, in innocence, to the Welsh counties are, Cumberland and its neighbours. Crime appears, upon the whole, to be increasing much more rapidly than the population. This increase, we are sorry to say, has been rather on the part of the fair sex. The total committed for trial in England and Wales, in 1833, was 20,072 ; the total convicted, 14,446 ; sentenced to death, 931 ; executed, 33. The last two totals display the necessity of an alteration in our criminal law ; as, of all the incentives to crime, none is equal in efficacy to the uncertainty of punishment. We cannot avoid connecting with this another, which appears in the returns for London and Middlesex, during twenty-one years, ending 1833. The executions, in that period, had decreased from 138 in the first seven years, to 81 in the last seven ; while the convictions had increased from 9000 in the first period, to 16000 in the latter. Transportation appeared to have been a favourite punishment during this period. It is undoubtedly true that transportation is to many persons, and especially to the lower orders of Irish, in itself as severe a punishment as death ; but when we say this, we would be understood to mean transportation considered in itself alone, and not as surrounded with the fascinating attractions with which our silly and short-sighted solidissant philanthropists have contrived to clothe it. We have before, and we do now, and we will again, for we cannot too often, draw the attention of our readers, and implore that of the legislature, to the monstrous, the criminal anomaly, displayed in the treatment of prisoners on board our convict vessels, and in our prisons. We ask, is not a legislature answerable for the ruin of the moral principles of its citizens, which so arranges the whole system of its penal establishment, as to hold out an increased degree of comfort, and even luxury as a reward for an increased atrocity of crime ? The fact is, that while the English pauper lives more tolerably than the English labourer—the suspected thief more comfortably than the pauper—and the convicted felon more luxuriously than the suspected thief—the transported felon is indulged with viands scarcely attainable even by our country gentlemen of small fortune. These are the facts,

for the result of these facts, a result for which we fearlessly assert, that the disgusting pseudo-philanthropy of our rulers is responsible, we refer to the Poor Law Inquiries in England ; where our readers will find that on walking into a workhouse, you can generally be furnished by the paupers with an accurate list of the bills of fare attending each degree of criminality, and they will tell you to your face that they are only waiting for an opportunity to *earn* each superior stage of comfort.

Prisons were in one extreme when they were visited by Mr. Howard ; and we have now run into the opposite ; but in the name of all that is just, and all that is merciful, let us not longer continue to put our wretched criminals to death, for attaining one stage of crime, and hold out every species of reward to them for approaching to it as nearly as possible.

Our northern neighbours may well be proud of the fact that the total number of persons committed for trial in the year, in the whole kingdom of Scotland, does not appear to average two-thirds of those in London and Middlesex alone. Among the several counties in Scotland, Lanark appears by far the worst ; and next to it Edinburgh and Renfrew. The list of crimes appears much more minute, and in many respects very different from that in the other parts of the empire, as if the indictments were very special. Among these, for instance, we find an excessive exercise of marital authority, which we hope is not a common offence. Its title is as follows,—“ Throwing his wife over a window two stories high.”

In the arrangement of the crimes in Ireland, the county of Clare has been, for what reason we cannot divine, annexed to the province of Connaught, whereas it really belongs to that of Munster. We stated, when connecting the quantity of crime existing in Lancashire with the great prevalence of popery in that district, that we would shew our readers a similar phenomenon in Ireland. We shall subtract the county of Clare from the province of Connaught, and add it to that of Munster, to which it properly belongs, and requesting our readers to remember that Connaught, Munster, and the greater part of Leinster, are chiefly popish, and Ulster almost wholly

Protestant, we shall give the returns of crime for the year 1831 as follows—Connaught, 8875; Munster, 3950; Leinster, 3062; Ulster, 1334. To this great contrast must be added the circumstance, that the returns for Ulster include nearly the whole number of crimes committed, inasmuch as the peaceable state of the country, the total absence of intimidation, and the intelligent and educated character of the jurors, render the detection and punishment of crime at least as easy as in any part of England; while the contrary of every one of these existing in the popish districts, renders the return of convictions very small indeed compared with the crimes actually committed. We cannot avoid, while upon this subject, calling the attention of our readers to a most audacious and prodigate interference on the part of the present government with the course of justice, and the rights of property and life. At the late Spring Assizes, the government, directed by Mr. O'Connell, sent orders to the crown officers throughout the kingdom, not to set by any jurors. The consequence of which was, that in repeated instances the friends and agents of murderers were to be seen on the juries which were to try them; and in one instance we were ourselves witness to the following specimen of Whig justice:—An individual had excited the attention of all present, by going back and forward with papers from a murderer in the dock, and acting as principal agent between him and his attorney and counsel. Immediately afterwards, this very fellow being put upon the jury, *to try his employer*, some persons expressed their indignation to the crown officer, but his reply was, "I see all this as well as you do, but my orders are positive, and I dare not disobey them." The consequence of a succession of acts of this kind was, as might be expected, the total failure of justice by the obstinate disagreement of juries; and the repeated spectacle of the murderer dancing from the jail to the court-house, waving his hat in triumphant answer to the applauding shouts of his fellow-miscreants, conscious that his friends and protectors, the government, would secure him against any danger. These infamous proceedings drew down, as they de-

served, the indignant censure of the judges of assize. But little did a profligate ministry care for their opinions: they gained their two points; the first to fulfil the mandates and forward the designs of the man whom they denounced from the throne as an enemy to his country.—The second to get a pretence for raising their guilty heads in the legislature, to put forth the lying boast that crime was diminishing in Ireland. But we shall turn from this disgusting specimen of unprincipled corruption, which we trust will, with many others of the same kind, be soon forced upon the attention of the public.

We shall now proceed briefly to notice the last division of this great work, the statistics of foreign countries. It would not be consistent either with our limits or our plan, to go with any minuteness into these details; we shall therefore only notice a few curious facts. It appears from the Russian returns, that the nobles in St. Petersburg, form about one-tenth of the population; that they are nearly one-half as numerous as the servants; almost equal to the whole military force; more numerous than the burghers; and four times the number of either the merchants or the artisans!!! No wonder Petersburg is called a *noble city*, nor were we at all surprised to find that out of an import trade into the Russian ports, of near eight millions annually, considerably above eighty-two thousand a-year was expended in Champagne; upwards of sixty-nine thousand a-year in precious stones; a hundred and fifteen thousand a-year in coffee; upwards of two hundred and fifty-five thousand a-year in silk; and above a million in sugar. The number of manufactories in Russia, has more than doubled between the years 1812 and 1824.

The whole population of the Danish empire is not equal to that of Ulster, and yet she possesses nearly four thousand ton of shipping.

In the "Statement of the several charges of a public nature, borne respectively by a national and a foreign vessel of three hundred tons' burden, upon entering and clearing from the port of Bordeaux," we find a remarkable difference made in favour of Great Britain—the total expenses of a national vessel being £56 19s. 10d.; of a British vessel, from British port in

Europe, £57 14s. 10d.;—while a foreign vessel not from British port in Europe, is charged £88 18s. 1d., exclusive of consular fees.

We were surprised to find that the operative population of the town of Lyons exceeded a hundred and six thousand—among which there were 35000 silk manufacturers; considerably above 8000 shoemakers; 6000 tailors; 4600 hatters; 1100 jewellers; and 1050 *hair-dressers*. We find that 171 cwt. of cod fish were in one year exported from Marseilles to Cayenne. This may be on the principle of bringing the mountain to Mahomet; but we cannot help thinking the more natural and useful way would have been to bring the Cayenne to the cod-fish.

The average consumption of wine in Naples annually, is about a tun to four men!

An important dissension appears to exist at Venice, between the ecclesiastics

and the municipal authorities, with respect to the important fact, as to whether the population is increasing, or the opposite, since the census of 1811, which estimated it at 112,000—the ecclesiastics stating its present population to be 120,000, while the municipal authorities assert it to be only 100,000. It would be amusing to trace the causes and motives of this discrepancy.

We were glad to find that emigration from Ireland was rather decreasing during the interval from 1827 to 1834. That from Scotland has increased; and that from England nearly trebled, during this period.

We shall close our remarks on this most important work, with one observation, that we do not know any class of society who may not derive information and amusement from some portion of it, while to many, its pages would form a most valuable study.

MEMOIRS OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.*

THE name of Sir William Temple has been so associated in our minds from early years, with every thing that is polished, elegant, and classical in character, that it is with pleasure we select out of the reams of biographical rubbish that dishonours the press of our day, the memoir at the head of this article.

It has made substantial additions to our previous knowledge of the subject of the memoir; and notwithstanding some inaccuracies, both in matter, and style, and that too many of the "*nugæ canoræ*" are scattered over his pages, we deem the author entitled to the thanks of the reading public, both for the additional light he has thrown on Sir William Temple's private habits and character, and for the strain of good political feeling, and, what is far better, of religious feeling that distinguishes the work.

Swift, who knew Sir William Temple

well in the latter years of his patron's life, has described him as a person of the greatest wisdom, justice, liberality, politeness, and eloquence of his age and station; the true lover of his country, and one that deserved more from it, for his eminent public services, than any man before or since; besides, his great deserving of the commonwealth of learning, having been usually esteemed the most accomplished writer of his time.† The Hon. Charles Boyle also, afterwards Earl of Orrery, and nephew of the celebrated Robert Boyle, speaks of him as the most accomplished writer of his age, whom he never thought of without calling to mind the happy lines of Lucretius—

Quem tu dea tempore in omni,
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus,

—a character which he adds, "I dare say Memmius did not better deserve than Sir William Temple." Notwith-

* *Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple, Bart.* By the Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay. Two vols. 8vo. London: Longman, 1836.

† *Life of Swift*, by Sir Walter Scott, from a memorandum copied by Thomas Steele.

standing these panegyrics, it is but too true that neither his writings nor his life are generally known. His style has been a favourite theme with writers on English literature; his political and diplomatic character—which latter is every way peculiar and well worthy of intimate acquaintance—has been the subject of much historical praise; his works are on the shelves of every library—and yet neither they nor his character are by any means generally known. It is justly said by his present biographer, that an incorrupt statesman in the days of Charles the Second, a diplomatist who rejected deceit and intrigue, a writer who gave elegance and harmony to the English language, assuredly deserves that his actions should be recorded, and his writings perused.

It is a singular fact that the first memoir of Sir William Temple was written, not by a countryman of his own, but by a Frenchman—Abel Boyer, a Protestant refugee from France, with whose grammar and dictionary we were acquainted in our school-boy days. Lady Gifford, however, the sister of Temple, seems to have been the first who gave to the public any of the particulars of his private life; but even her memoir, which was prefixed to an edition of his works, published in 1731, was prepared for publication by omitting all that related to his "*more private life*."

Temple's present biographer has, through the medium of the Rev. Robert Longe, into the hands of whose father, the Rev. John Longe, late vicar of Coddensham, in Sussex, the MS. memoir by Lady Gifford, and other papers relative to Temple and his works, had come, furnished us with much valuable and interesting materials, on which the former biographical memoirs of Temple were silent.

Mr. Courtenay has shown good sense in steering clear of a too common fault of our modern biographers, that of converting what ought to be strictly a biography, into a flimsy and superficial "history of the times." His object is, almost exclusively, to describe only those transactions in which Temple was personally concerned. He is also much to be praised for his anxiety to give, on almost all occa-

sions, the authorities for his respective statements, that the reader may judge for himself whether the foundation will bear the superstructure. He gives as the result of his experience, what every one, we believe, can confirm who is conversant with historical and political writers, be they of what age, country, or language they may, that even the most honest and veracious are not to be depended on for matters of fact, where they make an averment, and give no authority for it. In such cases there is too often an equal chance whether the averment be false or true. If founded on an unnamed document, there is a high probability that that document will bear another construction; and he who, writing of matters that occurred before he was born, conceals from his readers the ground of his notions or his belief, may be justly suspected of caring more for establishing his own views, than for the truth of the matter.

William Temple was born at Blackfriars in London, in the year 1628. The family of which he represented a younger branch, had long been seated at Temple-hall, in Leicestershire, and the head of it was one of the first baronets. The earlier genealogy of the house, which pretended to the most ancient nobility, may be left to the heralds, but so much of its history may be given as illustrates the connections and opinions of those who stood nearest to the subjects of the present memoir. The most independent mind takes an impression from a father, and is often imperceptibly affected by occurrences in the life of a grandsire.

The grandfather of Sir William Temple, who bore the same name, and was knighted, was secretary to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he had previously dedicated two treatises in elegant Latin. After the hero's death he acted in the same capacity with Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex, whom he is said to have accompanied to Ireland when Lord Lieutenant. That he served in Ireland is the more probable, because after the death of Essex, in 1600, he retired into that country, and became afterwards a master in Chancery, Provost of Trinity College in Dublin, and representative of that city in Parlia-

ment. Thus commenced the connection of the Temples with Ireland. The son of this Sir William, Sir John Temple, Knight, was Master of the Rolls, and a Privy Councillor in that country, and in much confidence with the Earl of Leicester, Lord-Lieutenant. His history of the Irish Rebellion of 1641, is still a work of some repute.

He had married a sister of the learned Dr. Henry Hammond, rector of Penshurst, in Kent, the well-known seat of the Sidneys. Under this celebrated divine and zealous adherent of Charles I. William Temple, the eldest son of their marriage, received his early education. When Hammond was driven from his living by the parliamentary government, Temple was sent to a school at Bishop-Storford. Here he learned all the Latin and Greek he ever knew. His Latin he retained, but he often regretted the loss of his Greek. After an interval of two years, occasioned by the unsettled state of affairs, he went at the age of seventeen, to Emmanuel College in Cambridge, where he was under the tuition of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, author of "The Intellectual system of the World." At this time the fortunes of Sir John Temple were very low; but he chose to spare in any thing rather than what might tend to the advantage of his children in their breeding and education.

In searching amongst the Longe papers at Coddensham, Mr. Courtenay found many of the original letters written by the future wife of Sir William Temple, previous to their marriage. Some of these are charming, and give quite a zest to the book. Amongst the number of Dorothy Osborne's devoted admirers, we beg to enrol ourselves, together with our author. There is so much good sense, good feeling, and good old genuine English in these letters—the production of a girl about two and twenty years of age—that while reading them, (and we have read many of them more than once,) we could not avoid a sigh of regret in thinking how very, very few of the dames of our own day could, notwithstanding the boasted march of intellect, and their superfluity of "accomplishments," forgotten or laid aside almost as soon as acquired, write, think, or feel any thing like these

artless effusions. They are so natural—show such good plain sense, and downright English (or rather once English) feeling.

The attachment between this fascinating girl and Temple, for a long time threatened "never to run smooth." It stood long "upon the choice of friends," which the bard of Avon enumerates amongst the too frequent obstacles in "the course of true love." Lady Giffard, in speaking of this, says, "the accidents for seven years of that amour, might make a history, and the letters that passed between them, a volume. To say nothing of *his* writing, which all the world has since been made judge of, I never saw any thing more extraordinary than *her's*." The most ordinary topic, as Mr. Courtenay observes, is handled with a confident frankness, and an ease that is truly delightful. The style is at once graphical and correct, and evidently conceived in purity and truth. Occasionally even political allusions appear introduced most simply and unpretendingly—"refreshing in these republican times to a friend of our ancient monarchy." Our readers will, we believe, thank us for some extracts from them. It was in the Isle of Wight, immediately after his leaving the University of Cambridge, that Temple first met with Miss, or, according to the *etiquette* of that day, Mrs. Dorothy Osborne. Her father, Sir Peter Osborne, had been appointed Governor of Guernsey by Charles the First. She was with her brother on the way to St. Maloes, to join her father: and Temple accompanied them to France. The King was now in imprisonment, under the surveillance of Colonel Hammond, in the Isle of Wight, and young Osborne was so indignant at seeing the King imprisoned, and treated by the Governor so unlike what was due to him, that he stepped back, after his travelling companions were gone before him out of the inn, and wrote with a diamond on the window—"And Haman was hanged upon the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai."

The adventurous cavalier had no sooner rejoined his companions than he was seized and brought back to the governor: his sister Dorothy took the offence upon herself, and the loyal friends were suffered to depart. The

wit and loyalty thus displayed by a young lady of much personal attraction, and only in her twentieth, or one and twentieth year, was not lost upon William Temple. In France, where he stayed some time with her, they formed a lasting attachment. He proceeded on his travels through France, Holland, Flanders, and Germany, and was separated from the object of his love for a length of time. The following are extracts from their correspondence—more instructive than the generality of love-letters :

“ I have been reckoning up how many faults you lay to my charge in your last letter, and I find I am severe, unjust, unmerciful, and unkind ! O me ! How should one do to mend all those ! 'Tis work for an age ; and I fear that I shall be so old, before I am good, that 'twill not be considerable to any body but myself whether I am so or not. You ask me how I pass my time here. I can give you a perfect account, not only of what I do for the present, but what I am likely to do this seven years, if I stay here so long. I rise in the morning, reasonably early, and before I am ready I go round the house, till I am weary of that, and then into the garden, till it grows too hot for me. I then think of making me ready ; and when that's done I go into my father's chamber ; from thence to dinner, where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room, and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk till Mr. P. comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working ; and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauty to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there ; but trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world, but the knowledge that they are so. Most commonly while we are in the middle of our discourse, one looks about her and spies her cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I that am not so nimble stay behind, and when I see them driving home their cattle, think it is time for me to return too.

When I have supped I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, where I sit down and wish you with me—(you had best say this is not kind neither.) In earnest, it is a pleasant place, and would be more so to me if I had your company, as I sit there some times till I am lost with thinking ; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of my fortune, that will not let me sleep there, I should forget there were such a thing to be done as going to bed.”

* * *

“ When we have tried all ways to happiness, there is no such thing to be found but in a mind conformed to one's condition, whatever it be, and in not aiming at any thing that is either impossible or improbable ; all the rest is but vanity and vexation of spirit, and I durst pronounce it so from that little knowledge I have had of the world, though I had not scripture for my warrant. The shepherd that bragged to the traveller who asked him what weather it was like to be, that it should be what weather pleased him, and made it good by saying that it should be what weather pleased God, and what pleased God should please him, said an excellent thing in rude language, and knew enough to make him the happiest person in the world, if he made a right use of it. There can be no pleasure in a struggling life, and that folly which we condemn in an ambitious man, that's ever labouring for that which is hardly got, and more uncertainly kept, is seen in all according to their several humours. In some 'tis covetousness ; in others pride ; in some a stubbornness of nature, that chooses always to go against the tide ; and in others an unfortunate fancy to things that are in themselves innocent, till we make them otherwise by desiring them too much. Of this sort I think you and I are. We have lived hitherto upon hopes so airy, that I have often wondered how they could support the weight of our misfortunes ; but passion gives a strength above nature ; we see it in mad people, and (not to flatter ourselves) ours is but a refined degree of madness. What can it be else, to be lost to all things in the world, but that single object that takes up one's fancy—to lose all the quiet and repose of one's life in hunting after it, when there is so little likelihood of ever gaining it, and so many more probable accidents that will infallibly make us miss of it—and (which is more than all) it is being mastered by

that which reason and religion teach us to govern, and in that only gives us a pre-eminence above beasts? This, soberly considered, is enough to let us see our error, and, consequently, to persuade us to redeem it."

* * *

"The lady was in the right—you are a very pretty gentleman, and a modest. Were there ever such stories as those you tell? The best of it is, I believe none of them, unless it be that of my Lady Newport, which, I must confess, is so like her, that if it be not true, 'twas at least excellently fancied. But my Lord Rich is not caught, though he was near it. My Lord Devonshire, whose daughter his first wife was, has engaged my Lord Warrick to put a stop to the business; otherwise, I think his present want of fortune, and the little sense of honour he has, might have been prevailed on to marry her. It is strange to see the folly that possesses the young people of this age, and the liberty they take to themselves. I have the charity to believe they appear very much worse than they are, and that the want of a court to govern themselves by, is in great part the cause of their ruin—though that was no perfect school of virtue, yet vice there wore her mask, and appeared so unlike herself, that she gave no scandal. Such as were really as discreet as they seemed to be, gave good example, and the eminency of their condition made others strive to imitate them, or, at least they durst not own a contrary course. All who had good principles and inclinations, were encouraged in them, and such as had neither, were forced to put on a handsome disguise, that they might not be out of countenance at themselves. It is certain, what you say, that where divine or human laws are not positive, we may be our own judges; no body can hinder us, nor is in itself to be blamed. But sure it is not safe to take all the liberty is allowed us; there are not many that are sober enough to be trusted with the government of themselves; and because others judge us with more severity than our indulgence to ourselves will permit, it must necessarily follow, that it is safer being ruled by their opinion than by our own."

* * *

"I confess I have no patience with our *faisseurs de romance* when they make women court. It will never enter into my head that it is possible any woman can love where she is not first loved, and much less that, if they could do that, they

could have the face to own it. Methinks he that writes *l'Illustre Bassa*, says well in his epistle, that we are not to imagine his hero to be less taking than those of other romances, because the ladies do not fall in love with him whether he will or not. It would be an injury to the ladies to suppose they would do so, and a greater to his hero's civility if he should put him upon being cruel to them, since he was to love but one. Another fault I find in him is the style—it is affected. Ambitioned is a great word with him, and ignore; my concern, or, of great concern, is, it seems, properer than concernment; and though he makes his people say fine handsome things to one another, yet they are not easy and vain like the French; and there is a bitter harshness in some of the discourses, that would take to be the fault of a translator rather than of an author."

* * *

"But this is not all; I cannot forbear telling you that t'other day he made me a visit, and I, to prevent his making discourses to me, made Mrs. Goldsmith and Jane sit by me all the while; but he came better provided than I could have imagined—he brought a letter with him and gave it me, as one that he had met with directed to me—he thought it came out of Northamptonshire. I was upon my guard, and, suspecting all he said, examined him so strictly where he had it, before I would open it, that he was hugely confounded, and I confirmed that it was his. I laid it by, and wished when they would have left us, that I might have taken notice of it to him. But I had forbid it them so strictly before, that they offered not to stir, further than to look out of window, as not thinking there was any necessity of giving us their eyes as well as their ears; but he that thought himself discovered, took that time to confess to me (in a whispering voice, that I could hardly hear myself,) that my letter (as my Lord Broghill says) was of great concern to him, and begged I would read it, and give him my answer. I took it up presently, as if I had meant it, but threw it, sealed as it was, into the fire, and told him (as softly as he had spoke to me) I thought that the quickest and best way of answering it. He sat a while in great disorder, without speaking a word, and so rose and took his leave. Now what think you; shall I ever hear of him more? You do not thank me for using your rival so scurvily, nor are you jealous of him, though your father thinks my intentions were not handsome towards

you; which, methinks, is another argument that one is not to be one's own judge, for I am very confident they were, and, with his favor, shall never believe otherwise. I am sure I had no ends to serve of my own in what I did—it could be no advantage to me, that had firmly resolved never to marry;—but I thought it might be an injury to you to keep you in expectation of what was never likely to be, as I apprehended. Why do I enter into this wrangling discourse? Let your father think me what he pleases. If he ever comes to know me, the rest of my actions shall justify me in this; if he does not, I'll begin to practise upon him, (what you so often preached to me,) to neglect the report of the world, and satisfy myself in my own innocence. It will be pleasinger to you, I am sure, to tell you how fond I am of your lock. Well, in earnest now, and setting aside all compliment, I never saw finer hair, nor of a better colour; but cut no more of it; I would not have it spoiled for the world. If you love me, be careful of it; I am combing, and curling, and kissing this lock all day, and dreaming of it all night. The ring, too, is very well, only a little of the biggest. Send me a tortoiseshell one to keep it on, that is a little less than that I sent for a pattern. I would not have the rule absolutely true without exception, that hard hairs are ill-natured, for then I should be so; but I can allow that all soft hairs are good, and so are you, or I am deceived as much as you are, if you think I do not love you enough. Tell me, my dearest, am I? You will not be if you think I am not yours."

* * *

"In my opinion, those great scholars are not the best writers, (of letters, I mean—of books, perhaps, they are.) I never had, I think, but one letter from Sir Tus., but 'twas worth twenty of any body's else to make me sport. It was the most sublime nonsense that in my life I ever read, and yet I believe he descended so low as he could, to come near my weak understanding. 'Twill be no compliment after this to say that I like your letters in themselves, not as they come from one that is not indifferent to me, but, seriously, I do. All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as our discourse—not studied as an oration, nor made up of hard words like a charm. 'Tis

an admirable thing to see how some people will labour to find out terms that obscure a plain sense; like a gentleman I know, who would never say, the weather grew cold, but that winter began to salute us. I have no patience at such coxcombs, and cannot blame an old uncle of mine, that threw the stand-dish at his man's head, because he wrote a letter for him, when, instead of saying (as his master bid him) that he would have writ himself, but that he had the gout in his hand, he said, that the gout in his hand would not permit him to put pen to paper. The fellow thought he had mended it mightily, and that putting pen to paper was much better than plain writing."

"There are a great many ingredients must go to the making me happy in a husband. My cousin Fr——" says our humours must agree, and to do that, he must have that kind of breeding that I have had, and used that kind of company; that is, he must not be so much a country gentleman as to understand nothing but hawks and dogs, and be fonder of either than of his wife; nor of the next sort of them, whose time reaches no farther than to be justice of peace; and once in his life high sheriff, who reads no books but statutes, and studies nothing but how to make a speech interlarded with Latin, that may amaze his disagreeing poor neighbours, and fright them rather than persuade them into quietness. He must not be a thing that began the world in a free school, and was sent from thence to the university, and is at his farthest when he reaches the inns of court; has no acquaintance but those of his form in those places; speaks the French he has picked out of old law books, and admires nothing but the stories he has heard of the rivals that were kept there before his time. He must not be a town gallant neither, that lives in a tavern and an ordinary; that cannot imagine how an hour should be spent without company unless it be in sleeping; that makes court to all the women he sees, thinks they believe him, and laughs and is laughed at equally. Nor a travelled Monsieur, whose head is feathered inside and outside, that can talk of nothing but of dances and duels, and has courage enough to wear slashes, when every body else dies with cold to see him. He must not be a fool of no sort, nor peevish, nor ill-natured, nor proud, nor

courteous; and to all this must be added, that he must love me, and I him, as much as we are capable of loving. Without all this, his fortune, though never so great, would not satisfy me; with it a very moderate one would keep me from ever repenting my disposal."

"Here then I declare that you have still the same power in my heart that I gave you at my last parting; that I will never marry any other, and that if ever our fortunes will allow us to marry, you shall dispose me as you please, but this, to deal freely with you, I do not hope for. No, it is too great a happiness, and I, that know myself best, must acknowledge that I deserve crosses and afflictions, but can never merit such a blessing. You know 'tis not a fear of want that frights me; I thank God I never disputed his providence, nor I hope never shall; and without attributing anything to myself, I may acknowledge he has given me a mind that can be satisfied within as narrow a compass as that of any person living of my rank, but I confess that I have a humour will not suffer me to expose myself to people's scorn: the name of love is grown too contemptible by the follies of such as have falsely pretended to it, and so many giddy people have married upon that score, and repented so shamefully afterwards, that no body can do any thing that tends towards it without being esteemed a ridiculous person; now as my young Lady Holland says, I never pretended to wit in my life, but I cannot be satisfied that the world should think me a fool, so that all I can do for you will be to preserve a constant kindness for you, which nothing shall ever alter or diminish. I'll never give you any more alarms by going about to persuade you against that you have for me, but from this hour will live quietly; no more fears, no more jealousies, the wealth of the whole world, by the grace of God, shall not tempt me to break my word with you, nor the opportunity of all the friends I have. Keep this as a testimony against me, if ever I do, and make me a reproach to them by it."

* * * *

"Who knows what a year may produce? If nothing, we are but where we were, and nothing can hinder us from being at least perfect friends—Adieu."

After many expressions of affection, and reference to suspicions entertained at Moor Park, &c. of their engagement—

"I shall endeavour and accustom myself to the noise of it, and make it as easy to me as I can, though I had much rather it were not talked of, till there was an absolute necessity of discovering it; and you can oblige me nothing more than in concealing it. I take it very kindly that you promise to use all your interest with your father, to persuade him to endeavour our happiness, and he appears so confident of his power that he gives me great hopes. Dear, shall we ever be so happy think you? Ah! I dare not hope it yet; 'tis not want of love gives me these fears, as in earnest, I think, nay, I am sure, I love you more than ever."

She occasionally entertains Temple in her letters with a list of her lovers or servants, as she styles them, so numerous as to rival that of Don Juan's Leporello. Of all her suitors, the one who bore the second place to Temple, in her good graces, was no less a person than the son of the Lord Protector — Henry Cromwell. It was singular he should have become intimate with a family so noted for their devotedness to the royal cause.

Soon after the violent dissolution of the long parliament by Oliver Cromwell, she writes thus to Temple—one of the few instances in which politics are alluded to in her letters:—

"Bless me! what will become of us all now? Is not this a strange turn? What does my Lord L——* think?—Sure this will at least defer your journey. Tell me what I must think on't; whether it be better or worse, or whether you are at all concerned in it; for if you are not, I am not. Only if I had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer was made me of H. C.† I might have been in a fair way of preferment; for sure they will be greater now than ever. Is it true that Al. S.‡ was so unwilling to the house, that the G.§ was fain to take the pains to turn him out himself? Well 'tis a pleasant world this. If Mr. Pim were alive again, I wonder what he would think of these proceedings, and whether this would appear as great a breach of the pri-

* Philip Lord Lisle, son of Robert, second Earl of Leicester, and elder brother to Algernon Sidney, was a republican. He was of the Protector's Council, and destined for his other house.—*Noble's Cromwell*, ii. 279.

† Henry Cromwell.

‡ Algernon Sidney.

§ General.

vilages of parliament, as the demanding the five members. But I shall talk treasonably by-and-by, if I do not look to myself."

At length, however, she resolved no longer to permit these obstacles, interposed by her family, to prevent her happiness.

"After a long debate with myself, (Oct. 2, 1654,) how to satisfy you, and remove that rock, as you call it, which in your apprehensions is of so great danger, I am at least resolved to let you see that I value your affection for me at as high a rate as you yourself can set it, and that you cannot have more tenderness for me, and my interests than I shall ever have for yours. The particulars how I intend to make this good, you shall know when I see you, which since I find them here more irresolute in point of time, (though not as to the journey itself,) than I hoped they would have been, notwithstanding your quarrel to me, and the apprehensions you would make me believe you have that I do not care to see you—pray come hither and try whether you shall be welcome or not."

In this interview, although restricted to a few hours, probably all was settled and the day fixed. But now, as if to give still more interest to a story already fit for the ground of a romance, the bride was taken dangerously ill. So serious did the disorder appear, that the physicians rejoiced when it appeared to be the small-pox. Her attentive lover watched the progress of her illness, and had the pleasure of seeing her recovery; but the terrible disease, which some persons are even now unwilling to eradicate, had destroyed the beauty which perhaps first attracted Temple, though, fortunately, he had now had full opportunities of appreciating her more durable qualities. He was not of a temperament to be quite insensible to this loss, but he hesitated not for a moment, and the faithful pair were at last united. They passed the first year at the house of a friend in the country, where his eldest son was born, and they went to reside with his father in Ireland. Sir John Temple now resided partly in Dublin, partly in the county of Carlow, and between these two Temple and his wife "passed five years with great satisfaction," as he always expressed, almost wholly in the

conversation of his family and friends, where there was always a perfect agreement, kindness, and confidence in which Mrs. Temple always participated, and became one of the family. When in Carlow, where he appears to have built a house, Temple took part in all country affairs, but neither the conversation of an agreeable family, nor his public duties prevented him from pursuing the studies of his closet; and he traced to the five years thus passed quietly in Ireland, much of what he knew of philosophy and history.

A remarkable trait in Dorothy Osborne's character is shewn by an anecdote of her after she became Lady Temple:—

"The critical position of affairs induced the Dutch to keep a fleet at sea; and the English government hoped to draw from that circumstance an occasion of quarrel. A yacht was sent for Lady Temple; the captain had orders to sail through the Dutch fleet if he should meet it, and to fire into the nearest ships until they should either strike sail to the flag which he bore, or return his shot so as to make a quarrel! He saw nothing of the Dutch fleet in going over; but on his return he fell in with it, and fired, without warning or ceremony, into the ships that were next to him. The Dutch Admiral, Van Ghent, was puzzled: he seemed not to know, and probably did not know what the English captain meant. He therefore sent a boat, thinking it possible that the yacht was in distress; when the captain told his orders, mentioning also that he had the ambassadress on board. Van Ghent himself then came on board, with a handsome compliment to Lady Temple; and making his personal enquiries of the captain, received the same answer as before. The Dutchman said he had no orders upon the point, which he rightly believed to be still unsettled, and could not believe that the fleet, commanded by an Admiral, was to strike to the King's pleasure boat. When the Admiral returned to his ship, the captain also, "perplexed enough," applied to Lady Temple, who soon saw that he desired to get out of his difficulty by her help; but the wife of Sir William Temple called forth the spirit which we have seen in Dorothy Osborne. 'He knew,' she told the captain 'his orders best, and what he was to do upon them, which she left to him to follow as he thought fit, without any regard to her

or her children.* The Dutch and English commanders then proceeded each upon his own course, and Lady Temple was safely landed in England. She was much commended for her part, in what had passed, and of which she was called upon to give an account to Sir Leoline Jenkins, the judge of the Admiralty. 'When I went next to the King's levee, he began to speak of my wife's carriage at sea, and to commend it as much as he blamed the captain's, and said she had showed more courage than he; and then—(the King he must mean,) falling upon the Dutch insolence, I said that however matters went, it must be confessed that there was some merit in my family, since I had made the alliance with Holland, and my wife was like to have the honor of making the war. The King smiled as well as I, very glad probably to escape a serious conversation with the man whom he deceived and abandoned, who had found this the only way to lure the discourse into good humour, and so it ended.' "

But to return to Sir William Temple. He was chosen, without his previous knowledge, as member of the Irish Convention, in 1660, for the county of Carlow. His sister, Lady Gifford, mentions that he often turned the House in the warmest debates, by never entering into any of the parties or factions; and that a considerable person, Sir John Perceval, illustrated his influence by observing that he was glad he was not a Roman, as he was sure that Temple might have persuaded him to anything. He was usually selected a member of the most important committees, and was an active member of one appointed to promote the trade of Ireland. Amongst its recommendations was a navigation act similar to what had already passed in the English Parliament, and the free exportation of wool, in which latter, Temple, who had resided much in Ireland, took a lively interest. He also took an active part in the Act of Settlement, and was one of a Committee who prepared a clause for the security of the Protestant interest. The Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant, used to say of him—"he was the only man in Ireland, who never asked him for any thing."

In 1663, Temple removed with his

family to England. In 1665, while the plague was raging, he resided at Sheen, and soon after this he was engaged in his first diplomatic mission.

Not long after King Charles the Second declared war against the Dutch, Temple, being at Sheen, was disturbed one morning at the unseasonable hour of four o'clock, by a messenger from Lord Arlington. He immediately repaired to London, where Arlington put his zeal and friendship to the test by asking him whether he would be ready in three or four days to go upon an unnamed and secret service? The proposed mission was to Munster. Christopher Bernard Von Ghelen, Bishop of Munster, had an implacable hatred to the Dutch. He was of a restless and ambitious disposition, and had made an offer to the English ministry to enter the United Provinces with 20,000 men. Clarendon, then Chancellor, thought that the advantage offered, "looked as if it had come from Heaven." The Bishop was encouraged to send over a regular envoy. Temple started for Brussels, and met the Bishop at Caesvelt. Temple's diplomacy on this occasion, gave great satisfaction to the ministry; the plainness, and frankness which always characterized his political character, manifested themselves on this occasion. He appears, however, to have been "taken-in" by the wily ecclesiastic, and to have given him credit for plain-dealing and sincerity, "for truth, and sincerity, and great honor," to which the Bishop could lay little claim, except in appearance.

The correspondence of Arlington with Temple on this occasion, opens to us some of the tricks of diplomacy, and shews the sense entertained at the British court of Temple's mode of negotiating.

"I need not mind you, (says Arlington in one of his letters,) "of losing nothing in the exterior part, that will be due to your character, and the master that sent you. Perhaps the troublesome insisting on the punctilios therein, may be of better use than any of that candor and ingenuity (ingenuousness) you so much abound in. And therefore, notwithstanding the ample power given you

to hear and know all that passes, yet, when upon any transaction, you shall come to a conclusion, you must endeavour to make none; but by the pretence of fresh letters, expose the necessity of knowing his Majesty's pleasure anew. And in one word, play this farce as skilfully as you can, which you will the better be enabled to do, when you have engaged the Bishop to open himself clearly to you, declaring you have no instructions but to follow those he will give you."

In obedience to the orders from England, Temple made a rapid journey from Brussels to Munster. He travelled in the assumed character of a Spanish Envoy—but arrived just in time to hear the mortifying intelligence of a separate treaty between the Bishop and the Dutch!

But the negotiation of "THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE" was the most celebrated of Temple's diplomatic achievements. In this he showed himself an honest, ingenuous, and successful diplomatist.—Candour and integrity were the characteristics of his political life. In the honesty and sincerity of his character, his merits chiefly consisted.

The treaties comprising this alliance, were two. One a treaty of Athenian alliance between England and Holland; the other a treaty between these two powers and Sweden, which forms more peculiarly the Triple League. This alliance broke the union between France and Holland, and was directed in reality, as Flassan remarks in his "*Histoire generale et raisonnee de la Diplomatic Francaise*," against France alone.—Temple's merit in the transaction lay chiefly in his bringing the Dutch, by the most skilful management, into an agreement with England, after an estrangement occasioned by a series of mutual jealousies and injuries. He induced the Dutch ministers to take upon themselves the serious responsibility towards their masters of signing the league without instructions from the provinces, (as according to the principles of their constitution, the treaty should first have been sent by the several deputies to their several principals for consideration); and it was no easy matter to do this, in spite of the habitual slowness of the Dutch, in so short a period, as to prevent all French intrigues, and thus to disappoint the diplomacy of Ruvigni and D'Estrades.

Lingard, the Roman Catholic historian of England, derogates from the merit which cotemporary historians have ascribed to the treaty of "the Triple Alliance," in which he is supported by a French writer, the author of "*Considerations of Louis XIV.*" prefixed to Louis' works. Carrel, in his history of the counter-revolution, under Charles and James II. while he attributes the treaty to a mere desire to obtain money, admits that it was negotiated by Temple with views entirely patriotic. Bolingbroke, in his letters on history, speaks of it as just, wise, and worthy of a king of England. All historians agree that the happy conclusion of the Alliance was to be attributed chiefly to the personal character of Temple.—Burke, in his *Essay on a Regicide Peace*, says of it—when in the last century, Temple and De Witt negotiated the Triple Alliance, their candor, their freedom, and the most confidential disclosures were the result of true policy, and Flassan commending the promptness of Temple's diplomacy, cites it as his maxim, that *in politics one must always speak the truth*. The celebrated Pensionary De Witt wrote to Lord Arlington on the occasion that it was impossible to send a minister of greater capacity or more proper for the temper and genius of the Dutch nation than Temple, and the States-General told the King that it was a thing without example, that in so few days three such important treaties should have been concluded, and that the address, the vigilance, and the sincerity of Sir William Temple were without example.

Bishop Burnet speaks of this alliance as the masterpiece of Charles' Life.—If he had stuck to it, he says, it would have been both the strength and glory of his reign. It disposed his people to forgive all that had passed, and to renew their confidence in him which was much shaken in the whole conduct of the Dutch war. Rapin, Hume, Kennett, Russell, and Koch, express the same opinion.

"After sealing the treaty," says Temple, "we all embraced with much kindness and applause of my saying, upon that occasion, *a Breda comme amis, ici comme freres*. Monsieur de Witt made me a most obliging compliment of having the honor, which never any other minister had before me, of drawing the States to a re-

solution in five days, upon a matter of the greatest importance; and added, that now it was done, it looked like a miracle. I must add these words to do him right, that I found him as plain, direct, and square in the course of this business, as any man could be; for his industry no man had ever more I am sure; for these five days at least, neither of us spent any idle hours, neither day nor night."

Not many months before the conclusion of this treaty, we find Temple in correspondence with Lord Lisle. The following letter, written from Brussels and the reply, give us some insight into the court and couriers of the day:—

"Brussels, Aug. 1667.

"MY LORD,—I received lately the honor of one from your lordship, which, after all complaints of slowness and dullness, had enough to bear it out, though it had been much better addressed, but needed nothing where it was besides being yours. In my present station I want no letters of business or news; which makes those that bring me marks of my friends' remembrance, or touches at their present thoughts and entertainments, taste much better than any thing can do that is common fare. I agree very much with your lordship in being very little satisfied with the wit's excuse of employing none upon relations, as they do in France; and doubt much it is the same temper and course of thoughts among us, that makes us neither act things worth relating, nor relate things worth the reading.

"Whilst making some of the company laugh, and others ridiculous, is the game in vogue, I fear we shall hardly succeed at any other, and am sorry our courtiers should content themselves with such votaries as those. I would have been glad to have seen Mr. Cowley, before he died, celebrate Captain Douglas' death, who stood and burnt in one of our ships, at Chatham, when his soldiers left him, because it should never be said that a Douglas quitted his post without order. Whether it be wise in men to do such actions or not, I am sure it is so in states to honour them; and if they can, to turn the vein of wits to raise up the esteem of some qualities above the real value, rather than bring every thing to burlesque, which, if it be allowed at all, should only be so to wise men in their closets, and not to wits in their common work and company. But I leave them to be formed by great men's examples,

and humours, and know very well it is folly for a private man to touch them, which brings them like wasps about one's ears. However, I cannot but bewail the transiiveness of their fame, as well as other men's, when I hear Mr. Waller is turned to burlesque among them, while he is alive, which never happened to old poets till many years after their death; and though I never knew him enough to adore him, as many have done, and easily believe he may be, as your lordship says, enough out of fashion, yet I am apt to think some out of the old cut-work bands were of as fine thread, and as well wrought as any of our new points; and, at least, that all the wit he and his company spent in heightening love and friendship, was better employed than what was laid out so prodigally by the modern wits, in the mockery of all sorts of religion and government. I know not how your lordship's letter has engaged me in this kind of discourse, but I know very well you will advise me, after it, to keep my residence here as long as I can, foretelling me what success I am likely to have among our courtiers if I come over. The best of it is, my heart is set so much upon my little corner at Sheen, that while I keep that, no other disappointments will be very sensible to me; and because my wife tells me she is so bold as to enter into talk of enlarging our dominions there. I am contriving here this summer how a succession of cherries may be compassed from May till Michaelmas, and how the riches of Sheen vines may be improved by half dozen sorts which are not yet known there, and which I think much beyond any that are. I should be very glad to come and plant them myself this next season, but know not yet how those thoughts will hit. Though I design to stay but a month in England, yet they are here very unwilling that I should stir, as all people in adversity are jealous of being forsaken; and his Majesty is not willing to give them any discouragement, whether he gives them any assistance or no. But if they end the campaign with any good fortune, they will be better humoured in that as well as all other points; and it seems not a very unlikely thing, the French having done nothing in six months past but harness their army, and being before Lisle, engaged in a siege which may very well break the course of their success. They have not yet made the least advance upon any of the outworks; but been

beaten off with much loss in all their assaults; and if that King's design be to bring his nobility as low as he has done his people, he is in a good way, and may very well leave most of the brave among them in their trenches there.

"WM. TEMPLE."

Lord Lisle's part of the correspondence is also worth reading:—

"Since I have your last letter, I have made you no acknowledgment of it. A retirement is, in several respects, like the night of one's life, in the obscurity and darkness, and in the sleepiness and dolefulness; which I mention only to put you in mind that I am only by my posture of life apt to be failing towards you. What is of court or assemblies near us is at my Lord Crofts'. Sir Thos. Ingram this summer has made no noise at all. Old Lady Devonshire keeps up her parts still, and that hath been of late Mr. Waller's chief theatre; the assembly of wits at Mr. Comptroller's will scarce let him in, and poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also. He is at many of the meetings at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him, and from that obligation, exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish. If he had not the sense of being mad, I believe in most companies he would be thought wittier than ever he was. He seems to have few extravagancies besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is always inclined to. Some of his acquaintance say that extreme vanity was a cause of his madness, as well as it is an effect. All persons of note hereabouts are going to their winter quarters in London. The burning of the city begins to be talked of as a story, like that of the burning of Troy."

At the latter end of 1668 Temple went as ambassador from Charles II. to the Hague. He had several conferences with the then Prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third. Writing of him to England he says:

"I find him, in earnest, an extreme hopeful prince, and to speak more plainly something, much better than I expected, and a young man of more parts than ordinary, and of the better sort; that is, not lying in that kind of wit which is neither of use to one's self nor to any body else, but in good plain sense, with show of application if he had business that deserved it, and that with extreme

good agreeable humour and dispositions; and thus far of his way without any vice. Besides being sleepy always by ten o'clock at night, and loving hunting as much as he hates swearing, and preferring cock-ale before any sort of wine. I thought it not impertinent at once to give you his picture, which the little lines are to make like rather than the great ones; and the rather because your lordship, I remember, was inquiring after it when I could not give it but very imperfectly. His person, I think you know, is very good, and has much of the princess in it; and never any body raved so much after England, as well the language as all else that belonged to it."

Temple also renewed his friendship with the Pensionary De Witt, of whom on a subsequent occasion, when the intelligence of his murder reached him, he says:

"He deserved another fate, and a better return from his country, after 18 years spent in their ministry, without any care of his entertainments or ease, and little of his fortune. A man of unwearied industry, inflexible constancy, sound, clear, and deep understanding, and untainted integrity: so that whenever he was blinded it was by the passion he had for that which he esteemed the good and interest of the state. This testimony is justly due to him from all that practised him; and is the more willingly paid, since there can be as little interest to flatter, as honour to reproach the dead."

Amongst the extracts from Temple's correspondence, given by his biographer, is his celebrated letter to the Countess of Essex, upon her grief occasioned by the death of her daughter. Few have been exposed to greater trials of domestic affliction than this lady. She was the daughter of Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, and married to Arthur, Lord Capel, who soon after the Restoration was created Earl of Essex. Of two daughters and six sons, only one daughter and one son survived her, and her husband was found in the Tower, with his throat cut in 1683.

The letter is interesting, not only from the circumstance which occasioned it, but from the religious feeling it evinces, and its exceeding beauty, ease, harmony, gracefulness of style. It is further interesting, as it satisfac-

torily disproves an insinuation thrown out by a former biographer of Temple, that he was a justifier of that cowardly crime—suicide. After observing that her excess of grief may lead to the destruction of life, he adds :

"You will say this is your design, or if not, your desire. But I hope you are not yet so far gone, or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, but His that lent it to you, to manage and preserve the best you could, and not throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. It belongs, in a great measure to your country and your family, and therefore, by all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime, and is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. If we do it, and know that we do it by a long and continued grief, can we think ourselves innocent?"

"When you go about to throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and no great hopes of that into which you have entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an accident past remedy, and to which all mortal race is perpetually subject; for God's sake, madam, give me leave to tell you, that what you do is not at all agreeable either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable, or so great a person as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights. I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can please him more, or become us better than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all that he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves: for if we consider him as our Maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust him; so that we may be confident whatever he does is intended for good, and whatever happens that we can interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save any thing by resisting. . . . If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge, if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or

children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how many diseases, and how much poverty there is in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God. . . . God Almighty gave you all blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest: is this his fault or yours? nay, is it not to be very unthankful to heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? Is it not to say, because you have lost one thing which God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? Is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? . . . Your extreme fondness was, perhaps, as displeasing to God before, as now your extreme affliction; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God; and it becomes us better to adore all the issues of his providence in the effects, than inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes."

After these appeals to religion, he gives worldly reasons for controlling the violence of her grief; urging her duty to her husband, her son, and her friends:

"I was in hope," he says in concluding, "that what was so violent could not be so long; but when I observed it to be stronger with age, and increase like a stream, the farther it ran; when I saw it draw out such unhappy consequences, and threaten no less than your child, your health, and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour, nor end without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, and for your own, for your children, and for your friends, for your country's and for your family's, that you would no longer abandon yourself to disconsolate passion, but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or at least rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percys, that

never yet shrunk at any disaster;* that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortunes of your family—not always the losses; cherish those views of good-humour that are sometimes so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unnatural to your children, and to yourself; but above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life, for your friend's sake, at least, if not for your own."

Temple's long intimacy and apparent cordiality with Lord Arlington, seems to us not very reconcileable with his general character. Firm as the Lord Chamberlain certainly was, and devoted to Charles in his adversity, his conduct as a statesman, when Secretary of State, and as adviser of his royal master, was anything but commendable. The portrait which the author of "*Grammont*" gives of him is remarkable. Speaking of his unsuccessful negotiations in Spain, he says :

"Quoiqu' il n' y eût pas réussi pour les intérêts de son maître, il n' y avait pas tout-à-fait perdu son temps : car il avait parfaitement attrapé par son extérieur le sérieux et la gravité des Espagnols : et dans les affaires il imitait assez bien leur denteur. Il avait une Cicatrice au Travers du nez, qui couvrait une longue mouche, ou pour mieux dire, une petite emplâtre en losange. Les blessures au visage donnent d'ordinaire certain air violent et guerrier qui ne sied pas mal. C'était tout le contraire à son égard, et cette emplâtre remarquable s'était tellement accommodée à l'air mystérieux du sien qu'il semblait y ajouter quelque chose d'important et de capable. Arlington, à l'abri de cette contenance composée d'une grande acuité pour le travail et d'une impenetrable stupidité pour le secret, s'était donné pour grand politique : et n'ayant pas le loisir de l'examiner, on l'avait cru sur sa parole, et

ou l'avait fait ministre et secrétaire d'état sur sa mine."

Hume and Burnet speak of him in terms of great disparagement. He is however, more favourably viewed by his biographer in the "*Biographia Britannica*;" and Clarendon, who did not like him, speaks of his pleasant and agreeable humour. Temple and he at length became estranged from one another. The first palpable occasion of this seems to have been the marriage of the Princess Mary with the Prince of Orange. Lord Danby, then Lord Treasurer, and Temple seem to have completed the arrangements for this alliance, and Arlington was chagrined at not having any participation in them. When William arrived in England, in the latter end of 1677, Charles still wanted to postpone the match. Temple was employed to remonstrate with him, on behalf of William, on which occasion Charles said : "Well, I never was deceived in judging of a man's honesty by his looks; and if I am not deceived in the Prince's face, he is the honestest man in the world, and I will trust him, and he shall have his wife." The marriage was immediately accomplished.

For several years previous to what Lady Gifford calls "the surprising Revolution of 1688," Temple had lived secluded, between Sheen and Moor-Park. At the latter end of 1686 he waited on James the Second, at Windsor, to assure him that he never would again enter upon any public appointment, and begged his favor and protection to one who would always live a good subject. James, who used to say that it was Sir Wm. Temple's character always to be believed, promised him what he desired, but made him some reproaches for not coming into his service upon the

* On this passage, with one from the "*Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning*," Blair, after noticing an unharmonious sentence from Tillotson, says : "Observe, now, on the other hand, the ease with which the following sentence glides along and the graceful intervals at which the pauses are placed. . . . Here every thing is at once easy to the breath, and grateful to the ear; and it is this sort of flowing measure, this regular and proportional division of his sentence, which renders Sir Wm. Temple's style always agreeable. I must observe, at the same time, that a sentence with too many rests, and these placed at intervals too apparently measured and regular, is apt to savour of affectation."—i. 325.

landing of William. John Temple, who then resided at Sheen, and had married a rich French heiress, the daughter of Monsieur Duplessin Rambouillet, a French Protestant, in vain solicited his father's permission to meet the Prince. He had promised James never to engage in any illegal measure in opposition to the Crown, with a reserve of the case of the introduction of foreigners into this country. He conceived he could take no part in the revolution, consistently with this promise, but upon the abdication of the King his scruples were so far removed that he waited upon the Prince, who was at Windsor, and took his son with him. The Prince pressed him to come into his service, and paid him two or three visits at Sheen; but Temple's resolution (now in his 61st year) was not to be shaken, and he returned to Moor-Park, in the latter end of 1689, to be out of the way of further solicitation. In the first moments of the struggle, as remarked by his biographer, he could not have foreseen that it would be easy and bloodless. We, who only read these events, are apt to forget that those who embarked in the enterprize of William, were committed in a contest of indefinite duration and doubtful issue, which they might have to sustain with their lives and properties, amidst confiscation and carnage. They might have been required to act over again the scenes of the Great Rebellion,—not those of the Glorious Revolution. As Mr. McAuley remarks, in a review of Sir James Mackintosh's "Fragment on the Revolution:" "Every man who then meddled with public affairs, took his life in his hand. Men of gentle natures stood aloof from contests in which they could not engage without hazarding their own necks, and the fortunes of their children. This was the course adopted by Sir William Temple, by Evelyn, and by many other men, who were in every respect admirably qualified to serve the state."

Temple's son, however, ultimately accepted, and apparently with his father's permission, the situation of secretary at war. Within a week afterwards he was found drowned in the Thames, having left this writing behind him: "I wish the King all happiness, and abler servants than John

Temple." The causes of this unhappy occurrence remain in obscurity. Lady Gifford, alluding to his death, thus concludes her interesting memoir:

"With this deplorable accident ended all the good fortune so long taken notice of in our family, and but too well confirmed the rule that no man ought to think his life happy till the end of it. With this load of his affliction, and my own, and all of us with hearts oppressed, we returned with Sir William Temple and his desolate family to Moor-Park, and he had so firm a resolution of passing his life there, that I believe another such Revolution itself would not have altered it. God Almighty only knows how he shall be pleased to dispose of what remains to him, who upon all the dismal accidents that happened in his life, I have so often heard repeat these words, '*God's holy name be praised.*'"

It was about the period of the Revolution that the connection between Sir William Temple and Jonathan Swift commenced. Soon after his death Swift published a collection of his letters.

"Shortly after coming under his roof he tried to propitiate his patron by compliments in verse. The ode which he addressed to him in June 1689, we leave, as to its poetical merit, to the biographers of its author; but the topics are not uninteresting in a life of Temple. The burden of the song is, that Temple was the first man who was learned without pedantry. Most men the young poet says—

III.

"—Purchase knowledge at th' expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And grow at once scholars and fools;
Affect ill-mannered pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility.

• • • • •

IV.

"Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this general pest.
Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er joined before, but in romances
meet,

We find in you at last united grown.

You cannot be compared to one;
I must, like him who painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace.

Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too;
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls."

"Other topics of praise are his detection of political intrigues and machinations"—

VII.

"The wily tricks of state, those jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep designs, and politics;"

"His success in peaceful negotiations; and his desertion of politics and courts for the pleasures of the country. This choice of topics shows the character of that reputation which Temple desired and obtained from his cotemporaries as well as from posterity. It will not escape notice that Epicurus is one of the heroes of whom the triple hero of Moor Park is compounded.

"After two years Swift went to Ireland for his health, and it was not until after his return that his talents greatly improved by copious reading, and his powers of observation did obtain for him a share of Sir William's confidence. Indeed he was certainly now treated as one of the family, and occasionally made one of the party when the king himself, who occasionally visited Moor Park, was present.

"There is, unfortunately, little record of what passed between Temple and his royal acquaintance, or even of the subjects upon which King William consulted him, but his advice was asked occasionally upon matters of high importance. For the Earl of Portland came to consult him, by the King's command, on the expediency of refusing the royal assent to the bill for triennial parliaments. Sir William Temple's advice was, that the bill should pass, and he employed Swift to draw up reasons for it taken from English history. Temple's opinions in favour of a conciliatory treatment of parliament, would doubtless have induced him to advise that a bill which had passed both houses should be accepted by the King; and he might easily have satisfied William from history, that, in point of fact, short parliaments had been usual; and that the two parliaments of longest duration (1640 and 1661) were by no means favourable to the monarchy. Swift, who was sent to the Earl of Portland with the reasons for passing the bill, says, that the King had been persuaded that Charles the First lost his crown by passing one of the same purport; whereas the truth was, that Charles' ruin was rather owing to the bill which put it out of his power to dissolve the parliament. It was the long parliament which went to war with him. The reasonings of Temple and Swift did not prevail. The King would not at that

time pass the bill. About this time Temple, who was an habitual sufferer from gout and other painful disorders, felt seriously ill. On his recovery, Swift made another copy of verses. He now abandoned the Pindaric stanza, and with his measure in some degree changed his tone: his compliments were accompanied with something like complaint. As our business is not with Swift, we will pass over the lines intended perhaps as a delicate compliment to the admirer of Cowley where

—"Deduction's broken chain,

Meets and salutes her sister-link again,"

"and dwell on the lines in which Lady Temple is introduced:—

"As parent earth, burst by imprisoned winds,
Scatters strange agues o'er men's sickly minds,
And shakes the Atheist's knees: such ghastly fear
Late I beheld on every face appear.

Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise and great,
Trembling, beheld the doubtful hand of fate;
Mild Dorothea, whom we both have long
Not dared to injure with our lowly song,
Sprung from a better world, and chosen then
The best companion for the best of men:
As some fair pile, yet spared by seal and rage,
Lives pious witness of a better age;
So men may see what once was womankind,
In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind."

"But he apostrophizes himself in lines which have been supposed, and with reason, to refer to the uncomfortable state of his mind and prospects while residing with Sir William Temple:—

—"An abandoned wretch by hopes foresook;
Foresook by hopes, ill-fortune's last relief,
Assign'd for life to unremitting grief.
For let heaven's wrath enlarge those weary days
If hope e'er dawns the smallest of its rays."

"And

—"Thy few ill-prosented graces seem
To breed contempt where thou hadst hoped esteem."

"A complaining dependent, especially if he complains in verse, will generally obtain compassion; his readers are apt to think him in the right, particularly if they are themselves literary men: these not only sympathise with the sufferer, but record his griefs.

"Swift's biographers accordingly, including the last and most eminent, Sir Walter Scott, have deemed him ill-used by Sir William Temple, at least at this period of their connection. But it is at least as probable that Swift was unreasonable in his expectations, as that Temple was luke-warm in his patronage. Swift's complaints began as early as 1692, when he was about twenty-five years old, and had been with his patron scarcely

two years. Having made up his mind to go into the church, he had received from Sir William Temple a promise of his influence in obtaining preferment:—‘I am not to take orders,’ he says, in a letter of 29th November, 1692, ‘until the King gives me a prebend; and Sir William Temple, though he promises me the certainty of it, yet is less forward than I could wish, because, I suppose he believes I shall leave him, and upon some accounts he thinks me a little necessary to him.’ Such is Swift’s representation; in the absence of Temple’s we must recollect that Swift had no claim upon him but that of service, and that however valuable the services of the secretary might have been, it was unreasonable to expect that they should be continued a little longer, before they were rewarded by a provision for life. But we do not know that Sir William Temple had already had it in his power to procure this prebend, or had neglected any opportunity of obtaining it. When Swift himself became a courtier, and liable to the solicitations of all his Irish cousins, he must have learned that the most powerful influence cannot at all times command even the smallest preferment. Nearly two years afterwards, in which period, no doubt, Sir William had perceived his talents and usefulness, and had accordingly put him forward even in his intercourse with the King, Swift left Moor Park, and thus announced his departure:—‘I forgot to tell you I left Sir William Temple a month ago, just as I foretold it to you, and everything happened thereupon exactly as I guessed. He was extremely angry I left him, and yet would not oblige himself any farther than upon my good behaviour, nor would promise any thing firmly to me at all, so that every body judged I did best to leave him.’ Swift might certainly forget to tell his cousin of his leaving Moor Park; but when his memory returned he ought to have told the story fully and fairly. He was told it elsewhere:—‘Although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the church merely for support; and Sir William Temple, who was then Master of the Rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ about £120 a year in that office, whereupon Mr. Swift told him, that having now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders; he was recommended to the Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy, who gave him a prebend in the

North worth about £100 a year.’ Surely, considering that Swift had come to Sir William Temple a very few years before for £20 a year and his board, this offer, with the alternative of remaining longer in his service, and then obtaining preferment in the church, was not illiberal. Whether Temple was angry as Swift avers, or cold as Sheridan assumes, we know not; but he gave Swift no substantial ground of complaint, still less if, as is probable, he gave him the recommendation to Lord Capel which procured him the prebend in the North. Some months after his departure, being about to take orders, Swift applied to Sir William for the necessary testimonial. ‘I entreat your honour will please to send me some certificate of my behaviour during almost three years in your family, wherein I shall stand in need of all your goodness to excuse my many weaknesses and oversights, much more to say any thing to my advantage. The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons for quitting your honour’s family; that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honour’s mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any farther, than for infirmities.’ Sir William Temple, who probably thought himself the injured party, received this as a sufficient atonement, and gave a testimonial so prompt and satisfactory that Swift obtained orders within twelve days of his application. Surely nothing in Swift’s character makes it improbable that his patron had something to forgive whether of unbecoming behaviour or unreasonable expression of disappointment. It is to the credit of both parties that the breach was not irreparable. Swift took possession of the prebend of Kilroot; found it intolerably dull, and after an absence of about a year, readily accepted an invitation to return to Moor Park, where he remained during the life of the proprietor. From this time there was no acknowledged disagreement between these two eminent persons; and Swift, whose salary and situation in the family had probably been improved, does not appear to have complained that he was not preferred in the church, or indeed to have wished to alter his condition.”

“Early in the year 1694–5, being then in the 67th year of his age, Sir William Temple lost his wife, with whom he had lived in great harmony for forty years. We knew enough of Dorothy Osborne in her early intercourse with her future

husband, to lament deeply the want of a more intimate acquaintance with her as Lady Temple. Enough appears in the mention occasionally made of her by Temple, and his correspondents to show that she enjoyed his full confidence. It is one of the advantages which a politician possesses who is honest and firm in his principles, and has no intrigue in his disposition, that he can freely communicate with an intelligent wife, upon matters which are necessarily of the greatest importance to himself, and that he can tell her of his own deeds and thoughts upon public affairs without corrupting her mind or conveying to it misgivings as to his own rectitude. An upright man with a sensible and good wife, has a second conscience, less easy than the other to be cajoled or disregarded. The following notice of Lady Temple is in the additions to Lady Gifford's manuscript:—'She was a very extraordinary woman, as well as a good wife, of whom nothing more need be said to her advantage, than that she was not only much esteemed by his friends and acquaintances, some of whom were persons of the greatest figure, but valued and distinguished by such good judges of true merit as King William and Queen Mary, with whom she had the honour to keep a constant correspondence, being justly admired for her fine style and delicate turn of wit and good sense in writing letters; and whom (the Queen) she outlived about a month, the deep affliction for her Majesty's deplorable death having hastened her own.

"We do not hear of any intercourse between Temple and the other literary men of his age. Probably his employments and residence abroad had connected him almost exclusively with politicians, until so late a period of his life, that now that he had forsworn politics, and devoted himself to his library and his garden—he had no opportunity of diverting the course of his acquaintance. John Evelyn was only a few years older than Temple, and had in common with him a love of books and plants, neutrality in the revolution, and retirement in Surrey; but there was no intimacy, apparently no acquaintance, between these eminent men. Had Evelyn, indeed, been at Temple's side when he wrote upon ancient and modern learning, the Fellow of the Royal Society might have taught him to pay greater respect to the discoveries of Newton and Harvey.

"An anecdote without date, and without reference to authority, is related

by Dr. Arbuthnot of the intercourse between Sir William Temple and the Irish president of the Royal Society:—'Sir William Temple and the famous Lord Brouncker, being neighbours in the country, had frequently very sharp contentions: like other great men one would not bear an equal, and the other would not admit a superior. My Lord was a great admirer of curiosities, and had a very good collection, which Sir William used to undervalue, on all occasions disparaging every thing of his neighbour's, and giving something of his own the preference.' This by no means pleased his lordship, who took all opportunities of being revenged. One day, as they were discoursing together of their several rarities, my lord very seriously and gravely replied to him, 'Sir William, so no more of the matter; you must at length yield to me, having lately got something which it is impossible for you to obtain; for my Welsh steward has sent me a flock of geese; and these are what you can never have, since all your geese are swans.'

"Lord Dartmouth, whose annotations, upon Burnet's History of his Own Times, have lately brought him before the public, appears to have been in his youth familiarly acquainted with Sir William Temple; the only anecdote which he gives us, evinces the freedom with which the old diplomatist conversed with young men, (for Dartmouth was at the time only 26 years old,) as well as his appreciation of republican writers. 'When Sidney's large book upon government,' says Lord Dartmouth, 'came out in the reign of King William, Sir William Temple asked me if I had seen it: I told him I had read it all over; he could not help admiring at my patience, but desired to know what I had thought of it: I said it seemed to me wrote with a design to destroy all government. Sir William Temple answered, that it was for want of knowing the author; for there was one passage in it which explained the whole, which was this: If there be any such thing as divine right, it must be where one man is better qualified to govern another than he is to govern himself; such a person seems by God and nature designed to govern the other for his benefit and happiness. Now, I that knew him very well can assure you that he looked upon himself to be that very man so qualified to govern the rest of mankind.'

"Temple's personal intercourse with

Algernon Sidney was chiefly in their early life. In the reign of Charles the Second he was very guarded in his conference with so obnoxious and dangerous a man; and so far as we can judge from Sidney's letters at the time of the council scheme, no intimacy had been renewed between these two persons, whose characters greatly differed, during that period, when conciliation of popular leaders was the momentary feeling of the court."

This conversation with Lord Dartmouth, which the date of the publication of the discourse upon government fixes in the year 1698, is the last recorded occurrence in the life of Sir William Temple.

To the memoirs of her brother which Lady Gifford wrote was affixed "a character" describing him as he was in 1690, about the 63d year of his age. Some of the most interesting parts of this sketch are now for the first time published. After describing his person and his lively wit and humour in conversation, she adds:—

"He never seemed busy in his greatest employments, and was such a lover of liberty, that I remember when he was young, and his fortunes low, to have heard him say he would not be obliged, for five hundred a year, to step over a gutter that was in the street before his door. He hated the servitude of courts; said he could never serve for wages, nor be busy (as one is so often there) to no purpose, and never was willing to enter upon any employment but that of a public minister. He was a great lover of music, seldom without it in his family; fond of pictures and statues, as far as his fortune would reach; sensible extremely to good air and good smells, which gave him so great an aversion to the town that he once passed five years at Sheen without seeing it. The entertainments of his life were the conversation of his friends, and scenes he had made pleasant about him in his garden and house; riding and walking were the exercises he was most pleased with after he had given over tennis; and when he was disabled from these two by the gout, passed much of his time in airing in his coach, that was not spent in his closet.

"He had been a passionate lover, was a kind husband, and a kind and indulgent father, a good master, and the best friend in world and the most constant; and knowing himself to be

so, was impatient of the least suspicion or jealousy from those he loved; often reflected his own happiness in a wife that was pleased to see him so, and in return was easy to consent to anything she liked. He was ever tied to the memory of those he had once loved and esteemed; wounded to the heart by grief upon the many losses of his children and friends, till recovered by reason and philosophy, and that perfect resignation to Almighty God which he thought so absolutely a part of our duty upon these sad occasions of his saying 'His holy name be praised! His will be done!'

"With this warmth in his kindness, he was not without strong aversions, so as to be uneasy at the first sight of some he disliked, and impatient of their conversation; apt to warm in disputes and expostulations, which made him hate the one and avoid the other, which he used to say might sometimes do well between lovers, but never between friends. He turned his conversation to what was more easy and pleasant, especially at table, where he said ill humour ought never to come, and that those who could not leave it behind for the time, ought to stay away with it.

"He never ate abroad when he could avoid it, and at home of as little as he thought fit for his company, always of the plainest meats, but the best chosen, and commonly dining himself of the first dish, or whatever stood next him; and said he was made for a farmer and not a courtier, and understood being a shepherd and a gardener better than an ambassador. If he was ever inclined to excess, it was in fruits, which by his care and application he was always furnished with the best of from his own garden. He loved the taste of good wines, and those best that were least kind to him, and drank them constantly, though never above three or four glasses: thought life not worth the care many were at to preserve it, and that 'twas not what we ate or drank, but excess in either that was dangerous."

"He naturally loved play, and very deep too, without any application, and by reckoning his losses several years found himself every one of them so considerable a loser he resolved to give it quite up.

"He lived healthful till forty-two, then began to be troubled with rheums upon his teeth and eyes, which he attributed to the air of Holland; and which ended when he was forty-seven in the

gout, upon which he grew very melancholy, being then ambassador at the Hague.

"His fortune was never great, but very different at the different parts of his life; he began the world and had several children with but £500 a year, yet had always money by him; after his father's death it increased to £1400, which was the most he ever had coming in besides the Master of the Rolls' place of Ireland, which King Charles the Second gave him the reversion of after his father, who kept it during his life. And the presents made him in his several embassies were laid out in the purchase and building his three houses, of which that in London was wholly for his wife; and in what he laid out considered nothing of show, no more than in anything else but what he thought fittest for his family, and most convenient to that and himself. Nothing was ever spared, so that those who knew him little thought him rich; to whom he used to answer pleasantly, that he wanted nothing but an estate; and was really so, in having all he cared for, nobody being less expensive upon themselves, wore always the plainest stuffs, and for many years the same colour. But nobody was ever more generous to his friends, or more charitable to the poor, in giving often to those who wanted it, except common beggars, who he chose rather to relieve by giving to the parish than be troubled with crowds of at his doors, though with such he was often moved too. I have known him to give three hundred pounds at a time, often one hundred. He always rewarded his servants when they did well, and parted with them when they did not; conversed with the meanest of them; was all the life of his family, that looked as if they had no life when he was out of it, which no man I believe was ever so seldom, from the youngest I ever remember him."

"He died at Moor Park in the beginning of 1699, as we are informed by this entry in a journal which Swift is said to have kept of his last illness. 'January 27th, 1699 (N. S.) He died at one o'clock this morning, and with him all that was good and amiable among men.' Further particulars of his death we have none, except that a sermon was preached at Farnham on the occasion of his death, by a clergyman of the name of Savage.

"According to his directions his heart was buried under a sundial, which still remains in his garden; and his body in Westminster Abbey, where the tablet, which was afterwards set up in conformity with his will, is still to be seen.

"His character has been sketched by some master-hands. Amongst others, Fox in his historical work says of him:—

"Even Sir William Temple, who appears to have been one of the most honest as well as most enlightened statesmen of his time, could not believe his treachery to be quite so deep as it was in fact, and seems occasionally to have hoped that he was in earnest in his professed intentions of following the wise and just system that was recommended to him. Great instances of credulity and blindness in wise men are often liable to the suspicion of being pretended, for the purpose of justifying the continuing in situations of power and employment longer than strict honour would allow. But to Temple's sincerity his subsequent conduct gives abundant testimony. When he had reason to think that he could no longer be useful to his country, he withdrew wholly from public business, and resolutely adhered to the preference of philosophical retirement, which, in his circumstances, was just in spite of every temptation which occurred to bring him back to the more active scene. The remainder of his life he seems to have employed in the most noble contemplations and most elegant amusements; every enjoyment heightened, no doubt, by reflecting on the honorable part he had acted in public affairs, and without any regret on his own account (whatever he might feel for his country) at having been driven from them."

Again:—

"Sir William Temple, whose life and character is a refutation of the vulgar notion, that philosophy and practical good sense in business are incompatible attainments."

Nor can we dispense with the evidence of Sir James Mackintosh:—

"Sir William Temple was a most admirable person. He seems to be the model of a negotiator, uniting politeness and address to honesty. His merit, as a domestic politician, is also very great: in

an age of extremes he was attached to liberty, and yet averse from endangering the public quiet. Perhaps diplomatic habits had smoothed away his turbulence too much for such a government as England.

"Foreigners also perceived, in union with great diplomatic address, the simplicity and moderation of his character; and for these, as much as for his politics, King William, when Prince of Orange, preferred him to all other ambassadors."

Hume's criticism on Temple's writings is given in a hasty but characteristic manner. His style, he remarks, though extremely negligent, and even

infected with foreign idioms, is agreeable and interesting. That mixture of vanity which appears in his works is rather a recommendation to them. By means of it we enter into acquaintance with the character of the author, full of honor, and humanity, and fancy that we are engaged, not in the perusal of a book but in conversation with a companion. He adds, that of all the considerable writers of the age of Charles the Second, he was almost the only one who kept himself altogether unpolled by that inundation of vice and licentiousness which overwhelmed the nation.

* "L'Angleterre en 1689 perdit dans un simple particulier un de ses principaux ornemens; je veux dire le Chevalier Temple, qui a également figuré avec la première réputation dans les lettres et dans les sciences, et dans celles de la politique et du gouvernement, et qui s'est fait un grand nom dans les plus grandes ambassades, et dans les premières médiations de paix générale. C'était, avec beaucoup d'esprit, d'insinuation, et d'adresse, un homme simple d'ailleurs, qui ne cherchait point à paraître, et qui aimait à se réjouir, et à vivre libre, en vrai Anglais, sans aucun souci de l'élévation de bien ni de fortune. Il avait partout beaucoup d'amis, et des amis illustres, qui s'honoraient de son commerce."—*Œuvres de St. Simon*, iv. 67.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. V.

FLOOD.—PART II.

It was when the exultation of the people knew no bounds, at the recovery of what they deemed their constitutional rights, that Mr. Flood first suggested any doubts respecting the completeness of the measures proposed for the entire security of the national independence. They were, therefore, in no temper to listen to him with the patient attention that would be necessary to enable them to do justice to his argument; and he stood, we believe, almost alone when he first suggested any grave doubts respecting the reasonableness of that tumultuary gratitude with which the repeal of the 6th of George the First was regarded. He was looked upon as a querulous and disaffected man, who felt envious of the rich harvest of popularity which Grattan was at that time reaping for his patriotic labours. His long secession from the ranks of opposition caused him to be regarded with suspicion and resentment by many who had formerly been amongst the warmest of his friends; and his

sudden defection from the ranks of government, and decided readoption of a popular line of action, excited, in the highest degree, the ire of the partizans of administration; and the extraordinary measure was had recourse to of striking his name off the list of the privy council, after he had voluntarily surrendered his place. At the present crisis, the ministerial and the opposition parties were united; and each expressed and exhibited towards him a portion of that rancour and bitterness which it was but natural that they should feel; the one, because they conceived his bearing to be seditious and revolutionary; the other, because they conceived him to be actuated by an unworthy jealousy of Mr. Grattan, and an equally unworthy ingratitude for British generosity, as well as distrust of British honor.

The Irish are a mercurial and imaginative people; and it is not surprising that the hallucinations of Grattan's splendid eloquence should, at such a season, have exerted a magical influ-

ence over their minds. But Dugald Stewart has remarked, that, from the days of Joannes Scotus, they have always been a people by whom logical reasoning has been held in high esteem; and the specimens which they were now about to receive of Mr. Flood's powers in that particular, were well calculated to extort their admiration. Circumstances, also, aided the orator in producing the effect which he desired, and satisfied many that there was a foundation in fact for the doubts which were at first thought so preposterous and captious. Lord Mansfield, in the King's Bench in England, hesitated not to adjudicate upon a writ of error which had been sent from this country previously to the late arrangement; as he was obliged, he said, to adhere to the ancient usage of his court, and he knew of no statute which abrogated that usage. "This business," Mr. Hardy tells us, "of mere accident, (for it was evident that no writ of error could again be sent there from Ireland,) threw the country again into a flame; and a casual judicial proceeding was magnified into national perfidy, and more than Carthaginian breach of faith and compact." Thus, a reaction set in in favor of Flood, at the very moment when his popularity seemed extinct for ever. His foresight was applauded; his sagacity was admired; his early services were gratefully remembered; his recent sacrifices were cordially appreciated; and people in general seemed desirous of atoning for the unworthy suspicions which they had entertained of him, by every demonstration of the most enthusiastic respect and affection.

It is not our object to inquire who was right or who was wrong, in a matter which can no longer interest the practical statesman; but it may be generally observed, that the differences between Flood and Grattan upon this subject, may be explained, without imputing unworthy motives to either, by the differences in their mental constitution. The one viewed the question through the medium of intellect; the other through the medium of imagination. Grattan clearly saw that a great acquisition had been made; and that, in the nature of things, that acquisition could not be resumed, and would not be relinquished. He assumed, we

think, too much, when he maintained that, in accepting the constitution of 1782, the Irish parliament but reasserted its original independence. Flood was not less persuaded than Grattan of the great importance of what had been gained; but his penetrating intellect led him to look narrowly to the foundation on which it was built; and he did so with a gaze undazzled by the glory by which it was surrounded. The very value which he set upon the recent acquisitions, only made him the more solicitous that they should be placed upon a lasting basis; and his eagerness for *legal* security, led him, we think, into a forgetfulness of that *constitutional* security which the measures in question carried within themselves, and by which any more formal recognition of them might well be thought to be superseded. They were but the developments of the national growth, which could, no longer be "let or hindered" by the monopolizing spirit of the British legislature; and however the prudent statesman might be led to fear that the notions of national independence might be pushed *too far*, he might be excused for thinking that they would be pushed *far enough*; and that the time had gone by when any retrogression of the spirit of liberty should be seriously apprehended. When the rising power of the Commons is the procuring cause of any augmentation of the privileges of the people, while that power continues to rise, such augmentation may be considered secure; and he must have been but an unprofitable student of the signs of the times, who could gravely maintain that reprisals may be made by the crown upon that very increasing influence by which its own legitimate authority is endangered. It is true, the case was somewhat different in 1782; as we had to fear not merely the regal, but the democratic part of the British legislature; inasmuch as our free trade might be supposed as great an object of jealousy to the one, as our free constitution to the other. Still neither could be resumed without the certainty of convulsions that would have torn the empire asunder. It was clear that the partizans of provincial government had succumbed to the champions of national independence. The

terms which had been gained by the latter might be considered as one of those giant strides in advance, which is made, from time to time, by the spirit of the age, and which antiquates all the legal formalities by which it could be constitutionally resisted. As long as human affairs continue to progress, these advances will be made good; and should they retrograde, as legal barriers had not prevented the people from inroaching upon the crown, so they could not prevent the crown from inroaching upon the people. These, or such considerations, indisposed many to accede to Mr. Flood's proposition for a renunciation, on the part of England, of any assumed right to legislate for Ireland; but when the decision in the King's Bench in England, before adverted to, was made known, this indisposition, it must be acknowledged, rapidly disappeared, and his powerful and lucid reasoning produced an effect upon the public mind that equalled his most sanguine expectation:

"The repeal of a declaratory law," he said,* "(unless it contains a renunciation of the principle,) is only a repeal of the declaration, and not of the legal principle. The principle remains in full force unless it be renounced. This is universally true, and it is strengthened in this case by this circumstance. Many acts have been made by the British parliament binding Ireland,—some of them before the declaratory law of George the First. Now, whilst one of these remains, there is an exercise and a proof of the right, stronger, by much, than the declaratory law. A simple repeal, therefore, of the declaratory law, is no vindication of your legislature. But it is argued, that because, in your address, you declare that the British parliament had no such right, therefore the repeal, joined to this, will be equal to a renunciation by England. But what man in his senses can believe that our renunciation of the British claim can be equal to her own renunciation of it? Or that, in any controversy, an assertion of a party in his own favour, is equal to the admission of his antagonist? If Britain renounces it, no other power on earth can pretend to maintain it. But if all the rest of the world were to deny her preten-

sions, yet as long as she maintains it, our rights are unvindicated, and our constitution is in danger. Will any man say, that if I ask a thing on a particular principle, that therefore, if I obtain it at all, it must follow that I obtain it on my own principle? There is no such inference in law, in logic, or in reason: it would only appear that the two parliaments had agreed in one point, that of the bare repeal; but it never would appear, without an express renunciation, that they agreed in the renunciation also; and we know the fact to be, that they do not agree with us in that principle. But, to put this argument to a decisive proof, let us suppose that, after such a simple repeal, at a future day the British parliament should revive the principle, and make a law for us; suppose that Ireland should remonstrate upon this; suppose she should read that paragraph of her address, and quote the British repeal of the declaratory law, and should argue from both that England had for ever renounced her claim,—do you think that England would listen to such an inference, or that any reasoner in Europe would allow the force of your argument? Would she allow you to piece your address to her act of parliament? If you questioned her declaratory act, would not she question your declaratory address? Would she not appeal to the language held by her own members? Would she not appeal to words upon your own journals? Would she not appeal to the silence of her law of repeal, and to your acquiescence under that silence? Would she not say that that was, virtually, a national relinquishment of any idea of renunciation; so that the principle remained not only unrenounced, but the equity of it impliedly admitted by Ireland, at a moment when she was the ablest to contest it?

"But I shall be asked, (though the repeal of the declaratory law should be simple and imperfect,) whether I think that England will ever revive the claim? I answer, I cannot be certain that she will, neither can I be certain that she will not; and I ask in return, whether any man will be surety that she will not; and if any man is weak enough to say that he will be so, I will tell him that this nation will not be weak enough to accept of his surety, for no mortal is ade-

quate security in such a case. I add, that England either has or has not a possible notion of such a renewal. If she has not, she will not quarrel about renouncing it; and if she has, the renunciation is absolutely necessary. I add, that if she does not renounce the claim, she may, certainly, revive it; but that if she does renounce it, she cannot certainly revive it. Yes, you will say, for she might even repeal an act of renunciation;—and, to argue everything fairly, I will admit that in the utmost range of possibility, such an outrage is not unimaginable;—but what do I infer? *Not that I should be the more negligent, but that I ought to be the more careful;—* that it is my duty to make it impossible if I can; and that if I cannot do so, it is my duty to make it next to impossible. It is absurd to say, because I cannot make a thing physically impracticable, that therefore I should leave it morally easy; but it is good sense to say, that I will make a thing as difficult as I can, though I cannot make it as difficult as I would; and that if I cannot make a thing impossible, I will make it next to impossible."

In reply to Mr. Grattan's argument, that to contend as he did for the necessity of a renunciatory act, implied a state of legislative subordination in this country, and that even if Great Britain offered us a charter, to accept of it would be derogatory to our rights; he observed:

"But the honourable gentleman would not accept a great charter from the British parliament, so jealous is he of its authority; nor would I, provided it contained an assertion of its legislature over us, because that would be *nominally* a great charter, but really a defeasance and a concealment of our constitution. Now this is impliedly the case, in an act *merely* and *simply* of repeal; but if it contained a renunciation of all such authority, I would accept it, because then it would indeed be a great charter. For what was the great charter of our early kings to their subjects? Was it not, in fact, a renunciation of the usurpations of those kings, and nothing more? It was not a donation, but a mere recognition of the rights of the subject; which recognition became necessary only in consequence of regal usurpations. Now, I ask, did those kings, or any other part of mankind, ever think that in renouncing those usurpations, they re-established them? No man was ever so frantic as to suppose it. How then could a pa-

ral renunciation by the British parliament have any tendency to legalise its usurpation? I will venture to say, that a renunciation of all right is the last method that the British parliament will think of taking by way of establishing her authority over Ireland. And why? Because it is the most effectual method on earth of defeating it. The sound of an English act of parliament ought not to frighten us out of the sense of it. If the sound of it could be destructive to us, an act of repeal would be as noxious as an act of renunciation; and if the sense of it can be salutary, it is by its being an act of renunciation."

He then proceeded to show that the faith of nations, on which Mr. Grattan was disposed to rely, was no sufficient security; that England herself evinced her sense of this, by not relying upon it in the case of Ireland; and that we were not called on to treat her with more of ceremony than she treated us; that all our recent acquisitions were resisted as long as they could be resisted by her power; and, ultimately, extorted from her fears rather than conceded by her sense of justice.

"The honourable member," he proceeded to say, "brought forward, in the form of an address, an assertion of your exclusive legislature. A huge majority refused to affirm it. I brought it on again, by a resolution then simple, that you yourselves were the only representatives of the people; a huge majority refused to affirm it. These reiterated defeats struck like thunder upon the hearts of the people; and in these decided and stupendous majorities they thought they saw the death of the constitution. A VOICE FROM AMERICA SHOUTED TO LIBERTY. *The echo of it caught your people as it passed across the Atlantic; and they renewed the voice until it reverberated here.* What followed? All the propositions that had been separately reprobated, were now collectively adopted. The representatives of the people articulated at length the sense of the constituents. The case of Ireland, originally stated by the great Molyneux, and burned at the revolution by the parliament of England, is not now afraid of the fire. It has risen from that phoenix urn, and with the flames of its cradle it illuminates our isle. What is the result? It is now in your power, and I trust it will be in your wisdom to do final justice to the rights and the interests of your country. For myself I hope I have not been peculiarly wanting

to them. At an early period of my life, on a question of embargo, in consequence of a proclamation founded on an English act of parliament, I brought the criminal gazette within these walls, and at your bar I arraigned the delinquent. The house was alarmed, and I withdrew my motion on the proclamation being withdrawn. If you ask why I did not pursue it to a formal declaration of right? I answer, (for I wish to be answerable to you for every part of my life,) that the time was not ripe for it. The first spring of the constitution is the elective power of the people. Till that was reinforced, by limiting the duration of parliaments, nothing could be done. The people wanted constitutional privilege. Till the fabric of usurpation, founded on the law of Poyning, had been shaken to its foundation, little could be done. The parliament wanted conscious dignity. Till the people were armed, the nation wanted military power. These were necessary antecedents. The public mind wanted much cultivation. The seed, too, was necessary to be sown; and if I have not been wanting to the preparation of the soil, may I not be permitted to watch over the harvest? To that harvest, too, as well as to every other, a prosperous season was necessary; and that season presented itself in the American war. When, therefore, in that season, and in the sunshine of his own abilities, the Rt. Hon. Gent. brought forward a declaration of rights in Lord Buckingham's government, after the administration had amended his proposition for the purpose of defeating it, I stepped forward, in office as I was, and at the hazard of that office, and rescued the principle from the disgrace of a postponement, or from the ruin of a rejection. In this session, too, I hope that my humble efforts have not been peculiarly wanting. In ability I will yield to many; in zeal, to none; and if I have not served the public cause more than many men, this at least I may say, I have sacrificed as much for it. Do you repent of that sacrifice, if I am asked? I answer, no. Who could repent of a sacrifice to truth and honour; to a country that he loves, and to a country that is grateful? Do you repent of it? No. But I should not rejoice in it, if it were only to be attended with a private deprivation, and not to be accompanied by all its gains to my country. I have a peculiar right, therefore, to be solicitous and ardent about the issue of it, and no man shall stop me in my progress.

"Were the voice with which I utter this, the last effort of an expiring nature; were the accent which conveys it to you the breath that was to waft me to that grave to which we all tend, and to which my footsteps rapidly accelerate, I would go on. I would make my exit by a loud demand of your rights. And I call upon the God of truth and liberty, who has so often favoured you, and who has of late looked down upon you with such a peculiar grace and glory of protection, to continue to you his inspirings; to crown you with the spirit of his completion; and to assist you against the errors of those that are honest, as well as against the machinations of all that are not so."

This is, surely, a splendid senatorial effort; and the concluding paragraph, as well as the allusion to America in the former part, rises to the sublime. The whole is conceived and executed in a style of the severest and the most elevated grandeur. But his motion, which was to refer the question of the validity of simple repeal to the judges, was rejected without a division. Grattan's star still maintained itself lord of the ascendant. The reasonings of Flood, however, rapidly propagated themselves through the country. The most eminent legal authorities assented to the correctness of his legal positions. The Volunteers caught the alarm. He was addressed by one body after another, until all Ireland seemed to be converted to his opinion; and "simple repeal" was scouted as utterly inadequate and delusive. It would be well for his fame if he was as temperate in not abusing as he was skilful and determined in gaining this victory.

But the armed association of the Volunteers was now the pride and the hope of Ireland. To the powerful demonstration of national zeal and unanimity, made by this great body of military citizens, many ascribed the relinquishment of those principles of domination, which heretofore characterized the policy of England; and Flood fully succeeded in persuading them, that all that had been as yet accomplished, amounted to no more than a respite from tyranny, and that until the power of legislating for Ireland, both internally and externally, was expressly renounced, the nation must ever be exposed to a capricious invasion of its independence. When once suspicion has been excited in a

sanguine people, the quickness and violence of their resentment is fully proportioned to their generous credulity. Grattan now found that the tide of his popularity was rapidly upon the ebb; and as the reasonings of Flood, which were so logically conclusive, and by which so many others were convinced, were never regarded by him as any thing better than the cavilings of moody discontent, he exhibited, in dealing with the question, a peevish exasperation, which caused him to lose considerable ground with many of his former ardent admirers. In truth, he could no more be compared with Flood in *discussing a principle*, than Flood with him in *diffusing a sentiment*; and, as formerly he had the advantage in competing with Flood in his element, so now Flood had the advantage in contending with him upon his own. The crocodile had before caught the lion in the water, the lion now got the crocodile on dry land. Accordingly, his triumph was so complete, as to blot out every trace of previous humiliation. Addresses and congratulations continued to pour in upon him from all parts of the country, until the national determination was so fully manifested, that the minister could no longer resist it. He wisely judged that it would be highly impolitic to contend for the *shadow* after he had parted with the *substance*; and prudently resolved to anticipate any formal demand of the Irish House of Commons, by passing through the British legislature, early in the ensuing session, an act of renunciation.

Mr. Flood, in his reply to an address from the Connaught volunteers, used some words at which Mr. Grattan took offence. A challenge ensued, and the parties were prevented meeting only by the interference of the civil powers. Both were men of the coolest and most determined courage; and it is to be feared, that had they met in the field, the consequences would have been fatal. Better was it, therefore, to have reserved the explosion of their mutual hate for the terrific wordy conflict which afterwards took place between them in the Irish parliament.

This occurred upon the 28th of October, 1783, upon occasion of a motion by Sir Harry Cavendish, recommending retrenchment. Flood

laboured under severe illness, and supported the views of the mover; at the same time adding some words which slightly modified his motion, as he conceived it did not go far enough. He did not utter a word at which any one should have taken offence. Grattan's speech in reply was an effusion of splenetic personal malignity. He sneered at Flood's affectation of illness, taunted him by implication with apostacy, and openly upbraided him with inconsistency—he was now recommending economy, whereas, he said, he was no enemy to profusion, when he accepted office in Lord Harcourt's administration. When he concluded, Flood rose, and said—

“The right honourable member can have no doubt of the propriety of my saying a word in reply to what he has delivered. Every member in the house can bear witness of the infirmity I mentioned, and, therefore, it required but little candour to make a nocturnal attack upon that infirmity. But I am not afraid of the right honourable member; I will meet him anywhere, or upon any ground, by night or by day. I would stand poorly in my own estimation, and in my country's opinion, if I did not stand far above him. I do not come here, dressed in a rich wardrobe of words to delude the people. I am not one who has promised, repeatedly, to bring in a bill of rights, yet does not bring in that bill, or permit any other person to do it. I am not one who threatened to impeach the Chief Justice of the King's Bench for acting under an English law, and afterwards shrunk from that business. I am not the author of the simple repeal. I am not one who, after saying the parliament was a parliament of prostitutes, endeavoured to make their voices subservient to my interest. I am not one who would come at midnight, and attempt, by a vote of this house, to stifle the voice of the people, which my egregious folly had raised against me. I am not the gentleman who subsists upon your accounts. I am not the mendicant patriot who was bought by my country for a sum of money, and then sold my country for prompt payment. I am not the man who in this house loudly complained of an infringement made by England, in including Ireland in a bill, and then sent a certificate to Dungannon that Ireland was not included. I never was bought by the people, nor ever sold them. The gentleman says he never apostatized; but

I say I never changed by principles; let every man say the same, and let the people then, if they can, believe them. But if it be so bad a thing to take an office in the state, how comes the gentleman connected with persons in office?—They, I hope, are men of virtue; or how came the gentleman so closely connected with Colonel Fitzpatrick? I object to no man for being in office; a patriot in office is the more a patriot for being there. There was a time when the glories of the great Duke of Marlborough shrunk and withered before those of the right honourable gentlemen—when palaces superior to Blenheim were to be built for his reception—when pyramids and pillars were to be raised, and adorned with emblems and inscriptions, sacred to his virtue; but the pillars and pyramids are now sunk, though then the great Earl of Chatham was held inferior to him; however, he is still so great, that the Queen of France, I dare say, will have song made on the name Grattan.

“Lord Harcourt practised economy; but what was the economy of the Duke of Portland? £100,000 was voted to raise 20,000 seamen, though it was well known that one-third of that number could not be raised. And what was the application of the money? It was applied to the raising of the execrated fencibles.

“It is said I supported Lord Harcourt’s administration. It is true, but I never deserted my principles, but carried them into the cabinet with me. A gentleman, who now hears me, knows that I proposed to the Privy Council an Irish mutiny bill, and that not with a view of any parliamentary grant. I supported an absentee tax; and, while I was in office, registered my principles in the books of government; and the moment I could not influence the government to the advantage of the nation, I ceased to act with them. I acted for myself. I was the first who ever told them that an Irish mutiny bill must be granted. If this country is now satisfied, is it owing to that gentleman? No. The simple repeal, disapproved and scouted by all the lawyers in England and in Ireland, shews the contrary; and the only apology he can make, is, that he is no lawyer at all. A man of warm imagination, and brilliant fancy, will sometimes be dazzled with his own ideas, and may for a moment fall into error; but a man of sound head could not make so egregious a mistake; and a man of an honest heart would not persist in it after it was dis-

covered. I have now done, and give me leave to say, if the gentleman enters often into this kind of colloquy with me, he will not have much to boast of at the end of the session.”

This was followed, on the part of Mr. Grattan, by the splendidly vituperative philippic, which, in our sketch of that distinguished man, we have in a former number, presented to the reader. Flood rose to reply a second time; but whether the state of his health would or would not have enabled him at that moment to proceed, the unanimous feeling of the house made it apparent that the business had gone far enough; and when he was on the point of giving utterance to the indignant feelings that possessed him, and had proudly vindicated his acceptance of office, by saying, that he “performed more service to the country, with the first office of the state at his back, than his honourable adversary with mendicancy behind him,” the Speaker respectfully interposed, and put an end to further discussion, regretting that he had not before cut short an altercation between honourable members, inconsistent with the usages of parliament. It was, however, felt by every one, that Flood should have a further opportunity of vindicating his fame, from an attack which he certainly had not provoked, and which, from the intensity of its virulence, as well as its concatenated severity, bore so many marks of premeditation. Accordingly, on the Friday following, he was permitted to address the house, for the purpose of removing the aspersions which were cast upon him; and he did so in a strain of simple manly eloquence, of which we shall afford the reader an opportunity of judging for himself. We would feel that we had not dealt fairly by this great man, if, in this brief sketch of his life, we did not suffer him to make his own defence, against the most powerful attack that ever was made upon his political integrity. Having experienced some little interruption in the commencement of his speech, upon the ground that it was unparliamentary to refer to a former discussion, he thus proceeds:—

“I take this matter up, upon the ground of an interrupted debate; it is in that light it comes within order. I have

a right to begin where I was interrupted; but, sir, there are some cases of so particular a nature, that a strict adherence to a general order would be the height of injustice. The attack made upon my person went back not only to the arguments of two or three days before, but to the conduct of twenty years antecedent; therefore, sir, I hope, that if animadversions of twenty years are allowed to one, I may have an opportunity of referring to arguments used three days ago. With respect to that period of my life, which is despatched by the word intemperate, I beg gentlemen would consider the hard situation of public characters, if that is to be their treatment. That period takes in a number of years, not less than sixteen, in which there were five administrations, and in which the public were pleased to give me their sentence of approbation. Sir, it includes, for I wish to speak to facts, not to take it up upon epithets, it includes the Duke of Bedford's, Lord Halifax's, the Duke of Northumberland's, Lord Hertford's, and Lord Townshend's.

“Now, sir, as to the fact of intemperance, I will state to you how that stands, and let the gentleman see how plain a tale will put him down. Of those five administrations, there were three to which I was so far from giving an intemperate opposition, that I could not be said, in any sense of the word, to oppose them at all. I mean the three first. I certainly voted against the secretary of the day, but oftener voted with him. In Lord Hertford's administration, I had attained to a certain view and decided opinion of what was fit, in my mind, to be done for this country. I had fixed upon three great objects of public utility. I endeavoured to attain them, with that spirit and energy with which it is my character and nature to speak and to act. As I must take the disadvantages of my nature, I will take the advantages of it too. These three great objects were resisted by that administration. What was the consequence? A conflict arose between that administration and me; but that conflict ought not to be called opposition on my part. No; it ought rather to be called opposition on theirs. I was the proposer, and they resisted my proposition. This may be called a conflict, not an opposition to that administration. What were those three objects? One was to prove that the constitution of parliament in this kingdom did still exist; that it had not been taken away by the law of Poynings, but that it was an infamous

perversion of that statute, by which the constitution had suffered. The other was the establishment of a constitutional military force, in superaddition to that of a standing army. The only idea that ever occurred in England, or any free country in Europe, I adopted, namely, that of a constitutional militia. At that time the idea of a volunteer force had not arisen, therefore I adopted the idea which at that time appeared to be the best. The third great object I took up as necessary for this country, was, a law for limiting the duration of parliament. These were three great, salutary, and noble objects, worthy of the enlarged mind of an enlarged country. I pursued them with ardour, I do not deny it; but I did not pursue them with intemperance. I am sure I did not appear to the public to do so; they gave my exertions many flattering testimonies of their approbation. There is another proof that I was not intemperate. I was successful; intemperance and miscarriage are apt to go together, but temperance and success are associated by nature. This is my plain history with regard to that period. The clumsiness or virulence of invective, may require to be sheathed in a brilliancy of diction; but plain truth and plain sense are best delivered in plain terms. I now come to that period in which Lord Harcourt governed, and which is stigmatized by the word venal. I say Lord Harcourt's, for in my consideration of his administration, I will include that of Lord Townshend. If every man who accepted an office is venal, and an apostate, I certainly cannot acquit myself of the charge, nor is it necessary. I should have so many associates in the crime, if ever there was a crime in what such multitudes would defend. I am sensible multitudes, majorities, would not be wanting to defend that. But I say, either it is a crime, or it is not. If it be a crime universally, let it be universally ascribed. But, sir, I say, it is not fair that one set of men should be treated by that honourable member as great friends, and lovers of their country, notwithstanding they are in office; and another man, because he was in office, should be treated as an enemy and an apostate. But what is the truth. Every thing of this sort depends upon the principles on which office is taken, and on which it is retained. With regard to me, let no man imagine I am preaching up a doctrine for my own convenience: there is not a man less concerned in the propagation of it. I have no treaty with

the right honourable gentleman on the floor, nor shall I have any.

"Now, sir, I beg leave shortly to state the manner in which I accepted that office, which I give you my word, I never will resume. It was offered to me in the most honourable manner, with an assurance not only of being a placeman, for my own profit, but a minister for the benefit of my country. My answer was, that I thought, in a constitution such as ours, an intercourse between the prince and the subject, ought to be honourable; the being a minister ought to redound to a man's credit; but I lamented that it often happened otherwise. Men in office often gave up those principles which they maintained before. I told them, therefore, that my objections were not to the going into office, but to the following the examples which I had sometimes seen before me. I mentioned the public principles which I held. I said, if consistently with those principles, from an atom of which I would not depart, I could be of service to his Majesty's government, I was ready to be so. I speak in the presence of men who know what I say. After the office had come over, and landed in this kingdom, I sent in writing to the chief governor, that I would not accept the office unless upon that principle.

"Thus, sir, I took office; the administration before I opposed, only in part of it; in the first session of Lord Townshend, I did not oppose; I never opposed Lord Townshend, till after his prorogation and protest. This appeared to me an infamous violation of the privileges of parliament. With regard to money bills, and after that protest, by which he endeavoured to make the journals of the House of Lords, instead of being the record of their privileges, the monument of their disgrace, I opposed him. Now, what did I oppose in that administration?—The violation of the privilege of this House, with regard to money bills, and the wanton augmentation of offices, by the division of the board of commissioners into two parts. In Lord Harcourt's administration, what did I do? I had the two boards of commissioners reduced again into one. I do not say my single voice effected this, but as far as it had any efficacy, it insisted on having the twelve commissioners again reduced to seven, and the two boards reduced to one, a saving, including the whole arrangement, of twenty thousand pounds a year to the nation. It went further: it insisted to have every altered money bill thrown out, and privy-council bills not defended by the

crown. Thus, instead of giving sanction to the measures I had opposed, my conduct was in fact to register my principles in the records of the court, to make the privy-council a witness to the privileges of parliament, and to give final energy to the tenets with which I commenced my life. Economy did not stop with the reduction of the commissioners' boards.—The right honourable gentleman who has censured me, in order to depreciate that economy, said, that we had swept with the feather of economy, the pen and paper off our table. A pointed and brilliant expression is far from a just argument. This country has no reason to be ashamed of that species of economy, when the great nation of Great Britain has been obliged to descend to an economy as minute. Neither, sir, was this all: it is not my fault if infinitely more was not done for this country upon that occasion; they were offered a saving; they did not choose to take it—they were offered the absentee tax, and they refused it. I am not to blame for that; it was a part of the saving proposed. If administration were wrong on that occasion, they were wrong with the prejudices of half a century; they were wrong with every great writer that had ever written upon the subject of Ireland; they were wrong with some of the plainest principles, as it seems, of human nature in their favour. I will suppose the determination not to accept it, to have been right, still it was meritorious in administration to offer it; and to shew that I was not under any undue influence of office, I appeal to the memory of many men present—whether, when the disposition of the house was made to alter upon that subject, and when administration yielded, not unwillingly, to the violence of parliament, I appeal to the conscious and public knowledge of many, whether I did veer and turn about with the Secretary, or whether I did not make a manly stand in favour of that principle. After having pledged myself to the public, I would rather break with a million of administrations than retract.—I had not only adhered to it, but, by a singular instance of exertion, I forced it a second time under the consideration of this House. That this benefit was lost to this country, if it be a benefit, was not my fault. One thing I must go back to; I had repeatedly pressed the bill for limiting the duration of parliament. In Lord Townshend's time I brought it in finally, and crowned it with success; thus I restored to the universal community of Ireland a right of which they had been

robbed for near a century, namely, their first and fundamental franchise as electors, without which this House is but a shadow. And thus, after having restored that root of all their other rights in Lord Townshend's administration, after having restored economy, and reduced twelve commissioners to seven in Lord Harcourt's, I went on to the great measure which I have mentioned, the militia law; and when a right honourable gentleman (Mr. Ogle) moved that question, I engaged all the interest I could with government in behalf of it; I rose up to second his motion, and declared I would support him and his militia bill to the last; accordingly, I gave him the assistance of my poor labour, and it was carried. Thus, therefore, sir, I say, that in that administration in which I accepted office, instead of relinquishing my principles, I preserved them. Instead of getting a minority to vote for them, I brought the majority to give an efficient sanction to their truth. By entering into office upon that occasion, and acting as I did, I acted the part of an honest minister between the prince and the people. In doing so I think I was more a patriot than if, out of office, I had made empty declarations on empty subjects, without any advantage to the public. Most of those who hear me can recollect the state of this kingdom at the close of Lord Townshend's administration. I appeal to them all, and I ask, what was then my repute in the nation? I will not say it was the first, or the second, or the third, but did it not stand in an honourable rank, and among the foremost rather than among the last? In Lord Harcourt's government, the Vice-Treasurership was offered me, accompanied with every declaration that could render it acceptable to an honourable mind. When that office was offered to me, was my situation that of a reprobated man? Did the administration of England send over an office usually reserved for the parliament of England, and offer it of their own accord to a reprobated man? I take the facts of both countries to disprove this calumny. Is it since I have become a mark of obloquy? I flatter myself not. Lord Buckingham's administration succeeded. With regard to Lord Harcourt's administration, the objection is, I did too much: the charge with regard to the other is, I did too little for it: those two accusations run a little in contrary direction, and like a double poison, each may cure the operation of the other; but the fact is this, I acted not upon visions and

imaginations, but on sound common sense, the best gift of God to man, which then told me, and which still whispers that some administrations deserve a more active support than others; that some administrations deserve little of either; I adapted my conduct to those three conditions—I did not run headlong against government at one time, and with government at another, but adapted my conduct, as I ought to do, to what I saw and what I felt. Did I support Lord Harcourt?—Why? Because he gave me an influence in his councils. It is nonsense to say, a man is not to support his own councils. But the next administration took another direction, and they did not give me any influence on their councils. What was the consequence? I did not give them support. Was there anything more fair? I felt myself a man of too much situation to be a mere placeman. If not a minister to serve my country, I would not be the tool of salary. What was the consequence? I voted with them in matters of importance when they were clearly right; I voted against them in matters of importance when they were clearly wrong; and in matters of small moment I did not vote at all;—and why? I scorned, by voting for them in such matters, to seem to pay court. To vote against in such matters would have been absurd. What remained? Not to vote at all. If you call that absconding, going behind the chair, or escaping into the corridors, call it what you please, I say it was right.—This is my plain way of dealing; it is common sense. I told Lord Buckingham I would not attend the cabinet councils of the sage Mr. Heron. Was that duplicity? I think not. I did more; I sent my resignation to England, to the same friend through whom the first communication was made to me on the subject of office, but from the ideas of friendship to me, he took time to consider, and at length declined to deliver my resignation. I have said something to the middle period, I shall come to the third, viz. Lord Carlisle's administration, in which my conduct has been slandered as the conduct of an incendiary. When that idea took place in some minds, I cannot tell, but this I am sure of, that the right honourable gentleman who censured me, was called an incendiary at the same time, and so perhaps might I, but I am sure that the right honourable gentleman at that time, did not think me an incendiary more than himself. There was not a single instance in which he did not cooperate. If I am an incendiary, I shall gladly accept, therefore, of the so-

ciety of that right honourable gentleman, under the same appellation. But he laughed at the folly of the accusation at that time, and so do I now. If I was an incendiary, it was for moving what the parliaments of both kingdoms have since given their sanction to. If that is to be an incendiary, God grant I may continue so! In this administration it was that I was dismissed from office. Now, sir, I do not know that in general, my dismissal from office was thought any disgrace to me. I do not think this house or the nation thought me dishonoured by that dismissal. The first day I declared those sentiments for which I was dismissed—I remember it well—I thought it for my honour; some very honourable and worthy gentlemen, some since dead, and some still alive, one of them whom I shall ever love and shall ever lament; one of them is dead since to every thing but his own honour, and the grateful memory of his country; one of them who thought me so little of the character of an incendiary, that he crossed the house together with others, to congratulate me on the honour of my conduct, and to embrace me in open parliament. At that moment I think I stood clear to the imputation of being an incendiary. The character of an incendiary, therefore, seems to have been superinduced upon me of a sudden; it has sprouted out and germinated from that root of much evil, the simple repeal. Since that moment only, it seems that I have been going down in the opinion of the public; since that moment they have found out that my character and conduct deserve all reprobation, and deserve the brand of being an incendiary; and yet I can hardly prevail upon myself to think that is the case, because since that moment, I have received more honourable testimonies from every corner of the kingdom, than that right honourable member has received in the same period. I shall return once more to the sentiments of that beloved character I have just described. He was a man over whose life, or over whose grave envy never hovered. He was a man wishing ardently to serve his country himself, but not wishing to monopolise the service;—wishing to partake and to communicate the glory of what passed.—He gave me, in his motion for a free trade, a full participation of the honour. Upon another occasion he said—I remember the words—they are traced with the pencil of gratitude on my heart: he said, “that I was a man whom the most lucrative office in the land had never warped in point of integrity.” The words were marked;

I am sure I repeat them fairly—they are words I should be proud to have inscribed upon my tomb. Consider the man from whom they came; consider the magnitude of the subject on which they were spoken; consider the situation of the person concerned, and it adds to, and multiplies the honour. My noble friend—I beg pardon, he did not live to be ennobled by patent, but he was born ennobled by nature; his situation at that moment was this: he had found himself obliged to surrender office, and enter into active opposition to that government from whom he had received it. I remained in office, though under the circumstance of having sent in my resignation. That he did not know. In political position, therefore, we were contradistinguished to each other. He did not know, while he was doing justice to me, but that he might be doing political detriment to himself; he did not know but he might serve the administration he opposed; but, careless of anything except justice and honour, he gave the sentiments of his heart and he approved. I have mentioned, sir, that short period, during which the character of an incendiary, if at all applicable to me, must have come upon me in the night like an enemy, and have taken me unawares. I cannot think the opinion of the public so transformed, when I see every corner of the country expressing their approbation of my conduct, one after another; great and respectable societies of men, compared with whose sentiments the obloquy of an individual sinks into nothing.—Even this very day, I have received from the united delegates of the province of Connaught, an approbation, with one voice, as they express it, of that conduct which had been slandered as the conduct of an incendiary. Here is a congregation of men, not one of whom I have ever seen, to no one of whom I have ever a chance of doing a service, who could have nothing in contemplation, but the doing an act of justice! Sir, I may say, I had the same sanction from another province, that of Ulster.—But it seems I went to Belfast in the character of an incendiary; I went to Dungannon in the character of an incendiary. Now, I went to neither of these places but by an invitation, and if a person invited be an incendiary, what will those be that give the invitation? If I am an incendiary, all Ulster is an incendiary—if I am an incendiary, all Connaught is an incendiary—with two provinces, therefore, at my back, and with the parliament of England behind

me—in their having coincided honourably and nobly in that sentiment, which I sustained,—I think I am not much afraid of any single and solitary accusation. But I have not only the parliaments of both kingdoms, I have the judicial power in my favour. If my doctrine was not right, Lord Mansfield's was not right; I ask you was he wrong? It has been said he was the enemy of both countries on that occasion. But has the accusation been proved? Lord Mansfield has many political enemies.—The administration at the time would have been glad to have proved him an enemy to both countries; yet was there a man in the parliament of England, the greatest enemy to that noble judge, who attempted to find fault with his conduct? After having mentioned the judicial power, let me come to a highly respectable body, the corps of lawyers in this country, who, after six months' meditation, by a committee chosen by ballot, gave their sanction to that opinion, which is the opinion of an incendiary if I deserve that name. If Lord Mansfield be an incendiary—if the parliament of England be an incendiary—if the corps of lawyers are incendiaries—if the Ulster delegates are incendiaries—if the Connaught delegates are incendiaries—and all the societies who have joined that opinion throughout the kingdom—if all of these be incendiaries, in the name of God, let me be added to the number, and let me be an incendiary too. But though I may be *such* an incendiary, I will never be that which would deserve the name. I will never, by any hollow composition, lay the seeds of future dissension. I will go clearly and fully to the work. I will be satisfied when satisfaction is given; my nature is as prone to satisfaction, and as distant from chagrin as that of any man. I appeal to those who know me from my childhood, first at a public school, then at the University of this kingdom, then at the University of Oxford, and afterwards during twenty-four years, taking no very private part, within the walls of this House. I have spoken to facts. I do not mean to arraign: every man may be mistaken, and I wish to suppose any man to be really mistaken rather than to be so intendedly, I would rather reconcile all men to the public, than make unnecessary divisions. But though I would do every thing a man can do to prevent dissension, I cannot be expected to sacrifice my character to unlimited obloquy. Sir, one circumstance I must mention, as it is somewhat extra-

ordinary:—It has been said by some authority, on that side of the question, that I am the outcast of government, and of my prince. Certainly sir, my dismission from office was attended with the extraordinary circumstance of my dismission from council. There, I suppose, it is that the right honourable member has called me the outcast of government and of my prince. It certainly, sir, was an extraordinary transaction, but it was done in the case of Mr. Pultney; it was done in the case of the Duke of Devonshire; therefore I suppose it will not be a decisive proof of a reprobated or factious character in the person to whom it happened. It is the first time it has been mentioned to my disadvantage. It was, in the House of Lords of England, mentioned to the disadvantage of the minister who was supposed to have done it, by a most respectable character; it was thought not to my dishonour here; it was thought not to my dishonour in the House of Lords of Ireland, where I have lately received from a very eminent peer, the sanction of sentiments very different from these. In a word, it is but the sentence of one tongue, and upon that tongue I leave it. I do not, however, pretend to dispute a ministerial fact, which a gentleman in confidence alleges. He has been in the confidence of the Duke of Portland; he is as much a minister as any man who is not in office. This much, therefore, I must give to this ministerial assertion, that I shall find it impossible for me, under such an interdict, to pay my respects at his Majesty's castle of Dublin, which otherwise I should be prompt to discharge. And I mention it thus publicly, that my absence may not be interpreted into any want of the most perfect duty and loyalty to my prince, or of the greatest respect to the nobleman who presides there. I am not a man formed to court proscription; I will not seek disgrace;—let it remain in its den, I will not revoke it. Sir, I have trespassed too long, and I am oppressed with the weight and multitude of thanks which I owe you and the House; I have troubled you too long upon a private subject, but with your permission, I will endeavour to make amends the next day, by bringing before you a subject of more importance, the economy of the nation. I beg pardon for what I have said; I have promised too much; I am in your judgment whether I shall do it. You have heard what has passed upon the subject; I appeal to you if I am that character that has been drawn; if I am that character in any degree,

I do not deprecate your justice ; but I call for it, and exhort you, for yourselves and your country, to get rid of a member who would be unworthy to sit among you."

Thus ended this celebrated contest, which caused not only a final separation between these two great men, but a split in the Irish opposition, which materially impaired its power. Grattan and Flood were never afterwards politically united. They met, accidentally, a short time after the altercation in the House, and Flood bowed in such a way as to shew that he was quite willing to forget what had occurred ; but his advances were received so coldly, as not to encourage a repetition of them ; and it is but reasonable to suppose that *he* would have found it easier to forgive a charge of apostacy, which he felt that he had triumphantly disproved, than his adversary, a charge of incapacity, which the feeling of the public, as well as the conduct of the British minister was well calculated to impress upon him the belief was thought to be well founded.* For our parts, we are slow, as the reader has seen before, to award to Mr. Flood, on this occasion, the praise of superior wisdom, although we fully acknowledge that he has amply entitled himself to the praise of superior sagacity. The additional security to Irish legislative independence, which was acquired by the act of renunciation, always appeared to us like "painting the lily ;" but we do not go too far when we say, that the argumentative powers which were exhibited by Flood in contending for that additional security, never have been equalled. As a scientific gladiator in debate, he threw his antagonist quite into the shade.—The clear, lucid, vigorous logic with which he pressed his positions upon the public, could not be for a moment baffled by the brilliant imagery of his declamatory assailant, who appeared, occasionally, like a naked man, contending against an armed warrior, with no better weapon than a peacock's feather. It is, therefore, no wonder that he should have been struck to the ground ; and the public observed with

pleasure that Flood could enjoy his victory without any ungenerous exultation. The whole weight of Mr. Grattan's character, both public and private, was required to sustain him against the indignation which was felt by all right-minded people, at the abusive personalities in which he indulged, which could not but be regarded by them as the vulgar resources of baffled malice, more dishonourable in their use, than injurious in their application. It was as if he had used poisoned arrows—and *that*, against a straightforward and manly antagonist, who was decidedly in the right, and who scorned even to resent the indignities which he received in any manner that could prove him unworthy of public estimation. All the amateurs in parliamentary pugilism would bear witness, that if Grattan was felled, it was by a fair knock-down blow ; even at the time when his great antagonist bore upon his face the marks of scratching and biting which might have justified a severer, as well as less ceremonious resentment. But Flood never forgot what was due to his audience or to himself ; and, accordingly, his defence does not contain a single sentence which, at any future period, he could have wished unuttered. It is free from a single particle of ungenerous personality or envenomed vituperation.

It must, however, be admitted that the course which he now pursued in politics, was well calculated to beget alarm and distrust in many of the warmest well-wishers of Ireland. The Volunteers had now assembled, and constituted a formidable military convention, in which questions affecting the legislative independence, and the political well-being of the country, were debated with all the formalities of a regular parliament. The state of the representation was a fruitful theme, which afforded them a specious opportunity of magnifying their own authority, at the expense of an assembly, consisting, chiefly, of the nominees of a few great landed proprietors. Of parliamentary reform, Mr. Flood had always been an

* It is Coleridge, we think, who has observed, that many a man will say—"What a fool I was," who would not say—"What a *rogue* I was," although the chances are one hundred to one that he would rather be *thought* a rogue than a fool. This shews how much less most men value conscious rectitude than public estimation.

advocate ; and as the time seemed favourable for precisely such a reform as he desired, he hesitated not to avail himself of the utmost of the power of this great confederacy, to enable him to accomplish his object. Lord Charlemont, and others, cautiously drew back from the torrent which they themselves had caused to swell, until it now overflowed its banks, and threatened the country with inundation. Flood boldly flung himself amidst its billows, and in doing so, he must have clearly seen that if he could not breast them, he must be swept away.

And here it is necessary to remark that this great man was a decided opponent of Catholic Emancipation.* He was one of the first who drew a clear distinction between personal liberty and political power ; and while he readily consented to repeal all such enactments as placed any restriction upon the former, over the latter he exercised a jealous guardianship, and even maintained, that if ever the elective franchise was extended to the Roman

Catholics, there would be an end to the integrity of our Protestant constitution. This should be held in mind, in making an estimate of his plan of parliamentary reform, in which he contemplated alone a Protestant constituency ; the extension of which, at the period of which we write, might be carried very far indeed, without swamping the intelligence or the property of Ireland.

That his influence in the house had declined, he painfully felt ; and this may have been amongst his inducements to strain to its utmost that influence which he had now obtained out of the house, and over a body of men who were looked upon as the armed regenerators of the constitution. It is by no means our intention to defend the overbearing manner in which he sought to impose his measures upon the legislature, who could scarcely be considered free agents had they adopted, unreservedly, the propositions which he made. Their compliance would, unquestionably, have appeared the result of intimidation. But it must

* The following observations, which were made on the 19th of February, 1782, in the Irish House of Commons, will put the reader in possession of Mr. Flood's views upon that subject, and display, perhaps, what may now be allowed by many to be a statesmanlike sagacity, that is worthy of admiration :—

Mr. Flood said, "that he always wished to embosom the Roman Catholics in the body of the state ; yet, without wanting praise on the one hand, or fearing censure on the other, he would, speaking neglectful of both, deliver his opinion on this great subject, and hoped it would be received with the same candour it was given. About five years ago, said he, a law was passed, granting the Roman Catholics infinitely less than is now proposed ; the day was celebrated with rejoicing, and it was thought we had reconciled every party. I am sorry to hear gentlemen speak as if we had done nothing for them. The right honourable gentleman who prepared the bill now before us, well knows that I did object to that indiscriminate clause. One reason was, that while you were endeavouring to conciliate that *estimable and beloved body of men*, you seemed to hide your bounties, and to shew only the severity of the laws. If a sorry popish agent had done this, he would have been unworthy the men for whom he acted, and would it much surprise me ? but a Protestant parliament should be *wise and frank* enough to explain and declare the whole scope of their intention. In the former laws, leases for years were granted to them, upon the avowed principle of restraining them from any influence in elections. This law then goes beyond toleration ; it gives them a power, and tends to make a change in the state. I have a great respect for the Roman Catholics ; and though I will not condemn, yet I will not wholly approve their conduct. Ninety years ago, the question was, whether popery and arbitrary power should be established in the person of King James, or freedom and the Protestant religion in the person of King William. Four-fifths of the inhabitants of Ireland adhered to the cause of King James ; they were defeated, and I rejoice in their defeat. The laws that followed this event, were not laws of persecution, but of political necessity ; and are you now prepared for a new government ? Can you possibly suppose, that though the Roman Catholics prefer you to every other people, they will prefer you to themselves ? What then is the consequence, if you give them equal

be held in mind that the period of which we write, anticipated, by several years, the horrors of the French revolution; and dear-bought experience had not as yet schooled the patriot into a salutary aversion to that popular violence, which has been the parent of so many inexpressible crimes. It may, also, be said, that Flood was not the mere mouth-piece of a faction. If he appeared in the House of Commons, as the delegate of the Convention, it was because he had succeeded in impressing upon them *his* views, not because he had imbibed *theirs*. And if his suggestions respecting parliamentary reform were to be judged of solely upon their own merits, they would be entitled to very attentive consideration. But the dictation of an armed body was not to be endured; and many who would have supported his motion, had it come before them in the ordinary way, from the questionable shape in which it appeared, felt themselves bound to protest against it, as involving a precedent which might lay the foundation of military despotism, and, by destroying freedom of debate, overthrow legislative independence. Mr. Hardy* thus describes the very extraordinary

scene that took place upon the presentation of this petition, which, from the manner in which it was introduced, had more the appearance of a requisition from a superior authority, than a constitutional expression of the wishes of the people:

“Whoever was present in the House of Commons, on the night of the 29th of November, 1783, cannot easily forget what passed there. I do not use any disproportionate language when I say that the scene was almost terrific. Several of the minority, and all the delegates who had come from the Convention, were in uniforms, and bore the aspect of stern hostility. On the other hand, the administration being supported on this occasion by many independent gentlemen, and having at their head very able men, such as Mr. Yelverton and Mr. Daly, presented a body of strength not always seen in the ministerial ranks, looked defiance to their opponents, and, indeed, seemed almost unassailable. They stood, certainly, on most advantageous ground, and that ground given to them by their adversaries. Mr. Flood, flushed with his recent triumphs in another place, and enjoying the lofty station which his abilities always placed him in, fearlessly led

power with the Protestants? Can a Protestant constitution survive? Yet should the majority of this nation attempt to alter the constitution, I firmly believe they would be repelled by the minority, and then a total convulsion must follow.

“It is necessary, when you are granting Roman Catholics indulgence, that you should distinguish between the rights of property, and the rights of power. While a man is engaged in acquiring property, he is in a habit of industry, and when acquired, it ties him to the state. But with great respect to my right honourable friend, I think the question of religious toleration should have been brought on first, because I am certain it would not have met with a single dissenting voice, and it would have been a glorious opportunity of shewing the liberality of a Protestant parliament; but though we wish to extend toleration to Roman Catholics, we do not wish to shake the government. We should allow them to purchase lands, but we should carefully guard against their possessing any power in the state. Therefore, for the benefit of all, and, that we may not destroy the balance of the state, (for I am sure no sensible Roman Catholic wishes to unhinge the state,) let us grant them full security in matters of property, but prevent their interference in matters of state. As to what has been said of the indulgence granted to Protestants in other countries, I must observe, that nothing can be more mischievous than for one state or one individual to follow exactly the example of another. Difference of circumstances should produce different modes of action. The Emperor of Germany is himself the sole legislator of the state—he is himself a Catholic—nor do the Protestants in his dominions bear the proportion of more than one in an hundred to his popish subjects. Besides, the Protestants in every country acknowledge the sovereign as head of the church, whereas Catholics look to a foreign jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical.”

* Life of Lord Charlemont, Vol. ii. page 135.

on the attack. Mr. Yelverton answered him with great animation, great strength of argument, and concluded with a generous, dignified appeal to the Volunteers, whom he applauded for every part of their conduct, the present alone excepted. Some speeches followed in a similar tone; but the minds of men soon became too much heated to permit any regular debate whatever. It was uproar, it was clamour—violent menace and furious recrimination. If ever a popular assembly wore the appearance of a wild tumultuous ocean, it was on this occasion. At certain, and those very short intervals, there was something like a calm, when the dignity of parliament, the necessity of supporting the constitution, and the danger of any military assembly, were feelingly and justly expatiated on. The sad state of the representation was, with equal truth, depicted on the other side. A denial of volunteer interference, and the necessity of amending the representation, whether volunteers existed or not, was, in the first instance, made with very imperfect sincerity, and, in the latter, with genuine candour. To this again succeeded tumult and confusion, mingled with the sad and angry voices of many who, allied to boroughs, railed at the volunteers like slaves, not gentlemen, and pretended to uphold the constitution, while they were, in truth, appalled at the light that now began, as their terror suggested, to pervade their ancient and ambiguous property. But the imprudence of the volunteers was of more service to such men than all their array of servile hostility. On that night, at least, it proved their best safeguard, and placed them not within the shadowy, uncertain confines of a depopulated borough, but under the walls of the constitution itself. The tempest (for towards morning, debate there was almost none) at last ceased. The question was put, and carried, of course, in favour of government—their numbers 159; those of the opposition, 77. This was followed, and wisely too, by a resolution, 'declaratory of the fixed determination of the house to maintain its privileges and just rights against any encroachments whatever, and that it was then indispensably necessary to make such a declaration.'

Thus writes Mr. Hardy. The reader will be surprised to hear, that upon that very question, *he spoke and voted with Mr. Flood*. When he proceeded,

therefore, to stigmatize the approvers of his resolution, he must have been either marvellously candid, or very forgetful; for he himself must share largely in the censure which he bestows upon those who would subject the House of Commons to the dictation of a military convention.

The same scene is thus alluded to by a very intelligent correspondent of Mr. Flood, Mr. Webb Webber:—

"As I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you before you leave town, you must indulge me in a few moments' conversation on paper. I congratulate with you on the abrupt dismissal of your bill. It was the victory of power, not of prowess. Unable to cope with you hand to hand, they mounted the flying Island of Gulliver, and crushed you under the weight of their rubbish. I shall reserve for a future conversation the particular remarks I made on the whole debate; but I cannot withhold my impatience to declare the pleasure I received from your conduct throughout. It was masterly—to my apprehension, consummate."

This is the opinion of no mean judge; and although it is very possible that Mr. Webb Webber may have been biassed by a partiality for his distinguished friend, we are disposed to place the more reliance upon it, because on other occasions he freely suggests his doubts respecting the wisdom of those great measures to which Mr. Flood was most fondly devoted. That in this particular instance, he was injudicious in the time of bringing forward his motion for a parliamentary reform, no one, we think, can deny; but that his conduct in the management of it, was such as Mr. Webber describes, we see no cause to question. The reason why his discretion was thus in fault, is suggested by Mr. Hardy. We give his explanation, not because his authority alone could make it good, but because circumstances render it plausible:

"His (Mr. Flood's) great ambition was, to take the lead in this question of reform; and as he at that time looked to a seat in the British House of Commons, (which he soon after obtained,) his views would, as he imagined, be most powerfully aided by his splendid exertions in the convention, as well as the Irish par-

liament, and enable him to aspire to superior rank and authority among the reformists in England, as well as those in Ireland. The time, however, pressed, and he was obliged to go to London in a very few days. To relinquish the honour of moving the question of reform to any one, he could not think of; and, the eagerness of some delegates co-operating with his own personal convenience, he hurried it into the House of Commons."

We leave this explanation to pass for what it is worth, simply adding that it proceeds from a gentleman whose strong partiality for Lord Charlemont, and for Mr. Grattan, should cause any statement which he makes to the prejudice of Mr. Flood, to be received with very considerable caution. We see, however, no reason for denying that he may have spoken the truth in this particular; and that he was right in condemning, in the memoir of his noble friend, the course pursued by Mr. Flood, is as unquestionable as that he was wrong in being, on the night of the debate, a consenting party to its adoption.

While matters were thus proceeding in this country, the English parliament was divided by the two illustrious rivals, Pitt and Fox, respecting the mode of best administering the affairs of India. Legislative ability was never in greater requisition than during that celebrated contest; and the Duke of Chandos, who had become acquainted with Mr. Flood during Lord Buckingham's administration in this country, strongly urged the latter to accept of a seat in the English house, as a theatre much more suited to the display of his extraordinary powers, than was to be found in the comparatively provincial legislature of Ireland. Flood readily listened to his solicitations. He could not but feel that he was not now what he formerly was in his own country; and he might well imagine that, by transferring himself to another country, not only would the sphere of his usefulness be enlarged, but his personal consideration would be augmented.

That he was regarded by his noble friends in England, as a man whose powers in debate might be very important at that critical period, is clear, we think, from the following extract

from a letter written to him by the Duchess of Chandos, and bearing date, November 29, 1783:

"I must renew my request to you to take care of your health; first, from the friendship I bear to you; and next, for the sake of this unfortunate country, where your assistance is much wanted to save it, if possible, from sinking. I will hope you may not come too late. Rapid are the strides Mr. Fox is making to establish himself arbiter of these kingdoms—which he will effectively do, if his East India bill passes both houses of parliament. Then adieu to the liberties of these countries!

"You have done every thing you can do for the benefit of Ireland, consistent with your principles of moderation. It is your opinion that Ireland cannot exist as a nation independent of England. You are in the minority in your own parliament; you probably may be in the same predicament here, but then you will have a more ample field for the display of your unbounded abilities. You will shine forth as a bright luminary in our darkened hemisphere. You will make the hackneyed rogues bow down their heads, abashed at your superior talents, founded on just and right principles. You have moderated the spirit of rebellion in your own country—you may do more here—you may prevent it."

It is easy to perceive from this the high hopes that were entertained by the Duke of Chandos, of what might be accomplished by the aid of a man like Flood, in defeating the machinations of Fox for securing a perpetuity of power, by means of the extensive patronage of India. It is true, Flood protested from the outset against entering the British parliament as the mere nominee of a borough proprietor. He asserted his full right to freedom of thought and action upon every question which might come before him; and very clearly intimated the possibility that he might not be able to give that aid to his friends which the Duke's views might lead him to desire. Still his Grace remained under the impression that these were general expressions, which a man of his talent and character might be entitled to use, but which were not to be construed too rigidly; and which, indeed, admitted of a construction sufficiently favourable to all his objects. Mr. Flood would

no doubt, express his own opinions ; but these opinions, it was hoped, would not be very widely different from those which he himself entertained ; and they would not come with the less force, because they were the promptings of his own ardent nature. All this was no more than natural. Mr. Flood acted honourably, as a man of spirit and independence ; and the Duke judged not unwisely as a politician and a man of the world. He, therefore, hesitated not to proffer to Mr. Flood the borough of Winchester, for which the latter took his seat, (having travelled post haste from Dublin, after the presentation of his reform petition,) on the very last night for the discussion of the celebrated India bill, which was big with the fate of the administration.

The subject was one upon which he was not prepared. Of the voluminous parliamentary reports upon it, which lay upon the table of the house, he knew little or nothing ; and his information extended no further than that general knowledge of which any one might have been possessed, who had only read the speeches of the members. Under these circumstances he had not the slightest intention of addressing the house, or rather, indeed, he had predetermined *not* to address them, until he had something to say worthy of them to hear, and of him to utter. It would have been well for him if he had adhered to this resolution. But accident, or his fate prevailed. He got upon his legs, merely to signify that it was not his intention, at that time, to enter upon a subject of such vast importance, when his appearance attracted every eye. There was a simultaneous rush from all parts of the house to secure a position in which he could be most conveniently heard. "Flood, the great Flood, the Irish Demosthenes is about to address the house," was on every tongue ; and he suddenly found himself in the presence of a hushed and eagerly expectant audience.

The result is well known. He disappointed public expectation, and the hasty arbiters of senatorial fame pronounced that he had failed in the English house, and that the prodigious reputation which he enjoyed in this country must have proceeded from

Irish exaggeration. It was his ill-fortune that there should have been present when he spoke an Irish gentleman, who, for some real or fancied discourtesy, owed him a grudge, and who failed not to take advantage of the surprise and disappointment which were experienced, and to exult over him in a tone of insolent raillery, which, under other circumstances, would have received, as it merited, a prompt castigation. But when Flood rose a second time, he was saluted by cries of "spoke, spoke ;" and the Speaker very properly refused him a second hearing. This was, probably, the most mortifying event in his life. The moment had arrived when he was about to enter upon a new race of senatorial enterprise, upon that exalted stage which had witnessed the exertions of a Chatham and a Burke, and where it had always been his highest ambition to make a conspicuous figure,—and that moment brought with it deep and unmingled humiliation. Those who apprehended his power, as a source of parliamentary annoyance, were filled with delight. Those who expected great things from him were covered with confusion. And he must have been more or less than man, if he were insensible to the mortification of his friends, and the triumph of his enemies. It is certain that he was not. He was greatly chagrined at what had occurred ; and although he redeemed his reputation afterwards, by speaking ably upon other subjects, it was long before he a second time ventured to claim the attention of an English audience.

It must, however, be admitted, that he never achieved in England that high consideration which he attained in Ireland. "He was an oak of the forest," said Grattan, "too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty." But Grattan was not too old to be transplanted at three score. We must, therefore, look for another explanation of a phenomenon, which certainly baffled the anticipations of his ardent admirers ;—and this, we think, is to be found, partly in his personal character, and partly in the circumstance of the times. His years, his fame, his spirit, rendered it impossible for him to enter the English House of Commons as the mere tool of faction. Gladly

would he have been received as a partizan, had he chosen to enlist himself in the service of either of the great leaders who at that time contended for supremacy in the British parliament. But, professing a respect for both, he would tender allegiance to neither, and always proudly vindicated for himself the privilege of acting as an independent member. It was, therefore, the policy of all parties to leave him "alone in his glory." And never had there been a time when party spirit ran so high. Fox sought to do, by his India bill, what the present ministers have since done by means of their reform, namely, to coerce the will of the sovereign, and establish an overwhelming Whig influence, by means of the exhaustless patronage which would have resulted from his proposed arrangements. Pitt felt, that, if this were accomplished, the constitution would be overthrown, and he employed all his powers of eloquence to make the constitutional party in the country aware of their danger. Happily, with good effect; for they were aroused, and the peril was averted. It was not at such a time that any large portion of attention could be attracted by the isolated efforts of one who might very plausibly be represented as a mere adventurer from Ireland. Had he remained, modestly, in the back ground, and waited for some occasion upon which his powers might be effectively displayed,—some Irish question upon which his experience and knowledge would have entitled him to speak with authority, there can be very little doubt that he would have been listened to with attention and respect;—and a beginning thus judiciously made might have been easily improved to his advantage. This was the course which Grattan pursued; and his success was considerable accordingly. Flood, on the contrary, came forward on the very first night of his admission into the house; and was betrayed, as we have before stated, into an attempt at making a speech upon a strictly English subject, which he had, in no res-

pect sufficiently considered. Is it any matter of surprise, that his unlucky attempt, in the then state, of men's minds, should have been attended with considerable disappointment? We think not:—and the contrary fates of these two great men, when they became members of the most intellectual assembly in the world, always appeared to us to furnish a striking illustration of the saying, "he that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

But it was not alone in the House that mortification now awaited Mr. Flood. He had to experience coldness and neglect from the high and titled individuals by whom, before, he was so much courted. The borough of Winchester, which he had been given to understand was to be at his service for the rest of his life, was, upon the next dissolution, bestowed upon another. This gave rise to a lengthened correspondence between him and the Duke of Chandos, whom he charged with dishonorable duplicity, and breach of his word. We have read his Grace's reply to this charge, and we confess we are not surprised that Mr. Flood should have deemed it wholly unsatisfactory. That the latter was not, after his supposed parliamentary failure, of the same *political* value that he was before, may be very true:—and, if the thing were to be done over again, the Duke might very fairly be excused from exerting any borough interest which he possessed, in his favour. But the pledge had been given, and in our judgment, it ought to have been redeemed. At least *Mr. Flood* may be excused for not admitting that it should be cancelled, upon the grounds of his own public depreciation. Accordingly, he put himself into the hands of his friend, Sir Lawrence Parsons, (the present Lord Ross,) between whom and the Duke of Chandos an interview took place, which terminated, certainly, in a breach of friendship, but, happily, owing to the Duke's forbearance, without leading to a breach of the peace.*

* A MEMORANDUM OF SIR LAWRENCE PARSONS.

Wednesday, the 19th of May, Mr. Parsons received from Mr. Flood, the follow-

We make the following extract from one of the many notes which passed between Mr. Flood and the Duke, during this unpleasant difference, for the purpose of showing the proper feeling of self-respect which actuated this high spirited gentleman, and the dignity with which he could assert himself, when called upon to do so by a sense of honour.

"As to his Grace's friendship, Mr. Flood will always respect it as he ought; but in this case he has only to desire that

the Duke will adhere to his own declarations. Mr. Flood is duly sensible of his Grace's rank; but the Duke well knows, that in certain descriptions of men, though of different ranks, there never can be any idea of friendship but on the ground of perfect and equal reciprocity; that his Grace's friendship and Mr. Flood's never had and never could have any other foundation. His Grace declared (not privately either,) that his object was, that Mr. Flood should be in a situation of efficiency which his Grace has not sought for himself. His Grace

ing letter, with a desire to read it to the Duke of Chandos, which Mr. Parsons did the same day:—

Cleveland-row, Wednesday, 19th May, 1784.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure you do me the justice to feel that no man can more lament the peculiarity of my situation respecting the Duke of Chandos than I do, or can be more disposed to accommodate his grace in every wish to rectify it. You know it is not the value of a seat, but superior feelings, that actuate me. A necessity to vindicate those feelings in a manner *inconsistent with the honor of the Duke*, I should esteem a very great misfortune; I wish, therefore, (as you permit me so to do,) to suppose it *may be prevented*; and if it should not, I will give, beforehand, *every satisfaction* to his Grace for the *liberty I must take*, which my life can offer.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully and affectionately,

HENRY FLOOD.

Sir Lawrence Parsons.

For an answer to this the Duke referred Mr. Flood to what he had already stated to him in his letters on the subject of Winchester; and added, that he was still ready to assist Mr. Flood, as far as lay in his power; and expressed a wish that Mr. Flood would *wait* till the *fourteen* days after the meeting of parliament were expired, or till the *opening of the next session*, as some opportunity might occur in the interim of obtaining a seat for him.

Mr. Parsons asked the Duke,—If Mr. Flood was satisfied to *wait* till the *opening of the next session*, would the Duke then return Mr. Flood for *Winchester*, unless or until a seat could be obtained *elsewhere*? The Duke answered in the *negative*.

Saturday, the 12th of June, Mr. Parsons took the *same letter* to the Duke of Chandos, with a *message indorsed*. Mr. Parsons had directions from Mr. Flood to read both to the Duke, and, on the Duke's desiring *personal satisfaction*, to appoint the *shortest day*, as Mr. Flood was obliged to return to Ireland the week following. The message indorsed was as follows:

The within letter signified, that as matters then "stood, Mr. Flood, if he were to deliver his sentiments, must declare, that the Duke of Chandos had acted *dishonorably* by him. It is with *great pain* that he feels this *declaration* is at length *extorted* from him.

"June 12th, 1784."

To this the Duke answered, that he could only repeat what he had already said so often,—that he was ready to give Mr. Flood every assistance in his power to procure him a seat in parliament. Mr. Parsons asked the Duke, was that the answer he should take back to Mr. Flood? The Duke said he could give no other. Mr. Parsons then said, he thought it necessary to inform the Duke, as he might have something *further to add*, that Mr. Flood would be obliged to leave the kingdom in a few days. The Duke's answer to this was, that if Mr. Flood would furnish any *friend* here with powers to conclude for a seat, in his absence, he would do what he could to obtain one for him.

June, 12th, 1784.

810300

L. PARSONS.

stated Mr. Flood's situation and claims as high as it was possible for Mr. Flood to wish. Mr. Flood need not, therefore, enter into an estimate of them himself; neither needs Mr. Flood to remind his Grace of words used by Mr. Flood at the time of his election, and upon his Grace's going into office last Christmas. They were too marked to escape his Grace's recollection, and contained the most explicit stipulation of parliamentary liberty."

It will be readily admitted, that it would have been unreasonable in Mr. Flood to expect, that the Duke of Chandos should put him into parliament for the purpose of urging a vexatious opposition to the government of which his Grace was himself a member. But Mr. Flood always expressed his readiness to be at the expense of procuring a seat for any friend of the Duke's whom he might name; and as the Duke professed to interest himself about him solely upon public grounds, Mr. Flood might well consider himself exonerated from any heavy sense of personal obligation. The Duke's patronage was proffered, when such an employment of it might best promote his own views; it was withdrawn when its continued exercise on his behalf seemed almost indispensable to Mr. Flood's political existence. The latter might, therefore, we think, be held excused, if, for a moment, his gratitude was swallowed up in his resentment.

But the loss of the Duke's favour did not exclude him from the House of Commons. The borough system afforded, at that time, a ready resource to a monied man; and he was returned for Seaford. The star of Pitt was now in the ascendant. His friends formed a large majority in the new parliament. Years and disappointments had subdued the ardour of Mr. Flood's temperament; and he felt no great disposition to take a very active part in an assembly where he could no longer hope to take a lead, and where he felt that it would be unworthy of him to act any subordinate part, either as the partizan or the opponent of administration. He therefore but rarely took part in the debates; but when he did do so he failed not to manifest those great powers which forced even his enemies to admit, that, had his lot been cast in Eng-

land as it was in Ireland, as a statesman, he would have been almost unrivalled. As a proof of the undecaying vigour of his intellect, we will subjoin a few extracts from a speech which he delivered in 1787, in reply to Mr. Pitt, whose commercial system he combated with a force of concentrated ratiocination, which, whatever may now be thought its value in the eyes of political economists, certainly at the time when it was delivered, received no sufficient answer.

"It is not natural for men to believe that the maxima, by which they have permanently flourished, are absurd and erroneous. Neither is it natural for them to believe that two enlightened nations have, for a century, contemplated the same object in one view—and that both of them are mistaken. Yet all this must be admitted before we can admit, that opening the ports of these two kingdoms to each other is not advantageous to France and prejudicial to Great Britain. I will not repeat what has been stated, that this treaty is the progeny of those of 1677 and of 1713. I will not repeat that the treaty of 1677 was dictated by France to the ignominious king who dishonoured your throne; that even a pensioned parliament rejected it, and substituted protecting duties and prohibitory laws; that James the Second, when he wished to conciliate France, and to enslave England, re-opened the ports; that King William and the revolution barred them up again; that from the commercial ignorance of our negotiators in 1713, (confessed by themselves,) the treaty of Utrecht, as to that part of it by which the two kingdoms were to be opened to each other, was also dictated by France; that the parliament, though greatly obsequious to the Queen, reprobated that part of the treaty; that all wise men, and all subsequent parliaments to this day applauded their conduct. I will omit these considerations, though weighty and considerable; but what happened in 1763? Amidst all her calamities and concessions, France struggled for this principle with peculiar avidity. The situation of Great Britain was commanding; and, rather than not have a peace at all, France receded. What happened in 1783? France returned to this principle with equal ardor. The situation of Great Britain was not equally commanding. But though the principle was not peremptorily rejected, as before, yet neither was

it admitted. It was referred to future discussion; that is, in fact, it was evaded. And what, then, are we desired to do now? To admit a principle, which, for a hundred years, France has been importunate to gain; and which, for an hundred years, Great Britain has been resolute to refuse; which would have made the treaty of 1763 worse than it was, when it was thought to be inadequate to our glory; and which would have made the treaty of 1783 worse than it was, when it was thought to be too humiliating for our distress."

"It is much boasted, indeed, that the manufacturers are pleased with this treaty. As, however, when they were displeased with the Irish treaty, their strongest and most express disapprobation was thought immaterial by ministers; their surmised satisfaction in this treaty now cannot be argued by the same men as weighty in its favor. When I look upon your table, however, I see no application from any manufacturers in favor of this measure; but I do see there a petition from a chamber, containing various classes of manufacturers, against it; for so the petition certainly is as far as it reaches. It is true, it is on the face of it a petition only for time and deliberation; and therefore it is ridiculed, with what reason I see not. What else could they have done with equal propriety? In so few days after the completion of the treaty, to call on you to give an instant and undeliberate negative to a measure comprehending every state as well as every commercial consideration, would certainly have been censured as premature and presumptuous. How much more absurd and presumptuous would it have been to desire you to give an instant negative where they neither had as yet, nor could have becomingly given a negative themselves. But I will not refer to what the manufacturers may think, or to what they may talk, while it is doubtful; but to what they have publicly reasoned, of which we can judge, and to what they have sworn, which we must credit. On the Irish treaty, they gave evidence, and till they come to your bar to retract that testimony, I have a right to the benefit of it; and if the manufacturers were now standing at your bar, I would ask them, were they afraid of Ireland at that time; and are they not afraid of France now? And if any of them should answer in the affirmative, I will ask him, what could be his possible reason? Is it that France is one of the most industrious, enterprising,

and manufacturing nations in the world; and that Ireland is not so? Is it that France has all labour, and manufactural labour in particular, cheaper than Ireland? Is it that France has five times the territory, eight times the population, and forty times the capital of Ireland? If England had committed an error in her treaty with Ireland, were they afraid that she could not rectify her error without war; whereas, with France, are they sure it might not cost a war? If Ireland should have gained in the event, were they afraid of it; because it would have been the gain of fellow subjects and of the empire; and as to France, are they not afraid of it; because it will be the gain of our rival, and therefore a loss to the empire? These opinions are too absurd to be credible.

"Of the woollen manufacturer, I would ask, whether in dyes, in oils and Spanish wool, France has not advantages which Ireland had not (nor Britain either); whether France does not rival British woollens in many parts of the world, whereas Ireland did not? Whether France has not one hundred towns engaged in the woollen manufacture for one that can be reckoned in Ireland? And whether France sends either wool or woollen yarn to Great Britain; whereas Ireland sends both; whilst Great Britain sends neither to Ireland, whatever she may to France? I would ask of the cotton manufacturer, whether in the raw material, France has not many advantages, while Ireland had not? (Nor Britain either herself.) Of the iron manufacturer, I might demand what mighty advantages had Ireland to render her more formidable than France? And I might ask Mr. Wedgwood himself, if no other country could rival his manufacture, why he was so much afraid of Ireland? And if any other country can, why he is not at all afraid of France?

"As to the wines and brandies of France, it is evident that by her climate she has in them a physical monopoly of expensive luxuries, for which it is her interest to secure the richest and the most luxurious customer she can—namely, Great Britain; whereas, Ireland could have no such object in a treaty with Britain, nor Great Britain with Ireland. And here I might ask, not of manufacturers only, but of all mankind, whether necessities will not make their way without treaty, and even in spite of prohibition, where superfluities will not make their way? I would then desire

it to be remembered, that the exports from France to Britain are luxuries, and next to luxuries; and that our exports to France are mostly utilities of the first or second necessity. What follows? That our exports stand less in need of treaty, and less in fear of prohibition than those of France; and, therefore, that treaty is advantageous to France."

We do not cite these extracts for the purpose of claiming entire approbation for Mr. Flood's opinions as a political economist. We know how widely the clearest sighted men have differed respecting the important positions discussed in his speech; and even if our inclination led us to stray beyond the strict limits of biography, and to engage in that discussion, our space would not permit us to do it justice. No. Our only object is to exhibit the matchless power of lucid and energetic logic which that great man possessed, and to prove that what is called "*his failure*" in the English House of Commons, did not prevent him from subsequently exhibiting those powers, in a manner that must have extorted the admiration of his hearers. Well might Grattan say of him, "give him the thunderbolt, and he had the arm of a Jupiter."

"What," he asked, "is the object of a commercial nation? Not to be for ever busy in supplying other countries, and to leave itself to be supplied by them. That would be absurd. Its first object is, to supply itself; its second, to supply others. What follows? That two great neighbouring countries of manufacture can never be capital objects to each other; and that, for this plain reason, that they must have the greatest quantity of similar commodities; the greatest quantity of home supply; and, therefore, the smallest quantity of reciprocal wants. No axiom can be clearer than this; and, therefore, the right honourable member, (Mr. Pitt,) who always states what is strongest for his case, did argue that a profitable exchange might take place between these two countries. And why? Because France, he said, is a country of produce, and because Great Britain is a country of manufacture. Now, this is true in sound, but false in reality. To make it true in reality, it would have been requisite to add, that the produce of France is a produce necessary or useful to Great Britain—whereas it is luxurious as to

wines, and as to brandies it is mischievous. It ought, also, to be added, that France is not a country of manufacture; that is to say, that she is unable to supply herself with manufactures—because, in that case, it is likely she would consume ours. But this is so far from being the truth, that she manufactures enough not only to supply herself, but to acquire a yearly balance of bullion, much larger than any other country in Europe. We also, it is true, manufacture enough not only to supply ourselves, but to obtain a balance in specie, though not to the amount of France; that is, France manufactures enough for twenty-four millions of people, and we manufacture enough for eight millions. I will not, however, infer from thence that she manufactures three times as much as we do. I mean to reason fairly; and, therefore, I admit that eight millions of our people consume more manufactures than eight, but not than twenty-four millions of Frenchmen. Now, if the quantity of her manufacture is at least equal to the quantity of ours, we can only surpass her in the quality; and though even in quality some of her manufactures excel ours, yet I am willing to suppose that, as to quality, we excel her in more. But what does this conclude as to the home consumption of France? Nothing at all. As long and as far as, from poverty, from economy, or from nationality and prejudices, she is content with her own manufactures, she will not consume ours. She could only import them for the use of other countries. Now, does any man seriously wish to make France the medium of our commerce with other countries? and to give up an active for a passive traffic? To give all the advantages of freight, commission, correspondence, and the preference as to the raw materials, or useful produce of those other countries in return, to France, instead of to England, and to make her the mercantile factor of Great Britain? Can any man entertain so insane an idea? Is any man so blind as not to see how much that would put this country into the power of her rival in peace, and of her enemy in war? What a wound it would enable France to give to this kingdom, upon the outset of hostilities? Or how difficult it might be, in such circumstances, to induce a mercantile people like the English to endure such a shock; and not rather to suffer the basest indignities that could be heaped upon a nation?

"The great objects of such a country

as this, are those countries which are destitute of manufactures, but rich in bullion, or in necessary or highly useful commodities. Spain, from defect of industry, and from abundance of bullion, is such an object. Holland, from defect of territory, and from commercial opulence, is such another. The northern kingdoms are objects, from a plenty of commodities of the first or second necessity. Both the Americas are objects. Portugal is an object. But, look round the world, and, perhaps, you will not find many countries that are less objects to Great Britain than France—I mean of useful commerce; and to negotiate for unuseful, or for pernicious traffic, would be too absurd."

The following observations upon the importance of the home market, may, even at the present day, not be without their use to our tentative experimenters in commercial legislation:

"If I be told that the manufacturers of Ireland were nearly as adverse to that treaty as the manufacturers of Great Britain, I admit it, and, upon the same principle—a principle that I should not now mention, but that it bears fully and directly upon the present subject. Now, what was that principle? That the certainty of the home market is better than the chance of any other. Great Britain had protected her market for a century, and, at the end of that century they saw how she flourished. Ireland had not been permitted to protect her market during the same period, and at the end of it they felt how she stood impoverished. Spain had adopted, during almost the same period, a system contrary to that of protection, and, in spite of Peru and Mexico, it had beggared her. *The market of the world is a great thing in sound; but, in reality, the home market is to every country greater than that of all the rest of the world.* And as to Great Britain, this is peculiarly true. One illustration will prove it. The corn of Great Britain is encouraged in its foreign consumption by a bounty on export; yet, though thus forced into the foreign market, what is the proportion of the foreign to the home consumption of British corn? Not one in thirty-two. I know, however, that corn being a first-rate necessary of life is in greater consumption at home, and greater production abroad, than less necessary commodities; and, therefore, (meaning to reason fairly,) I do not state the disproportion between the home and the foreign consumption to be as great in

all things, as it is in that particular commodity; but, after having rendered the idea striking by this example, I will, by another and a short illustration, render it precise. Every man must see this, that if the home consumption were equal to the whole produce of the national industry, foreign consumption would be of no value to British industry. What follows? That foreign consumption is only worth to British industry *that sum by which the exports of Great Britain exceed all that she imports for home consumption.* The home consumption, it is evident, is equal to all the rest, saving the sum of that excess. Now, compare that excess with the national consumption of eighty or ninety millions, and the immense superiority of the home market of Great Britain, over that of all the rest of the world, will be apparent. What follows? That it would be absurd to hazard this for the chance of the market of one foreign country; and especially of France, that is so peculiarly capable of supplying herself.

"Besides the extent of the home market, there is a *steadiness* in it that is invaluable. The caprice or hostility of foreign powers may make great and sudden revolutions in the foreign market; but the home market, if we are wise, we can always depend on, for steadiness, and, in effect, for monopoly. Reflect on the immense expense to which we have gone for distant colonies. And why? Was it not for the sake of their monopoly? though in distant colonies that must always be imperfect. How absurd, then, would it be to relinquish the monopoly of the home market, which is so much more perfect, and so much more extensive than that of all the colonies in the world."

After some fine observations, showing the impolicy, the dishonour, and the danger of certain provisions in the treaty, he thus proceeds:

"To talk, therefore, of making France the most favoured nation by Great Britain, appears to me to be absurd; and to make her so at present, to be dishonourable too. What must the nations of Europe think of it? They know that in the glory of the Duke of Marlborough's victories, you rejected the principle. They know that in the triumphs of 1762, you rejected it; and if now, in the fresh dismemberment of your empire by France, you shall, for the first time, submit to it, they will not impute it to gratitude—they will not impute it to philosophy—I dare not say to what they may

impute it. Heretofore they must acknowledge that, though you may, sometimes, have been unfortunate, you never were depressed. You have stood, (as your own Baillie* did in Asia,) presenting a front to every danger; so that nothing but an explosion from heaven could undo you. But if they read this treaty, they must think that day is over; and if they see you recede from the other countries of Europe to bury yourselves in the embraces of France, they may imagine that you have deserted that station which you have hitherto maintained in Europe. Now, I ask can you desert that station? And I answer, that you *cannot*; first, because it would be inglorious; and next, because it would be unsafe. *The moment that you were to let fall that standard, it would pass to some other power; and you would cease to be the hope, and cease to be the pride of Europe.* The enemies of your former greatness would pursue your retreat, though they would stand aloof from your power. THE NATION THAT HAS ONCE DARED TO BE GREAT, HAS NO SAFETY IN LITTLENESS—she must continue her darings, or she will suffer the pains of pusillanimity."

This is worthy of Chatham; and will surely be allowed to contain profound political wisdom. We owe Mr. Flood this acknowledgment; as our readers may recollect that we gave Mr. Grattan great credit for a similar sentiment, when it now appears that he was merely repeating what had been much better said by his illustrious rival, nearly twenty years before. After a fine allusion to Elizabeth and Cromwell, both of whom, in most trying circumstances, placed England at the head of Europe, he thus concludes:—

"With these glories before my eyes, and remembering how nobly they have been augmented within those hundred years, I stand in astonishment at the preamble of this treaty, which calls on us, in a tone of triumph, to reverse the system of that century. I cannot help asking myself, who those men are, who thus summon a mighty nation, to renounce its honours, and to abdicate its superiority. But, be they who they may, if they ask me to depose Great Britain, and to put France into the throne of Europe—I answer, NO. If they ask me to repeal the revolution, I answer, NO;—or the liberty that came with it, or the glory that

followed it, or the maxims of commerce, and of government that have cherished and adorned both;—I continue to answer by a reiterated negative. I confide that you will do the same; and I conclude."

Such was Mr. Flood in England. We have felt it our duty to be thus copious in our extracts from this most able speech, because of the idle notion that was so current, that he was unable to maintain his reputation before a British audience. His first appearance, unquestionably, did not serve him; but who can read the passages which we have quoted, and not be ready to admit, that his failure, as far as it could be called a failure, was owing, purely, to the accident of having been betrayed into a speech without having made any sufficient preparation? He now fully vindicated the estimate of his early admirers; and were he a younger man, or had he enjoyed better health, it is probable that many such efforts would have given him a station and an influence in the British House of Commons that would have satisfied his highest ambition.—But he was now declining into the vale of years; and the motives which stimulate to parliamentary enterprise could operate but weakly on the veteran politician, whose youth and manhood had been passed amidst the stormy contentions of the Irish senate, and who felt himself now, in advanced life, a stranger in a strange land, politically invalided. Such was Mr. Flood's precise position at the period of which we write. His conduct upon the renunciation clause in his own country, and his opposition upon the India Bill in England, had alienated Fox. His breach with the Duke of Chandos separated him from the party of Pitt, from whom, indeed, he would in any event have been separated, by his impracticable self-will, and his sturdy independence. Even if Pitt were not too haughty to court him as a follower, he would have been too proud to follow a leader. He was, therefore, "himself alone." There was no section of the house, of which he was acknowledged as the head. And, without a parliamentary gathering, such as it would have been perfectly hopeless for him to attempt to muster, he clearly saw that permanent senatorial pre-eminence was not to be at-

* Colonel Baillie, who being suddenly attacked and surrounded by the troops of Hyder Ali, formed his men into a solid square, and thus repelled his assailants.

tained. He, therefore, we think, judged wisely in not addressing the House often; and never except upon great occasions, when the weight of his character, as well as the importance of the subject were sure to command attention.

In 1790, he introduced his plan of parliamentary reform, which certainly must be characterized as constitutional and wise, and which had the singular fate of being equally praised and disregarded. The speech in which it was introduced, was commended by Pitt, as "replete with eloquence, and deep political wisdom;" but he deemed the time unseasonable. Fox, also, concurred in this eulogy, and pronounced Mr. Flood's proposal the clearest from objection of any that had been made upon that important subject. But, "*Laudatur, et alget*;"—his isolated position in the House rendered him incapable of rendering any service to his country.

A by-gone question of that kind can now only be interesting, as it affects the reputation of the distinguished mover; and it may be said of Mr. Flood's plan, that it was a bold and decisive one, and bore strong marks of that enlarged and enlightened meditative sagacity by which he was characterized. He would have increased the number of members in the House by one hundred, to be elected by responsible house-holders, not already possessed of a franchise; thus avoiding the evils of Lord Chatham's plan, which made no provision for the great and responsible body of men, who were then non-electors; and of Mr. Pitt's plan, which contemplated the gradual extinction of a certain number of boroughs; a measure which, at best, must be slow,—which, if compulsory, might be deemed arbitrary; and if effected by purchase, would be a violation of principle, and build reform, not on the purity, but on the corruption of the franchise. It was possible "that the purchase might never be effected, and that the worst boroughs, those of the government, never would resign, but would be comparatively increased in their importance, by the resignation of others—that the Reform was to wait for the result of all these contingencies—and, at all events, that it was not to begin till the expiration of the parliament, which had but just commenced, during all which time it would be open to be repealed, before it began to operate.

"My proposition," he proceeded, "is free from all these objections; for it is, that one hundred members should be added, and that they should be elected by a numerous and a new body of responsible electors; namely, the resident house-holders in every county—resident, I say, because the principle of the constitution is so strongly in favour of residence, that it ordained that no non-resident could be an elector; and with reason:—first, because residents must be best acquainted with every local circumstance; and next, because they can attend at every place of election, with the least inconvenience and expense to themselves or to the candidate. Householders, I say, because being masters, or fathers of families, they must be sufficiently responsible to be entitled to franchise. There is no country in the world in which the house-holders of it are considered as the rabble; no country can be said to be free, where they are not allowed to be efficient citizens;—they are, exclusive of the rabble, the great mass of the people—they are the natural guards of popular liberty in the first stages of it. Without them it cannot be retained; as long as they have this constitutional influence, and till they become generally corrupt popular liberty cannot be taken away; whenever they do become generally corrupt it cannot be retained; neither will it be long possessed, if they have not this constitutional influence, for the liberty of a nation, like the honour of individuals, can never be safe but in their own custody. The householders of this country have a better right to consideration and franchise than those of any other country, because they pay more for it.—It is admitted, that every individual of this country, one with another, pays fifty shillings a year to the revenue in tax.—The master or father of a family must contribute in proportion for himself, and for each individual of his family, even to the child that is hanging at the breast. Who shall say that this class of men ought to be confounded with the rabble? Who shall dare to say that they ought to be proscribed from franchise? They maintain the influence of the rich, the dignity of the noble, the majesty of the crown; they support your fleets and your armies; and who shall say, that they shall not have this right to protect their liberty."

The French Revolution furnished a plausible objection to any reform at that period. "Who," says Mr. Burke, "would commence unroofing his house

in a s own?" This topic was strongly urged by Mr. Powis against Mr. Flood's motion on the present occasion; and his reply exhibits the keen sense of destruction, as a public man, which he experienced, whenever he had to claim the attention of the House as an independent member.

"The ghost of French tumult has again been excited to conjure down, if possible, the dangerous spirit of reform; and a grave member of the British parliament, in the gravest of all possible harangues, has imagined to himself that a missionary from the national assembly of France has escaped to this House to make the present proposition. I am not a native of France. I am a citizen of the British empire. I am a member of this House. I appeal to you whether my conduct has been that of an alien or an adventurer—whether I have often trespassed upon your attention—whether I ever did so but upon an occasion of importance;—and whether I then wearied you with ostentation or prolixity. I am as independent in fortune and nature as the honourable member himself, (Mr. Powis.) I have no fear but that of doing wrong; nor can I have an hope on the subject but that of doing some service before I die. The accident of my situation has not made me a partisan; and I never lamented that situation till now, that I feel myself as unprotected, as I fear the people of England will be on this occasion."

The general merits of his plan, (which was, undoubtedly, highly conservative, and might, had it been adopted, have prevented that perilous experiment, which, by a combination of folly and wickedness, was reserved to be put in practice in our times,) he thus sums up in the conclusion. His words were pregnant with instruction, and well deserving of being heedfully remembered.

"The higher classes of every state are subject to be debauched by ambition; the lower by necessity; the middle classes alone can be depended upon. The extremes of the state are apt to unite to overwhelm every thing between: it is the business, therefore, of wise statesmen to render the middle ranks so strong, as to be able to resist the union of the extremes. The constituent body is the political army of the state; an able general will make the centre of his army strong, if he be in danger from the wings. On this principle, I introduce four hundred thousand responsible citizens from the middle ranks of the people, to fortify the

constitution, and render it impregnable. Such men cannot gain by convulsion; such men are too numerous to combine; and their position is a position of moderation, because it is a state of mediocrity."

Parliament was now dissolved; and the very little interest which the public, at that period, took in parliamentary reform of any kind, appears from the fact, that he was not re-elected. This must have sensibly mortified his proud spirit; but it was of the less importance, as his life was now drawing towards a close. From very early youth he never could be said to have enjoyed uninterrupted good health; but his final illness was caused by exposure to cold, during an attempt to extinguish a fire that broke out in his house at Farmley. He was seized with a pleuritic attack, of which, after lingering a short time, he expired.

The details into which we have already entered, and the specimens of his intellectual powers which we have laid before the reader, render it unnecessary, we presume, to dwell at any great length upon the character of this great man. He was, indeed, one of whom his countrymen may feel justly proud, and whose powers of mind and personal qualities would, in any country, have enabled him to attain the loftiest station. Amongst these, the vigour and the sagacity of his reasoning faculties must be allowed to hold the chief place. Never, probably, did an orator exist whose extemporary logic was so perfect and so sustained. His imagination was just sufficient—and no more than sufficient—to throw a torch-light illumination around him as he proceeded, in his native strength, scaling the difficult and almost impracticable precipices, or winding his way through the dark and thorny labyrinths of argument, at one time so lofty as almost to surpass intellectual power, and at another so mazy as almost to baffle human penetration. Whatever the subject was, he never once sunk below the level of it, and was often able to raise his hearers up to the level of it, and to impose upon them the temporary delusion, that they were reasoning out, with their own minds, those conclusions to which they were conducted by the processes of his elaborate, and masterly argumentation. And yet, never man existed who so little condescended to

humbour the prejudices of his hearers. He took his stand upon the rock of some general principle, from which he was not to be removed; and he seemed as though he scorned to be indebted to any meaner influence for that ascendancy over the minds of men which should be yielded to him from their sense of justice. * *Brevis esse laboro, obcurus fio,*" might not unfrequently be said of Grattan;—never of Flood. His statements were as clear as his reasonings were convincing; and, if not conveyed in the pointed and brilliant phraseology of his illustrious competitor for fame, were not, perhaps, less recommended by that simplicity which always best becomes the majesty of truth, "which is, when unadorned, adorned the most," and that generous earnestness which always accompanies the efforts of an ardent and an ingenious nature.

That he should have accepted office, will not, surely, be considered any impeachment of his fame, if no dereliction of principle characterised his adherence to administration. And that he preserved his integrity, even within the charmed circle of ministerial favour, will be admitted by all who examine, with candour, that portion of his history which has furnished topics of severest invective to his enemies. When the time came that his possession of place was no longer compatible with his views or his feelings as a patriot, he hesitated not to relinquish the first office at the disposal of the crown, and to become a partaker, once more, of the labours and the perils of the friends of the people.

Nor is it to be forgotten that his efforts as an orator were made under physical disadvantages, such as it required no ordinary energy to surmount, and which, in fact, never could be so completely surmounted as not greatly to impair his effect as a speaker. A disease contracted at Oxford, and which nearly cost him his life, terminated in a partial inclination of the cartilage of his nose, a slight depression of the palate, and the loss of his front teeth. This serious calamity necessitated the use of an artificial palate and teeth; and it was by a con-

trivance of this kind, at a time when such contrivances were far more clumsy than they are at present, that he was enabled to pour forth those strains of eloquence which so often held listening senates in admiration.

The following description of his manner of speaking, will, we are sure, not be unacceptable to our readers, as it was given by one who was frequently an eye and an ear-witness to his most brilliant exertions in parliament:—

"As a parliamentary orator, and an orator he truly is, his voice is clear and distinct; but wanting that fulness and energy of sound, that sometimes adds weight to trifles. With an extensive compass, and great variety of tones, it is by no means remarkable for harmony of modulation, nor for those silver notes that charm the ear; but is, when deep, rather hollow, and when high, rather shrill. His management of it seems not to be regulated by any rule, but left to the impulse of the moment; his whole attention being engaged in the higher departments of his office, without minutely adverting to the injunctions of rhetoricians, or the precepts of the schools. It is, consequently, at times, barely audible, but seldom transgresses by extravagant elevation.

"His language is copious, nervous, elevated, sublime; flowing spontaneously in the most appropriate expression, and abounding "in words that burn," as his mind in "thoughts that breathe." He is not deficient in the power of displaying the more florid beauties of eloquence, but he avoids them from judgment; not seeking, yet not shunning ornament; but cautiously abstaining from those pompous and ostentatious terms, that have more sound than sense, and adhering strictly to such as are clear, picturesque, and impressive, equal to the highest, and intelligible to the meanest capacity; and evidently aiming more at the force, the vehemence, and the impetuosity of Demosthenes, than the diffusion, the splendor, the magnificence of Cicero.

"His delivery, totally free from languor, or coldness, though not rapid, is quick and lively;—admirably suited to the ardour of his diction; adding strength to the vigorous, and perspicuity to the luminous; varying, indeed, as the occasion requires; but ever pointed, and ever striking. His manner is warm, spi-

* The above critique is taken from an old number of the "Dublin Evening Post," published so long ago as 1784; and was written, we believe, by a Mr. Scott, then a Master of Arts in the University, and well known by the name of "Beau Myrtle."

rited, and dignified; commanding respect, and communicating universal animation."

"His action, in the use of which he is not sparing, is often strong, and powerfully energetic; but never graceful."—"It might rouse, it might agitate a rude multitude; but will hardly please a cultivated audience. In argument, he is superiorly great,—in that respect, surpassing any man we have heard in the senate house; being, as his subject demands, either close, compact, and condensed; or, diffuse, dilated, and comprehensive; properly and pertinently enforcing the principal parts of the question, yet never overlooking its minutest or meanest points; connecting what is separated, contracting what is disjointed, and scientifically unfolding what is abstracted or obscure. If he ever seems to recede or to retreat, it is not to desert the contest, but to select a better ground of attack. In the refutation of his opponents he exerts the full powers of his mind; exposing their impostures to contempt, and their fallacies to ridicule;—now, with the strictest forms of reason; and, anon, with the chastest railery, and the happiest strain of irony.

"In invective he peculiarly excels,—giving it a poignancy and a severity which the iambic measures of Archilochus hardly equalled; and which the most conversant and the most obstinate in such contests, have, after months of preparation, felt to be more keen and more cutting than their studied philippics. His argument adds considerably to all he says; for it is clear, regular, and accurately scientific; gradually leading from what is easy to what is abstruse; from what is conceded to what is disputed; forming a connected chain of argumentation, wherein not a link can be broken without diminishing its force, nor removed without weakening its evidence.

"His matter is ever of the best species; studiously sought, carefully investigated, and precisely applied;—solid, important, and instructive;—always just, though frequently new." "Profoundly versed in constitutional and political learning; familiarly acquainted with the laws; deeply skilled in the theory of commerce; a master of polite and classical literature, he instantly perceives what is wanting in every emergency, and quickly discerns where it is to be found;

so that his knowledge appears universal, and its application instantaneous."

Such was the estimate of this great man which was formed by a living observer, of whose phraseology we may not always approve, but whose judgment, certainly, seems to us to be borne out by the specimens which have survived of Mr. Flood's powers as a reasoner, as an orator, and as a statesman. Those who were privileged to judge of him from private intercourse, have borne an equally favourable testimony to the extent of his erudition, the refinement of his taste, and that passionate love of literature and of the arts, by which, through life, he was distinguished. Indeed his last will, in which he bequeaths the whole of his property, amounting to five thousand a-year, to the University of Dublin, for the purpose of purchasing Irish manuscripts, and founding a professorship, with a view to the cultivation of the Irish language, while it proves what would now be acknowledged an almost prophetic foresight of the value of those precious and perishing relics, demonstrates the intensity of interest which he took in the antiquarian literature of Ireland.*

Lord Ross, writing with a fine enthusiasm, of his departed friend, thus expresses himself:—

"Often did Mr. Flood remark to me, that, while in the east ingenious men were collecting and translating with such laudable industry, the ancient writings of the inhabitants of that region between the Indus and the Ganges, the valuable memorials of our own island were neglected and perishing. He thought that many of the truths of ancient history were to be found at these two extremities of the lettered world; that they would reflect light and knowledge upon each other, and lead to a more certain acquaintance with the early history of man. His great mind was wont to combine the most distant things; to bring the east and the west into juxtaposition; and by the comparison of these extremes, to examine the immutable coincidences of truth."

That the Irish were descended from a Scythian colony, which first migrated

* This will was disputed by his family, and the property recovered from the University; or rather, indeed, it was never suffered to take effect.

to Egypt, and afterwards passed to the western coast of Spain, from whence the voyage to this country would have been peculiarly easy, always appeared to Mr. Flood a probable hypothesis; and he was not a little confirmed in that notion, by the coincidences, in point of language, which were first pointed out by his friend Vallancey,* (whom he generously remembered in his will,) and the brazen swords which have been found in the bogs in Ireland, and which resemble those that have been dug up at Cannæ, and which were used by the ancient Carthaginians. A sneering and contemptuous anti-nationality distinguished the sciolists of his day, who seemed ashamed of their country; who were scandalized at any one who professed a belief in its ancient renown, or expressed a persuasion that the manuscripts written in the Irish language were deserving of being seriously regarded. With what indignant truth does Lord Ross reprove such scoffers, in his eloquent vindication of the will of his illustrious friend!

"But Mr. Flood's authority alone ought to impress upon these manuscripts a deep stamp of credit and estimation. He was certainly one of the greatest men that ever adorned this country. His mind was the most capacious; his reason the most athletic; his judgment the most balanced; his erudition the most profound. His nature was too dignified to deceive others; his intellect too piercing to be deceived himself. Yet he, in the most solemn act of his existence, when he was going to leave a great memorial to all posterity of his unabating patriotism, and so make the termination of his life accord with all his actions while living, in which his country was his first and paramount object; for the prosperity of which he lived and laboured; and in the same ardour for its fame was just about to die; he, I say, consecrated with his dying breath these venerable records, and embalmed them and his own fame together, to all posterior ages; and thus, by such a conduct at such a time, when he knew that nothing but truth could throw glory around his declining orb, and when there was an end of every inclination which could cast obscurity upon truth,

has given a testimony which ought to satisfy uninformed men of the value of these ancient writings, though uncorroborated by all the high authorities that bear evidence in their support. But his great bequest did not terminate here. He has ordered by his will that, after all the manuscripts in the Irish language that can be purchased have been obtained, then those books and manuscripts in the languages that have an immediate affinity to the Irish shall likewise be purchased; thereby showing the great chain of thought that moved through his mind upon this subject; and that though the fame of Ireland, as preserved in these ancient records, was his primary object, the wide horizon of his intellect embraced the early history of the whole human race, which he hoped would be illustrated by the connection and comparison of these collateral testimonies. After this his bequest extends to the purchase of books in all languages, at the discretion of the governors of the university; thereby insuring to Ireland in course of time the greatest library in the world. Of all the stupendous works of the Egyptian Ptolomies, none have transmitted their memories to posterity with a more luminous fame than their great library at Alexandria. The bequest of Mr. Flood is not less worthy of renown; it is the same in object, and not less in extent. How can a nation be truly great without learned men, and how can men be truly learned without such great repositories of literature to resort to? If the acts which have most stigmatized the most stigmatized barbarians, the Vandals and the Goths, have been the destruction of such collections of lettered works, surely he who founds and institutes such must receive proportionate applause from the civilized world? But his great bequest, which for wisdom and magnificence of design exceeds any thing of this kind upon record in ancient or modern times, goes further still: to use his own expiring words, 'seeing that nothing stimulates to great deeds more strongly than great examples,' he orders that the characters of some of those great men in ancient and modern times, who have been eminently servicable and honourable to their country, should, in annual compositions, be commemorated

* A speech is put into the mouth of Hanno, the Carthaginian, in one of the plays of Plautus, which long baffled the erudition of the learned, until it was translated by General Vallancey, who was enabled to interpret it solely by his knowledge of Irish.

in our Universities: that their exalted actions may stand forth and be portrayed in living colours before every rising generation here to the end of time: that their ennobling sentiments may be poured into the minds of the young, to swell their thoughts to high conceptions and illustrious deeds: that the wreaths of true honor and fame may be hung up in their view to excite them to those actions of refined and sublimated virtue, by which alone they can hope to reach them.

"This was the extensive range of Mr. Flood's bequest to the public; having first manifested in his will all the wise and tender anxieties and cares for those around him for whom duty and affection taught him to provide; having for these, when he was about to retire from the world, provided every means of competency, and spread every shade of protection which a prudent and liberal mind could suggest; he then turns his eyes upon Ireland:—Ireland, for whose prosperity and liberty and glory he had so many years so illustriously toiled, and which was now to be closed from his view for ever. His great spirit, while it was just hovering over the tomb, was still busied about the future fame of his country; and dictated those expiring accents, which direct that the materials of learning, from all parts of the earth, should be from time to time collected and deposited in the bosom of our University. Thus founding for his country an everlasting pyramid of all the accumulated knowledge of man, which should out-top the works of all other nations; and by which every future genius of our island might climb to the summit of human intelligence, and take his towering flight. Lastly, to excite to this, and to every thing else great and worthy, he orders that the most exalted examples of the most exalted men, that have ever improved and dignified human nature, may be applied to transfuse their virtues into the expanding bosoms of our youth; that thus as it were, through the medium of his last will, his voice, though dead himself, might call continually from the tomb upon the aspiring offspring of every succeeding age, to ennoble their minds, and spread glory over their country, by their knowledge, their talents, and their virtues.

"Thus, this great patriot, after having made every possible provision for the past and future fame of Ireland, sunk into his grave. The impartial judgment of subsequent ages will consider him as

unrivalled in his own country; and had it been his fortune to have moved upon a theatre as capacious as his own mind, his celebrity would not have been exceeded by any man's in any other."

The opinion expressed in the concluding sentence may seem, in some measure, at variance with the fact, that Mr. Flood could not be said to have been eminently successful, after his transplantation into the English House of Commons. This, however, may be accounted for by circumstances, which will still leave his senatorial reputation very high indeed. His first step, on the first night of his entrance into that assembly, was a false one. When his only object was, to say that he did not intend either to speak or vote, he should have been silent. He was, unfortunately, by the flattering attention with which he was received, drawn on to attempt doing more than that; and the consequence was, that he was damaged in public estimation by seeming to fail, where he never intended to appear successful. No matter what the accident by which a high-mettled horse may have broken his knees, his value will be depreciated by it, even more than his utility may be impaired; and so it was with Mr. Flood, who was discouraged, by what then occurred, from taking that active part in English politics upon which he had been previously resolved, and who never afterwards, but upon rare occasions, solicited the notice of parliament. But when he did do so, the reader has already seen it was with consummate power. And if he did not ardently engage in the strife of parties; and take that lead in the great affairs which then engaged public attention, which might be expected from his great abilities, it arose as much from the proud attitude of independence which he assumed, which kept him separated from the powerful interests by which public business was at that time managed, as from any other cause to which it could be reasonably attributed. He was like a ship which refused to sail in convoy, even after she had suffered some injury upon leaving port; and which, accordingly, must be less able to remedy the accidents or to overcome the difficulties which she may meet with on her voyage, than she would have been if

she had not resolved to pursue her course in a state of voluntary sequestration.

But no failure in England can take from him the praise of unrivalled skill as a debater. Of that, he exhibited innumerable specimens in the Irish parliament. His readiness in availing himself of any incident which, in the stormy discussions in that assembly, might be turned to account, strikingly appeared, when, after the recognition of Irish legislative independence, it was deemed expedient to confirm an act passed in the reign of William and Mary, by which the crown of Ireland was inseparably annexed to the crown of England. Mr. Flood moved an amendment, for the perpetual union of the crowns, and the perpetual separation of the houses of legislation, which was strongly opposed by Mr. Fitzgibbon, Mr. Yelverton, and Mr. Grattan. At that time there was a small party in the house, consisting of thirteen members, the representatives of northern boroughs, and known by the name of "the Hillsborough Club." Their costume was "orange and blue." "They were in the habit," adds our informant, a gentleman who writes from a personal knowledge of the facts, "of spending the night in convivial excesses;" and entering the house, when, towards morning, the question was about to be put, and when their votes might be needed. "It was now three o'clock when Flood rose to reply, and he had not proceeded far, when these gentlemen entered the house in a body to vote against him. The orator paused, and affecting surprise, said, 'Hah! what do I behold!' Then with an air of joy and gratulation, and extending his arms as if to embrace his new allies, 'I hail,' said he, 'those glorious colours, auspicious to the constitution! These honorable men have, no doubt, spent the night in vigils for the glory and fortune of the commonwealth. Come, come to this heart, with all your patriotism.' The effect was magical. The voice of the orator was drowned amidst the cheers and acclamations of the house, and the astonished courtiers felt their livery for the first time a cause of confusion and dismay, while they fell back into the corridors amidst the broad laughter of the other members.

There were in the Irish, as there are in the English House of Commons, useful individuals, who made it their business to go through the house for the purpose of completing the muster of their party, preparatory to a division upon any important question. They are denominated in parliamentary phrase "whippers-in." One of these convenient gentlemen was very industriously employed in his vocation, while Mr. Flood was one night upon his legs; and his figure, as he glided between the benches, with pencil and paper in his hands, taking down the names of the supporters of administration, caught the eye of the orator, who plainly saw that unless he contrived to excite a strong feeling of indignation upon the instant, an arrangement would be made by which all his efforts must be, in all probability, defeated. He therefore paused, and, looking intently at the individual, with straining eye-balls, as if he saw a ghost, the attention of the whole house became riveted upon him, while the gentleman himself, the object of such intense interest, suspended his function, and, wholly unconscious of having given any cause for the astonishment that seemed depicted in every countenance, leant forward and gazed at the orator with an eye of asking wonder. At length Flood broke silence. "What," he said, "is it that I see! Shall the temple of freedom still be haunted by the foul fiend of bribery and corruption? I see, personified before me, an incarnation of that evil principle which lives by the destruction of public virtue." And then, perceiving that he had the feeling of the house with him, he exclaimed, as if exorcising an evil spirit,—*"Avaunt thou loathsome sprite, thou pander to ministerial profligacy! and no longer pollute with thy presence this edifice consecrated to the constitution."* The effect of this hazardous appeal was very great indeed. The "whipper-in" withdrew, amidst shouts of execration, similar to those which the populace sometimes exhibit when they catch a glimpse of the hangman. And Mr. Flood resumed his argument to a more excited and favourable audience than he had before.

His powers of repartee, and his command of classical allusion, were often

very happily displayed. Pressing the government on one occasion, for some information which it was not felt very convenient to give, his forbearance was solicited, upon the ground that the minister was not present whose duty it would have been to answer his question. Flood good humouredly assented to the appeal, observing, as he pointed to the empty bench, where the absent minister was used to sit, "Formerly the oak of Dodona is said to have uttered oracles itself; *but the wooden oracle of our treasury is compelled to give his responses by deputy.*"

It is, however, time for us to conclude. Enough has, we trust, been said to enable the reader to form a just estimate of the various powers of this great man, and of his conduct as a senator both in England and in Ireland. But if our sketch has been defi-

cient, we are glad to know that that deficiency will shortly be supplied, in a memoir which is in progress of preparation, and intended to accompany a corrected edition of his speeches, by his kinsman Captain Warden Flood,* a gentleman already advantageously known to the literary public;† and in all respects qualified to do the subject ample justice. We take this opportunity of acknowledging our obligations to him for the kindness with which he put at our disposal much of the valuable information which he had been at the pains to acquire; and trust that nothing will prevent his speedy completion of the good work which he has commenced; and that we may shortly have to congratulate our readers upon a valuable accession to the literature of Ireland.

* Of the Fifty First Regiment.

† He has written a very instructive and interesting "Sketch of the Military and Political State of Prussia."

THE ATTRACTIONS OF IRELAND.—NO. I. SCENERY.*

IRELAND is at the present day unquestionably one of the most interesting portions of Europe. In the midst of scenery, which alone insures us no inconsiderable share of attention from the ordinary tourist, we exhibit a state of society, in all respects most inviting to the philosophic traveller, and a condition of affairs, economically speaking, full of the deepest interest for the speculative and the practical man.

Taking these attractions, local, social, and (e)conomical, in series, we will begin with the most obvious, because hitherto the most generally recognised, the scenery of the island. Irish scenery may be classed with that order known to painters by the epithet "British;" the characteristics of which are, moderate elevation, undulation and verdure, as opposed to the altitude, the abrupt-

ness, and the aridity of the continent. In British scenery we find the mountains rolled and swelling, rarely attaining the limits of an enduring cap of snow, and distinguished more by simplicity and breadth, than by any fantastic forms of outline or configuration. In our horizons, peaks are but of occasional occurrence, and pinnacles are so rare as to be almost unknown. The peaks again are not of the splintered and jagged Alpine character; but massive, comparatively smooth, and showing an easy outline on every side. In the intervals between our mountains, the ravine generally spreads into a glen, before it can attain the dimensions of an Alpine valley, and when our glen has expanded itself into an open country, the undulations of other hills invariably contract it before it can com-

* New Works for Tourists in Ireland.—Guide through Ireland, being a description of the country; its commerce, manufactures, scenery, and antiquities. With an Appendix, containing a brief account of its botany, geology, population, &c. With numerous useful tables. Dublin, William Curry, Jun. & Co. 1836.—*Unpublished.*

Guide to the County of Wicklow, new edition. Dublin, same publishers, 1835.

Guide to the Giant's Causeway, new edition. Dublin, same publishers, 1834.

Guide to Killarney and Glengariff, new edition. Same publishers, 1835.

Guide to Dublin, with a notice of the surrounding country, and its geology.—Dublin, same publishers, 1835.

pare with a continental plain. Thus, in form and proportion we are less grand, but more graceful; so, in colouring, our superior verdure more than counterbalances our want of equal variety of hue. Our grasses, heaths, and timbers, present an effect so characteristic and distinctive, that the eye at once recognises a British meadow, a British mountain, or a British forest, whether on canvass or spread upon the face of the real landscape. The grasses indeed are green with a verdure peculiarly their own; the heaths throw a broader, browner shade athwart the mountain, and the forms of the forest trees give a distinctive air of massive and umbrageous leafiness to our woods, which we look for in vain in any other country.

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The wooded valley, warm and low,
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing to the sky
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Eithiop's arm."

The scenery of Ireland, however, while it falls in general outline and accompaniment, under the order of British landscape, is again distinguished by its own peculiarities of feature and expression. North and South Britain present respectively, the extremes of wild sterility and tame cultivation. Ireland, less rugged than the one, and more varied and undulating than the other, surpasses both in that combination of picturesque effect and arable facility, which seems to us to constitute the most happy physical characteristic of any country. Our streams are here more numerous, and more rapid than in England—less brawling and precipitous than in Scotland, but clearer, more copious, and more available for useful purposes than those of either South or North Britain. Barer of timber than the one, but much better wooded than the other, we can perhaps claim some similar, though slight advantages in this respect also, for it is quite as certain that the too close hedge-rows of England are detrimental to the productiveness of her fields, as that the bareness of timber is a material drawback both on

the appearance and the comforts of many districts in Ireland. Where the glens are numerous, the streams lively, and the pastures good, we confess we sigh for no more sylvan honors than the natural drapery of their own hazels and hawthorns; but in the open country which never possessed the pastoral character that we would be sorry to see banished from our grazing borders, we do bitterly lament the absence of sufficient timber to save us from the reproaches of certain members of the Twiss family—a clan not yet extinct, nor wholly left without a leader, since Mr. Barrow, we perceive, has latterly made serious pretensions to the honors of the vacant utensil. Still, few and far between as our wooded districts unfortunately are, even in these we find new characteristics of our native scenery. "It has been remarked by more than one artist of eminence," says Mr. Croker, "as a comment on the Irish landscape, that the forms of the trees are more graceful and capricious than in England—"Your trees," said a gentleman to me, "partake of your national character; wild and irregular, they both assume extraordinary ramifications, that treated with justice by a master-hand, appear noble features, but of which, an unskilful delineator, produces only clumsy caricatures."—But the grand characteristic which, logically speaking, puts the difference between the scenery of the two islands, is that of colour, and this not more in the verdure of our fields, than in the foliage of our woods, and the ever varying and delightful tints of our mountains; for, be the cause what it may, whether a peculiar moisture of our atmosphere, or a soil resting for the most part upon a substratum of limestone, or both causes conjointly, certain it is that our Irish landscape presents a clearness, a brilliancy, a dewy, serene, and blooming freshness, solely and essentially its own. Even Barrow cannot help being struck with it. "The long dry summer," he says, "had converted all the parks and the green fields of England, (and Scotland too had partaken of the same russet hue,) into the colour and appearance of a turnpike road; but from the moment of landing in Ireland, such was the fresh, vivid, and brilliant verdure, interspersed with waving corn fit for the sickle, that I

was ready to exclaim,—‘This truly, is the Emerald Island!’ How fully sensible of our superiority in this respect, were our native bards will be in the recollection of all who have read the versions of some Irish songs, in former numbers of this Magazine. Here, however, are some stanzas even more deeply imbued with the national colours than any we have yet quoted—they are indeed verdurously national, and dripping with poetic dew. The poet is apostrophising the valleys of Ireland—

Vales of yews, knotty and branchy;
Vales of dew-glistening drops, and sleek milch kine;
Vales of various tints, star-glittering and sunny,
Resplendent vales, pearl-gleaming and bird-warbling!

Vales of cuckoos, sweet-singing thrushes and blackbirds,

Bee-abounding—and of the fox-covers—

Grassy, creasy, sedgey,

Shamrock-bearing, flowery, verdant, and umbrageous——

Sterility is foreign from our soil, both high and low land, and not to leave the hills without their just share of celebration, we will venture to quaff a few drops of mountain dew from the same source above referred to—

A pleasant place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacain Dubh O!

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear,

Uileacan Dubh O!

There's honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,

And the forest paths in summer are by falling waters fann'd;

There's dew at high noon-tide there, and springs l' the yellow sand.

On the fair hills of holy Ireland!

Doctor Dreunan of Belfast was the patriotic sponsor who first gave Ireland her proper name of “the Emerald Isle,” and for this service the dutiful god-child will dress his grave with her greenest shamrocks, while there is a drop of dew in her veins. She owes another verdant sod to poor Ned Lysaght, for his tender appellation of—“The world's Cushla-machree;” and, although young Twiss maintains that she has neither right nor title to be called, “First Flower of the Earth,” unless by flower we are understood to allude figuratively as it were, to the flower of the potato, in which case he would admit her to a sort of farinaceous respectability,—still we would be disposed,

with all submission humbly to plead for a daisy or two on the turf that awaits—and long may it await,—the father of Irish poetry in his own loved “Land of Song.” Let us not deny, however, that among the numerous epithets bestowed upon the sacred island from time to time, there have been some less complimentary than graphic. Mr. Croker tells us of an individual who had the hardihood to describe a highly romantic district of Munster, as “the back bone of the earth, picked bare by the devil;” and we ourselves once overheard the wife of an English soldier, while toiling through the streets of a northern town, in a slight April shower, imprecate very dreadful curses on “Mud Hoireland,” as she barbarously termed it; what rendered the blasphemy more shocking and unaccountable, being, that she was, at that very moment mounted on pattens, which effectually elevated her above the slightest inconvenience, while dozens of the ingenuous daughters of green Erin were tripping barefoot through rut and kennel, not only without a murmur, but actually smoothing down their glistening locks, and pluming themselves in the genial element like swans on Cydnus—fair black-feet that they were!

Why—that our skies are sometimes overcast—that our horizons are occasionally bounded by a bog—that the flats of Mayo look dreary enough with their dry stone ditches and cabins of mud; that local guide books and Sunday tourists, have somewhat overrated the horrors of the Scalp, and the enchantments of the Dargle; these are plausible assertions, which we do not feel inclined altogether to deny. Next to Glasgow, indeed, we are free to admit that Belfast and Derry are but damp quarters in the rainy season. The fens of Lincolnshire excepted, we know not where the face of nature wears a more disconsolate aspect than in our own Bog of Allen. Save Dr. Johnson's description of that interesting *terrene*, where—

There's but one tree in a' the land,

And that's the goodly gallows tree—

we do confess that we have read nothing more disheartening to the arboricultural tourist, than a late account of the country between Tuam and Ballaghaderreen. Nevertheless, the bogs notwithstanding, we are disposed to

believe that in point of scenery, Ireland is even now not inferior either to England or Scotland, and are quite sure that she possesses the capability of being rendered, within half a century, vastly superior to either.

To conclude the characteristics, we will only add, (and in truth it is but a drizzly consolation,) that the changeableness of our skies is in some measure made amends for by the variety of effect thereby imparted to the landscape, and by the breadth and beauty of our rainbows—"I wish," exclaims one of the most delightful writers on Irish scenery and Irish manners,—"I wish you were here, (in Connamara,) to enjoy in rapid succession, and with all its wild magnificence, the whirlwind, the tempest, the ocean's swell, and, as Burns beautifully expresses it—

"Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms."

Today there have been fine bright intervals, and, while returning from a hasty ride, I have been greatly delighted with the appearance of a rainbow; gradually advancing before the lowering clouds, sweeping with majestic stride across the troubled ocean, then, as it gained the beach and seemed almost within my grasp, vanishing among the storm of which it had been the lovely but treacherous forerunner. It is, I suppose, a consequence of our situation, and the close connection between sea and mountain, that the rainbows here are so frequent and so peculiarly beautiful. Of an amazing breadth and with colours vivid beyond description, I knew not whether most to admire this aerial phenomenon when, suspended in the western sky, one end of the bow sinks behind the island of Boffin, while, at the distance of several leagues, the other rests upon the misty hills of Innis Turc;

or when, at a later hour of the day, it has appeared stretched across the ample sides of Müllrea, penetrating far into the deep blue waters that flow at its base. With feelings of grateful recollection, too, we may hail the repeated visits of this heavenly messenger, occasionally as often as five or six times in the course of the same day, in a country exposed to such astonishing, and at times almost incessant, floods of rain." (Letters from the Irish Highlands.)

So far of the general characteristics of Irish scenery: a species of the British; the dew-point, so to speak, putting the difference. We will now proceed to take a rapid survey of the face of the country.

Ireland has been compared not inaptly to a dish;* for, an extended field of limestone occupies almost without interruption the whole of the interior; and elevations, rising on all hands towards the coast, surround this central plain with a natural rim of mountain. The figure is an irregular parallelogram. A line drawn from Fairhead, in Antrim, to Erris-head, in Mayo, would be nearly equal and parallel with the southern coast as represented by a line drawn from Carnsore point, in Wexford, to Mizen-head in Cork. It follows that if we connect Fairhead and Carnsore point on the one side, and Erris-head and Mizen-head upon the other, we will have (making the necessary allowances) a rough rhomboid of about 210 English miles by 160 do; the diagonals, cutting one another about the confluence of the Suck and the Shannon, a little south of Athlone. If from this point as centre with Dublin, as radius we describe a circle, it will correspond pretty nearly with the central basin alluded to above. Now, the

* The following diagram may, perhaps, assist the imagination of the reader, as well as prove serviceable in affording an easy method of obtaining at any time a correct skeleton of the Map of Ireland.

Describe a square ($a b c d$) and produce a side of it ($c d$) till the side and its produced part equal the diagonal. Produce the opposite side in a like manner at its remote extremity (to f), and join the extremities of these equal and parallel lines. There you will have a parallelogram ($a e c f$), the angles of which will coincide or very nearly so with the four leading points of the outline of the Irish coast, viz. either of the obtuse angles (c) may be taken as Tuskar Rock, off the south western extremity of Wexford; then will the remaining obtuse angle (a) coincide with Erris-head in Mayo; and of the acute angles that to the north (e) will coincide with Fair-head in Antrim, while the remaining one (f) falls ten miles due south of Mizen-head in Cork. These great landmarks established, we will obtain some further

first drawn figure. Beginning at the capital, where the circumference of the circle touches the sea, and travelling southward, we find the first vacant space between the limestone country and the channel, occupied by a ridge of granite and clay-slate, interspersed with peaks of quartz, stretching southward through the counties of Wicklow and Wexford, and terminating near the confluence of the Barrow and the Nore. Among the northern valleys, on the seaward side of this group, lie these picturesque spots which have made the scenery of the county Wicklow so celebrated—the Dingle, Luggelaw, Glendaloch, and the Meeting of the Waters. The descent on the opposite side is by no means so varied; but Mount-Leinster and Blackstairs, which are a continuation of the same chain, face inland, and overlook the southern part of the county of Carlow with considerable boldness. The highest elevation of this range is Lugnaquilla, at the head of Glenmalur, in Wicklow, 3070 feet above the level of the sea. The next mountain-group which claims the attention, consists of clay-slate, supporting sandstone, which have been tilted up along the southern border of the limestone plain, into ridges of great elevation, steepness, and grandeur. The group may be divided into three chains, all stretching east and west. As the detached conical hill of Brandon terminates the granite group, so does the similarly situated mountain of Slievenaman commence the sandstone continuation of the chain. Westward from this, the Mounavoullagh or Comeragh, Gaultee, and Knockmildown ranges successively extend their masses, in elevations of from 2000 to 3000 feet across the south of Tipperary and Limerick, till meeting the Laofobery group, upon the northern border of Kerry, they are lost in the sea, upon the southern shore of the Shannon. Under the southern side of this great barrier, which southward to the sea is propped by huge masses of upheaved slate, runs the Blackwater, from west to east, and cuts off the rough triangle of Cork and southern Kerry, of all the districts in Ireland the most rocky, mountainous, and romantic. The Blackwater itself forms a noble base line for such a stretch of country.

Its valley is bounded by lofty and continued ranges of mountain, at a sufficient distance to admit of the richest cultivation on its banks: its banks nod with the ruins of castles and abbeys, or smile with splendid modern mansions and rich demesnes. But in this section we cannot linger over particular beauties; we must proceed with our sketch of the general features of the district. The Blackwater, the Lee, and the Bandon flowing eastward, parallel to, and at equal distances from, each other, divide the county of Cork into three ridges, of which the northernmost is occupied with the slate and sandstone range of the Boggra mountains, the middle is enriched with a tongue of limestone, and the southernmost rises towards the sea in slaty elevations, that assume a character of increasing grandeur, as they verge westward, until, after forming the harbours of Clonakilty, Baltimore, and Dunmahon, they rise to their highest pitch in this county about 2000 feet—to stoop from the clouds into the blue depths of Bantry. Bantry bay is unquestionably the finest harbour, both in extent, depth, situation, safety, and scenery in the king's dominions. Bearhaven, now spoken of as a general packet station, is but an indentation at its entrance, and Glengariff, the grandest piece of sea-scenery in Ireland, is only a subordinate portion of its inner harbour. Of a somewhat similar character with Bantry bay, of about the same extent, and nearly parallel to it, are the more northern estuaries of Kenmare and Dingle; each of the three stretching about five and twenty miles into the heart of the country, and opening on the Atlantic, in a direction pretty nearly south-west. The promontory comprehended between Bantry and Kenmare is narrow, averaging little more than seven English miles in breadth, and is totally occupied with mountain; but between the estuary of Kenmare on the south, and the bay of Dingle on the north, lies a considerable extent of country, comprising the main district of the county of Kerry, and here the shistous elevations which we have followed out of the county of Cork, expand themselves into their greatest area, and attain their loftiest altitude. Here is the highest ground in Ireland, and here are, perhaps, the loveliest

lakes in the world. Midway, between the heads of Kenmare and Dingle bays, bosomed in the landward or eastern declivities of the great mountain group, which stretches back with little interruption from this frontier line to the Atlantic, lie two lakes. The smaller, deep set in the heart of the advanced ridges, lies about six miles from the head of Kenmare bay, from which it is separated by a mountain range 2500 feet in height, and discharges its waters through a tortuous defile of two and a half miles into the greater. The greater of the two lakes verging northward, skirts the external step of the mountain barrier for some seven miles, and then contracting its expanse to the limits of a river, discharges itself by a course of six miles into the head of Dingle bay. There are the Lakes of Killarney; and if we have made ourselves understood in our description of their situation so far, there will be little difficulty in conveying a correct idea of the characteristics of each. The lesser, or upper lake, confined on every side, save at its narrow outlet, by precipitous and very lofty mountains, wears a lonely and somewhat stern, but grand, and many have thought even a sublime aspect; the lower lake, lying on the sunny side of one of the most picturesque steepes in the world, where a forest of oak, arbutus, yew, and holly of full six miles in length, by a mile to a mile and-a-half in depth hangs to the water's edge from the continuous sides of successive impending mountains, varied by projections and recesses the most graceful, and broken by the white lines of numerous cascades, exhibits, perhaps, the rarest combination of grandeur and loveliness to be met with on any equal extent of land and water in these islands; for, while its western shore is thus horrid with hanging woods, and streaked with torrents, its eastern expanse not only skirts a rich, undulating, and highly cultivated country, but is itself broken by promontories and islands the most fantastic in their forms, and the most luxuriant in their natural verdure. Wood, water, and mountain are the main constituents of a landscape; and in proportion as we have these in the greater variety, so will the scene rise in picturesque excellence. At Killarney, the spectator

from any favourable station will have wood, in forest, in grove, in copse, in shrubbery; hanging, spreading, waving or matted—water he will have, in lake, in river, and in cascade; sleeping, running, or leaping—and mountain in every form, from the lawny elevations of a demesne, to masses of from one to three thousand four hundred feet; wooded, naked, pasturable, barren; peaked, rounded, swelling, or precipitous, with cliffs and islands; eyries and the habitation of men; music, and echoes; “the light drip of the suspended oar,” the lighter laugh of many a happy creature floating about, as through an atmosphere of enchantment,

(for “the dark pinnace stirring the green shadows there,
Afloat on the water, seems floating in air;”)

or, perhaps the accustomed roar is in woods, and, while in the musical clamour of hounds and horns O'Sullivan's cascade is dumb, the stag bursting from the thickets of Glenaa, hurls himself headlong into the startled waters; then tossing on high his wet antlers with a snort of defiance, strikes out like a strong swimmer for Denis or Briceen.—But it is time to sing

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well.

For many a misty mountain lies before us, and we have still to travel round more than one half the rim of our terraqueous trencher. The Reeks, an enormous ridge of slate and clayey rubble, back both lakes in a chain of about ten miles, trending north and south; a gigantic and sterile barrier between the rest of Ireland and the western wilderness of Iveragh. Carran Tual, so called from its falciform summit, is the loftiest, not only of the Reeks, but of all the mountains of Ireland: its altitude is given at 3394 feet above the mean level of the sea; an elevation very nearly the same with that of Snowdon. Behind the Reeks lie other scenes, which, if equally easy of access might, perhaps, claim an equal share of attention with some parts of Killarney; but they may console themselves among their mountain solitudes, with the certainty that they will not long remain in obscurity, for, whether the much agitated railway to Valentia be carried through the borders of this country or not, the new government roads, either projected or in

progress of completion, will, ere long, open up the whole of central Kerry, and let in the tide of expectant tourists, down even to the walls of Darrynane. The mountains on the north of Dingle Bay are by no means unworthy rivals of their southern neighbours: the noble sheet of water between is, perhaps, not much inferior to Bantry itself; and whether our American friends are to form their first impressions of our shores here, under the lee of Valentia; or at Bearhaven, abreast of the ruins of Dunboy; or at Biterbury, in the shadow of the Twelve Pins of Bannabola; or at Black-Sod, off the tremendous cliffs of Achill, we may be satisfied that our reputation as a country of scenic interest will suffer no diminution on the other side of the Atlantic. We have now exhausted the mountain groups occupying the southern angles of the island, and on crossing the Shannon, fall in once more with the great limestone field sweeping across the north of Clare, till it meets the sea at the Bay of Galway. North and west of Galway, the space between the receding central plain, and the sea begins again to be occupied with mountain masses. Between the Bay of Galway on the south, and Clew Bay on the north, lies a tract of country, very similar in many respects to the central district of Kerry, which we have just been describing. Like the baronies of Dunkerron and Iveragh, this district is separated from the rest of Ireland by a double lake, backed by a barrier of mountain; but the distance between the heads of the bays is here full fifty miles; the lakes are of immensely greater extent, but by no means of equal beauty, and discharge their waters to the south; and the country, stretching back from the frontier range of mountains, approaches more nearly to the form of a triangle, of which the double lake may be considered the base. These lakes are Loch Mask and Loch Corrib—the mountain barrier is the range of Leam, Benlevagh, and Maam Trasna, and the country back from this boundary to the sea, is that district generally known as Connamara. Connamara proper, however, does not occupy the whole of this space. If a line be drawn from Cong, which is about the centre of the base, to Slieve-head, which may

be considered the vertex of the triangle, we will have Connamara-proper on the south; Moriak, in the county of Mayo, occupying the upper and greater portion of the northern half; and Joyce country between. In Connamara we are again in a granite country, diversified with peaks of quartz, starting up magnificently from lakes that want only the arbutus and holly of Killarney to rival even the enchantments of Muckruss. The Twelve Pins occur near the vertex of the triangle. Bare, but glistening with the aerial brilliancy peculiar to their formation—their peaked summits rush together in elevations of from two to two thousand four hundred feet, a splendid assemblage, to the clouds. But while their denuded peaks depend mainly on their own quartzose formation for their effect in the landscape, the sides and bases of the Pins from which the violence of Atlantic storms has not yet been sufficient to wash away their vegetable covering, take tints still more brilliant and various from their innumerable varieties of heaths and lichens. What the arbutus is to Killarney, the heath is to Connamara, and in the absence of any breadth or depth of foliage, the eye rests most gratefully on a substitute so pleasing: for its streaks of pale pink, rich brown, or glowing purple, (and what with its own varieties, and the varieties of the atmosphere through which it is viewed, its effects are but inadequately expressed even by this enumeration,) mixed with the tender green of mountain grasses, and occasionally alternating with the black stripes of uplying bogs, give a combination of colours that, seen under the clarifying influence of western skies, is almost magical. Nor is all this brilliancy inconsistent with breadth. Connamara-proper, although a mountainous, is not an upland country; the plain from which its greatest elevations rise, is little more on an average than 100 feet above the level of the Atlantic, so that its masses lose not a tithe of their full altitude, but, lifting themselves to their full height at a stretch, look over the plain with much greater majesty than many other mountains higher by a thousand feet. Lagnaquilla, for instance, a thousand feet higher than the average of the Pins, lost as it is on

its platform of surrounding masses, is, as compared with Lettery, a whale turning up his side in the run of a heavy sea, to the same fish stranded. Lettery and Derryclare stand foremost, an advanced guard, on the south; the others are formed in solid square round Knockannahiggen—the captain of the company, or rather, we should say, the sergeant of the guard—for, including himself, they are but twelve rank and file—strapping fellows, however, you must allow; the grenadier company of the Connaught Rangers. In front, flank, and rear open four principal glens, each one with its torrent, and three of them with their proper lakes; Glen Hoghan, with the lower lake of Ballynahinch, looks southward on Roundstone and Briterbuy; Glen Ina, cradling its black waters under the tremendous precipice of Maam, down which the stream that feeds Loch Ina goes twelve hundred feet plumb, opens the gorge of its grand prison upon the east; Kylemore yawns westward and northward on Renvyle; and on the west and south the ravine whose torrent waters Clifden, grins horribly on the Atlantic. Renvyle, (pronounced Renvyle) is a grand promontory of quartz, fronting Mullrea, across the entrance of the Killery; and here on the bank of this famous arm of the sea, we are in Joyce country—a table land very different from Lower Connamara—for, from Renvyle east, on both sides of the inlet, the whole formation of the country is changed; and instead of plains of granite, and peaks of quartz, we have lumping and extended platforms of sandstone cut into ravines, rather than rising out of valleys, with few or no plains till we descend their northern declivity into the bogs of Mayo. The deepest and the longest ravine in Joyce country, is that occupied by the waters of Killery harbour, an elbow of the Atlantic, which some consider not inferior to any similar scene in Europe; though a late traveller, who ought to understand such subjects, maintains that it is but a little finger compared with some of the watery arms which the north sea has rudely thrust into the bowels of Norway. We whose misfortune it is not to have seen either Killery or Kattagatt, reluctantly profess ourselves unable to determine the dispute; but to

those who labour in a like predicament, and are yet anxious to make themselves as well acquainted with our Irish fiord as the aids of art and science can render any one at such a distance, we recommend a visit to the house of the Royal Dublin Society, where, under a table in the first apartment, on the right hand of the hall as you enter, there is to be found a model of the barony of Moriak, in the county of Mayo executed many years since by Mr. Bald, whose splendid map of the whole country, engraved in Paris in 1812, justly ranks first of all the county maps ever published in these islands. The model is on a scale of either four or five inches to the English mile, so that the barony at large occupies a space of five or six feet square, and the side of Mullrea, which forms the northern boundary of the Killery, appears elevated between two and three inches—a scale sufficiently large to give a most perfect idea of the whole character and conformation of the original. We regret to say that it may perhaps be necessary to blow away some dust from the depths of Dhu Loch and Glen Laur, when the lid which conceals this really magnificent model, and which is ordinarily used as a table by members totally unsuspecting of the treasure beneath, shall have been removed by the attendants. Had the model of Moriak been presented to the Institute of France, it would be mounted at this moment on a marble pedestal, covered with plate glass, and viewed with admiration even by the most ingenious people in the world. If such should still be its destination, the lover of science could hardly regret its removal. Mullrea, the highest ground in Connaught, rises, says Mr. Bald, 2788 feet above the sea.

Deep are his feet in Joyce's floods—

we are sorry we cannot add, that

His sides are clothed in waving woods;

but they certainly are of magnificent precipitousness, from the water's edge to the crown of the ridge; and the northern declivities of the whole range, extending from Mullrea to the heights above Castlebar, are full of the most romantic hollows, and every hollow has its own loch and river. These mountain glens are similar to the great

excavations termed "prisons" by the people of the county Wicklow; and on the steep of Minilrea and Funnemore, where the glens open on the low country towards the Rock and Clew Bay, there are some of them, Dhu Loch, Glencar and Glenswagh in particular, confined by sheer precipices, of upwards of 1200 feet. This district is still untrudged ground, and will furnish some future tourist with material for a good part of a volume.

Beyond Clew Bay is Erris, the country of the "Wild Sports of the West," and off the southern extremity of Erris, forming the northern boundary of Clew Bay, which it separates on this side from Blacksod harbour, lies Achill—an enormous mass of mica-slate, and quartz,

—"that to the sea,
Holds its blind visage up eternally,"

in cliffs of from 200 to 2200 feet. The latter precipices front Blacksod, and contrast strongly with the low sandy peninsula of the Mullet or Bingham's country, that bounds that noble harbour to the west. A sea cliff of two and twenty hundred feet (and the summit of Keem, which some convulsion of nature has cut sheer down to the water's edge, is fully that height) is a spectacle worth travelling to Achill to contemplate. Bray-head is accounted, and justly so, an object of considerable grandeur, yet three masses, each of the size of Bray-head, piled on one another, would scarcely equal the bulk of Keem, while, perhaps, no single part of the bluff Wicklow promontory is so precipitous as is the whole sheer face of this noble sea-cliff. We know of no precipices of equal height on any of the shores of Britain, except those of the south-western coast of Sky, where the Cuchullin mountains slope, in one mass of black barren rock, from their summits 3000 feet down to the water's edge. But this slope can scarcely be termed a precipice, except on the shore of the inland Lake of Coruisk; and here certainly is a scene to which nothing in Ireland can be assimilated. The spectator, entering from the sea, "finds himself in a lone valley, surrounded by a wall of dark and naked rock, of which the summits are lost in the clouds, intercepting the light of day, and casting a twilight gloom over this seat of eternal repose. . . . The rocks

rise from the base to the very summit, a declivity of at least 3000 feet, in huge, smooth sheets, at a very high angle, perfectly bare, and of a dark iron brown colour, not chequered even by the growth of a single lichen, or by one foreign tint to enliven the uniform gloom of the surface. This rock seems absolutely inimical to vegetation, nor does it appear to undergo the slightest decomposition, or to admit of the formation of soil—the detached fragments showing as little tendency to waste as the mountain itself. Had the globe of the earth been entirely formed of this rock, it would still have been lifeless and void."—(*McCulloch on the Mineralogy of Sky*.) The traveller of the melancholy temperament, that would enjoy such a scene, will look for it in vain in Ireland: even

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never hovers o'er—"

every crevice of the rock is choked with vegetation; and Achill, although perhaps the most barren of our islands, is surely a garden compared with the southern districts of Sky. But it is time for us to make our way out of the kingdom of Connaught, for the sea is again approaching the limits of our limestone field, and the granite range of the Ox mountains, stretching in a direction parallel to our northern boundary, from the quartz peak of Nephin to the terraced mass of Benbulbin, in Sligo, conducts us to the limits of Ulster, which province occupies the whole of our northern triangle.

Before we enter the gap of Barnamore, we must accompany the Loch Allen coal district, which is a slightly elevated tract of table land occupied by sandstone and limestone formations, associated with occasional beds of coals, and diversified on its western extremity by some considerable elevations, out of Leitrim, where it commences, across the south of Ulster, through Fermanagh, Cavan, and Tyrone, to the borders of Loch Neagh. This district contains a great scope of pleasing pastoral scenery, and is traversed by a series of lakes, which, commencing on the northern borders of Leinster, and gathering their waters westward, become collected in the beautiful basin of Loch Erne, from which they discharge themselves into the sea over the salmon leap at Ballyshannon. Sylvan beauty

is the main characteristic of Loch Erne, and in the number and richness of its wooded islands it stands unrivalled; but it wants the rich variety of foliage, and the grandeur of mountain outline, that impart its peculiar charm to Killarney. Nevertheless, a most intelligent traveller has lately placed Loch Erne in serious competition with Windermere, and we, of course, will be the last in the world to withdraw it from so honorable a contest.*

To return to our inscribed circle. The district just mentioned skirts three parts of its northern circumference: the remainder, or the eastern quadrant, is bounded by the Grauwackë, or indurated slate district of eastern Cavan, southern Monaghan and Louth; a formation which extends through southern Armagh into Down, and disappears under the Channel to rise again on the shores of Loch Ryan. This Grauwackë in formation is almost as uncouth as in name; it is tossed up into the most ragged and sterile elevations of Ireland in the Fews and Carlingford mountains; the soil, however, into which it decomposes, is tolerably fertile, as the well farmed hummocks of Down abundantly testify.

It now only remains to survey the mountain group occupying the north-eastern angle of our circumscribed parallelogram; but before proceeding with this part of our labours, it is necessary to observe, that in selecting any symmetrical figure as a guide to the relative positions of the great features of a country, it is impossible to choose any that will not extend beyond the boundaries of the terrene in some places, and fall short of them in others; thus, in obtaining a line nearly equal and parallel with the southern coast, we have been obliged to cut off the greater portion of the large county of Donegal, the mountain groups of which form a very prominent portion of those now under consideration. The western and northern

boundary of Donegal is the ocean, which has indented its slaty sea-cliffs into as great a variety of creeks and harbours as any other county in Ireland can boast. Guibarra, on the west, is an inlet of precisely the same character with the Killery; and Lough Swilly on the north, is the only rival of Bantry in Ulster. Midway between these, stretches the grand promontory of Hornhead, backed by the range of Muckish, a huge spine of quartz and mica slate, which takes its name from its likeness to the back of a hog. This, perhaps, will convey to our readers in the Pale, the idea of a smooth saddle of mountain, rounded and plump; but those to whom Muckish suggests so Sassenagh an image, know little of the characteristics of your genuine sporting Irish pig, and must read Mr. Carleton's story of Phil Purcell, in which the *ship* that surely was in nature's eye when she moulded the back bone of Donegal, has sat for a most faithful and graphic portrait. But this region has been so admirably described by one from whose writings we purpose borrowing largely by and by, that we will leave it for the present, and hurrying across the mountainous borders of Tyrone and Derry, proceed to that most interesting corner of the island—

"Where Rathlin braves the surge that round
her rolls,
With chalky bastions and basaltic moles."

The mica slate which constitutes the primitive mountain field of Donegal and Derry, doubtless extends across the breadth of Antrim, and crosses the channel to reappear in the Scottish isles and highlands of Argyleshire; but, in its passage to the sea, all the way eastward from Magilligan, it is overlaid and hidden from view by a broad and thick platform of secondary strata, supposed to be the remnant of an extensive chalk and lias formation, the comparatively loose materials of which have been swept forcibly away from the older rocks of the surrounding

* "I shall not easily forget, nor should I ever wish to forget the delightful hours I one day spent on the shores of this more than Windermere of Ireland. I confidently assert, that Lower Loch Erne, take it all in all, is the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms; and but for the majestic Alpine outline that bounds the horizon on the upper part of Lake Lemane—Lake Lemane itself could not contend in beauty, with this little-visited Lake of the county of Fermanagh." (*Inglish' Ireland in 1834*, vol. ii. p. 163-4.)

district, but retained in their original position here, by the weight and compression of that enormous superincumbent mass of basalt which some early volcano had showered down over the whole face of the country from the northern channel to the borders of Lough Neagh and the eastern parts of Derry, in a continuous bed, averaging five hundred feet in thickness, and extending over a superficial area of 800 square miles. This, the most extensive volcanic district in these islands, and the only trap formation worthy of the name of a district in Ireland, is divided longitudinally by the valley of the Bann, on either side of which the strata recede, with a gradual slope in contrary directions, till they attain their greatest elevation of 1800 feet, at distances of about thirty miles on the east, where they rise over the verge of the north channel, and of about fifteen miles on the west, where they overlook the basin of the river Roe, then suddenly breaking down in precipitous escarpments towards the sea on one side, and the primitive districts of Derry and Tyrone on the other, they expose the internal structure of the intermediate field in a series of sectional strata not more interesting to the geologist from their testimony to the truths of science, than inviting to the lovers of nature for her own sake, from the amazing and beautiful forms assumed by the basalt throughout the entire course of its exposure; for this extraordinary rock may be traced round every summit of the platform, and every indentation of the coast, here capping a grassy belt of limestone with a table of dark stratified trap, there rising in perpendicular walls over sea-beaten terraces of chalk and sandstone, or, in the crystallised symmetry of perfect polygonal and articulated columns, facing the cliffs with natural colonnades, tier above tier, four hundred feet above the water's edge, then penetrating the depths of the sea itself with that prodigious pavement of unhewn pillar-tops—that pier of whinstone piles driven by the hands of earthquake and volcano—which will ever constitute the boast and glory of our northern shores, the Giant's Causeway. The natural mole of the Causeway projects into the sea about midway between

the extreme points of the northern basaltic coast: it would be tedious to repeat the description of a locality so often visited and so frequently described; we will, therefore, proceed southward through the fine coast scenery of the Antrim glens, and leaving the trap country at Belfast, cross the northern extension of the Grauwacké district, which here, as we have said, occupies the better part of Down, and conclude this section by noticing the granite group of Mourne, which occupies that portion of the south-east of this county between Newry and Dundrum. The Mourne chain attains an elevation of 2796 feet at its highest point on the summit of Slieve Donard, and presents a bold and graceful outline towards the channel, on which side some of its masses have a continuous slope of full 1500 feet to the rich declivity between their woody bases and the shore. This stripe of coast is highly cultivated, and boasts some charming scenery: of all the watering places of the British shore there is, perhaps, none so picturesque as Rosstrevor, and it seems to us that the whole district abounds in unappreciated beauties.

We have now perambulated the whole margin of the great central plain of Ireland; but the same remark which it was necessary to make with regard to the defects of any regular figure as a representation of the external boundary, will also apply to the circular form which hitherto for convenience sake we have associated with the limestone field within. The central district is, indeed, far from being a perfect plain, and still farther from being a perfect circle, yet these descriptions of surface and boundary come nearer the truth than any others available in laying down a clear ichnography of the island at large, which if we fail in doing, it will be impossible to proceed with the remarks we purpose, so as to satisfy either our readers or ourselves. Nor is limestone confined to the counties situated in this plain; this most valuable manure is found in some shape and quantity in every county of Ireland. Neither is there nothing else but limestone found within the more favored district; if it were so, there would not be such a garden in the world; but alas, much of the field is occupied by

bog, some of it by mountain, and a considerable portion (but here is no cause for lamentation,) by the grit and shale of insulated coal troughs. In order to rectify these discrepancies, let us suppose our circle divided into quadrants by diameters in the direction of the cardinal points. Then the upper eastern quadrant must be contracted to make room for the Grauwacke field of Cavan, and the lower western one extended considerably to embrace the rich plains of southern and eastern Limerick. A slight extension to carry the upper western quadrant forward, so as to embrace the remaining flats of Mayo, will also be necessary, and a similar contraction of the lower eastern boundary where it is intruded on by the granite ridge of Wicklow. The next feature we would lay down is the course of the Shannon. From Loch Allen, where it rises, to its confluence with the Suck, which point we have made our centre, the course of this noble river almost coincides with the upper half of our vertical diameter, then turning south-west, it pretty nearly bisects our lower eastern quadrant. Now, parallel to this latter portion of its course, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles on the southern side, must be laid down a chain of mountain, consisting of clay slate, which has thrust itself up together with the sandstone that overlies it, through a break in the limestone field of about fifty miles in length by ten miles in breadth, on an average. This is the range of Slieve Bloom and Keeper, and it has its counterpart on the other side of the Shannon, where the Slieve Baughta mountains occupy the western section of Clare, with a group similar in formation and situation.

We have now done with the mountains, and will proceed to lay down the chief tracts of bogs which will facilitate the location of the remaining rivers.

Of the 884,000 acres which constitute the great central tract of bog in Ireland, by much the greater proportion, in fact nearly all, lies in the upper semi-circle of our central figure, stretching in patches of more or less extent on one side, from the Suck and Shannon to the borders of Loch-Corrib, and the remotest districts of Morisk and Erris; and on the other from the Shannon and the Inny, which joins it a little north

of its confluence with the Suck, in a series of smaller patches, (smaller, as compared with the immense tracts of Connaught, but apparently interminable,) on almost to the gates of Dublin. Of the remaining bogs, the chief are situated on the confines of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, and round the basin of Loch Neagh. The Eastern district discharges its waters westward, by the Inny, through the Shannon; northward and eastward by the Boyne, through the rich flats of Meath; and southward by the Barrow, through the heart of Eastern Leinster. The waters of the western tract flow into the Shannon on the one side, and the Atlantic on the other; but the river is the main drain both for Connaught and Western Leinster.

The bog is once in a hundred instances, perhaps, a good feature in the landscape; and the sight of some stacks of well-saved turf is associated with ideas far from displeasing: still it is a melancholy consideration, that upwards of a million of acres, which now disfigure the face of the country, and which, for purposes of turbary, are inaccessible and useless, remain undrained and profitless, when the estimates of the most intelligent engineers have shown them to be reclaimable at so comparatively small an expense. The reclamation of bogs and waste-lands will occupy a good share of our attention in the succeeding sections of these papers; meanwhile, as our business at present is with the scenery of the country, we will proceed with our tourist, along the banks of some of our rivers.

Of all the rivers of Ireland the Avonmore, in Wicklow, has a course the most diversified and the most picturesque. Traversing the eastern declivity of the great granite group of Thonelagee and Lugnaquilla, it opens on scenes of perpetual novelty and beauty, as it turns in succession, the extremities of those numerous lateral ranges, and their intervening glens, which branch off from this side of the main mountain-ridge. From each of these lateral valleys descends a feeder which almost invariably enters the head of its own glen by a cascade. Glenmacanass, Glenanafane, Glendaloch, and Glenmalure, in this manner, send down their several tributaries (the last the

Avonbeg) through scenery of great and various interest, until the Avonmore, now a considerable river, issues from between the wooded sides of Croghan Mora, and Cronchawn, to mingle its waters with the more peaceful tide of the Daragh, in the midst of the vale of Ovoca, than which no imagination can conceive a sweeter valley. It is in the wonderful variety of its course that the great charm of the river consists. Luggelaw at its source is a scene of sweet and dignified grandeur; for, notwithstanding its comparatively unimposing proportions, it has all the grander features of black waters, grey cliffs, and hanging woods, on a sufficient scale to justify the epithet, qualified as it is by the undisputed sweetness of its embosomed lawn and cottage. Glendaloch, the next great feature which occurs in the descent of this picturesque stream, is well described by Mr. Weaver:—“A stupendous excavation, from one thousand to twelve hundred yards in width, and in length between two and three miles, with precipices arising on either hand from eight hundred to one thousand feet.”—Stupendous is, perhaps, a term the justness of which will be disputed, for to no scenery can we apply an epithet more expressive of the sublimest effects of magnitude and abruptness. In point of magnitude, no descent, however steep or beetling, which has not an altitude of considerably over one thousand feet, can justly be so termed; but if by stupendous we mean that which produces emotions of pleasing awe, along with the surprise of a moderate wonder, then may the epithet, applied to Glendaloch, be amply justified; for surely there cannot be imagined a combination of objects more likely to inspire the mind with grave but pleasurable thoughts, or to excite in the breast a tender and solemn admiration, than the ruins of a secluded seat of early piety, with their grey, mysterious round tower and green precinct of graves, and grassy holmes, set in the gorge of overhanging mountains, whose prison-like recesses are filled with dark and legend-shadowed waters. The man must be brutish who, on entering such a scene, does not acknowledge the influence of a certain local superstitious melancholy. Glenmalur is separated from Glendaloch

by the huge shoulder of Lugdeff; but the characters of the two valleys are quite different; the one is but three miles in length, the other twenty; the one a secluded and lake-locked excavation in the mountain side; the other more lonely, because its gorge lies open to the world, but the world has left it voluntarily untenanted,—rough, grand in all its dimensions, with a bold, strong river, shaggy, and perhaps in some spots savage, a noble glen, the worthy retreat and fortress of Veagh MacHugh and his wild O’Byrnes:—

“On the mountain, bare and steep,
Snatching short but pleasant sleep;
Then, ere sunrise, from their eyes,
Sweeping on the Saxon quarry.”

But on surmounting the southern barrier of this stern ravine, how changed the scene!—

“Below us trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew.”

The green slopes of Ballyarthur, the brown oaks of Avondale, and down among the wilderness of woods and lawns, glittering like the untwined strands of a triple cord of silver, the Meeting of the Waters.

It is as true of scenery as of society, that too great familiarity breeds contempt. Facility of access has cheapened too much the charms of Wicklow, particularly in the eyes of Dublin people, who are too apt to consider everything in this really lovely and romantic county as on a scale so diminutive as to be quite contemptible, in comparison with more remote and *recherche* districts. This is a great mistake. Lugnaquilla is, by four hundred feet, a loftier mountain than Mangerton; it is three hundred feet higher than either Slieve Donard or Mullrea: excepting Carran Tual, we know of no land so high in Ireland. Some people imagine that the great Sugar-Loaf is but a sugar-loaf compared to one of the Twelve Pins; nay, that we might drop an object so familiar into the depth of the Devil’s Punch-Bowl, without so much as making the brimming goblet overflow. The fact is, that the great Sugar-Loaf is very nearly, if not altogether as high as Lettery, and is really one of the finest mountain-peaks to be seen in the island. Its base, besides, slopes

down on one side into the Dargle, and on the other into the Glen of the Downs,—two ravines which we would find it impossible to match outside the precincts of Killarney. The Avonmore, at the Meeting of the Waters, has been termed a rivulet. It certainly has no pretension to be a river of magnitude; but if we mistake not, it carries as great a head of water in the vale of Arklow, as the Thames above its junction with the Isis, and is worthy, at least, of being accounted a fine stream.

In the whole course of the Avonmore there is not a mile of mean or unpleasing scenery; and indeed the same may be said of all the streams of eastern Wicklow; the Glenisloane, or Bray River is, from the falls of Powerscourt, through the Dargle, to the sea, a traveller through uninterrupted fairy-land; and the Vartrey, entering the Devil's Glen, takes a leap into as romantic a ravine, for its size, as any in Ireland. These, however, are all of them but trouting streams, and have no pretensions to come before such rivers as the Barrow, the Suir, or even the Slaney, along the banks of which, where it breaks out between Mount Leinster and the hills of Shillelagh, is a delightful country. The Barrow is a noble river, and from Burris to Saint Mullins its banks are lofty, occasionally wooded, and highly picturesque. Of the Blackwater we have already spoken;* and Gogaun Barra, a little lake at the head of the Lee, is inexpressibly beautiful; but he who would become acquainted with the rivers of real interest, the great salmon streams of the south, west, and north, must read "The Angler in Ireland;" a very graphic and pleasant work, written in the true spirit of a brother of the gentle craft.

We cannot leave this subject without noticing a few streams on the west and north. The Arrow, which tumbles into the sea in a fine cascade at Ballandare, in Sligo, has banks of great beauty in its descent from Loch Arrow to the

sea. The Erne, in travelling from the head of Loch Erne to the extremity of the Upper Lake, winds among scenery which amply relieves Cavan from the stigma of a generally unpleasing surface; the woods of Farnham and Loch Oughter present a splendid scene of sylvan beauty, and the windings of the river itself are as graceful as the necks of its own swans. The Upper Bann is a very beautiful stream, and waters a sweet country. The Boyne has a dignified and stately course worthy of its body of water, and the richness and interest of the country, through which it flows—but again we recommend the "Angler," who has fished all the rivers of most romantic scenery in Connemara and West Munster.

We have as yet said nothing of the Shannon, for Mr. Inglis has lately given such a description of it as renders a single word from us, on the subject, unnecessary. Still, although this most interesting portion of his book has gone the round of the papers, we will venture on extracting again some of his admirable observations. Passages such as these cannot be kept too much before the eye of the public:—

"It was this morning," says Mr. Inglis, "that for the first time I saw that noblest of all rivers in the British European dominions—the Shannon. It was impossible to look upon the Shannon without feeling deeply interested; and this for many reasons; I knew it to be the greatest of all our rivers; I knew it to be a great artery by means of which improvement might be carried through the remotest parts of Ireland; I saw it to be in itself a noble stream, rivalling the finest of the continental rivers." This was from the southern bank below Limerick; above that city the scenery becomes more picturesque. The road from Limerick to Castle Connell, "carries the traveller," continues this very pleasing writer, "through as lovely a country as the imagination can well picture. In variety and wooded fertility it is not surpassed by the most celebrated of the English vales, no one of which can boast as an adjunct to its scenery so noble

* "We have had 'descents' of the Danube, and descents of the Rhine, and of the Rhone, and of many other rivers; but we have not, in print, as far as I know, any decent of the Blackwater: and yet with all these descents of foreign rivers in my recollection, I think the descent of the Blackwater not surpassed by any of them."—Inglis, vol. 1. p. 173.

a river as the Shannon. On reaching the village of Castleconnell, my first feeling was admiration, my next, surprise, that I should never before have heard of Castleconnell. It is surrounded by every kind of beauty; and after spending a day in its neighbourhood, I began to entertain serious doubts whether even Killarney itself greatly surpassed the scenery around it. Just below the village commence the rapids of the Shannon, of which I had never even heard until I reached Limerick; and these are of themselves well worth a visit. I do not at this moment recollect any example of more attractive river scenery. The wide, deep, clear river is for more than a quarter of a mile, almost a cataract; and this to an English eye must be particularly striking. It is only in the streams and rivulets of England that rapids are found; the larger rivers generally glide smoothly on, without impediments from rocks; the Thames, Trent, Mersey, and Severn, when they lose the character of streams, and become rivers, hold a noiseless course, but the Shannon, *larger than all the four*, here pours that immense body of water, which above the rapids, is *forty feet deep, and three hundred yards wide*, through and above a congregation of loose stones and rocks, which extend nearly a mile, and offers not only an unusual scene, but a spectacle approaching much nearer to the sublime than any moderate sized stream can offer even in its highest cascade. *None of the Welsh waterfalls, nor the Greisbach in Switzerland, can compare for a moment in grandeur and effect with the rapids of the Shannon.*" Leaving Castleconnell, we now, as we ascend the river, enter on Loch Derg, an expansion of the Shannon, which boasts considerable scenic interest. "There is," says our excellent guide, "all the variety that can be produced by verdure, wood, and tillage; but the banks are invariably sloping and cultivated, with higher and more sterile elevations rising behind"—by-and-by the western side diminishes in interest, but the Tipperary banks are "as full of beauty as wood, lawn, cultivation, and villas can make them." These, too, however, fall off in elevation and culture, as we continue our course towards Portumna, and above this point the picturesque is for many miles lost in the desolate, perhaps in the sublime. "We are navigating in a steam vessel, a river, here a hundred and thirty miles from the sea; and we know it to be navigable a hundred miles higher. Its volume appears

to be as great as when we saw it at Limerick; it is several hundred yards broad, and twenty and thirty feet deep. *What a body of water is this! What are the Thames, the Medway, the Mersey, the Severn, the Trent, the Humber, the Tweed, or the Clyde, a hundred and thirty miles from the sea?* I am not sure if they exist at all; or, if any of them do, they are but brawling streams for the minnows to sport in. There is, in fact, something sublime in the spectacle of such a river as this." We now pass the confluence of the Suck, and it would appear that we have placed our umbilicus in a bog, which, having seen it under a dull atmosphere, Mr. Inglis cannot much commend for picturesque effect. The banks, however, improve towards Athlone; but no change from verdant to barren, or from undulating to bog level; or the contrary, that may be presented by the banks, seems to affect the noble river, flowing in majestic equability between: "Notwithstanding that between Athlone and Portumna, (he should have said Portumna and Athlone,) the Shannon receives the two Brusnag, the Suck, and many other smaller tributaries, it appears at Athlone to carry an undiminished volume of water. *Above Athlone bridge—upwards of a hundred and fifty miles from the sea—the river is three hundred yards wide, and averages from twenty to thirty-five feet in depth.*" Here Mr. Inglis leaves the line of navigation, and turns from the Shannon towards Galway, so that we cannot give his opinion of the river either in its expansions of Loch Ree and Loch Boffin, or in its channel between, until, in the course of his peregrinations meeting the well-known waters again at Carrick-on-Shannon, he finds—"that majestic river," which he had parted from a month before, the same noble stream still. "The Shannon, at Carrick, is upwards of two hundred miles from the sea; and I could scarcely discover any diminution of the stream, which flows a hundred miles farther down."

One more quotation and we have done—

"I think," says Mr. Inglis, after visiting the source of the river in Loch Allan; "I may affirm, that, although we cannot find on the banks of the Shannon, that precipitous wood scenery, which distinguishes the Rhine, nor the extreme richness and softness which lie along the Loire or the Garonne,—infinitely greater variety is found throughout the course of the Shannon, than is presented either on

these or any other rivers that I recollect. *And the Shannon possesses one attribute, which, as far as I know, is exclusively its own. It is navigable, (with some slight interruptions,) from its mouth to its source, a distance of 234 miles.*"

We have done with the surface of the country; but before we close our descriptions of mere scenery, it is necessary to make a short subterranean excursion—

"It is particularly worthy of remark," says Mr. Nimmo, "that along the borders of the floetz limestone, there is a series of vast caverns usually with subterraneous rivers traversing them."

He then proceeds to instance that cavernous district between Loch Corrib and Loch Mask, where the drainage of a country of more than 400 square miles in area, sinks through the caves of Cong to emerge in Loch Corrib.—The course of the main drain is however too low to be accessible, and the visitor is disappointed in finding a subterraneous stream only, instead of the torrent which the quantity of water discharged might lead him to expect.

Of the inland caves of Ireland, that near Mitchelstown, in the south of the county Tipperary (a position which corresponds perfectly with Mr. Nimmo's general observations,) is the most extensive and celebrated.

"The entrance is scarcely wider than sufficient to allow one to get in; but it has been lately somewhat improved. After entering, you partly walk, and partly slide down an inclined plane of about fifty feet in length; and arriving

then at the edge of a precipice you descend a ladder, and reach, about twenty feet below, another inclined plane, with a very rugged bottom. This leads into one of the halls, not very large, and about thirty feet high; and from thence the visitor creeps on all fours into another hall, where there is much to attract and please. Here are four crystallized pillars reaching from the floor to the ceiling; one of them nearly twenty feet in circumference at the base, and forming an irregular cone—with numerous other apartments—the great attraction of all these being the brilliant spar, in many places, covering the bottom; the stalactites depending from the roof; and above all, the festooning and drapery of beautiful crystallization which hang from the projecting rocks in singularly graceful folds."

—(*Lagha*).*

Dunmore, in the county Kilkenny, is another grand cave, entered by a noble arch in the face of a grassy and precipitous amphitheatre of limestone rock; and at Cloyne, in the county Cork, there is a cavern in the tongue of limestone, which crosses the country there of considerable interest and extent. There are numerous others of more or less interest in Waterford, Kerry, Fermanagh, Cork, and Londonderry.

The most remarkable, however, of all the inland caves of Ireland, although apparently not visited by any writing tourist since the year 1740, is that at Kilcorney, in the barony of Burris, in the north of the county of Clare. Burris is an extension of the limestone plain, of a very peculiar appearance:

* The Angler, with his usual graphic ease, gives a very pleasing description of the interior. "It is much the finest cavern in Great Britain (he seems to consider the three kingdoms a single island); incomparably superior to those in Derbyshire, or Somersetshire, or even M'Alister's cave in the isle of Sky; and is the only one which conveys some faint conception of the magnificent grotto of Adelsberg, which, I believe to be unequalled in the world for extent and beauty.—In these her subterraneous palaces, nature has ample scope to indulge her most freakish moods. In one hall she seems to have suspended Brobdignagian icicles from the lofty vault, or to have exposed the roots of some petrified frost. Here she has reared a sequestered chapel, and built an altar, at which a priest is seen officiating, with an alabaster lamp suspended above his head to light his devotions; or there she has spread an ample dinner table, and near it placed various representations of eatables, joints of meat, hams, tongues, bunches of grapes, &c. In another chamber she has turned sculptor, and displays a half-finished statue, while from the adjoining roof depends drapery, whose graceful folds Canova would have been proud to hang round the limbs of a Roman senator. And, lastly, at the hall's farther end appears a mighty cataract, as if about to burst forth and sweep away all these beauteous creations in its resistless flood." (*Angler in Ireland*, vol. 2. p. 244.)

the bare white rock rises everywhere to the surface, and the only vegetation consists of detached tufts of grass, growing in the crevices. Ludlow, when he entered this part of the county Clare, in 1656, is said to have described it as a country where he could find neither water enough to drown a man, wood enough to hang a man, nor earth enough to bury a man in; and the description holds good of some parts of it to this day. Nevertheless, it is astonishing how well the cattle thrive on their scanty pastures, and where a continuous vegetable soil can be found, the grain grown is of excellent quality. But there is one production, not exactly of the barony of Burrin, but of its coast, which renders the name of the district familiar to the ears of Dublin men: we mean Mr. Burton Bandon's red bank Burrin oysters; an excellent fish, that have contributed more than even the cave of Kilcorney, or the graphic description of General Ludlow himself, to give this district a peculiar interest in our eyes. The cave is, notwithstanding, a very remarkable natural curiosity, being a vault under the limestone crust, accessible only by one small entrance of about two feet in diameter, but not remarkable for any particular beauty or great extent within. There is a tradition in the country, that at certain seasons a troop of fairy horses come out from this cave to pasture on the corn sown in the neighbouring valley, and it is generally believed amongst the country people, that one of these night steeds which was caught by some adventurous individual many hundred years ago, was the sire of the famous breed kept by O'Loghlen; for it must be known that this country is celebrated for a breed of horses, of which our less romantic naturalists trace the de-

scend from two Spanish sires that were saved out of the wreck on this coast, of one of the ships of the Armada, in 1588. But the peculiar interest of Kilcorney arises neither from its being the fabulous stable of O'Loghlen's fairy stud, nor from its abstract beauty as a simple cave, but from the extraordinary fact that it sometimes pours forth a sudden deluge of insipid muddy water that inundates the surrounding plain to a depth of twenty feet. Now, as there is neither river nor lake in that part of the country, and as the cave is six miles from the sea, this phenomenon, if it continue to exhibit itself as often and remarkably as it did previous to 1740, must be well worth the attention of any scientific man who may have an opportunity of visiting it.*

Of the coast-caves, and indeed of all the caves in Ireland, both marine and inland, the first are those of Ballybunnian, near Tarbert, on the south shore of the Shannon, where it enters the Atlantic. The Angler describes them admirably. "They are incomparably the most beautiful marine caves I know of in any country, and in my opinion, are among the most interesting natural objects in Great Britain (he should have said the United Kingdom). Close under the village of Ballybunnian lies a beautiful bay, which at low water affords a great extent of the finest sands possible. The cliffs which compose it on the south are entirely of sand; and on one of the most prominent stands a lofty and very picturesque old tower, once the residence of kings. But the northern side of the bay is bounded by the abrupt and perpendicular termination of the clay-slate rocks which compose the coast for some way northwards, and in which the caves are all situated. These rocks are about one hundred

* See Philosophical Transactions, No. 455, p. 360. January 1740.

Doctor Smith, the excellent historian of Cork, Kerry, and Waterford, in his collections for the county Clare, (Library R. I. Academy,) mentions that periodical lakes are found in other parts of the world. Keyser, in his travels, letter lxxviii, mentions the like in Cirkneitzsee in the Duchy of Carniola; in which it is said, that a person may sow, reap, fish and hunt within the space of one year.—Pike, trout, eels, perch, &c. ascend with the flood; and, what is still more extraordinary, if true, a great number of ducks are often ejected. These fowls, says Keyser, are fat and of a black colour, blind, and almost destitute of feathers; but in a fortnight they become full-fledged, recover their sight, and fly away. We wonder does Kilcorney ever make cod's head of the surrounding country, by deluging it with ejected oysters?

feet in height, perfectly perpendicular, and of various and beautiful colours." Here and in the continuation of the cliff which in some places rises to near three hundred feet, the waves of the Atlantic have scooped out the sandy strata which alternate with the slate, and have hollowed the whole face of the cliff into caverns of the most fantastic and beautiful forms. After describing numerous smaller caves, natural arches, and isolated stacks of rock, the Angler proceeds to give an account of the great "Pigeon cave."—"Much as my admiration had been before excited, I must confess I was quite taken by surprise with the extraordinary beauty and grandeur of this most magnificent cavern. We entered it by a spacious portal worn out of the perpendicular face of the cliff, and supported by several huge columns of rock, which closed together in an irregular but most picturesque arch, high over our heads. After a comparatively narrower passage of about forty or fifty yards, the cave swelled out into a dome of the most magnificent proportions, nearly circular in its form, and converging from all sides, so as to form a vast natural cupola. The summit of this splendid canopy of rock, as well as all the further sides, was lost in partial darkness; while from the arched opening by which we had entered, a flood of glorious light pouring in, illumined the various tints and hues that adorned the walls of this ocean grotto. For, as if to make it perfect, the rock was strongly impregnated with sulphur and copper, whose exudations tinged the sides and roof with every imaginable colour, producing a pictorial effect that can hardly be conceived. The water also, though very deep, was of pellucid clearness; exposing here a silvery floor of shell and sand; and there a mimic forest of each kind of sea weed. Staffa is certainly more curious and interesting from its basaltic columns; but, exquisitely beautiful as it confessedly is, even Fingal's cave must, I think, yield to this for beauty if not for grandeur." To enumerate all the other sea caves of interest round a coast worn into such numerous and extensive cavities by

the constant force of Atlantic waves would be endless, and with this brilliant description of their chief, both in magnitude and beauty, we will close the section.

We have now, we trust, given a pretty full and accurate account of the situation, character, and attractions of the great features of our island, which we have endeavoured to keep as separately as we could under their several heads of mountains, lakes, rivers and caves. We have not intentionally exaggerated their claims on the attention of the lovers of fine scenery, and so far as in our power all such have here an honest account of the sort of entertainment they may expect from the natural features of the country. To tourists there are no helps more indispensable than good guide books; and we are happy to add to the last of those already offered to strangers in Ireland by the spirited publishers of this magazine a new and very highly improved Guide Book to the whole of Ireland; a practical, useful, and valuable work, the compiler of which, sensible of the fact that it is not by the inflated descriptions of such volumes in general, that travellers are induced to visit a country, and that when travellers have made up their minds to visit a district in person, such matter is not only out of place but disagreeable, has wisely and with good taste refrained from swelling his book with any lengthy or extravagant descriptions, but in their place has given a great deal of sound and available information, both local, statistical, and scientific. Much of the material has been furnished from the notes of the admirable Inglis, and we have no doubt the book will prove highly valuable to all persons attracted hither by such charming writings as this lamented gentleman's "Ireland in 1834."

Such (so far as in the absence of any general geological or sectional map of the country,* we have been able to collect from the ill-assorted materials at present available by us,) is the general outline of the surface of Ireland; a plain, not very far from circular, of an elevation of from 100 to 300 feet above

* A deficiency which the publication of Mr. Griffith's geological map will, we trust, shortly and effectually supply.

the level of the sea, surrounded by a rhomboidal rim of mountain-groups, averaging from 2000 to 3000 feet in height, which send down their streams by short and rapid channels to the sea, while the main rivers, which drain the interior, have courses of considerable length and equability, and such a body of water as, in one instance, gives an

extent of inland navigation unprecedented in any other island in the world.

We purpose to renew this subject in our next number; when we will consider what additional interest our scenery derives from the peculiar attractions of Irish society for the more philosophic traveller.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not, dear girl, tho' years
 And distance sever:
 Forget not sighs, and parting tears,
 And whispered love, and promised truth,
 And hopes, and fears, and dreams of youth:
 No! never! never!

Oh! by each word, and look, and tone
 Of kindly thought;
 By pleasures now for ever flown!
 The walks we trod, the flowers we reared,
 And every scene to love endeared,
 Forget me not.

Still let my memory haunt each dell,
 And gentle river:
 Still let the mournful surges' swell,
 And eve's low breezes, unto thee
 Speak in low tones—remember me
 For ever, ever.

Still let the songs I loved of yore
 Be dear to thee;
 And should thy dark eyes wander o'er
 Tale of affection,—constant faith,
 And love unchanging until death,
 Oh think of me!

J. T. B.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

TRINITY COLLEGE, M.DCCC.LXXVI.

On Trinity Monday, the following gentlemen were elected to be Fellows of Trinity College:—John Toleken, A.B. Thomas M'Neece, A.B.; and Charles Graves, A.B.

The first premium of £260 was awarded to William Atwell, A.B.; and premiums of £45 each to Richard Trayer, A.B.; and Robert Mooney, A.M.

The following gentlemen were elected to be Scholars of Trinity College: John Hallowell; Michael Roberts;

Richard Wrightson; Edmund Maturin; William Roberts; Edmund Meredith; John Jellet; James Lawson; Patrick Murphy; Cornacius Ring; Maurice O'Donohue.

On Saturday, June 25th, Isaac Butt, L.L.B. was elected by the Provost and Senior Fellows, to be Whately Professor of Political Economy, in the room of Dr. Longfield, resigned. The examination was held on the 13th of April.

TRINITY TERM EXAMINATIONS.

N.B.—The names of the successful Candidates in each rank are arranged, not in order of merit, but in the order of standing on the College Books.

SENIOR SOPHISTERS.

HONOURS IN SCIENCE.—*Second Rank.* Morgan, Lewis; Hussey, Malachy; Chichester, Robert.

HONOURS IN CLASSICS.—*First Rank.* Wyley, William. *Second Rank.* Henn, Thomas.

JUNIOR SOPHISTERS.

HONOURS IN SCIENCE.—*First Rank.* Mr. Kelly, Charles; Burke, Henry; Connor, Henry; Flanagan Stephen.—*Second Rank.* Mr. Maury, John B.; Warren, Robert; Owens, Edward; Saunders, Thomas; Ellis, Conyngham; Doyle, John.

HONOURS IN CLASSICS.—*First Rank.* Walters, John Francis; Perrin, John; Mills, Richard; Ahern, William. *Second Rank.* Mr. Torrens, Thomas F.; Mr. Wise, James L.; Mr. Vance, Andrew; Tibbs, Henry; Newman, William; Miller, William; Littledale, John.

SENIOR FRESHMEN.

HONOURS IN SCIENCE.—*First Rank.* Mr. Blood, William; Lendrick, James; White, Matthew; Salmon, George; M'Gillicuddy, Francis, Galbraith, Joseph. *Second Rank.* Dobbs, Conway; Rutherford Archibald; Rutherford Henry; Moore, Richard, Longfield, George; Gabbett, Robert.

HONOURS IN CLASSICS.—*First Rank.* Mr. Cairns, Hugh M'Calmont; Flanagan, John; Byrne, James; M'Gillicuddy, Francis; Loughlin, John William; Longfield, George; Law, Hugh; Graham

George. *Second Rank.* Mr. Rynd, J. G. Mr. Story, Joseph; Mr. Bushe, Richard Henry; Lendrick, James; Feinagle, Charles; Salmon, George; Gwynne, James; Sharkey, Lewis G.; Black, William Faussett; Peebles, Robert Benjamin; Clibborn, John; Moore, Ponsonby; Richardson, John; Murphy, Jeremiah; Dabbyn, Thomas.

JUNIOR FRESHMEN.

HONOURS IN SCIENCE.—*First Rank.* Mr. Forde, Thomas; Mr. Morris, Arthur; Kirkpatrick, William; Richards, John Henry; Lee, George; Gaggin, John; Hume Abraham. *Second Rank.* Mr. Ryder, Michael Wood; Wilson, Hugh; North, Roger; Studdart, George; Edge, John; Corcoran, Michael E.; Smith, Henry; Boyce, James W.; Le Marchant, Robert; Bagot, Edward; Morris, Richard; Basset, William.

HONOURS IN CLASSICS.—*First Rank.* Mr. Ryder, Michael W.; Mr. Kinahan, Daniel; Mr. Hayman, Samuel; Stackpoole, William C.; Bickmore, Charles; Porter, William; Power, Cuthbert Collingwood; Ralph, Charleton Stewart; Smith, James. *Second Rank.* Mr. Stannus, Thomas Robert; Mr. Foster, John V.; Hamilton, James; Basset, William; Lee, George; Walker, John; Halpin, Nicholas John; Bagot, Edward; Gaggin, John; Smith, George; Magee William; Riordan, Patrick; Bickmore, Frederick A.; King, Francis; Cangle, David.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XLIV.

AUGUST, 1836.

VOL. VIII.

THE COLLISION.

THE proceedings of the two houses of parliament, in reference to the Irish municipal reform bill, present a subject for consideration far too important to be passed over in silence. It is a subject upon which a great deal of declamation has been very uselessly employed; and with which a great deal of party feeling has been very unfortunately mixed up. We feel satisfied that, if men could be brought to consider the questions these proceedings involve, with the calmness and sobriety which their importance demands; if they could abstract the principles of those questions from the disturbing influence of the appeals that have been made to passion, and submit them to the ordeal of plain and sober common sense, they would infallibly arrive at the conclusion that all the violence and indignation that have been manifested, have been utterly and miserably misplaced, and that the advocates of collision and reform of the Lords, have not the shadow of a rational pretext for the course of turbulence which it appears to be their intention to pursue.

In the remarks which we mean to offer upon this subject, we shall address ourselves to men of all parties. In the belief which we have stated, that much may be effected by an appeal to the common sense of the rational portion of the community, under whatever political denomination they may be found, we shall endeavour to reason without any reference to the contests of party difference. It is too much to expect that we shall succeed in persuading men to view this matter in the coolness of an unprejudiced judgment, but we shall

do what we can to separate the discussion from every irritating topic that might call into action the passions of the partizan.

We shall first endeavour to state fairly the circumstances of that difference between the houses of parliament, which some men fondly call "the collision;" and the demands which, upon the grounds of this difference have been very violently made.

The Commons passed a bill by which all existing corporations were abolished; and by which, in addition to this, new bodies were constituted and invested by statute, with some of the rights and privileges which had been conferred by royal charter upon the abrogated corporations; the House of Lords acceded to the first portion of the bill, by which existing corporations were abolished, but refused their assent to the establishment of any new bodies in their stead. After some attempts at a compromise, the matter ended in the bill being altogether rejected by the Commons.

Upon these proceedings a demand is made by a section of the radical party, that the House of Lords should be reformed; that is, that some measure should be adopted by which the second branch of the legislature may be brought into a general accordance with the wishes of the third.

Our readers will perceive that in this two questions are presented to our notice—first, the particular question as to the Irish corporations, and then arising out of this, the great constitutional question of reform of the Lords—that is, we have first to consider whether the incorporation of the

bodies proposed by the Commons, would be really an advantage to the country; and after this a second question is forced upon our notice; whether the refusal of the Lords to sanction this measure furnishes a sufficient cause for forming a certain organic change in the constitution—including, of course, in this second, the practicability and the general effects of that change.

We have already discussed at some length the provisions of the Irish municipal reform bill. We do not intend to enter again upon the full consideration of a question which perhaps is long since exhausted; but there are a few considerations which we throw out for Irishmen of all creeds and parties to reflect on before they determine whether the bill, as sent up from the Commons, was, in the present state of this country, calculated to promote the prosperity of Ireland or the happiness of her people.

To determine upon the expediency of any political measure, we have generally to strike a balance between its probable advantages and disadvantages, and be guided by the result. Let any candid man pursue this method of calculation, with respect to the establishment of the new corporations; and first let him calmly reflect upon the practical and substantial good that he may reasonably expect to follow from their creation. If it can be shewn that the comforts of our population will be increased—that their happiness will be augmented—that our industry will be encouraged, our labouring classes better fed or better clothed, or the resources of Ireland developed; we will admit that, for the sake of these objects, the measure should earnestly and strenuously be sought after; nay more, if we can be convinced that any such results are likely to follow from it, we will become its warmest advocates ourselves. But, until it is proved that some advantages will result from the adoption of a measure, we are not ready to consent to it merely because it may please some persons to call it a benefit to Ireland.

We are anxious to urge this point strongly upon the attention of those who honestly support this measure, because we know that, in the excitement of party feeling, men are apt to

take for granted what a very little reflection might shew them to be without foundation. Now, it certainly is not an axiom that needs no proof, that the proposed corporations would be a benefit to the country; and yet, we cannot recollect a single attempt that has been made by the advocates of their institution, to exhibit a single good that can result from it. We are aware that this plain business-like way of dealing with a question is unfashionable in this country; it is unsuited to the taste of our people; it is much easier to raise the cry of "justice to Ireland!" than to prove that that cry has any meaning; it is less troublesome to follow that cry than to examine the practical bearings of a measure. But we are rather inclined to adhere to our own method, and put in every case, the question—"What good will it do?" Now, we put this question in the spirit of candour and fairness. The ministerial measure has many able, and we sincerely believe honest advocates at the Irish press. Let the writers in the columns of the *Register*, the *Freeman*, or the *Evening Post*, who have done so much to excite the passions of the inflammable portion of the Irish people, just pause for a moment to satisfy the obstinate wrongheadedness of the few matter-of-fact Irishmen, like ourselves, who have taken up the English prejudice of thinking it necessary to have a reason for everything. There is perhaps no public journal which has displayed more knowledge of the economical statistics of Ireland, than some years ago the *Morning Register*, in the able articles in which it advocated repeal. Now let that journal apply some of this knowledge to the questions before us—let it be shewn how the establishment of the new corporations will promote the prosperity of our common country, and then, and not till then, we will admit that it is fair and right in our opponents, to stamp us as sectarian and antinational, because we refuse to assent to their institution.

We do not think that in this demand we ask anything that common sense does not bear us out in. We have heard much of "insult," and "injustice," and "arrogant peers;" but all this amounts to no proof. The denial of corporations is a national

injury, but in what the injury consists we have not been informed. At most it is a question which affects only the inhabitants of towns; it cannot, by possibility influence the condition of the Connought pauper, to have a lord mayor riding in a fine coach in Dame-street. Here then, at once, we have a large deduction from the seven millions who are wronged by the refusal; the benefits of the measure, admitting there are any, only extend to the towns that come under its operation. But we repeat our challenge to the journals that support the ministerial bill; and we ask them first to prove that the new corporations will be a benefit, and then they may declaim about the injury of refusing them. But until we are informed of the offices for the good of the country which those bodies are to discharge, we cannot at once, and without examination, pronounce their establishment a blessing.

From the man, then, of any party, or of any creed, who asks us to support the establishment of the new municipalities in Ireland, our first demand, and we cannot think it an unreasonable one, is, that he will state to us, in a plain and business-like manner, and apart from all declamation about "justice to Ireland," and "equal rights," and such like fine words, what practical good he expects to follow from their creation?

When the probable good has been stated, and this, be it remembered, is still a desideratum, it will only remain to look to the other side of the question, and see if there be any evils likely to ensue; and accordingly as the good or evil preponderates, our judgment must be determined.

To us it appears that the proposed measure is attended with many and serious inconveniences. We will not say that these inconveniences are such as to outweigh any possible amount of good that may be shewn as likely to follow; but certainly, in the absence of all such shewing, they are motives for offering a strenuous opposition to the plan. We will endeavour calmly to state the inconveniences we apprehend; and here again we call on our opponents to abandon declamation and come to reasoning—

and instead of the cant of "equal rights," let them shew to us either that our fears are not likely to be realized, or that the evils we apprehend will be more than counterbalanced by the advantages which we are as yet unable to discover.

Our great objection to the ministerial bill is, that it must tend to perpetuate and exasperate, as far as its influence extends, the religious and political dissensions which the right-minded of all parties lament as the curse of our country. To soften down the animosities which unhappily distract us, should be the first object of the patriot; it is an object for which he should sacrifice everything but principle. Let any man who knows the state of feeling in this country, who is acquainted with the bitterness of spirit that is engendered by every occurrence in which party animosities are excited, coolly consider what must be the effects upon the towns, of establishing municipal elections to be the constant and periodically returning trials of party strength; and we do not think that he will pronounce our apprehensions unreasonable when we intimate a doubt whether the legal establishment of these contests will conduce to the towns being "well and QUIETLY governed."

We do not think that there is any one Utopian enough to expect that the municipal elections would be decided without the intervention of religious and political animosities; and surely there is no one who knows Ireland who will expect that those animosities will pass away with the occasion that calls them forth. Are not the professors of different creeds sufficiently divided already? Must the legislature interfere to quicken our partizanship by establishing an arena for its regular and periodical exhibition, and offering to us the honours of a corporation as the prize for the victorious. What would be the municipal elections but scenes of party contests, in which Protestant will be set against Catholic, and Catholic against Protestant; and these, be it remembered, contests in which the bitterness of religious dissension would be aggravated by the asperities of a personal struggle for place and power. What, we ask, is this but to individualize party differences into

local dissensions, and aggravate them into local feuds? We say nothing of the effects of this upon the administration of justice; we speak not of the confidence that will be reposed in magistrates chosen in the bitterest contests of partizan quarrels; we only deprecate the effects of such a measure upon the peace and tranquillity of the towns that are to be cursed with corporations.

That Ireland is torn by dissension—that her real interests are overlooked in the feuds of contending factions, is the complaint of men of all parties, and there is truth in the complaint. Her people are split into two great sections, divided by religion, by habits, and by feeling; and while there is no one that denies that in the dissensions between these sections of her population, every evil that afflicts her is incalculably aggravated; there is but little done by any one to soften down the animosities that unhappily prevail. With the progress of that vacillating and cowardly policy, which, by a strange perversion of speech, has been called conciliation, it is a melancholy fact that the differences between the two parties have been regularly heightened; there never perhaps was a period when the breach between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic was as wide as it is now. Personal recollection will enable any one who is acquainted with this country for twenty years, to bear witness to the fact that religious differences have within that period been invested with a bitterness that did not belong to them before. There was then, something like the blending of the people, which was so earnestly wished; the professors of different religions lived in amity together, and the harmony and good-will of neighbours was undisturbed by the considerations of political party, or religious profession.

But now, alas! the case is widely different. In the violence of party feeling all friendships are torn asunder, and all friendly, almost all social intercourse between those who take opposite sides, is suspended. The curse of civil discord extends to every transaction of life. The weightiest and the most insignificant affairs of ordinary business, are alike influenced by its malignant spirit; and it is in the towns

that the worst influences of this state of things prevail. We know of boroughs in Ireland where the bad feeling engendered at the last election of their representative has not yet subsided into anything like the common or ordinary dissensions that prevail—and these towns present a curious and lamentable state of society—their population is regularly divided into two distinct and separate communities, literally holding no intercourse, and carrying on no dealings with each other—all the relations of life, commercial and social, are forgotten or merged in the political—and the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, or the Conservative and Radical, are as completely alienated and estranged from each other, as if they did not speak the same language, or were not subjects of the same king.

Now we ask of any rational man, is this a state of things which it is desirable to provoke? And we ask any honest radical to put his hand to his heart and say whether the provisions of the new corporation bill do not supply abundant provocation for it, and then render that provocation perpetual. We have spoken of a state of society originating in the political feeling produced by the election of a member of parliament. But how much stronger will that feeling be, in the election of corporate officers, where the townsmen themselves will be the candidates—where personal ambition will be more widely diffused—and, as the candidates will be numerous, there will be more to feel the personal bitterness of defeat. Every municipal election will be a struggle in which the hottest passions of excited parties will be called into deadly action; and it is idle to expect that these passions will cool down with the struggle. No! success will aggravate one party into insolence—defeat exasperate the other into ferocity—all the intercourse of life will be disturbed—all the harmony of neighbourhood broken through—Every corporate town will become a hell in which every evil disposition of human nature will be excited into its most fiendish exhibition—a scene of turmoil and malignity from which any right-minded man will flee away. And from this state of things there can be no rest, or no cessation. With

a malicious ingenuity the framers of the bill have taken care that the inhabitants of these towns shall have no peace from their dissensions. They ring in their ears the periodical tocsin to summon exasperated factions to the constantly recurring struggle for victory and power.

We have not space to urge the many considerations connected with this point that present themselves to our mind—they are considerations which surely should have their weight with every one who is anxious to soothe those animosities which so unhappily keep our population at variance. Those who sincerely mourn over the dissensions of our countrymen, will pause before they advocate a measure that must bring these dissensions home to every man's door—and mix up into a deadly compound all the worst elements of civil strife—a compound in which even religious and political bigotry shall be vitiated by the intermixture of the still baser ingredients of the love of peculation and the lust of power.

We have confined ourselves thus far to this one topic, because it is a topic that appeals to no feeling more partizan than the love of tranquillity, and the desire to see Irishmen united—and in the name of Ireland—of Ireland too long torn by religious feuds—we protest against the exasperating provisions of the ministerial bill.

But if we pause to inquire into the probable character of the new bodies, we shall find that as they originate in dissension they will not be very likely, in their continuance, to promote the cause of peace. We have they been named, "normal schools of agitation." With no useful office to discharge, their energies will be expended upon what is mischievous—we do not disguise our apprehensions that in many of the towns, the lowest rabble will sway the municipal elections. We believe that most of the new municipalities will be in the hands of a party opposed to Protestantism and to British connexion. We mean to give no offence to any one when we say, that many of them will be under the control of the agitating portion of the Roman Catholic clergy—and we confess that we entertain serious apprehensions of the influence which bodies so chosen and so directed, may exercise upon the well being of Ireland.—

We fear that the Trades' Union of this city is not an unfavourable specimen of the probable composition of the new municipalities—and we confess that we are unwilling to legalize and perpetuate assemblages of the lowest and most ignorant of our urban population. We do not think it for the common weal, to array sedition in the robes of civic authority.

In the absence then of any assignable good that can follow from the incorporation of the new bodies, we protest earnestly against the measure—we protest against it for reasons which we submit to the candour and common sense of men of all parties. We allege that the advocates of the measures have pointed out no probable good that will follow its adoption—we on the other hand contend that we have stated many and serious evils which apparently are certain to ensue. We say that its adoption must at once create the most frightful dissensions and heart-burnings between the inhabitants of the towns to which it is applied—that the bill, while it abolishes existing corporations on account of their exclusive and partizan character, transfers their present bodies even more exclusive and partizan, utterly unfit for the possession of the municipal franchise—and we say that the municipal bodies which it proposes to incorporate will be of a character most dangerous to the stability of the empire, and destructive to the best interests of the country, and that from those bodies there is no reasonable prospect of obtaining either an impartial administration of justice or a due management of corporate funds. Now, these statements may be controverted, and perhaps disproved—but it will not do to answer us by the unmeaning cry of "justice must be done to Ireland."—Our argument is, that the new measure would be gross injustice to Ireland—that there is no measure more calculated to injure her—to retard the development of her resources—and to cause her to retrograde perhaps irretrievably in the march of civilization.—Let our opponents prove the benefit of their plan, before they demand its adoption on the ground of justice.

Before, however, the measure is again submitted to Parliament, we shall have many opportunities of considering the question of Irish corporations. We must not forget that we have still the

great constitutional question to allude to—we mean the demand for the reform of the House of Lords, which has been made consequent on their refusal to consent to the incorporation of the new Irish municipalities.

Now, here we will throw out of consideration altogether, the language in which this demand has been made, or the quarter from which it has emanated, and we do so, that we may discuss it with the calmness which a constitutional question demands. We cannot help thinking that a very few words will suffice to shew the absurdity of the demand—and this upon general principles, without reference to the immediate question upon which it has been so foolishly raised.

It will be observed in the outset, that the demand is not for the abolition of the House of Lords, but its reform. The necessity therefore of a second house of legislature is assumed, but it is alleged that by a different, and as yet unrevealed mode of constituting that house, it may be made more efficient to discharge the functions for which it is designed.

The only use of two houses of legislature must be to act as a check upon each other. They must therefore derive their power from different sources; if both are formed by the same constituents, it is impossible that they should act as a check upon each other. Unless, therefore, they are bodies independent of each other—the existence of a double house of legislature is a farce. We may observe in passing, that this was the principle upon which the Reform Bill was professedly based, that it was essential to the working of a balanced constitution, that each of the two orders of the legislature should be independent of the other.

Now, we ask the reformers of the Peerage what is the machinery by which they propose to obtain a second house of Parliament, independent of the first, which shall be less conservative than the present House of Lords, for the conservatism of that body is the crime for which, according to our constitutionalists, it must be doomed to destruction.

Suppose it to be settled that the House of Lords be made under some system an elective body, we presume that no one will put forward the absurdity of proposing that the upper cham-

ber should be returned by a constituency more democratic than that which elects the lower. To act as a check, it must be chosen by a class of electors different from that which are represented in the Commons. Now, we suppose that the House of Lords were made elective to-morrow, and that the common-sense principle were adhered to—that the electors of the second chamber are to be of a class above those of the first—and we allege that under any possible application of that principle, the elected chamber would contain a much more overwhelming majority of conservatives than does the present House of Lords.

The simple truth that is involved in this argument is, that the present House of Peers virtually represents the feelings and wishes of the great body of the intelligence and respectability of the nation. This is a truth that should be at once the answer to every proposition for its reform. If the reform is not one that is to make it the representative of the better classes of the country, it is ruinous—if any project of reform have this for its object, it is perfectly unnecessary. There is in fact no choice between the abolition of a second house of legislature, and the retaining one at least as conservative as we have now.

We put this matter in a plain common-sense point of view, and we cannot see that anything will be gained by making the House of Peers elective, towards producing an accordance with the present House of Commons. It is impossible to find in the country an electoral body to whom the selection of an Upper House could be entrusted that would not choose one almost purely conservative—and however anxious we might be to see the entire country of the same mind, it is perhaps better for the country, that while parties do exist in the state, they should be represented in both houses.

It would not be difficult to prove that the feeling of the respectable portion of the community is at this moment much more adequately represented in the House of Lords, than it could be under any system of election in which this class should be themselves the electors. We need not stop to prove that, of the better portion of society, the gentry, the merchants, the yeomanry, and the professional and educated classes of the

community, there is an immense preponderance in favour of conservative opinions—a preponderance unquestionably much greater than is exhibited in the present proportion of parties in the Lords. But there is also a small minority holding those opinions which are called *liberal*; and this minority finds now a representation in the Lords—a representation much more than adequate to their relative consequence, it is true—but still, the minority are represented. We question if the country were divided into departments, and a representative sent from the higher classes of electors in each to an upper house, whether this minority would be represented at all.

The present position of the two houses is nearly this—the Peers represent the property, the respectability, and the intellect of the nation—the Commons are delegates from its numerical strength. It must be remembered too, that even in the Commons, the majority opposing the policy of the Peers is a very small one—one which every popular election is diminishing—and thus it appears that on the side of the conservative principles of the House of Lords are arrayed almost unanimously the better classes of society, (and in this we include the stout yeomanry of England,) an immense preponderance of the wealthy and educated—and very nearly a numerical half of the population of the country.

But we keep to the point we have urged—namely, the utter impracticability of framing any system by which an upper house can be chosen in which conservative principles will not have the ascendancy. Every advance upwards from the point at which the franchise is now fixed for the electors of the lower house, but brings us to a region of purer Conservatism. If the demand for reform of the Lords is a demand for a radical upper house, the demand is sheer absurdity. We could understand a cry for the abolition of a second chamber altogether—we know what men mean when they propose a pure and unmixed democracy—but we are unable to understand the process of political notation by which it is proposed to solve the problem of finding in the present state of feeling in Britain, an upper house that will not be thoroughly Conservative. But, indeed, the general prob-

lem of the peerage reformers is at least as startling, for it is nothing more or less than this—to find a House of Lords that shall discharge the function of a second chamber, and act as a check upon the Commons, while at the same time care must be taken in its constitution that it shall never differ from their will. If this be not what they mean when they demand that the Lords be brought into harmony with the Commons, their language has no meaning at all.

If ever the time shall unfortunately arrive when we entrust the supreme power of the state to a single legislative assembly that is not controlled by another and perfectly independent body—the liberties of Britain are gone for ever, or gone only to be regained by a revolution. All the ingenuity of politicians cannot now devise a plan by which an upper house can be constituted, independent of the Commons, that will not be at least as Conservative as the present House of Lords.

We have argued the question, we trust, calmly—we have considered the proposition for reform of the peerage, as if the national mind were not fully decided upon the subject—but the truth is, that the proposition, if it were seriously made, would be indignantly scouted by all classes. While there was a hope that the peers would be awed into acquiescence in the projects of the ministry, the cry was raised in the vain hope of intimidating the nobility of Britain. But when the firmness of the Lords disappointed this foolish expectation, the cry has been, by the most respectable of its supporters, abandoned, or at least indefinitely adjourned. We are now told that the nation is not yet prepared for this great question. A few years more of liberal principles—a little onward in the march of intellect—a little more familiarity with the revolutionary maxims, say the prophets of the movement, and the people will be ready to entertain it. Miserable expectation! Vain prediction! The love of her constitution is too deep a principle in the breast of Britain—a principle which is the lesson of centuries, and cannot be unlearned in a day. It will require something more than a few aphorisms of a vain philosophy to unteach it. A great nation cannot be brought at once to cast down all the

dignities to which its homage for many generations has been paid, or to break up the institutions which fostered its infancy, and still strengthens its maturity. It is in vain to tell us that these are privileges which the people have no interest in supporting. The people themselves do not think so—they ought not to give a moment's credence to the falsehood. The privileges of the Peers—the rights of the Commons—the prerogatives of the Crown—these are the constitution; and the constitution is the people's. To whatever part of our history we look, we find the nobles of Britain associated with the proudest of our national honours, and with the best of our national rights. Whether in asserting the liberty of the subject—in upholding the purity of religion—or in vindicating the independence of justice, from the charter of Runnymede to the Bill of Rights—the peers have been ever foremost in the cause of liberty and the constitution; and as a nation we are not yet ready—we never will be ready—to efface these records of the past. We are not prepared to hew down the ancestral pillars that have so long supported and harmonised with the sacred edifice of our constitution, at least until we examine the nature of the props by which it is proposed to replace them.

One or two words upon the collision which has passed over so quietly, and ended—as all collisions will end—in the Commons acquiescing in the just privileges of the Peers. In the name of two millions of Irish Protestants—in the name of many Roman Catholics, who dare not tell how they hate the tyranny of agitation, we thank the Lords for having done justice to Ireland, and saved her from the infliction which the recklessness of factious ambition had prepared for her. Let it not be supposed that their policy has not found many warm supporters here. Almost all that is respectable in Irish society has looked upon it with approbation; and the only class in Ireland that deserve the name of yeomanry are on their side. The voice of the agitators must not be mistaken for that of the Irish nation. Of those capable of forming a judgment upon any political question, the great majority approve of their act; and we are persuaded that when a little time for

reflection has been afforded, almost all men of all parties will acquiesce in the prudence and justice of the course they have pursued.

Lord Haddington, in presenting a petition from the citizens of Dublin against the ministerial bill, made some most judicious observations on a point which, he most properly remarked, had not been sufficiently attended to—the forbearance and moderation which has been shown by the Protestants of Ireland. It must be remembered that the corporations are now in their hands, secured to them by royal charter, and recognised by the act of union. No charges of malversation of trust have generally been established against those corporations; the crime alleged against them by the hostile commission was their exclusiveness, and this was certainly to be charged upon their founders, who chartered them as strongholds of the English interest. But when it seemed wise to abolish these corporations, no murmur was raised by the Irish Protestants against a measure which they might with justice regard as an invasion of their rights; but, leaving this matter to be dealt with as the legislature might see best for the interests and the peace of Ireland, they only prayed that the powers and privileges which were taken from the Protestants might not be transferred to their opponents.

And transferred we sincerely trust they never will be. The Peers have exhibited a firmness and resolution that augurs well for the constitution. It needed the exhibition of firmness somewhere to afford a rallying point for the sound-hearted among the people. The time has come when we must take our stand on principle, and throw ourselves fearlessly on the good sense and the good feeling of the people for support. Sir Robert Peel has nobly set the example upon this very question of the privileges of the peers; and we feel persuaded that the people of England will respond to his appeal. There is among that people a spirit of attachment, of high-minded devotion to their constitution, that will not permit any party to moot with impunity questions of organic change; and if the Conservatives, both in Lords and Commons have the wisdom to rely sufficiently upon the people, the people will soon learn to rely confidently upon them.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. VII.

KERNER'S LYRICAL POEMS.

We grow every day fonder and fonder of the German Muse. True, we did, in a former paper, reprobate that practice of "darkening counsel by words without knowledge," in which some Transalpine poets and philosophers have surpassed not only the Man of Uz, in the ancient days, but every man of us in the modern. "We have," as Burke flatteringly announces of his anti-Gallican contemporaries, "real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms," and cannot afford a cordial welcome to those fitting and glibbering phantoms of sentiment that visit us in a garb, compared with which the Coat of Darkness in the Nursery-story seems a garment for the Angel Gabriel. But our dislike for the style Germanesque has never interfered with our admiration of the style German. *Vive le sublime* was always—who dares deny it?—our inerasable *devise*. And at worst we are not bound to despise all that we cannot understand. Neither must the delinquents we reprehended be condemned *en masse*. The stepping-stone that stands midway between the Sublime and the Misty should not be placed upon a level with that which separates the Sublime and the Ridiculous. The last infallibly prostrates a stalker, no matter how good an understanding he may have been on with his stilts the moment before; the first only elevates him to the clouds. The Misty is, in fact, as it strikes us, but a loftier species of the Sublime. Where one begins, and the other ends, it may be difficult to state; but each will be uniformly found to have some affinity with the other. Nothing is perhaps wholly and hopelessly unintelligible, if our indolence or incapacity do not make it so. The key to every enigma, we should recollect, is only hidden, not lost. The treasures of the Great Deep are now garnered up in caverns, to the end that when at last laid bare for inspection, their magnificence may the more irresistibly dazzle all eyes. The retirement of "Glorious Apollo" behind a curtain of cloud superinduces a temporary eclipse; but the heavens

are not the less blue beneath. In other words, Poetry, about which so much has been said, at such great length, to such little purpose, is at all times—Poetry; and where its "serious sayings darken to the mystical," we shall not quarrel with those who refer a portion of the obscurity to the limitedness of the reader's faculties. As Poetry we hail it, welcome it, and pay it homage; and though we may regret to hear it speak a language unfamiliar to our ear, we must ever recognize with delight the thrilling tone whose magic Poetry from the beginning of ages has monopolized.

The truth is—for in the end we are all driven to the truth—that though the German poets are in too many instances chargeable with strange obscurities of expression, there is another and a worse fault which, since we have begun to study them more intimately, we trace even more generally throughout their writings. This fault, for want of a fitter name, we shall call *prosiness*. But a definition of German prosiness, as it is found in poetry, is, be it noted, one of those things that a single dash of the pen is apt to accomplish more hurriedly than happily. How to convey an adequate notion of it we do not know. Stupidity is one thing, and senility is another; while dreaminess lays claim to an individuality distinct from that of either of the twain. Now the peculiarity of the German poet, and that which renders him very insufferable is, not so much that he manages to effect an amalgamation of all the three, as that he dishes up the gallimaufry with a ludicrous air of solemnity, and lays it down before you after the fashion of a suburban ale-draper, whose "Pay on delivery" is a notification that he considers you are getting to the full as good as you brought. One is reminded of the Barmecide in the Arabian tale, who presided over a sumptuous banquet of empty platters; or, more appropriately, of Chamaheewah, King of the Tonga Islands, while strutting up and down before his court in the old, red, lead-buttoned

coat of a common English soldier. Our own literature—thanks even to our dulness!—has nothing like to this. Dr. Johnson we believe it was who ridiculed the idea of throwing the words:

Come, lay your knife and fork across your plate,

into the form of an iambic line. But even the sickliest English namby-pambyism is remarkable for a *keeping*, a coherence, a congruity of parts, which, though insufficient to rescue it from contempt, prevents it from shocking as a monstrosity. The German, on the other hand, is just as remarkable for the absence of this coherence. Both are bad; but although if we were required to patronise one or the other we should so far deviate from the venerable custom of “choosing the lesser of two evils,” as to select neither, we confess we should readily damn the second to a deeper gulf of oblivion than we should the first. *‘A bas la bagatelle, mais au diable la sottise.*

Let us not be misunderstood. We cannot object to the employment of prose-language in poetry, where it is in character, or may be essential to the integrity of the poem. All that we insist upon is, that we have a right to repudiate it where the poet, in the plenitude of his emptyheadedness, tries to pass it off upon us as the most felicitous of all modes for the development of poetical conceptions. And is not the imposture now rather too common in Germany? Is it or is it not true, true to the letter, that more than a moiety of all the productions of all the German poets are beneath criticism—that they are a stigma upon the national taste—that they bear about the same resemblance to poetry which a collection of visages chiselled out of a timber-log by some bungling booby, less accustomed to the chisel than to the pick-axe, might bear to the “human face divine” of Greece or Asia? With great confidence we assert that it is; and we challenge contradiction from any literary authority in existence. We allude not now to those outrageous violations of the Aristotelian canon—the standing reproach of German literature—which everybody has heard of and nobody palliates. These are diagnostics peculiar to

diseased intellect, and nothing besides; and a reflecting mind will no more find fault with them than with the ravings of lunacy. They are attempts to illustrate whatever is most senseless in theory, or least tangible in principle, and, of course, to be uniform, *must* be absurd. We speak merely of the comparative dryness and insipidity of German poetry generally. And how dry, how insipid this is, let those tell who having studied it *au fond*, are best qualified to pass judgment on it. Common-places that the ear grows intolerant of in conversation,—driftless paradoxes—clumsy descriptions—lack-a-daisiacal lamentations—rhodomontade—puerility—nonsense—these are the stock in trade of the German poet; and if any one wonder that his business should ever be a flourishing one, let it be borne in mind that he, the same poet, is the exception to the rule that “a prophet hath no honor in his own country,”—and this not, of course, because of his own deserts, but because of his *lieber Deutschland's* immemorial proneness to patronize all sorts of common-places, driftless paradoxes, lack-a-daisiacal lamentations, rhodomontade, puerility and nonsense. Were it otherwise, where were the six-compound-epithetted Tiedge, with his baffling nouns, about as tangible as shadows; or Höky, who, whenever we indulge in a rural stroll with him, grows enthusiastic upon horseponds and haystacks? How had it fared with Klopstock, whose feeble phraseology is only the more pitiable for its feebleness, because for a space it dupes ear and eye with a semblance of force? Or with Bürger the celebrated, whose platitude, save in two or three of his ballads and lyrical pieces, is alas! unendurable? Or what had become of those twin-giants, Werner and Schubart; seeing that neither of them knows what to do with his club, unless he sit down upon the highway and split pebbles with it? Or of Tieck, who, rich and imaginative beyond all praise as his prose is, was the first writer whose poems ever helped us to a perfect conception of the meaning of the word *twaddle*? Or of Novalis—but no—erroneous as the views of Novalis were with regard to the nature of poetry, we cannot doubt that if he had lived, his comprehensive un-

derstanding would have corrected them. Time will yet gather the ashes of Novalis in an urn apart: in the meantime let not common hands presume to weigh them.

Schiller, in one of his ballads, introduces a man who takes a human head out of a wallet, or some such receptacle, and another who guts a fish and finds a ring in its entrails. Where poetry is based upon historical incident, it may be said, the minuteness of detail becomes a thing of course. True; but why create the necessity that makes it a thing of course? When a Solon puts on a fool's cap he must shake the bells; but men of sense will wonder why he put on the cap at all.

Heine, lacking matter for a stanza, goes out to inspect the sea and sky, and then and there, bursting into a Della Cruscan extacy, he declares that the waves are like *green horses* with silver manes; and that the "eternal sun," in the "eternal blue" above his head is "the Rose of Heaven, the fierily-blooming." *Ex pede Herculem*—we need not multiply examples. But this is the average tone of German poetry when it treats of suns, and seas, and soforth.

In a ditty by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué a saunterer, with his chin upon the top of a wall, accosts a clump

of trees in a garden, and begs to be informed whether they can prepare a commodious place beneath their shade for him to repose in, soasmuch as he is "a life-weary man." The reply of the trees is, that they have good reason to bewail old times, because they no longer enjoy in the garden the same health and spirits that fell to their lot when they were blithe and young in the forest. Never suppose, good reader, that here a snake lurks in the grass; the pen of la Motte Fouqué is innocent of satire. The colloquy appears modelled upon that described in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I went up to her and called *Mam*; she cried *Budget*." But the Baron, no doubt, before he put it in type, was at the trouble of ascertaining how far trees are in the habit of shifting their positions to suit the convenience of loungers, and also to what extent a man tired of life may be refreshed by sitting under a sycamore.

Ludwig Uhland is the most distinguished poet now alive in Germany. We have opened a volume, as broad as it is long, of his works, at a little poem entitled *Einkehr*, viz: *Turning-in*, or *Stopping* as a guest at a tavern. Of the same the following is a correct literal translation:

With a tavern-keeper, wonderfully mild,
Staid I lately as guest:
His sign was a Golden Apple
On a long bough.

It was the good Apple-tree
At which I took up my quarters;
With sweet food and fresh froth
Did he nourish me well.

There came into his greenhouse
Many lightwinged guests;
They tripped it freely, and banquetted,
And sang to the best of their ability.

I found a sweet repose-giving bed
On delicate, green mats:
The tavern-keeper covered me himself
With his cool shadow.

I asked him what the reckoning was;
And he shook his head:
Blessings on him always
From hat-crown to shoe-sole!

"Do you know, you ignorant woman," asks Mons. Jourdain of his wife in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, "do you know what it is that I am talking at this moment, what it is that I have been talking ever since I opened my mouth?" "Yes, certainly; downright balderdash," answers the lady. "Not at all, you stupid being," exclaims her husband; "it is *prose*: I have been talking *prose* the whole day to you. Every thing we say must be either poetry or prose: whatever is not prose is poetry, and whatever is not poetry is prose." Nothing can be clearer.

Uhland might get by heart the valuable aphorism of Mons. Jourdain with vast advantage to his future labours. But what is the gist of the five stanzas we have quoted? Or were they perhaps produced at the early age of six? There is no prefatory announcement saying so. What is the gist of them? If any body be but good enough to tell us we shall feel thankful, and pour "blessings on him always from hat-crown to shoe-sole."

Tieck puzzles us yet more. Look, for example, at his little piece, *Der Wanderer*.

In the rush of winds on a stilly night (!)
 Goes forth a wanderer.
 He sighs, and weeps, and treads so gingerly!
 And calls to the stars—
 My bosom heaves; my heart is heavy;
 In silent loneliness,
 The Whence and the Whither unknown to me,
 I pass on through joy and sorrow.
 Ye little golden stars,
 Ye remain for ever distant from me,
 Distant, distant,
 And ah! I confided in you so gladly!
 Thereupon something tinkles round about him;
 And the night grows brighter;
 Already he feels his heart not so heavy.
 He thinks he has lately awakened.
 O Man! thou art far from and near to us,
 But alone thou art not.
 Wert thou to confide in us thine eye would see
 Often our stilly light.
 We, little golden stars,
 Are not for ever distant from thee.
 Gladly, gladly
 Do the stars think of thee.

But enough of this maudlin drivel.

Altogether the prosiness of German poetry may be regarded as the unsightliest blotch upon the surface of that poetry. Tell not this in Leipsic—publish it not in the streets of Stuttgart—but believe it nevertheless. If the Germans, for the credit of their literature, be anxious to get rid of such an eye-sore, they must by all means discourage the further disfigurements of the blotchers. They must give countenance to none but men of lucid, and stern, and straightforward intellect, who are capable not only of thinking, but of thinking *severely*, and who possess, moreover, the power of making such a display of their

thoughts before the world as neither they nor the world need be ashamed of. When such men alone are popular through Germany, Germany will, properly speaking, be a poetical nation. Until then she may solace herself with the consciousness that the dreamers and dawdlers she patronises have already acquired an illustrious reputation at home, and will acquire the same reputation abroad, as long as nobody knows anything more about them than their names.

But how happens it that the taste of the German public should not have long since decided upon the applicability of this or that subject, of these materials or those, to the purposes of

poetry? The question is naturally asked, and easily answered. The German public have never cared to pronounce any decision upon the matter. In the earlier stages of their advancement in literature they were notoriously incompetent to pronounce any. Throughout the entire of the seventeenth century, those classes who were at all distinguished from the crowd by intellect or education, were marshalled under opposing literary leaders, no one of whom ever understood what it was that he was doing, excepting whenever he tilted against and overthrew an adversary. For a great portion of the eighteenth the contest among the combatants was a struggle to determine whether the English or the French were to be considered as the models for Germans; just as if the shadow of a necessity existed that men in possession of a copious and vigorous language should hire foreign prompters to show them in what way the obvious principles of common sense and poetical beauty were to be developed through the medium of it. And to-day, though the progress of mental cultivation has achieved much, and though reviews and reviewers abound in the land, the people of Germany are too indolent to interest themselves in a question, the settlement of which, judging from the past, may, to be sure, appear to all but the enthusiastic utterly hopeless. They take what is given them, and take it satisfied and gratified, for they can get nothing better, and, were they even to get something better, they would not at once perceive the advantage. The system, it must be allowed, though it has no tendency to extend the celebrity of the poet, is agreeable and accommodating enough, so far as his immediate interests are concerned. Not he, but his translator is to be commiserated. Most to be commiserated of all is his English translator, who, having the severest judges in Europe for his critics, is often reduced to the necessity of either making himself ridiculous by his desperate fidelity, or criminal by his departures from it, however marvellously these may improve the original—as in five instances out of six they do, and by a process of no more magical skill than is involved in the substitution of brilliant and ele-

vated sentiments for plain and stupid ones.

The indolence we have spoken of as characterising the German public must of course react upon the German poet. It must in a great measure paralyse in himself all incentives to extraordinary exertion. If his purchasers are contented with the Mediocre, with the Paltry even, why should he tire his spirits and exhaust his energies in endeavouring to inoculate them with a reverence for the Transcendant? Motives to the perpetration of such folly as this are hardly ever sufficiently numerous under the circumstances. The German poet may not be always behindhand in a desire to lead universal opinion captive. But applause is so very easily attainable a jewel in his country that he never dreams of paying a higher price for it than his neighbours pay. He would rather be simply praised to the skies for dipping his pen a dozen times a day in the inkstand, than lauded to the tenth heaven for dipping it a hundred times a day. His ambition and love of ease enter into a mutual compromise of principle, and the public are the dupes of the compact. Such a *pococurante* spirit as his may seem to be enviable. It is despicable. In contrasting the condition of the German poet with that of the English we must acknowledge that the genuine and sterling advantage abides with the English. The German poet is hugged and fondled out of his proper independence. He is beslaved with the slime of popular adulation, until he becomes a spectacle for the pity of the rational. The English poet is left to himself. He is cast upon his own resources. He is compelled to make head against all obstacles; and his power to annihilate those obstacles is made, and fitly made, the test of his genius. The consequence is that he either attains eminence and celebrity, or is thrown down, trampled on and forgotten, as Nature intended. It is all (among us) just as it ought to be. There is no error more decided than that of supposing that a mind of a great and original tone requires what is called encouragement or patronage. On the contrary, such a mind should voluntarily erect an impassable barrier between its own operations and any

support that others might be inclined to tender it. All support of the kind, like that which the ivy affords to the oak, would, in fact, have a latent tendency to impair its vigorousness. Popular favour too frequently bereaves its idol of that freedom of thought without which it is impossible for any man to calculate upon the ability of accomplishing an enduring benefit for his fellow-men. It is like the Magnetic Mountain in the Persian Tale, which mariners hailed at a distance with delight, but which, as they approached more and more within the sphere of its influence, drew out from their ship all its nails and clench-bolts, and thus left it to drift or founder. And if the pinnacle of the German poet, after living its hour in the sunshine, goes down and is seen no more, where lies the wonder? We know where the blame lies.

It may be inferred from what we have said that we are dissatisfied with ourselves for having undertaken these Anthologia. But we have always considered any deprecation of censure

for our own attempts to be quite out of the question. The entire weight of the blame rests upon the authors from whom we versify. We cannot, like the experimentalist in Gulliver, undertake to extract a greater number of sunbeams from a cucumber than it is in the habit of yielding. Beyond the mere ability to classify, the discrimination necessary for selecting and rejecting, there is neither labour nor knowledge that we will submit to be tasked for. Still we uniformly do the best we can both for ourselves and our originals. The maker of the volume now before us, for instance, may hold no very exalted rank among the poets of his native land. He is an imitator of the very imitable Uhland,—a pupil also of the Matthissonian school—a lover, that is, of Nature, sparrows and trochaics. But it is our business to cast a veil over his blemishes, and bring forward nothing but his excellences, or what we presume to be such. Whether we shall be successful in our first sample we cannot say.

The Midnight Bell.

Hark! through the midnight lonely

How tolls the convent-bell!

But, ah! no Summer-breeze awakes the sound.

The beating of the heavy hammer only

Is author of the melaancholy knell

That startles the dull ear for miles around.

How such a bell resembles

The drooping poet's heart!

Thereon must Misery's hammer drearily jar,

Ere the deep melody that shrinks and trembles

Within its dædal chambers can impart

Its tale unto the listless world afar.

And, woe is me! too often

Hath such a bell alone,

At such an hour, with such disastrous tongue,

Power to disarm the heart's despair, and soften

Its chords to music; even as now its tone

Inspires me with the lay I thus have sung.

"Kerner," says Bernays, "is a lyric poet in the true sense of the word. A feeling of the gentlest and most amiable kind predominates in all his poems, while he skims but lightly over the external objects of his muse, whether in joy or sorrow." Very good; but

we prefer elevated and healthy feelings to "gentle" and "amiable" ones. In the greater number of these poems Kerner does little else than weep, listen to birds and brooks, hide himself in hedges, and apostrophise the zodiac. His *Dichtungen* may be

said to, be made up of an aggregate collection of *Thänen, Vögel, Blumen, Bäche*, and *Sterne*, with here and there a *Grob* to bury himself in; for, he dies off six or eight times, and of course retreats into a sarcophagus on each occasion, until he thinks it time to come out again and exhibit himself as large as life to his acquaintances. Kerner is a great favorite with the good people of Seabix; but he ought to recollect that poetry has no more necessary connexion with graves, birds, and tear-dropping, than it has

with pillow-cases or potato-ridges. Its business is to enshrine great sentiments and superb delineations in the eternal crystal of a peculiar form of expression. The form may subsist where the sentiments and delineations are wanting, but its value will be upon a par with that of the casket when the jewel is absent. There are a few such caskets up and down through this book. What the following contains we know not; but, if merely paste, it is at all events pretty, and should not be trodden on too hastily.

The Wanderer's Chant.

Now bubbles and glisters
The last cup of wine.
Adieu, beloved sisters
And brothers of mine,
My boyhood's green valleys,
My father's grey halls!
Where Liberty rallies
My destiny calls.

The sun never stands,
Never slackens his motion;
He travels all lands
Till he sinks in the ocean;
The stars cannot rest;
The wild winds have no pillow,
And the shore from its breast
Ever flings the blue billow.

So Man in the harness
Of Fortune must roam,
And far in the Farness
Look out for his home,
Unresting and errant,
West, East, South and North,
The liker his parent,
The weariless Earth!

Though he hears not the words of
The language he loves,
He kens the blithe birds of
His Fatherland's groves:
Old voices are singing
From river and rill,
And flowrets are springing
To welcome him still.

And Beauty's dear tresses
Are lovely to view,
And Friendship still blesses
The soul of the True;
And Love, too, so garlands
The wanderer's dome
That the farthest of far lands
To him is a home.

Die Vier wahnsinnigen Brüder, whether a sketch from fancy or memory, is graphically done. Our version, like the original, makes no pretensions to elegance.

The Four Riot Brothers.

Dried, as 'twere, to skeleton-chips,
In the Madhouse found I Four :
From their white and shrivelled lips
Cometh language never more.
Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother
Gazes vacant on the other ;

Till the midnight-hour be come ;
Bristles then erect their hair,
And the lips all day so dumb
Utter slowly to the air,
*" Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat seclum in favilla."*

Four bold brothers once were these,
Riotous and reprobate,
Whose rakehellish revelries
Terrified the more sedate.
Ghostly guide and good adviser
Tried in vain to make them wiser.

On his deathbed spake their sire,
" Hear your father from his tomb !
Rouse not God's eternal ire ;
Ponder well the Day of Doom,
*Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat seclum in favilla."*

So spake he, and died : the Four
All unmoved beheld him die.
Happy he !—his labours o'er,
He was ta'en to bliss on high,
While his sons, like very devils
Loosed from Hell, pursued their revels.

Still they courted each excess
Atheism and Vice could dare ;
Ironhearted, feelingless,
Not a hair of theirs grew greyer.
" Live," they cried, " while Life enables !"
God and devil alike are fables !"

Once at midnight as the Four
Riotously reeled along,
From an open temple-door
Streamed a flood of holy song.
" Cease, ye hounds, your yelling noises !"
Cried the devil by their voices.

Through the temple vast and dim
Goes the unhallowed greeting, while
Still the singers chant their hymn.
Hark ! it echoes down the aisle—
*" Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat seclum in favilla."*

On the instant stricken as
 By the wrath of God they stand,
 Each dull eyeball fixed like glass,
 Mute each eye, unnerved each hand,
 Blanched their hair and wan their features,
 Speechless, mindless, idiot creatures!

And now, dried to skeleton-chips,
 In the Mad-cell sit the Four,
 Moveless :—from their blasted lips
 Cometh language never more.
 Ghastly, stony, stiff, each brother
 Gazes vacant on the other ;

Till the midnight-hour be come ;
 Bristles then erect their hair,
 And their lips, all day so dumb,
 Utter slowly to the air,
*" Dies iræ, dies illa,
 Solvet seclum in favilla."*

A narrative of a different class is the *Legend of Das treue Ross*. It is short, and not without merit.

The Faithful Steed.

Graf Turneck, after a toilsome ride
 By night, in a chapel desired to bide.

The chapel it stood in a greenwood deep :
 In this, thought the Graf, may I safely sleep.

There lay in the vault of the chapel narrow
 A king who had died of a poisoned arrow.

The Graf he sprang from his horse on the plain,
 And he said, "Graze here till I come again."

The portal oped with a gnarring sound ;
 Deep stillness reigned in the vault around.

The Graf in a niche of the aged wall
 Discovered a coffin and crumbling pall.

"Here by the Dead may the Living be borne ;
 I rest on this coffin till dawn of morn."

The Graf lay down, a stranger to fear,
 On the mouldering planks of the royal bier.

The sun came over the mountains red ;
 The Graf came never ; the Graf was dead.

Three hundred years have rolled and more,
 And the steed still tarries before the door.

The chapel is hasting to swift decay,
 But the steed grazes yet in the moon's blue ray.

Which legend is followed by another, entitled

The King.

With divers paladins and knights of fame,
Assembled to do fealty to the throne
And crown of Andalusia's King, there came
A foreign cavalier, alone, unknown.

The stranger wore upon his hand a ring ;
The like for lustrousness hath no man seen ;
It glittered like a talismanic thing,
Dazing all eyes by its unearthly sheen.

In King Alonzo's crown that day stood sparkling
An opal of the purest ray, I wiss ;
Yet seemed it to spectators faint and darkling
And of a dusky radiance matched with this.

"Slaves, treasures, lands—whatever Man holds dear
I give thee as its price!" exclaimed the King.
In vain. Inflexible, the Cavalier
Smiled at all offers and retained his ring.

"Ho, Guzman!"—and the Sovereign gave command;
"Thy scymitar is eloquent—begone!
And place before my throne the stranger's hand,
But see the marvellous jewel be thereon!"

The bright blade flashed—it fell—already welled
From his heart's caves the stranger's purple blood,
When the hall darkened, and all eyes beheld
The devil standing where the Knight had stood!

And the blood boomed in billows through the hall,
And the red ring waxed wide till it became
A Circular Hell; and King, Court, Castle, all,
Sank, amid crashing thunders, in its flame.

Pah!—the scent of the sulphur half spot—the charmingest valley!—bird-
stifes us. After this we must step less and brookless, too, for once.—
out and take a mouthful of fresh air Hark! we hear a voice—
somewhere. And here is a delightful

The Garden that fades not.

"Where dost thou idly wander?
What doest thou moping yonder?
Leave those bald peaks and join thy friends below!
Thy garden-bowers look chilly;
Rose, hyacinth nor lily
Can bud where mists are thick and bleak winds blow.

The valley-gardens flourish:
Rich rains and sunbeams nourish
The laughing children of the meads and dells.
Each bud outblossoms the other;
And sister-flower and brother
Tinkle in Zephyr's ear their sweetest bells.

But on the mountains wither
 All flowers thou takest thither :
 Lifeless they lie and will revive no more.
 Doth not their fate dismay thee ?
 Come down, come down, I pray thee,
 And leave the wreck thou vainly mournest o'er !”

The gardener heard, unheeding,
 The valley-tenant pleading ;
 Spell-fettered as in some dim dream he stood,
 Until the gold and dun light
 Which tracks the waning sunlight
 Shed o'er the floor of Heaven its gorgeous flood.

And, as the shades descended
 And Day and Dusk were blended,
 And Fancy shaped wild wonders in the sky,
 And each cloud-woven streamer
 Floated aloft, the dreamer
 Gazed on the firmament with tranced eye.

“ *There*, earth-enamoured stranger,”
 He cried, “ thy mountain-ranger
 His garden only glories to behold !
 Appear these bowers so chilly ?
 Can hyacinth nor lily
 Spring up in yon full fields of blue and gold ?

These be the bowers my spirit
 Shall one bright day inherit ;
 There stands for me an undecaying dome,
 Seest not its pillars gleaming ?
 Seest not its pennons streaming ?
 Go ! grovel in thy vale : I know my home !”

The poet himself again becomes the *burthen* of his own ditty.—

Dreams.

I slumbered in the moonless midnight hour ;
 And in my dream I lay,
 Methought, reclining in a sunlit bower,
 Circled with flowrets gay.

Awaking, I looked forth. I saw the trees
 Reft of their leafy worth ;
 I heard the hissing of the rains, as these
 Pelted the naked earth.

Again I slumbered. In a lovely land,
 Breathing soft Summer airs,
 I stood. Warm friends about me pressed my hand,
 And I pressed theirs.

Awaking, I beheld the assassin near,
 Armed with the deadly knife.
 Was it the phantom of a sudden fear ?
 No ! 'twas a shape of Life.

Oh! might I bid thee now farewell for aye,
 Illusive scene of pain!
 My world is all within—without alway
 I seek for it in vain!

Such was, erewhile, the dreary song I sang,
 When but betrayed by *one*;
 Soon *two* proved false, and with a double pang
 I dragged Existence on.

But ah! the broken vows I since bewail
 No lay, though long, could sing;
 The wearied fingers in their task would fail
 Upon the mournful string.

Most people besides Kerner make pretensions to the faculty of dreaming; but we have never yet had the happiness to meet with any one who knew how to dream properly. For ourselves we lament to state that the Rip-Van-Winklish soundness of our slumbers for eleven hours out of the twenty-four effectually prevents us from dreaming at all. We are not excitable even by opium, though we have repeatedly devoured stupendous quantities of that drug—and we now begin to despair of ever becoming a vision-seer. Once, and once only in the course of our life did Somnus mount guard so negligently on the citadel of our imagination as to allow Morpheus to enter it; but oh! that was a glorious moment, when we beheld Stamboul arise before our mind's eye in all its multifarious gorgeousness, glittering with mosques, kiosks, minarets, temples, turrets, and the rest of them! We surveyed them with ecstasy. We knew that we were dreaming, and that we might perpetrate any devilment with impunity. "Here, to all appearance, we are," we exclaimed; "the streets are redolent with life around us; the firm earth is resonant under our boot—the sun hath a saffron, but clear brightness in Heaven—and yet all this is the merest sham—for we are at this moment at home in our own bedchamber, a thousand miles from hence. What is to withhold us, if we please, from annihilating this proud city by the breath of our nostrils? First, however, let us signalize ourselves in some less startling way." Our attention was by-and-by attracted by a colossal pillar, inscribed with sentences from the Dutch poets. How

absurd! thought we; this must not be,—and exerting our volition, the pillar disappeared. A moment afterwards, however, we recollected the peculiar prerogatives of a dreamer's imagination; and we smiled. A man then came by, bestriding a rhinoceros. This time we were not to be hoaxed; and we merely demanded of the rhinoceros whether he was going to hunt. "Following the horn, at least," answered the rhinoceros; and we laughed so intemperately at this piece of wit that death appeared for a time almost inevitable. In the midst of our convulsions a Spahi approached us, and asked us, in English, if we were not the scoundrel who had picked his portmanteau an hour before of a diamond tobacco-box. "Go—haw! haw! haw!—to the devil," we replied, half suffocated. In an instant he cocked and levelled his carbine. "Do your worst, non-entity!" said we; "we are—ho! ho! ho!—sound asleep." But though his piece continued levelled he seemed irresolute whether to pull the trigger or not; and we, profiting by his apparent indecision, marched away unimpeded, and strode into a cloth-bazaar. Forthwith from an interior apartment advanced to meet us, with a curiously convolved chibouque in hand, an old Mussulman, who, after a salaam, enquired our business. In the meantime we had cast our eyes upon a juggler's garb, and were determined that it should leave the bazaar in our company. We moreover decided upon paying the owner nothing, and withholding him to powder by a look, if he murmured. "But, perhaps," we observed aloud, "it may be as well to preclude the practicability of mur-

murs ;" and as we spoke we seized the twisted chibouque and pitched it to a distance of some twenty yards. We were then proceeding to put our pulverising project into effect ; when to our unbounded amazement the fellow rushed upon us, and grappled with us, seizing us by the coat-collar, while he shouted for help most lustily. This was too good. We burst into a horse-laugh. Our captor, however, still maintained his gripe, and at length, shifting

a pseudo-being, who have never had existence, *you*, a make-believe, a bull-beggar, an unreality, a humbug, a nobody—how dare you assume the privileges of vitality and substantiality ? Grovel in the dust at our feet this moment, handful of rubbish !—Down !" And extricating ourselves by a violent effort, we lifted our clenched dexter-hand, and were about, probably, to inflict a ruinous wound upon the bed-post, when Mussulman, bazaar, city and all melted away into thin air, leaving nothing behind but the remembrance of a dream, which Dr. Macnish, in his next edition of the "Philosophy of Sleep" is welcome to transfer to his pages for a trifling gratuity.

From gay to grave, from lively to severe, we grew stern. "How dare you," we exclaimed—"you, the creature of our imagination—the production of a temporary attack of night-mare, brought on by an extra quantum of cheese and claret—the child of our stomach—the begotten of our phantasy—how dare you,

Friend Kerner, we have neglected thee. But thou heedest not our neglect, for thou hast at all times

The Poet's Consolation.

What, though no maiden's tears ever be shed
O'er my clay bed,
Yet will the generous Night never refuse
To weep its dew.

And though no friendly hand garland the cross
Above my moss,
Still will the dear, dear moon tenderly shine
Down on that sign.

And if the saunterer-by songlessly pass
Through the long grass,
There will the noontide bee pleasantly hum,
And warm winds come.

Yes,—you, at least, ye dells, meadows and streams,
Stars and moonbeams,
Will think on him whose weak, meritless lays
Teemed with your praise.

A grand, though indistinct, feeling of Futurity is raised in the mind by the perusal of *Das Alphorn*. There is not a more poetical conception in Goethe.

Where is my home ?

A mystical Bugle calls o'er
The Earth to me everywhere ;
Peals it from forest halls or
The crypts of the azure air ?
From the snow-enrobed mountains yonder
From the flower-strewn vales below ?
O ! whithersoever I wander,
I hear it with sweetest woe.

Alone in the woods, or present
 Where mingle the song and the dance,
 That summoning call incessant
 Is piercing my heart like a lance.
 Till now hath my search been ceaseless,
 But its source I have nowhere found;
 And my spirit must ever be peaceless
 Till that Bugle shall cease to sound !

Religious poetry should never be attempted by minds of a middling calibre ; it must enlist the highest order of faculties, or it fails to conquer a single evil thought. None but warriors "to the manner born" should presume to handle the sword of the Lord and of Gideon ;—and we fear for the inexperience of Kerner—but let us see.

The Sick Man and the Voice.

THE SICK MAN.

In deadly sickness here I lie,
 And not a creature speaks to me.
 Dreed ever wretch, Oh, God on high !
 Such cruel pains as those I dree ?

Alone, alone,—all night alone
 I groan upon my thorny couch ;
 O ! might I hear one pitying tone,
 Or feel one hand's familiar touch !

A VOICE.

Earth once beheld a Man who wept,
 And suffered more, far more than thou ;
 And when his followers round him slept
 Sleep fled his own unresting brow.

He who amid his bloody sweat
 Prayed, prostrate in Gethsemane,
 " O, Father ! if it may be, let
 This bitter chalice pass from me ! "

THE SICK MAN.

My anguish tongue can ill express :
 Oh ! how my sick head throbs and burns !
 And if one day the pain be less
 Next all the sharper it returns.

THE VOICE.

Much sufferest thou, but more, far more,
 He suffered from the wreath of thorns
 Which plaited round his brows he wore
 Mid stripes and blows and mocking scorn.

THE SICK MAN.

O could I give the throes a name
 That shake my breast and search my brain !
 Not Tophet's everburning flame
 Preys on the heart with fiercer pain.

THE VOICE.

Far fiercer throes were his whose breast
 A spear pierced on the Atoning Day ;
 Yet he was God, for ever blest,
 And thou art clay, and sinful clay !

THE SICK MAN.

Less racking spasms shoot through and through
 The limbs of martyrs on the wheel :
 And oh ! no fire is like unto
 The parching, scorching thirst I feel.

THE VOICE.

Alas ! all power of language fails
 His bitterer tortures to repeat
 When heavy hammers drove sharp nails
 Into his tender hands and feet.

The crystal fountain flows for thee
 Whose common waters flow for all :
 Whereas the fiery agony
 Of his great thirst was slaked by gall.

THE SICK MAN.

Yet still these shafts through nerve and bone,
 This raging thirst, this burning brow,
 All might be borne without a groan,
 But—even my God forsakes me now !

THE VOICE.

Such from the cross was, too, his cry,
 When human nature least could bear it ;
 Yet soon he added, " Into thy
 Hands, Father, I commend my spirit !"

THE SICK MAN.

Thou hast o'ercome, Invisible One !
 Resigned, let me, too, thus adore :
 My worst of agonies is gone ;
 I feel mine other pains no more.

When "the Sick Man," happens to be the poet himself he is more laudably concise.

Who has made thee so ill ?

" Ah ! why art thou drooping and sickly ?
 Ah, say, what has made thee so ill ?"
 —" Not the winds, though bitter and chill,
 Not the Night, star-gemmed so thickly.

Not the yew-grove's deepest shadow,
 Not the day-god's cherishing light,
 No dreaming in valleys by night,
 No slumber in dewy meadow.

No rill from the cold rock flowing,
 Nor wine from the purple glass,
 No vapour from flower or grass,
 No fruit on the rich trees growing.

No ! Nature inviteth to gladness,
 And gildeth Existence's span ;
 To Man and the doings of Man
 I owe all my sickness and sadness."

There are three stanzas in this volume, one addressed to Kepler, one to Schubart, and one to Frischlin. We shall translate two, and give the third in the Kernerian tongue,—as an apt illustration of what we have called the style Germanesque.

Kepler.

Poor, struggling, Fortune's plaything from his birth,
 And from his thankless native country driven,
 His lonely spirit early wandered forth
 And sought to identify itself with Heaven,
 Impatient of the twilight of dusk Earth ;
 Wherefore as guerdon unto him was given
 A worthier home in that celestial clime
 Whose stars and systems perish not with Time.

Schubart.

They took him from the peopled solitude
 Of Life, but also robbed him of the rays
 Of Heaven. They thrust him in a cell ; and rude
 Hands loaded him with chains. After some days
 Came thither many Noble-souled and Good,
 And cheered him. Then he sang his happiest lays.
 And when men came and brake his dungeon-door
 The world was one sad wilderness once more.

Frischlin.

Ihn schlossen sie in starre Felsen ein,
 Ihn, dem zu eng der Erde weite Lande.
 Doch er, voll Kraft, zerbrach den Felsenstein,
Und liesz sich abwärts am unsichern Bande.
 Da fanden sie im bleichen Mondenschein
 Zerschmettert ihn, *zerrissen die Gewande.*
 Weh ! Muttererde, dasz mit linden Armen
 Du ihn nicht auffingst, schützend, voll Erbarmen.*

We knew, some years ago, a worthy citizen, who, whenever he got upon his legs to speak in his club-room, always, by some unaccountable fatality, broke down after the fifth sentence—generally in the midst of a Demosthenic exordium, which made the failure appear the queerer—and remained for the rest of the night lost in a dense fog of tobacco-smoke. Somewhat akin to his case is often that of the German poet. He begins in a tone of thunder, as if he would bring Heaven and Earth into collision; but while

* They prisoned him within gaunt rocks—him, for whom the wide regions of the earth were too narrow. But he, full of strength, broke through the rocky stone, and let himself down by a rope which was none of the stoutest ; and they found him, in the pale moonlight, himself bruised and his clothes in tatters. Alas, Mother Earth ! that thou didst not mercifully extend thy gentle arms and afford him shelter and protection!

you are waiting to see what will come of it, he calls for his pipe, and you thenceforth lose him in the fog. You have scarcely time to admire his efforts at scaling the firmament, before you are startled to behold him drop "plumb down" into a quagmire, like a bullet through an exhausted receiver. To see him when he is setting out you would fancy that he will tolerate no impediment to the prosecution of his enterprize. The fiercest and deepest rivers cannot appal him; his triumphant skiff makes no account of their waters. Mountains shew but as phantom-barriers; and were they otherwise he has wings to overfly them. But when forest, and ravine, and wilderness, and jungle have been traversed, it is his misfortune that he is too apt—like Rabelais' giant, who, after devouring thirty windmills, was choked by a pound of butter—to close his career by slipping into a ditch, where he lies helpless, "himself bruised and his clothes in tatters." Schiller and some other men of first-rate genius excepted, every German poet is

more or less unequal, is more or less incompetent to sustain the same rôle from the opening act of the drama to the closing. The fire that he commences with kindling at your very core burns down for want of fuel; and then you feel doubly chilled, and are fain to rake the dead ashes for a few sparks to warm your fingers at. He labours to agony to upheave a mountain; and anon you discover him stretched at its base, exhausted by his exertions, and tracing upon the sand a lament over their futility. His imagination (where he has any) runs, like a heavenly herald, before his conceptions, developing, as it passes along, whatever was hidden before, and illuminating all places that thitherto lay shrouded in shadow; but here and there you discover afterwards that a line of lamps has gone out, or was more probably never lighted up at all; and these interspersed gaps of blackness must necessarily derange, and do derange, the beauty of the entire *coup d'œil*.

Nimm einen Ton aus einer Harmonie,
Nimm eine Farbe aus dem Regenbogen
Und Alles was dir bleibt ist Nichts, so lang
Das schöne All der Töne fehlt und Farben.*

Lest, however, we should be suspected of a disinclination to be just where justice and praise are one, we shall conclude this paper by a few spe-

cimens from Uhland and others, which we beg to state do not excite our particular antipathy.

Stray Leaflets from the German Oak.

I.

The Love-adieu.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, my dove!
Thou and I must sever;
One fond kiss, one fond kiss of love,
Ere we part for ever.

And one rose, one red rose, Marie,
Choose me from the bowers;
But no fruit, oh! no fruit for me,
Nought but fragile flowers.

* Schiller's *Verschleierte Bild zu Saïs*.

II.

Ichabod! the glory hath departed.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

I ride through a dark, dark Land by night,
Where moon is none and no stars lend light,
And rueful winds are blowing;
Yet oft have I trodden this way ere now
With Summer zephyrs a-fanning my brow
And the gold of the sunshine glowing.

I roam by a gloomy Garden-wall;
The deathstricken leaves around me fall,
And the nightblast wails its dolours;
How oft with my love I have hitherward strayed
When the roses flowered, and all I surveyed
Was radiant with Hope's own colours!

But the gold of the sunshine is shed and gone,
And the once bright roses are dead and wan,
And my love in her low grave moulders,
And I ride through a dark, dark Land by night
With never a star to bless me with light,
And the Mantle of Age on my shoulders.

III.

Life is the Desert and the solitude.

LUDWIG TIEK.

Whence this fever?
Whence this burning
Love and Longing?
Ah! for ever,
Ever turning,
Ever thronging
Tow'rd the Distance,
Roams each fonder
Yearning yonder,
There, where wander
Golden stars in blest existence!

Thence what fragrant
Airs are blowing!
What rich vagrant
Music flowing!
Angel-voices,
Tones wherein the
Heart rejoices,
Call from thence from Earth to win thee!

How yearns and burns for evermore
My heart for thee, thou blessed shore!
And shall I never see thy fairy
Bowers and palace-gardens near?
Will no enchanted skiff so airy,
Sail from thee to seek me here?

O! undeveloped Land,
 Whereto I fain would flee,
 What mighty hand shall break each band
 That keeps my soul from thee?
 In vain I pine and sigh
 To trace thy dells and streams:
 They gleam but by the spectral sky
 That lights my shifting dreams.
 Ah! what fair form, flitting through yon green glades,
 Dazes mine eye? Spirit, oh! rive my chain!
 Woe is my soul! Swiftly the vision fades,
 And I start up,—waking,—to weep in vain!

Hence this fever;
 Hence this burning
 Love and Longing:
 Hence for ever,
 Ever turning,
 Ever thronging
 Tow'rd the Distance,
 Roams each fonder
 Yearning yonder,
 There, where wander
 Golden stars in blest existence!

IV.

Man must be a heliöber, where Love is the December.

LUDWIG TIECK.

A little bird flew through the dell,
 And where the failing sun-beams fell,
 He warbled thus his wondrous lay,
 Adieu! adieu! I go away:
 Far, far
 Must I voyage ere the twilight star!

It pierced me through, the song he sang,
 With many a sweet and bitter pang:
 For wounding joy, delicious pain,
 My bosom swelled and sank again.
 Heart! heart!
 Is it drunk with bliss or woe thou art?

Then, when I saw the drifted leaves,
 I said, Already Autumn grieves!
 To sunnier skies the swallow hies:
 So Love departs and Longing flies,
 Far, far,
 Where the Radiant and the Beauteous are.

But soon the sun shone out anew,
 And back the little flutterer flew:
 He saw my grief, he saw my tears,
 And sang, Love knows no Winter years!
 No! no!
 While it lives its breath is Summer's glow!

V.

The ways of Cupid.

GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BÜRGER.

Young Susan was a likely lass ;
 I knew her well and long ;
 A modest girl and good she was,
 Or else my guess was wrong.
 I went and came, I came and went,
 As rivers ebb and flow :
 Whene'er I came I felt content,
 Nor less when forced to go.

Anon, without my choice or voice,
 Things took another turn ;
 The Coming bade my heart rejoice,
 The Going made it mourn :
 I had no hope, no home, no goal,
 Save Sue, and Sue alone,
 My mind and thoughts, my heart and soul
 Were her's, and not mine own.

Then deaf I grew, and dumb, and dull,
 I saw nor bloom nor flower,
 For nought was bright or beautiful
 Unless in Susan's bower ;
 Sun, stars, or moon, by night or noon,
 I could not find or mind—
 I only gazed on Sue, and soon
 I gazed my peepers blind.

When lo ! a different season came,
 And I was changed anew.
 Though Susan still remained the same,
 As fair, as good, as true,
 I went and came, I came and went
 As rivers ebb and flow,
 But always came with less content,
 And went, well pleased to go.

Ye sages grave, you understand
 Why many a youth and miss
 Join heart and hand in Wedlock's band,
 And woo, and coo, and kiss :
 Ye thinkers, then, ye learned men,
 I pray you tell me free,
 The How and Where, the Why and When
 Things went so odd with me.

I've thought, myself, both morn and night,
 Both night and morn I've thought ;
 I've thought, and sought, and prayed for light,
 But I've discovered nought ;
 So Love, you mind, is like the wind—
 You feel it while it blows—
 But whence it comes you cannot find,
 Nor follow where it goes.

VI.

*Stanzas to * * * **

JOHANN THEODOR DRECHSLER.

I knew that Disaster
 Would shadow thy morning, and must :
 The fair alabaster
 Is easily trampled in dust.
 If the bright lake lay stilly
 When whirlwinds arose to deform,
 If the life of the lily
 Were charmed against the storm,
 Thou mightest, though human,
 Have smiled through the saddest of years—
 Thou mightest, though Woman,
 Have lived unacquainted with tears.

Weep, hapless forsaken !
 In my lyrical art I can find
 No spell that may waken
 The glow of young hope in thy mind.
 Weep, fairest and frailest !
 Since bitter, though bootless regret
 For the loss thou bewailest
 Hath power to win tears from thee yet.
 Weep, while from their fountain
 Those drops of affliction can roll—
 The snows on the mountain
 Will soon be less cold than thy soul.

Not always shall Sorrow,
 As a scimitar, pierce to thy core ;
 There cometh a morrow
 When its tyranny daunteth no more.
 Chill Habitude, steeling
 The breast, consecrates it to Pride,
 And the current of Feeling
 Is locked like a winter-tide,
 And the stricken heart pillows
 Itself to repose upon Pain,
 And cares roll in billows
 O'er the hull of the soul in vain.

But the crumbling palace
 Is lovely through ruin and ill,
 And the wineless chalice
 Sheds light on the banquet still ;
 And as odours of glory
 Exhale from the patriot's shroud—
 As the mountain, though hoary
 And barren, still kisses the cloud,
 So may thine affections
 Live on, though their fervour be past,
 And thy heart's recollections
 May hallow their shrine to the last.

SONNETS.

I.

Weep—for ye follow to the cruel grave
One of earth's loveliest daughters—lightly tread
And lay her gently in her lowly bed.
Youth, virtue, beauty, all were vain to save,
All lie entombed in that dark coffin—weep!
The light of life is gone: the glory fled
And only memories of joys now dead,
Like spirits thro' the once glad hamlet creep.
Strew o'er her virgin earth the sweetest flowers,
And leave the maiden to her last repose!
There let her slumber, while heaven's gentle breath
Makes music wandering thro' the leafy bowers,
And the still river murmurs as it goes,
Sounds that can almost make the heart love death.

II.

Would that the inspiration poets claim
Were mine—not all forgotten from this earth
Should pass away such loveliness and worth.
Yet little need hath she of earthly fame
Or earthly admiration—her sole aim
To walk according to God's holy word,
And faithful serve her Master and her Lord.
And therefore Death disarmed of terror came
And she could hear her Saviour's voice speak peace,
'Fear not my daughter—I am with thee o'er
Death's troubled waters: soon their rage shall cease,
And thou in safety reach the happy shore.'
Blest hope! and we tho' mourners here can raise
To Him who died to save, the song of praise.

J. T. B.

THE THREE WISHES.

TWENTY-SEVENTH NIGHT.

AN hour before day, Dinarzade awakened her sister, and says to her, you will be so good, madam, as to tell the story of the third old man. The Sultan consented, being equally anxious to learn the Merchant's fate; and Scheherazade, resuming her discourse, thus pursued her narrative.

"Great Prince of the Genies," says the third old man, "though I must confess to have listened with the most lively pleasure to the wonderful stories you have just heard, yet I cannot help feeling that your lordship will consider such feats as the changing wicked ladies into black bitches, and the population of unruly cities into little fishes, as too much within the compass of that order of events which is familiar to your lordship's own experience, to be thought very wonderful.

The genie put on a knowing expression of countenance.

"You see before you one whose fate, and the adventures of whose life are altogether without parallel in the history of human events and changes. I am, or rather *was*, the only son of a physician of great eminence in the renowned city of Cairo.

"My father had arisen to the greatest eminence in his profession: he was consulted by the greatest kings, and seldom failed to dispatch every patient with the greatest imaginable satisfaction. Yet, amidst all this great success, there seemed among the more eminent members of his own profession, to exist a strong dislike to him, the cause of which I did not then understand. For my father was a regularly bred doctor, who was always accustomed to kill or cure his patients, according to the most approved methods of Averroes and Avicenna. But, with all my father's fame, Calumny, which, like the thunder-stroke, will select the loftiest marks, did not leave him free. He was, though no direct proof could be given, suspected of being more addicted to magic than to his lawful art. And, in confirmation of this, it was observed, that he was unsocial and solitary in his habits,—that he was accustomed to absent himself

whole weeks, no one knew why or wherefore. Strangers, too, of a mysterious and unusual appearance were constantly observed to come and go about his house. It was also noticed, that although he lavished the most enormous sums on mere curiosities, and thought the purchase of a province not too much to give for a frog with two heads or none at all,—yet his table was penurious, his wife ill-drest, and that I was the worst bred youth in all Cairo. My mother, who was of as amiable and communicative temper, as any other discreet matron in the town, was not able to throw any light on this curious riddle,—which your lordship must acknowledge was the lawful property of every curious person in Cairo.

"These things, as your lordship, has easily divined, were not without their effect upon a mind like mine.—I was one of a lively and restless temper, full of curiosity and ambition, who wished to come at the bottom of every one's secret, and thought nothing above my deserts.—As my father's only son, I naturally supposed that his whole power, in which I fervently believed, would sooner or later be employed for my promotion. This fancy was my whole comfort.

"Under the influence of this feeling I was, of all, least alive to the common troubles of the family. I was mostly wrapped up in fancies, and often forgot the scanty meal before me, in the imagined ragouts of kingly tables. My lowly stock-bed was surrounded by the splendours of the magnificent Haroun. And as I walked the streets of Cairo, an object of pity to the wise, and contempt to the gay, visionary chariots of mother-o'-pearl and gold, whirled me with the speed of light, through distant realms, to scatter admiration and terror over a conquered world.

The genie stared.

"To counterbalance these exaltations, which, I protest to your sovereign lordship, I now believe preferable to any reality the world contains, I was often made to feel the contempt

of my relations, among whom I felt very like a prince in disguise, who resents being treated like a common person. Insensible to the benefits which my gorgeous fancy generously showered upon them all, they seemed to grudge me the poor crust, which but too often fell to my lot, while I was dreaming of lamb and pistachionuts, washed down with the purest vintage of Schiraz.

"But my great standing grievance was, the cruelty of my father, who hated me as none but a rancorous father can hate, and who penetrated and availed himself of my amiable follies with the skill of a doctor and the power of a necromancer. Day after day, would he cross me in my most extatic exaltations, with some withering sarcasm, or terrifying threat, or some degrading employment. Was I engaged in audience with the ambassadors of Samarcant or Cathay, he would ask me if I had fed his frogs;—or if I loitered, in the trance of imaginary music, over some rare and costly banquet, he would send me to prepare some compound revolting to the nostrils of a scavenger.

The genie grinned with delight.

"In a word, my father treated me with neglect in every way but one, which was to torment me to the best of his abilities. He worked me like an Ethiopian, for which my sole recompense was abundance of kicks and cuffs. If I but made a wry face over a pounded polecat, it was enough to draw down upon me the whole weight of his paternal aversion. Often after a merciless drubbing, would he sneeringly assure me that, such was the fitting discipline for those who were to govern others: he used, with a grave shake of his head, to assure me, that it would endow me with a merciful sympathy with the nether members of the people who should be blest with such a king. Strange to say, my ambition,—which had, I think, more lives than all the cats in Egypt,—converted his cruel jest into a serious prediction.

At the simile about cats the genie wisely shook his head.

"That my father had also some causes for complaint, I must frankly confess to your lordship. From the pestle and mortar I was a sad truant: my father could scarcely take his eyes

off me for an instant. As he was used to absent himself for long intervals, I never failed to take advantage of those occasions to be as idle as it was in the power of any ingenious youth to contrive. Money, to be sure, I had not: the doctor took care of this: and I was, consequently, necessitated to keep clear of those haunts where more fortunate youths spent their days in the pleasures of a great city. For this, however, I made myself amends, after a way of my own. For, not to say that it was to me a supreme felicity to exchange the confined and medicated vapours of a little, gloomy cell, for the fresh air, bright sunshine, and glorious prospect of my favorite seat, halfway up, or sometimes at the summit of the tallest pyramid—it was on these sublime stations, my custom to indulge myself in the most magnificent visions of power, grandeur, and felicity. For this purpose alone, I had been industrious in obtaining knowledge in all that appertains to the state and pleasures of the greatest monarchs,—and exhausted the whole of this knowledge in building and rebuilding palaces of splendour, and serais of luxurious ease:—and I am not sure that these delicious extacies were not much enhanced by the lurking apprehension of the sound drubbing, which seldom failed to succeed them.

"In such a mood I sat, one delicious evening, on the summit of the highest of the pyramids. The land of Egypt lay beneath me, like one of the maps of the renowned Al Hasen,—a long-drawn and glittering valley, that shone like an emerald set in the encircling Nile. But my thoughts went far over Mount Gebel and the Red Sea, to the powerful kingdoms and sultanies of the East. I was, indeed, just engaged in ordering off the heads of some half dozen conquered princes, when a slight rustling noise suddenly called me to myself. Looking round—my eye was caught by the fixed gaze of my father's large leaden eye; the fixed cold gleam of its contracting ball gave him something of the look of an irritated reptile. I was spell-bound, as by some hideous object in a dream.

"Seizing my hand, he muttered some confused and gibbering sounds—and we sunk down together into a long, dreary corridor, through which

we seemed to glide with noiseless steps, along a downward slope, which impelled us rapidly on. It seemed to pass far under the city of Cairo, and, I would venture to affirm, many leagues beyond. Our way was faintly lighted by a dim and colorless light, which seemed to come from no particular place,—nor to belong to any particular species of luminary that I ever heard of, the effect of which was to impress the spirits with a gloomy foreboding.—As we went along this dismal descent, we passed, now and then, some dimly-seen apartment, in which grim and official looking persons, looking very much like the understrappers of some great court of justice, seemed busily engaged,—and from these some faint mockery of human voice would now and then seem to flutter upon the silence-audible of our shadowy walk, during which I repeatedly whispered to myself,—‘It must be a dream.’

The genie here gave the old man a look of sly and sagacious penetration.

“It must, assuredly, be a dream, said I, as a clear and amply illumined space burst, all of a sudden, upon my startled sense. In all my visions of royal splendour I had never imagined anything so awfully and so vastly magnificent. Its ample dome, sustained by pillars of black marble, which might have propped the world, lifted up its spacious concave through the whole depth we had for hours descended, and rose an equal distance above it, through the heart of some lofty mountain. One single shaft of sunshine which I mistook at first for a column of gold, fell from the summit far above, upon the silver, gold, and ivory flower-work, with which the floor lay thickly inlaid. This beam was rendered brighter by the solemn, but rich gloom, shed over the ample space, from the black pilasters around, as well as the sable drapery which festooned the immense mirrors between with curtains that were worthy to have been spun by the queen of darkness herself.

“‘It is the Hall of Destiny,’ said my father, as he stopped short, and surveyed me with a curious and searching glance. He looked like one who desired to enjoy some triumph, drop by drop, and not to let

one atom pass, until he had fully sated his heart. I was astonished, and tried to look it all. I felt my danger was not passed: there was the reserve of a cruel purpose visible in the compression of his lip, and in the contracted look, which gave a serpent expression to his eye. I felt as if I was to be made to feel the force of some terrific power.

The genie chuckled with delight.

“‘Huckabac,’ said he, in that soft and silky tone which made my skin creep,—‘Huchabac, my dear, I confess that I have done wrong in controlling and fretting your lofty spirit—you were not born to pursue the drudging path of homely industry, or to be distressed by the sight of that penurious board, which is felt to be good enough for the vulgar taste of your mother and your poor-spirited brother. It is unmeet that your royal temper should be disturbed by the reproofs and humours of a poor Cairo doctor, who has the undeserved honor to be your father; and it would be unfit that you should sully your dignity by drudging over the labors of a science, which, as you see, has no reward for the poor ignoramus that follows it.—It is time to do you justice, and to enable you to follow your ambitious will, and realize your high destinies.—But you must first behold and choose.’ I stood paralyzed;—but while I was hesitating, my father again said.—‘The knowledge which you have slighted empowers me to grant you three wishes,—but it is my intention to limit you to choose, according to the fancies in which you have buried your duties through life. You have made yourself familiar with the history of famous kings,—I have power to transport your spirit from this hall, into the persons and situation of any three of them in succession. Should any of these chances, from which kings are not exempt, frustrate your first choice,—your body awaits you on that spot where the sun shines on the centre of this floor; and in like manner, for the rest. Consider well before you choose, and look well into those mirrors. When you are decided, ring that little silver bell.’—I looked in vain to see the bell. When I turned my head my father was gone.

The genie awoke with a snort.

"I now felt myself prodigiously relieved from my fears. 'So,' thought I, 'instead of being changed into a cat or a dog, I have gained the summit of my desires; from a poor, starved hut, I shall be transported into some earthly paradise of enjoyment. I shall scatter gold like dust, and cut off heads like thistle-tops, and swim in sparkling rivulets of wine of Shiraz. Shall I possess a hall like this?'—I was wonderfully elated, and in a perfect fever of delicious expectation. With an airy step I paced along the broad pavement, equal to a spacious plain in extent; and for some time could scarcely bring myself to sufficient coolness to perform the prescribed acts which were to realize my brilliant visions.

"'I prythee, friend, put a little more life into thy story,' whispered the merchant; 'the genie sleeps, and I am yet in jeopardy.'

"'Never fear,' said the old man.

"I now bethought me of the mirrors, and directed my steps to the first. As I approached, I read over it in large capitals, 'THE CITY OF SAMARCANDE.' 'Ho, ho!' said I, as I surveyed the polished plane, on which a moving picture shewed itself. I looked upon the suburbs of a vast metropolis, out of which the whole world seemed to pour itself, round a smooth-shaven meadow, on the centre of which was a royal pavilion, of spacious dimensions, richly decorated with royal ensigns, streaming on the sunny air,—while music, fuller, deeper, sweeter than I had conceived of the immortal strains of the houris, poured out upon the ears of the listening wealth, rank, and beauty of that grand city.' I was maddened by the delicious combination. 'I will be the King of Tartary, said I, aloud; but how to proceed next is the point; where is this little bell? As I looked round I saw, near the spot I had first left, a small table, which I approached, and having reached it in a few minutes' smart walking, I saw upon it a diminutive little bell, not bigger than the cup of a small lily. 'So all goes right,' thought I.—I paused in the luxury of expectation!

The genie gave a still wider yawn. The merchant was in a copious perspiration at the sight. The old man went on undisturbed.

"I hesitated on the first step of anticipated enjoyment,—more keenly to feel the change by contrast.—From penury I was to be raised to wealth,—from humiliation to glory,—from subjection to power,—from the empty banquet of ambitious fancy to the enjoyment of luxurious reality. With a slow, yet eager and tremulous hand, I seized and rang the little bell, and listened, in mingled suspense and awe to the fairy sound which lowly left my hand, yet echoed loudly back from the far off summit of the concave vault. My suspense did not last long; the echoes had scarcely died, when light steps echoed on the pavement, and a lady of the most stately and queenlike beauty stood before me, with a gracious and captivating smile upon her lips.

"'Will it please your Majesty to taste this cup from the hands of your lowliest slave?' said she.

"'If such be the slave, fair one,' said I, 'what must be the highborn bride?' as I took from a little silver tray of exquisite workmanship, a small diamond cup filled with rich wine, the fragrance of which, expanding itself around, came upon my nostrils with a rich foretaste of its exquisite contents.

The genie smiled,—the two dogs smacked their lips.

"In an instant—in the twinkling of an eye—I was in a dark, low, vaulted cell, breathing an atmosphere thick with a loathsome and clammy dew; a charnel odour fell upon the nostril so lately bathed in the fragrance of the blest. I could not see an inch. I tried to move,—I was bound hands and feet.

"'In the name of Allah,' said I, 'what is this for? This seems more a dungeon than a palace. But, perchance I am sick, and they have swathed me down to keep me still. I could not imagine what had happened. I worked one of my hands free, and felt over my attire. I was satisfied that my person was changed from a pigmy stature of five feet, to a tall, slight figure of six. My dress was costly, too. I felt the diamond ornaments, and the rich shawls. I am, after all, a king, thought I. I must await the entrance of some officer of state. I will change my bedroom henceforth. There was a stir in a

neighbouring apartment. 'Ho, ho!' said I, 'they are slow in attending the King of Tartary,—heads shall drop for this.'

"Presently, a ponderous little door turned on its hinge, with a fearful grating noise, and two gigantic blacks entered, one of whom carried a little brazier, filled with live coals, which cast a vivid red gleam over the black-stained vaults, within a few feet above me as I lay: the other had some iron utensil in his hand: the third seemed to be a person having some authority. This person, I thought, is the vizier, who comes attended by the physician: I shall now learn all. It may be some ceremony of state.

"Who is there?" said I aloud, willing to discover who I spoke to, before I express my desires: 'Who is there? I have been expecting you this hour.' The blacks stared on me with surprise. The officer answered in a gentle tone:

"O King, I am glad to see you so prepared,—these fellows are seldom thought too slow. Hasten, slaves, to your duty; see you not his highness grows impatient."

"If my hands were untied, meanwhile, I think I should be more at ease."

"Grieved I am that I cannot comply with your highness—until these have done their work."

"How, slave?" said I authoritatively.

"It is against the rule; and I am responsible to the King."

"How,—how,—what King? slave."

"His Highness—your Majesty's royal brother—who deposed your Majesty last night, now sits on the throne of Tartary."

"Then I am really in a dungeon?"

"Your highness should know the spot,—your royal father prophesied your fate, as you witnessed his last struggles here."

"What are you now about to do, good sir," said I in a softened tone.

"The mutes smiled hideous, as they rolled their eyes with fearful significance on each other,—my flesh began to creep."

"The officer, too, smiled; but raised his shoulders, so as to express surprise."

"Your highness, is not to be taught the customs of this court."

"They are about to dress me for the hour of prayer thought I,—it may be no more."

"While this conversation was going on, the two blacks had lit a fire with the coals brought in, and were busily engaged blowing it to the brightness and heat of a furnace. They now left off, and one of them came and stooping his vast figure over me, and presently turning me as if I were no more than a dried log, again drew the loosened ligatures round my arms and legs, so tight that the circulation was impeded. My terrors, for some time rising fast, were now beyond endurance. I was not able to speak, nor could I recall my scattered thoughts. I saw that they were preparing some instrument of fiery torture, and felt that I was in their hands, without reprieve or resistance. Could nothing be done? Nothing. I recollected that I had a second and a third choice;—but through what fearful trial, beyond fleshly endurance I must pass to the next, I could not divine.

"There had been silence for a few minutes, when one of the two mutes, (for such I now perceived them to be,) made a slight sign that the operations, which they had carried on with a quiet, practised celerity, were now completed.

"One of them, approaching me, raised me up, and placed my head between his knees. The other approached with a bright plate, a little concave, and red with intolerable lustre, from the furnace. I shut my eyes, but could not again help opening them to gaze on that horrid light. When I did so, it was within six inches of my eyes, and cast a heat beyond endurance. I roared aloud for agony, and again closed my eyes.—This poor resource was soon denied me.

"Will your Highness open your royal eyes," said the officer, 'or the mute must burn his fingers.'

"But I spare you the scene of horror and pain beyond describing.—Without the power of moving my head a hairsbreadth to the right or left, my eyesight was toasted out of my head, and I was left in darkness.—Again, quivering in every tortured

nerve, and breathing the burning and putrid air, until, no longer able to endure such complicated and severe suffering, I sunk into a state of insensibility.

The genie here broke out into a loud fit of laughter, which very much raised the merchant's hopes of escape.

TWENTY-EIGHTH NIGHT.

The next morning Dinarzade awoke her sister at an early hour, and having obtained the Sultan's consent, Scheherazade proceeded :

"Sir, when the genie had ceased laughing, the old man went on :

"How long I remained in this condition I could not tell ; but at last I came to my senses. I felt myself in a state of extreme suffering, the effect of which was much increased by a painful sense of extreme thirst, which had been, I believe, the means of awakening me. I was not, however, long in this state, when the voice of the officer who had superintended the sufferings I have related, spoke just close to my ear—

"O King," said he, 'I have good news for your Highness. The people of Samarcande have arisen in your favor, and insist on your being produced.'

"A ray of consolation beamed across the darkness of my despair.

"If I cannot have enjoyment in this state of mutilation, I shall at least have revenge. But I knew it was not yet time to betray my true intent ; so I merely answered, 'Messenger of good news, cannot you lead me forth at once ; and when I shall have retaliated upon the real author of my miseries, you shall not long await your reward.' While he was about to reply, I had heard a noise of approaching footsteps, and he had just time to whisper, 'the Sultan!' in a tone of alarm, when a crowd of persons surrounded me.

"Brother," said a harsh voice, 'I am forced to bring you forth to the people and the troops.'

"Well, your Majesty," answered I, 'may depend on my speaking as you desire.'

"That we must ensure," said the Sultan.

"I became alarmed. 'You cannot doubt me now,' said I ; 'I am not fit

for the enjoyment of power ; I only desire to die in peace.'

"You shall have your wish," said the Sultan ; 'we come to ease you of a painful life.'

"I prythee, brother, do not let me die by violence," said I ; the instinct of nature prevailing over pain.

"My dear brother, the troops must see you dead, and you shall be killed without the smallest pain."—"Canst thou," said he to some attendant, 'execute thine office without inflicting pain ?'

"Pleasure, rather, your Majesty.'

"Then, prythee, be quick.'

"As the last word was uttered, a horrid hand was busy about my neck ; it was immediately followed by the pressure of a sharp cord. A momentary sense of suffocation,—drowsiness,—sleep.—I was dead.

The genie chuckled with delight.

"My lord genie, the change that instantly came upon me surpasses all the marvels of fable. The sensations of life again rushed through my frame with the rapidity of the fierce and fiery torture of a furnace. For a moment I thought that the angels of the tomb had possession of my burning body, under the ruins of Babylon, and were punishing my sins, done no doubt in the body of the Sultan of India.

The genie looked learned and contemptuous.

"I could not help feeling that it was a hardship to be blinded, bowstrung, and tortured after death, for sins of which I am guiltless as your lordship.

The genie hemmed loudly.

"The pain began to subside, and I felt myself lying on a soft couch, unbound ; and opening my eyes, a flood of splendor rushed upon them, by which I was nearly blinded again. Inuring myself gradually to this, the well-known objects of the Hall of Destiny gleamed, one after another, on my sight. I was myself again.

"I now fell into a state of the most profound composure: a sense of repose, after the pains and horrors of so many dreadful sufferings, flowed around me. I never before knew so much bliss. Of the lapse of time I had no sense.—This happy state, too, had its end. The pains of hunger came upon me,—they were worse than all. Unable to endure this new anguish, I arose from the couch, on which I had lain for the length of three days and nights. This I had discovered from an enormous clock, which marked the lapse of hours, while its gigantic pendulums of adamant swung with an everlasting monotony from end to end of the lofty and spacious dome of the hall.

"I was resolved to search narrowly around, to discover if there was any thing to be eaten. I now felt that faith in my father's promise, which assured me I was not to die of this horrible want. The search was too easily made; for, notwithstanding the vast size of this great edifice, it was quite unfurnished. The broad circle of its vast floor, stretched to the utmost extent which its dark pillars permitted the eye to reach; all was vast, uniform, and monotonous, unless where some of the huge mirrors, as I changed my position, cast a doubtful reflection of the opposite arch of the cupola above. There was, to be sure, a shelf of ponderous volumes, into which I should have been curious to look; but they were most tantalizingly a few feet above my reach; and could I reach them, they appeared too ponderous to be opened by any person, less in stature than the prince of the genii.

The genie squared his shoulders, and grew twice as big.

"There was nothing to eat, and hunger, I can tell your lordship, is worse than fire or cord. For a moment my pains were diverted. As I passed the mirror of the kingdom of Tartary, I saw an immense crowd collected around a mighty platform, on which was laid out a venerable form. This I presently perceived to be the form I had but recently died in. The people lamented with loud outcries; and the king, whom I instantly recognized, appeared sunk in the most profound affliction: this I knew to be but feigned, and vowed vengeance in my heart. But I was

now in the very last stage of inanition—I had enough to do to stagger to the sofa, on which I fell exhausted.

"At this moment my father stood beside me; he bore in his hand a large dish of solid gold, out of which he took four others of precious stones, all different.

"'Rise, my son,' said he with a voice of much compassion, 'rise and eat.'

"I precipitated myself on the nearest dish, with the fierceness of animal voracity; and devoured until my father, whose patience was worn out, stopped me. 'Huckabac, my dear, I fear for your health; I must not allow you to overcharge your stomach, rendered delicate by the luxuries of royalty.'

"This allusion recalled all my sufferings; I was silent with renewed anger; but my father, affecting ignorance of every thing that had occurred, made me recite to him the whole history of my sufferings. To this narrative he listened with an air of one surprised; but I could perceive that all his questions were suggested by the liveliest professional curiosity. He would know every sensation, and the precise part in which it was felt; he advised me to keep my eyes quite open should it ever be my lot to be blinded again; and seemed to lament, that instead of the bowstring I had not been impaled. He was minutely inquisitive on the sensations I felt in recovering; and seemed deeply interested in the trial of hunger I sustained.

"But I was still much imposed on by the vehemence with which he entered into my wrong, in the person of the King of Tartary. Let it be our first care, my son, to avenge ourselves upon his guilty successor. At this moment the King of Georgia has levied a numerous host for the purpose of subduing the kingdom of Tartary. You shall wish yourself at its head; and enjoy the pleasures of retaliation. Should he fall into your power fail not to send me word, as I should wish to feel his pulse while his eyes are burning! So saying, he presented me with a sparkling cordial, which I had no sooner swallowed than I felt tenfold appetite for revenge possess me.

"I was again alone; I approached the Georgian mirror; a splendid figure stood near, having on his head a crown of solid gold of exquisite workmanship

—he seemed to be the most beautiful and complete young prince I had ever seen. I was inflamed with ardor to exchange my frightful little form, which your lordship must know was about so high, for that stately person. Ambition, vanity, and revenge rose together in my heart. I forgot my sufferings, and burned again to leave the poor little body which I would now give all my goods to see again.

"I looked again—the distance showed a far extended and glittering line of cavalry ranged across an immense plain; and already in fancy I was its possessor. I walked towards the table in the centre, and as I went, resolved to guard against the disappointment of my former choice. 'I shall, thought I, adopt my father's very words—the king may be in a dungeon—I will wish to command that army—this may serve for himself or his successor.' Thinking myself most sage, I touched the little bell. Again the sweet and solemn chime came with a subduing tone from the high roofed vault of the Hall of Destiny. Again the beautiful fairy stood before me with her discreet and thoughtful eye and sparkling cup. Again the strange transforming cordial chased through my veins, and I sat with a triumphant feeling upon the back of a splendid war-horse, surrounded by a numerous band of officers, some of whom I could perceive to be persons of rank. I did not know their names, and therefore resolved to be reserved and discreet until I could obtain this knowledge.

"I was treated with much deference by every one; yet it was not exactly the kind of respect I had expected; it seemed to be little more than a slight surface of external form. 'I must,' thought I, 'depress the aristocracy here; they shall by and by learn who they have to deal with.' I assumed a stately deportment, and looked as awful as I could. This, to my surprise, rather increased the familiarity of some; they conversed with each other in a manner totally inconsistent with the respect due to a royal presence. I felt resentment swelling in my bosom. There was a tone of innuendo and sarcastic allusion; which, but that it seemed inapplicable to a monarch and a handsome youth, I

should suppose designed for myself. 'What it is to be a general,' says one.

" 'It makes old men young,' says another.

" 'And slaves proud,' observed a third.

" 'And Tartars handsome,' added a fourth.

" 'And a——look like a man;' 'at least it makes one look as if he thought so,' struck in a fifth. Turning round with stately condescension, I said, gaily enough, 'you are merry gentlemen.' I was startled at my own voice—it was harsh and shrill, and quite unsuited to the youthful beauty of the figure in the glass. 'How, now, Gabor,' said the foremost of my companions merrily; 'you seem more frightened at that sweet voice of yours than at the onset of the Tartar; come, my friend, rally your scattered senses and be yourself.' I was confounded at this license; 'they are accustomed to be free,' thought I; 'I must tolerate them a little. I put on a laughing air, and we chatted as we rode along the ranks; my spirit warmed towards my companions, who were now not only respectful but seemingly cordial; and I began to give way to the contemplations of prosperous ambition, when a loud cheer arose from the ranks with deafening power. I was hesitating how to acknowledge this mark of real respect, when my eye caught a splendid train of horsemen, all glittering with such splendor as I had not hitherto dreamt of, coming in full gallop across the plain—there were about forty persons, all who seemed to be of the highest rank.' 'This,' thought I, 'is some imperial visitor or guest; we must receive him like a brother king;' and seeing that those around me drew up in a posture of respect, I took the hint and did the same. The stately company was now drawn nigh; in the front rode a gallant youth mounted on a milk-white steed, all streaming with golden housings. On his head the youth wore a jewelled cap; on the front of which one phoenix plume, the only one I had ever seen, luxuriantly rich and glowingly bright, fanned the air with the motion of his steed.

The genie chuckled derisively.

"I now bethought myself of some

well turned sentences which might express the respect of one monarch to another; and when he came up I singled out, with a majestic air, recollecting my own splendid figure as I had seen it in the glass. 'Now,' thought I, 'the army will be comparing this foreign monarch with their own lord:' to support the comparison, I mustered all my good looks as he approached, and holding out my right hand with a careless air began: 'Sir and brother,' I had spoken no further when I was checked by a sharp pang which went like lightning round my wrist, while a suppet titter broke upon my ears—I looked at my wrist—the hand was gone.

The genie laughed aloud.

"I looked at the mischievous youth who had served me this unaccountable trick. 'He is in my power,' thought I, 'if the soldiery is not as lawless as the nobles.' My lord, you may conceive my surprise—it was the youth I had seen in the glass.

The genie roared with outrageous merriment.

"I was then once more cheated; but how I could not conjecture. Was it possible, flashed upon my mind, that I had a twin brother; I had no time for thought. 'Why, honest Gabor, said the youth, 'thy command has turned thy brains;' I begun to faint from pain and loss of blood. On seeing this, he said, 'we must not let him die outright; apply the cautery, and bring the slave to the serai.'

"I was now burned with a red-hot iron, the sight of which made me quiver to the centre of my frame, and the touch made me roar like a buffalo-bull. I felt I was no king; and the truth began to dawn upon my mind. I questioned the officers who remained around me, and excited by my interrogations much more surprise than I received from the replies.

"I dwell not on the painful interval of my convalescence, or the more painful information which I soon received of my whole misfortune. I had been one of the eunuchs of the Georgian court, whose great courage, prudence, and wisdom had obtained me a continued promotion from one great post to another, till I had been the week before raised to the command of the

troops destined to attack the Tartar king. But the deformed person alone remained—the spirit of prudence was gone; and by my first inevitable mistake I was now in disgrace. I was pardoned, in consequence of the punishment I received at the hands of the king; and soon received visits from the officers of state, and even from the king. They tormented me beyond measure; the chief subject of their conversation was the singularly vain manner I displayed on the day of the review, which they attributed to the effect of my elevation. When I was able to appear in court, every look I met conveyed a taunt; and I could perceive that I was become the object of universal derision. The exasperation of wounded vanity overcame the little prudence I had by nature; and I so insulted one of the chiefs, that the enraged dignitary caused his slaves to throw me down and administer the bastinado so unmercifully, that for a week I was unable to stir. And to make the matter worse, such was the nature of the insult, that I dared not seek redress, or make the matter known to any one.

"Still I thought myself commander of the troops. But the day before they were to march, there came reports of preparation from the court of Samarcand, which caused increased levies to be raised; and the young king resolved to command in person. At the same time, the impression made upon his majesty and his wisest councillors, by my recent demeanor, and the fear that I might harbour a desire for revenge, caused an alteration in my situation by no means to be desired. The command was assumed by King Malek; and to make me some amends, I was entrusted with the command of an important fortress on the Tartar side of Georgia.

"To this position I was directed to march on with a small army; and to take immediate possession of it with a sufficient garrison, leaving the rest to form an encampment in the vale of Kortene. This order, which I justly attributed to hostile counsels in the cabinet, was evidently for the purpose of degrading me by the mere arrangement of circumstances; as it was plain, that, when the whole army should join as was designed, the command of these

troops must actually fall to some general commanding in the field.

"The same evening, at an early hour, my little host set forward; and, my imagination long exercised in such scenes, made me feel more at ease than another could have felt in a situation so new to him. I was also proportionally elated, for the martial scene that moved around me as I went was quite congenial to my ambition and love of earthly dignity. I was for the present, at least, freed from the overshadowing splendor of King Malek—the taunts of the courtiers, or the commands of superiors in office. My genius for command disclosed itself in all its grandeur.

Here the old men smiled, and the genie laughed immoderately.

"Accustomed as I was to reflection, and now experienced in the trials of life, it is true, my lord, I could not help also being struck with a sense of the instability of human greatness, and the insecurity of my situation. And I will freely confess to your lordship, that while military music came like the voice of glory upon my ear, and the long-drawn martial train with steed, and plume, and steel-clad rider crowded on my eye, the royal dungeon, the burning plate, the bowstring, the bastinado, and the sharp scimitar in the reckless hand of a despotic boy, mingled painfully with my reflections. I thought of the thin partition between the chambers of life and death—between glory and the grave.

The genie stared.

"We rode on for some days through a varying district, chiefly along the skirts of Caucasus; sometimes ascending where the road wound on high over some rocky ridge; at other times descending into the rugged bed of some scanty stream. The heat on these occasions accumulated in the concavities of these oblong vales, reminded me forcibly of the burning plates in the dungeon of Samarcant. Occasionally we forced our way through deep thickets, the underwood of tall forests, and suffered extremely from the close and smothering air; the lacerating briars, and the alarms of the savage monsters which prowled among them. I found, my lord, that glory, and honor, and high station, pre-

carious as they were, were also of rather doubtful enjoyment in the possession; and that it was, perhaps, after all, better to dream of thrones, truncheons, and judicial robes in the quiet penury of Cairo, than to be thus toasted and tossed about for their sake. While I was thus thinking, the power of thought was nigh driven from me by a roar, that echoed more loud than the loudest thunder through the dimness of the hollow woods: a whole regiment of cavalry—I know not if it was owing to the terror of the horses or their riders, or perhaps both—rushed in tumultuous confusion into the leafy steep which descended on the quarter opposite this alarming sound. But you may judge my alarm—O mighty prince of the geni—when in another moment, while I was debating where to fly, the same awful roar increased to a deafening loudness, rushed by my ear, and in an instant I was extended on the ground, while within two small paces before me, upon the carcass of my valuable warhorse, lay an enormous lion of Caucasus; the switching of his tail struck me on the leg so hard, that a few more blows must have broken the bone or disjointed my knee. Happily his back was turned; so that I was enabled to rise and creep aside quietly into the bushes. Many men and horses were killed or sadly disabled by falling down the steep; but when the cause of the tumult was clearly ascertained, the terror was soon allayed, and the monster was pierced with the arrows and spears of a thousand valiant warriors.

The genie smiled contemptuously.

"Occasionally we had the pleasure of reaching a town; the smoke of which, rising afar, gladdened our hearts. When such was the case, we took possession of the houses from which the inhabitants mostly fled. And as we did not fail to help ourselves to everything that could be either eaten up or carried away, we were in some degree compensated for their want of hospitality to the army of their sovereign.

"Not to fatigue your lordship; after several days' laborious march, we arrived at our destination. It was a fortress, situated on a commanding eminence about three hundred fathoms in perpendicular height, rising steeply

up from a valley so broad that it seemed like a spacious plain, on which the caliph might encamp with all his powers; and the sultan of the Indies not lack room for all the armed principalities of the south.

"A few words will convey to your lordship an exact idea of the situation in which I stood. One narrow footway led us up the steep, which was strongly fortified on every side, but that which leaned from the steep immediately above the valley. In this high enclosure, lay a small town, well provisioned and having copious cisterns of rain water. A house of no very ample dimensions was set apart for the military commander. Of this fortress I took possession with a thousand men, the utmost it could hold without inconvenience. The remaining troops took up their ground within the narrow gorge on the northern side of the hill.

"For two days all remained in unbroken rest, though not without the excitement of hourly rumours and the surmises of curiosity and fear. The little street was filled with groups of the soldiery and inhabitants, inquiring, retailing, and I believe inventing reports, so various and contradictory were the shapes that rumour took. One sense seemed prevalent, among the officers of the different regiments, who mostly assembled on the height to watch more easily what might appear in the distance of the vale. They agreed that the importance of this position, must cause the first operations of the King of Tartary to be directed immediately against us. So that it was a question of the most anxious suspense which might first appear—our force, or that of Tartary. With this anxious doubt, little else was thought of; the winecup lost its allurements; the chessboard its interest. Hourly were our eyes strained over the far expanse which lay before us—the field of a deeper game.

"The genie looked contemptuously at the old man.

"On the third morning, as we were overlooking the plain, a long loud blast of some foreign horn came faintly mingled with the breeze. It was speedily conjectured to be the Tartar trumpet, which can be plainly heard at the distance of twenty leagues; but by the loudness of the sound, we per-

ceived that it must be less than half that distance. And, accordingly, ere noon, a long line of gleaming light, which was obviously in motion, plainly intimated that the Tartar army would soon be drawn up beneath us. The alarm was, indeed, very great among the scanty body that was to be exposed to the first attack. Fresh scouts were sent out to meet and hasten the main army of Georgia, which could not now be far off. I wished to send our small host forward to intercept the enemy; but I had the presence of mind to perceive the surprised looks of the officers, and to recollect that I knew nothing about the matter; so, appearing to reflect, I said they had better remain as they were, until reinforcements should arrive. Every hour seemed, I must confess, to add to the contempt which I inspired among the officers whose rank allowed them to approach me; and I began to rejoice that I had been thus tacitly degraded from a command in which my real ignorance would quickly appear. Should the king arrive in time, I hoped to be a mere looker-on. If not, I could perhaps make terms with the Tartar; the alternative was not uncheering. Having more natural wit than most of my officers, I was enabled to conceal much ignorance, and to draw their opinions from unintentional hints and unwary conversations, so that I still kept some shadow of respect. My most dangerous enemy was the physician, who lived in the fortress, and who watched me with all the keen intelligence of that observing class—indeed his looks put me not a little in mind of my father. I took the first opportunity to order him the bastinado, which moderated his prying zeal, and kept him for some days out of the way.

The genie gave an approving nod.

"The scouts brought back word that the Georgian army would be up in a few hours. The Tartars had by this advanced to the edge of a deep morass, within half a league of the fortress; from this, dividing into seven bodies, they took up their ground between that and a bend of the river Irtish, which was there very wide and deep. Our officers were much alarmed when they discovered the advantages of the position; and I scolded

at them, swearing flatly that it was to prevent this, that I had ordered out our small army, as I ascertained that our army could be attacked in detail as it came up along the Irtysh. I now resolved on sending round my small host to await at the mouth of the rocky gorge, in order to frustrate any movement of theirs by the seasonable demonstration of an opposite force.

"Night came on; but it was spent in anxious watching; close beneath us lay the van of the Georgian host. Before us, so near that we could hear every sound that rose from their camp, the Tartars held their position; innumerable fires told the vastness of their host; the bright illumination from a group of tall pavilions towards the rear, that the King of Tartary commanded in person.

"A little after midnight I entered my house to take a half hour's repose; but I had not yet lain down, when I was told that a little old man from Cairo desired to see me. At once conjecturing who it was, I commanded him to be introduced. It was my father—he eyed me with a keen glance.

"How did you discover me, O father," said I.

"I enquired, my son, among the Georgian host if any one had suddenly lost his wits," answered the old man with his cold sarcastic voice and ambiguous smile.

"Nay, father," said I, alarmed, "didst thou see the king?"

"Foolish boy, I did; I thought you had made sure of his person and throne; I found my mistake without having committed myself; but I fancy he quickly divined the honor that we intended him; for he told me the whole history of your conduct on the plain of Teflis. As he laughed himself into good humour, I think you need not fear."

"Father," said I, "kill me on the spot, and set me free from this vile carcase."

"All in good time, my son; it would not be safe to slay one of his majesty's officers in the centre of his troops. A Tartar broadsword will serve your turn before this time to-morrow night; and if not, you are not much out of the way as you are—*have but a little patience.*"

"As he spoke these last words with

an ironical drawl, many subduing recollections stole over me; my eyes flashed; my throat cramped; my feet glowed; my wrist sent burning pangs; an imaginary stake went through me, and a Tartar spear made my entrails shrink into the smallest compass—"how," thought I, "shall I stand before the Georgian?"

"The morning dawned; heavy clouds floated overhead; and a gleam of steel lay like a harvest of spears and helmets, over the remoter half of the plain. The Georgian king had sent half his army along the semicircular gorge to reach the further end; two thousand men with frequent discharges of arrows, stones, and liquid fire from the fortress, were deemed enough to keep the other pass, where the Irtysh bent within a hundred paces of the hill.

"When this arrangement was effected, a body of twenty thousand cavalry swept with a sound of thunder across the plain, and precipitated themselves with many a shout upon the Tartar centre. The shock seemed considerable, as the vast shoal of feathered heads nodded forward, when they stopped short before the Tartar square. A cloud of dust arose, and presently hid from our sight the movement of the combatants. But we heard the clashing of scimitars and the crashing fall of many an iron mace; and war steeds having empty saddles came rushing from the cloud of battle. The hoarse murmur of striving thousands was also wafted across the interval; and now and then a loud and breathless call, the chiding of heroes as they rallied each other to the points of danger. This attack lasted for nearly half an hour when the Georgian squadrons appeared to give up the point, and to make rather a disorderly retreat towards the nearest pass where they entered in much disorder, pursued by a squadron of Tartar horse. While this had been going on, thirty thousand Georgians had been drawn up four deep along the hill, who saluted the Tartar with a cloud of arrows as they passed; and the Georgian horse turning about upon them while they were in confusion, cut them up in a manner frightful to behold—in a word, they left two thousand men upon the field.

"All was now quiet for a while—if

it could be called quiet with such a field before us. It was enough to make any reasonable man sick of military honors for the rest of his life. I never rejoiced so much that I had been set aside from my command. The very nearest object almost directly beneath me was the Georgian who had led on the charge, a headless trunk; his armour streaked with the blood which oozed through its chinks, his head no where to be seen. Around him lay distinctly perceptible, though so far beneath, forms of horses and men in all the stages of death, and twisted into every attitude of agony. It was—as my father, who stood beside me on the parapet, remarked—an ample table for the study of the physician; or a stage for the actor to learn the most difficult portions of his art. My heart sickened at the cruel remark. ‘Brother,’ observed the Armenian doctor who stood next him, ‘could we not procure that head which lies a little this way towards the Georgian line.’

“My son,” said my father, ‘you hear my friend’s desire; can you not send out a messenger?—we are very desirous to obtain a head.’

“Almost maddened by the disgust and horror which I felt, I sternly refused the impious request. My father, I could perceive, was seriously offended, and muttered bitterly between his teeth, ‘you shall repent of this my son.’

“The awful blast of the Tartar horn Kerrenay now rose above all other sounds, and turned our eyes again to the field of death beneath us—the prospect was changed. The Tartar and Georgian host seemed to have mingled on different parts of the field which was now filled with the noise, fury, and violence of a raging combat between two vast armies; all order seemed lost; the battle raged like the torrent of some mighty inundation, broken into whirlpools by the rocks and eminences on its way. Here two squadrons stood, as with balanced fury, exchanging tremendous strokes of scimitar and mace. A little further, hasty and precipitous flight was followed on the heels by mad pursuit. Fear and fury, slaughter and overthrow—the shout of rage and the shriek of sudden mutilation, mingled horribly.

It was a sight no man can conceive without actual experience—I could scarcely believe they were men.

The genie looked sublime contempt.

“My lord genie, not the least imposing effect of this awful scene, was one which no one might have foreseen. The day was fair, but cloudy; and broad shadows and gleams of sunshine seemed to course each other, as if in play, over this scene of agitation and fury. It seemed as if the genis or spirits of the upper elements were unconscious of the strife below; and looking on it as I did then far below where I stood, I thought I could never congratulate myself enough that I was out of the fray.

“At length the scattered squadrons of Georgia became more scattered; and those of the Tartar more collected and condensed; and as they came onward like a gathering wave of war, by the time they reached the base of the hill there was no enemy before them.

“With breathless ardor had I looked upon the contest; I was deeply absorbed in speculating on the best course of conduct for my own interest and safety, and had resolved on betraying the fortress to the Tartar in time to secure his favor, when a voice close to my ear said, ‘the king orders you to man the parapet, and to shower fire and arrow on the enemy while he rallies his scattered host—be quick, man, are you awake?’—I had made up my mind. ‘Hamjac,’ said I, ‘I will do no such folly. The King of Georgia will ere night be in the power of the Tartar; and my head, my friend, will answer for any damage I may cause to the conqueror’s army.’

“‘I quite agree with your wisdom, O Gabor,’ said the Georgian; ‘and if I might offer a fool’s advice, you will not content yourself with letting yourself be taken, in which event your merit will not be allowed for; but you will send a special messenger to the Tartar King with your offer.’

“‘I take your advice, my best friend,’ answered I; ‘and to convince you of the respect with which your wisdom inspires me, I entrust yourself with this delicate affair—go, my friend, and may Allah speed you—I shall wait your return with impatience.’

“The Georgian left me.

"Thy conduct is wise, O son," said my father; "for your life is no longer safe with the Georgian prince; he has, by the help of the Armenian doctor, who is a great magician, obtained a knowledge of your history, and is fully aware of your intentions and mistake. There is a plot against you, which I have appeared to assent to in order the better to counteract it."

"I hope Hamjar will prove faithful," said I, trembling from head to foot.

"I hope he may, my son; but these courtiers are not to be trusted."

"Can I not fly, O father?"

"There is but one avenue, O my son; and it is already in possession of the Tartar."

"How then did Hamjar come; and how shall he reach the king?" At this moment the Armenian entered—

he had been evidently listening at the door.

"I just heard your question, my son," said he; "there is a private way that leads far out among the hills; it is known to but few; I am just prepared to escape, and have come here in the hope to induce my brother to accompany my flight. The Tartar will spare no one, and there is now no hope from King Malek." This he said with a look of haste and terror so natural, that I had no doubt of his sincerity.

"Haste, my son," he added; "thine enemy, with five hundred men, is in present command—he has orders to behead thee—come."

"Whither?"

"Follow me."

(To be continued.)

HOLBERG'S PETER PAARS.

ONE of the most multifarious, and at the same time universally successful writers in the literary annals of any nation, was LEWIS HOLBERG. Excellent alike as a historian, a dramatist, a satirist, and a poet, to say nothing of his merits as a biographer and a moral and political philosopher, he has left behind him a splendid example of what may be achieved by genius and perseverance, under the most unfavourable circumstances. Though obliged from his earliest years to struggle against poverty and infirm health, did he yet contrive to acquire a knowledge of several languages, and of various branches of learning; to visit the most considerable countries of Europe; and at length to become the founder of more than one department of literature in his own. His heroi-comic poem in Danish, entitled *Peder Paars*,* though scarcely known here, even by name, is still extremely popular in his native country, Norway, in Denmark, and in Sweden; into the language of which last it was translated about thirty years after its first

appearance. It is also known in Germany by the version of Scheibe, a friend of the author's, who resided in Copenhagen, in the capacity of *Capelmester*, or leader of the choir, to his Danish Majesty. Though labouring under the disadvantage common to all poems of the same description, that many of its allusions, namely, referring to works, persons, and incidents, now unknown, and to customs that are local or obsolete, must be lost to those of a different age and country, Peter Paars is still, at least in many parts, of a sufficiently general and intelligible nature to amuse; we therefore conceive the introduction of this Northern Stranger will not be altogether unwelcome to our readers. We shall, accordingly, give a short analysis of it, with some extracts, as closely translated as is possible in a metrical version: indeed the similarity of idiom in the two languages is often so great that many expressions which may appear to be exclusively English are rendered literally from the Danish.

From its extent, object, and execu-

* *Paars* is to be pronounced like the English word *poor*; as in Danish, when long, sounding nearly as long o, and when short, somewhat like a in *warm*. *Aars*, which subsequently occurs, is, in like manner, to be pronounced *orres*.

tion, this poem is entitled to a high rank among those of its class; especially when we take into consideration that the *Lutrin* was the only one of the kind the author had read at the time he wrote it.

The subject is the adventures of the hero, Peter Paars, a tradesman in Callundborg, in the island of Zealand, during his voyage from thence to Aars, or Aarhus, in Jutland, to visit his mistress; and the poem is so far a kind of parody on, or humorous imitation of the *Odyssey*, in allusions to which, as well as to the *Æneid*, it abounds. It is written in the name of *Hans Michelsen*, and the preliminary remarks and notes are attributed to *Just Justesen*; the former being the name given by Holberg to the imaginary author of all his satirical poems, and the latter, that assigned to the equally imaginary commentator. It is amusing to read the account of the wrath and tumult excited at Copenhagen on the first appearance of this publication, in which Holberg, besides the follies and vices, aimed also at the pedantries of the great vulgar and the small; and especially, to use his own words, at "those who employ themselves in writing copiously and circumstantially on trivial or useless subjects, and in trumpeting forth matters that were better passed over in silence, and left to oblivion." The following account of its reception is extracted from the translation of his autobiography, published by Hunt and Clarke:

"This poem was differently received, according to the different character and disposition of its readers. Some were secretly displeased with it; others openly avowed the indignation it excited; some imagined themselves to be attacked un-

der fictitious names; and others, feeling equally guilty, and expecting similar treatment, joined in the abuse of the author. Some, whose reading had never extended beyond epithalamiums, epitaphs, and panegyrics, were alarmed at the novelty of this production, and condemned the audacity of the satirist; others, conceiving their enemies to be the objects of attack, read the poem with laughter and delight, and took every opportunity of repeating what they considered the severest passages, in the hearing of those to whom the satire was supposed to apply. The vulgar, whose opinions are commonly superficial, deemed it the work of an idler; and some literary characters, in their excessive anxiety to shew their penetration, were equally at fault with the vulgar.

"There were some, however, who formed a more favorable judgment of the merits of this production, and who applauded me, when my name became known, for my attempt to combine satire with pleasantry, and to temper the severity of reproof by the graces of poetical embellishment. In their opinion, my poem was so far from meriting the light estimation in which some critics held it, that they considered its appearance an era in the literature of the country. . . . I pass over all the furious criticisms, all the virulent accusations, with which I was assailed; suffice it to say, that when the poem was examined before the supreme council, his most gracious Majesty's learned counsellors pronounced it a pleasant and unobjectionable production."

It is now time to let "Peter Paars" speak for itself, that our readers may judge how far the abovementioned favorable opinions were well-founded. The poem commences thus:—

"I sing a man whose fortunes well might claim
Bards of all nations to record their fame;
I sing a hero, the great Peter Paars,
Who boldly sailed from Callundborg for Aars.
Say, poisonous Envy! spiteful goddess, say
Why didst thou bring such engines into play,
To plague and persecute an honest man,
Scarce known before this voyage he began?
What phrenzy urged thee thus, what vain alarm,
To seek his life who ne'er had done thee harm?
His home he left not, like La Mancha's Knight,
In quest of fame, with giants huge to fight;
Nor like Ulysses and Eneas thought
Of glorious conquests. No. He merely sought

His sweetheart's bower: and was a trip like this
 Worth so much rout? Why grudge the humble bliss?
 Why must he through such bitter trials pass,
 And dangers that might daunt a heart of brass?
 Now see the billows raging for his life;
 Now stand in peril from the robber's knife;
 From one bad scrape into another fall?
 How could a goddess be so cursed with gall!
 Yet, Envy, vain thy cares, thy efforts vain;
 Thou saw'st him, to thy grief, his home regain,
 Admired, applauded, covered with renown.
 Then learn for once, and note the lesson down,
 That oft the object of thy deepest hate
 Thou dost contribute most to elevate;
 That often thou dost make the thoughtless grave,
 The simple, prudent, and the coward, brave;
 And that thy rod deserves not kicks, but kisses,
 When of a Paars it makes a sage Ulysses.

"Relate, O Muse, the chances that befel
 This wight, as fortune's plaything known so well.
 Let simple truth, throughout, thy pencil guide,
 For here thou need'st not wander from her side,
 As oft thou dost, by wily poet led
 To say whatever comes into his head,
 Though conscious all the while 'tis falsely said."

"Three years before the war from Calmar* named,
 When folks were still of luxury ashamed;
 When coffee was unknown, and spicery;
 And bread-and-beer† was used instead of tea.
 Ere yet the nation had become so prone
 To foreign fashions, giving up their own,
 And aping France; when people, in a word,
 Eschewed the waste they better could afford.

Having thus accurately determined the date of the commencement of the action, the poet proceeds to relate how Peter Paars, a worthy shopkeeper in Callundborg, took it into his head to go to Aars to see his betrothed, in

despite of the dangers of the sea and season, it being then winter time; how he hired a vessel and sailed with that intent; and how he reckoned without his host; for—

"When Envy heard of this her bold emprise
 She chafed with rage, and furious glared her eyes.
 What, she exclaimed, shall I this churl allow
 Triumphant the yielding waves to plough,
 His sweetheart's dwelling unimpeded reach,
 And clasp her in his arms? No, no—I'll teach
 The wretch to know me. Rather perish all,
 Both they and I, than that event befall.
 This said, she flew like arrow from the bow,
 Nor e'er before was seen so swift to go.
 For erst deep buried in her cave she lay
 Mid bats and owls that shun the light of day;
 While baleful vipers formed her daily food,
 And sullen aye and slothful was her mood.

* Calmar is a city of Sweden, celebrated for the Union between the three Northern Kingdoms concluded in it in 1397. In 1611, a war broke out between Denmark and Sweden, which commenced with the siege and storming of this city; and the surrender of the citadel followed soon after. This is the war to which Holberg alludes; as, in his *History of Denmark*, he expressly calls it the war of Calmar.

† *Ol-og-brød*, or *Olebrød*, is a kind of porridge, made by boiling crumbled bread in beer: it is a favourite dish in Norway, even at the present day.

Such, Ovid tells us, was she in his age,
 Since grown so active; nor do I engage
 His word to question; but I know full well
 That now at court she scruples not to dwell,
 And elsewhere may be seen in thin disguise;
 In former times, perhaps, 'twas otherwise."

Envy's flight soon brings her to Eolus, whom she at once accosts, and informs him that he shall never get rid of her till he grants her petition. The monarch of the winds, being "a simple person, as mountaineers usually are," imagines from her disconsolate air, that she is in love with, and has come to court him; a supposition which puts him to great embarrassment, her appearance, as described by the poet, being by no means inviting. Envy perceives his confusion; but, not knowing whence it arises, urges him still more strongly; the result of which is, that, after in vain endeavouring to put her off by pleading business, he at last fairly turns his back, and is about to run for it. The goddess, however, is too nimble for him; she catches and holds him fast, and repeats that she will never quit him till she obtains the desired boon. Eolus, now quite beside himself with consternation, roars out to her to let him go instantly—declares "she must have a screw loose in her head;" and asks "who could fancy such an ugly beast whom even Pluto is afraid of." Envy, now finding how the wind lies, troubles herself little about the affront, but gives him to understand, to his great relief, that she has come on a very different errand from what he thought; relates the object of the expedition of Peter

Paars, and her anxiety to see it frustrated: and finally informs him that all she wants is, that he shall let slip a wind or two to drive him out of his course, and prevent her reaching the wished-for haven. He excuses himself by stating that he is afraid to do so, as he well recollects what happened in Eneas's time, and is aware that Neptune is a person "whom it is no joke to have for an enemy." Envy, however, artfully excites his pride and jealousy by insinuating that, though by right an independent sovereign, he has suffered himself to become a mere feudatory to the stern god of sea. This remark has the effect she anticipates. Eolus starts up, roars as loud as Mars did when wounded by Diomedes, and calls to the winds to come forth from their cave and learn for the future that he is their lord, and alone has the power to command them to blow or to be still. They, of course, gladly obey the mandate, and soon lash the sea into foam, to the considerable annoy of our hero Paars. However, though like Eneas, he forthwith becomes *solutus frigore membra*, he does not imitate that renowned hero in his lamentations; but, on the contrary, displays a good deal of that spirit for which the ancient Scandinavians were so remarkable,* and proceeds to cheer the crew in the following terms:

"Look sharp, my men, nor fear, but pluck up heart;
 Surely 'tis better here from life to part
 Like many a hero, than on sick-bed pine:
 In fact I care not though the lot be mine
 To perish now; and, but for Dorothy,
 Could wish no better grave-place than the sea:
 Nay, might I first take leave of that dear maid,
 The fatal call should gladly be obeyed.
 For vain it is against that call to strive;
 And when you see the destined time arrive,
 When Lachesis has no more thread to spin,
 In vain to whine and snivel you begin.
 For go you must—to death must all men bow—

* The worthy Thomas Bartholine, the younger, wrote an elaborate work on the subject, *De causis mortis a Danis gentilibus contempta*.

As oft my father said: then fear not now;
 For I, you see, am not afraid—far from it;
 And you—but hold—I'm sick, and needs must vomit.

“His shop-man, Ruus, who happened to be nigh,
 Bethought her then, Why should not also I
 Essay to cheer them, and at large relate
 How vain it is to struggle 'gainst one's fate.
 For of all topics this he deemed the best,
 And thus his thoughts the worthy man expressed—

“Ye seamen bold, now hearken to my words,
 Nor land nor sea escape from fate affords.
 Some are to joy, and some to sorrow born,
 To glory some, and more to shame and scorn.
 Some die by water, others by the rope;
 And he to hanging born need never hope
 To die by drowning—as I've often heard—
 How much so e'er th' exchange might be preferred.
 The Dane by birth can never be a Scot;
 One fish is grilled, and t'other put in pot;
 This louse is burnt, that cracked upon my nail;
 Some crops by drought are lost, and some by hail.
 And while this book is gilt and finely bound,
 The leaves of that wrap soap and herrings round.
 While one man swords and bullets may defy,
 Another from a needle's prick may die.
 Why tremble, then, when fate our threads would sever?
 We surely know we cannot live for ever.
 Our life is short, and, to eternity,
 But as a little village—do you see—
 To a huge city. None may death contemn,
 Save the shoemaker of Jerusalem,
 Alias the wandering Jew, who never dies;
 But must live on to the last great assize,
 'Tis thought, because he once was so obdurate;
 If you believe me not, pray ask our curate,
 Who oft has seen him; but, I must confess,
 I do not envy him; I think the less
 Of such strange sights one sees, the better. He,
 They say, oft smites his breast, and bows his knee
 In church; and now, on second thoughts, I feel
 That I should like a glance at him to steal,
 And in some corner stand where I might hear
 What tongue he speaks: why, too, year after year,
 From place to place he roams, I fain would learn;
 Though that, I own, is none of my concern.
 Then let not such a common matter strike
 Such terror to your hearts; for my part, like
 My principal, I'm not afraid, far from it;
 But—like him, too, feel sick, and needs must vomit.

“This speech gave courage to the trampling band:
 They loudly cried, O happy, happy land;
 O happy city, happy parish too,
 That has produced a man so wise and true!
 Had he but studied, sure he might have vied
 With many a priest, and won the day beside.
 'Tis true that ours in preaching is expert,
 The sick can comfort, and the bad convert;
 But that like Ruus—Hark! Whence that mighty crack?
 We're all undone—our mast is gone, good-lack.

“Now Paars endeavoured still the crew to cheer,
 And with sage arguments allay their fear.

But on the deck they lay, and writhed like worms,
 For this exceeded o'er poetic storms.
 The sky was all with pitchy clouds o'ercast,
 'Twas dark as night, and dreadful howled the blast;
 Each, as he lay, by rope or bench held on;
 The tortured timbers fearfully did groan;
 The chests and boxes tumbled all about;
 The rain fell heavy as a water-spout.
 But when the lightnings did the sky illumine,
 They thought at last was come the day of doom:
 For when one sees the elements thus blend,
 He well may think the world is near its end.
 They're menaced now with fire, though drenched before,
 While the whole deck with sand is covered o'er,
 Torn from the bottom by the boiling brine:
 So that fire, water, air, and earth combine
 To plague them all at once. In short, I ween,
 Never before was such commotion seen."

By this time, Venus, having learned the cause of the journey which exposes our hero to such danger, thinks herself bound in honor to assist him. Accordingly she speeds in her chariot and pair (of swans) to Neptune, who is naturally much surprised at seeing her out in such bad weather. She plays the same game with him that Envy did with Eolus; telling him that she now perceives he no longer possesses the sovereignty of the sea; and recommending him to lay down his trident and quit the ocean, as the very fish and sea-fowl will laugh him to scorn when they find him thus powerless. Neptune, quite confounded at this address, assures her that this is only the second time he has experienced such treatment from Eolus; and refers her to Virgil to learn whether he did not on the former occasion properly vindicate his dignity. He then inquires the cause of the great commotion, and is informed how Envy persuaded Eolus to assist her in thwarting the laudable design of her humble votary; upon which he promises he will do all he can for her. Accordingly he turns to the winds; tells them that if they do not pack off with themselves immediately they shall find he does not carry his trident for nothing; and concludes by desiring them to inform Eolus that this is an affront he cannot digest, and that he will venture a black eye with him for it. The affrighted winds sink off to their cave and hide;

but the interposition comes too late, for the vessel is meanwhile driven on shore, and goes to pieces; but the crew escape, and are cast on the shore in a most pitiable condition.

After they have lain for a considerable time almost in a state of insensibility, a man comes up and is so kind as to light a fire for them. Paars, of course, is the first to accost the goodnatured stranger, which he does by inquiring where they are, and whether it is the place of reception for the dead; adding that it cannot be heaven, they feel so uncomfortable; nor yet hell, as by all accounts that is a very hot place. The stranger informs him that he has been cast on an island called Anholt,* the inhabitants of which pray daily for the arrival of mariners, and often obtain their request. They are, he continues, a very good sort of people, though it cannot be denied that they were formerly a sad set; which he illustrates by relating how an old priest who lived there used to take double fees for baptizing, on the plea, that as most of his flock used to die by hanging, he had no other way of securing the burial fees which he had also a right to. Now, on the contrary, he adds, they live quite a Christian life, and support themselves by wrecks. Paars is quite pleased to hear such a good account of them; no doubt, on the principle of the shipwrecked voyager, who rejoiced when he espied a gallows near the shore on which he

* An island in the Cattegat, surrounded by dangerous sandbanks, and now well known to navigators in those seas as the station of a light-house.

was cast, considering it as a sign of the high degree of civilization of the inhabitants of the country. Happening, however, to put his hand into his pocket, he misses his purse, and in great dismay asks his communicative friend how he can reconcile this with his discourse, as no one had approached him but himself? Ruus, by way of comfort, adds that now indeed they may be sure of starving, and pays his honored principal some handsome compliments upon his sense in journeying at such a season and with such an object. The stranger, however, quietly answers that the purse must have been lost as he was coming ashore; and that though their foul suspicions of him deserve a different treatment, he will repay evil with good, by assisting them to save their property, which may be injured by longer exposure to the sea water. He then exhorts them to follow his example, enters the water up to his waist, and exerts himself so successfully in rescuing the goods from the waves, that they offer him a recompense; but the good-natured creature declines it, declaring that he is quite accustomed to such work, and that he takes as much pleasure in it as if the property were his own. Paars now opens his trunk to see how the contents have escaped, when, lo! a rosy-necked form with ambrosial hair and glistening face rises out of it and ascends to the skies. This is no other than Venus, who has kindly stationed herself there to protect Dorothea's portrait from being spoiled by the water, and even extends the compliment to our hero's clothes, of which an accurate inventory is given. Poor Ruus's trunk, however, does not escape so well, and his books are sadly damaged; which the poet laments greatly, as the world has thereby lost a vast deal of interesting information about the private life and habits of our hero, such as what he had for dinner each day, how many pots of beer, and how much snuff he took, and the like. Paars now divides his men into watches to guard the property; but the stranger assures him he need not fear, as the governor of the island will for a small consideration take them under his protection, and that it was only last year he had sentenced three of the islanders, who

had robbed and cruelly cut and stabbed a sailor, to be fined and declared infamous—with the understanding, however, that the sentence should not affect their good name and character. Paars, whose curiosity is excited by this information, begs him to give an account of the laws, policy, religious ceremonies, and belief of the inhabitants of the country, with the intention of publishing it on his return home, and perhaps thereby making his fortune at court. The stranger complies after his own fashion, and then says he must go home and prepare refreshments and beds for him and his men, but that he will soon return. Paars, after long awaiting the fulfilment of this promise, begins to suspect treachery, exhorts his men to take courage, and draws them up in battle array; soon after which they descry their officious friend returning with a band of the natives, and perceive by his language and conduct that they are bent on plunder.

Meanwhile Fame tells Envy that Paars has escaped the dangers of the sea, and is now safe with his property on shore. This intelligence enrages her so much that she falls into fits, whereat Fame is so surprised, that, notoriously great as is her aversion to standing still for a moment, her curiosity induces her to do so in this instance. On her recovery, Envy inquires where the object of her hatred is, and hearing how matters stand, exclaims that her only resource is to get Discord to cause disaffection in his army. Reflecting, however, that that Goddess is seldom to be found at home, she asks Fame where she last saw her, and is informed that she is now engaged at the University, and is to go next day to a diet in Poland, where she will have so much business on her hands that it will be useless to seek her assistance there. Envy, accordingly, hastens at once to the University, where she finds every thing in great confusion, and the learned professors and doctors busily engaged in pelting each other, not with hard words, but with ponderous books, some of which being stoutly bound and clasped, cause no small havoc. The contest arose, it appears, from a dispute about where Venus was wounded by Diomedes in the Trojan war; one

maintaining it was in the right hand, another, in the left, and a third, in the thigh. She tells Discord, who is enjoying the scene, the object of her visit, and they go off together to Anholt, where the latter succeeds in persuading the captain of the ship that he ought to have had the command of the right wing instead of Ruus. Accordingly he is so much offended at the supposed alight, that when the enemy advances, he not only flies himself, but exhorts the cook, who is only waiting to be asked, to do the same. His flight, however, costs him dear, as one of the robbers knocks him down with a hatchet; whereupon Paars exclaims that he will not risk the loss of any more Christian blood, and that moreover he has no wish to fight with persons of such honorable feelings as they have shown themselves to be by punishing treachery so promptly. The robbers refuse, however, to make peace, unless the opposite party consent to defray the expenses of the war, which our hero agrees to; and he and his men are accordingly obliged to surrender all their property, and even their clothes, with the exception of their shirts and drawers. This, done, he immediately holds a court-martial upon

the recreant cook, selecting three of the robbers for assessors. The cook makes a very pathetic speech in his defence, concluding with the powerful appeal to their feelings of—

When I am gone, think who can dress your dinners?

But all in vain: he is condemned to death, and after a suitable exhortation from another of the robbers, who acts as chaplain on the occasion, kneels down to receive the fatal stroke, which, from the inexperience of the provost martial, being given with a sheathed sword, he falls down as dead. Paars declares that as he has stood his sentence, he is to be let free; but, his head being turned with the fright, they find it no easy matter to persuade him he is still alive. He declares he will haunt them all for their cruelty as sure as he is an honest man, he means an honest ghost; and in reply to their arguments for his being alive, persists that he recollects all that happened only too well, and concludes by observing, that as a court-martial has taken his life, a court-martial alone can restore it. A notable dialogue now ensues:—

“ Ruus, who disdained not his discourse to heed,
Cried, shall we, President, this boon concede?
Shall we, by sentence due, his life restore,
And make him hearty as he was before?
The prudent Paars—who nothing would decide
Without deliberation—thus replied:
The plan’s absurd. I cannot comprehend
How any court could to such powers pretend.
Surely, quoth Ruus, the court that life can take,
Can, if it please, that life again give back.
Exempli gratia, those same worthy men
That took my coat, can give it back again.
To that, said Paars, who by this argument
Was sorely puzzled, I must needs assent.
Yet must I ponder this a little more:
A knottier point I never met before.
Exempli gratia, he that takes my coat
Again can give it: here I do not doat;
For ’tis quite true—nay—as a pikestaff plain;
The same, too, might I of my hat maintain.
It seems quite true, and yet is but a quirk;
Satan, I think, with such went first to work.
At Copenhagen once, I heard them brawl
In a fine place they called the College Hall.
They spoke so strange, and with such ardour burned,
That my poor brain was very nearly turned.
They seemed to reason well; yet I declare,
From what my friend explained who brought me there,

(A learned man, who listened with delight,
 I saw they wished to prove that black was white.
 I thought I heard him talk of Sycretisms;
 But since I learned the word is Syllogisms,
 Shall I with such be by my clerk misled?
 The devil surely put them in his head!
Exempli gratia is a mere deceit,
 Although I cannot find where lies the cheat;
 For when a fool insists he's not alive,
 That fancy from his head no court can drive:
 But this I know; of this at least I'm sure,
 A drubbing is a much more likely cure.

Our limits will not permit us to dwell upon how the plundered voyagers, wandering through the country that night in search of shelter, were mistaken for ghosts, and threw the whole island into consternation: how the governor was incited by Envy to make war with Paars for the affront he offered him, by holding a court, and passing sentence of death within his jurisdiction: how our hero was taken prisoner: and how Venus made her mischievous son Cupid shoot one of his sharpest arrows into the bosom of the governor's daughter, in order that, by falling in love with Paars, she might create a diversion in his favor. We must, in like manner, pass over the dream Paars had while a captive in the governor's house: the surprising noise he heard while still under its influence; and how he beat Ruus thereupon, thinking he was one of the enemy; as also, his subsequent dialogue with that worthy personage, in which the latter explains how he picked up so many scraps of learning. There is a long episode, too, about a false alarm, caused by the officiousness of a certain ancient beldame height Gunnild, who mistook the noise made by Paars, while stamping about in his sleep, on the occasion above mentioned, for that of a band of Turkish invaders; which we cannot afford to detail. Paars is now formally indicted by the governor for trenching on his prerogative, and a day appointed for his trial; but meanwhile, the sickness of the governor's daughter increases to such a degree that he is obliged to have recourse to the advice of the barber doctor of the town; while his wife, not satisfied with the opinion pronounced by him, sends for old Gunnild, on whose skill she places more reliance. This gives rise to an-

other very laughable episode, namely, the account of the fight between the doctor, who is enraged at having a quack called in over him, and the interloper herself. The young lady now describes her situation in such moving terms, that Martha, the kitchenmaid, (about whose character we have a long digression,) is quite affected, and promises to use her best endeavours to procure for her the object of her love. Accordingly, she steals into Paars' chamber so quietly through a secret entrance, that he is excessively alarmed, taking her for a goblin; but on her handing him a letter, by which he learns that her young mistress is in love with him, and anxious to further his escape, his terrors are quite dissipated, and he promises she shall have an answer in the morning. A most amusing dialogue now ensues between Paars and his trusty Ruus, the result of which is, that the former is at last obliged to allow, that there is no other hope of escape but by acceding to the young lady's proposal, and that even his mistress, were she to know of the emergency, would urge him to it. Accordingly, he sends a favourable answer, and the ingenious confidante has a vessel secretly prepared in haste. To guard against the danger of discovery, she gives out in the governor's house that the shore hard-by is haunted by a spectre which stalks about, crying, "Murder,—shipwreck." The governor's conscience immediately suggests that it must be the ghost of a certain Adrian, a Dutchman, who was wrecked there not long before, and appears to have come unfairly by his end. In consequence, neither he nor any of the inhabitants of the house venture to stir out; while no one comes near them on account of another report from the same quarter, that the plague

has broken out in it. Everything is therefore going on swimmingly, when Venus, who does not choose that Dorothea, the original heroine, should be thus deserted, appears to Paars, and remonstrates with him so effectually that he and his men make off in the vessel, which is now quite ready, leaving the rival behind; while Venus gets Somnus to keep the people of the house all fast asleep, till the fugitives are safe out at sea. As might be expected, the enamoured maiden is the first to awake. Surprised to find it so late, she hurries down in search of Paars, but, not finding him in the house, flies to the beach, where she at once becomes aware of the full extent of her misfortune, and of course gives vent to her feelings like another Ariadne or Dido. Envy, still intent on persecuting Paars, has also recourse to the assistance of Somnus, but is at a loss to know where to look for him at that hour of the day: at last, however, she concludes that if he is in that part of the world at all, it must be at the house of some sacristan or other. In one of these she finds him sure enough, and by a feigned story induces him to perch upon the pilot's head; so that, a smart wind getting up just at the same time, the vessel, which was before making direct for Aars, is driven quite out of her course, without her crew knowing anything of the matter.

After long looking out in vain, they at last espy land, and make for a port

which they take to be Aars, but which to their great consternation turns out to be a place some sixty or seventy miles from it. At the suggestion of Ruus, Paars agrees to perform the rest of the journey by land, in the hope that they will thereby be less exposed to the freaks of fortune. Accordingly they procure lodgings for that night, with the intention of starting next morning; but find to their cost that the goddess is as powerful by land as by sea; and, strange to say, it is Ruus himself who gets them into the scrape. While taking some refectation in the public room of the inn, he enters into conversation with an inhabitant of the place, one of those worthy men who think that every thing is deteriorating, and that the world's end is consequently fast approaching. There is sitting at another table a pale lean personage, without any drink before him, who listens very attentively to the complaints of the *laudator temporis acti*; and, though looking very demure, evidently finds it difficult to keep his countenance;* at last he endeavours to show him the folly of his opinions, and an animated argument ensues, at the conclusion of which they both leave the room. Paars inquires of the host who the pale philosopher is, and learns that his name is Hieronymus, and that he is the town-satirist. Ruus immediately asks where he lives, as he has a great desire to be a satirist himself, that he may attack his neighbours on his return home:

"To ask the man, replied the worthy host,
That art to teach, would be but labour lost.
Follies, 'tis true, he freely reprehends,
But ne'er to personal attacks descends;
Vices and follies faithfully portrays,
But fancied characters alone displays.
And yet, so great the danger of the task,
E'en while he shelters under fiction's mask,
How cautiously ne'er to work he goes,
He's certain to create a host of foes.
When, even in feign'd persons, faults he blames,
There are who cry, at you and me he aims:
For let one censure any crime or vice,
There must be some whom the cap fits precise;
And such 'tis always easy to persuade
Their heads were measured ere the cap was made:
So that he often is assailed by those
He never heard of, or, at most, scarce knows."

* It is supposed that this character was drawn by Holberg for himself.

The host then proceeds to dwell, at considerable length, on the character and sentiments of the town satirist, and the difficulties he has to contend with; and concludes, by repeating with great emphasis, that he is quite incapable of writing a lampoon, so that Ruus need not apply to him for any instruction in that art. The other replies that his host mistakes him, as what he wants to learn from Hieronymus is prosody, and other matters belonging to poetry, such as all that relates to gods and goddesses, the nine ladies he so often hears of, Parnassus, and the like; but is assured by the other that all this has little to do with the matter, beauty of thought being the true requisite, and that such, he knows, is the opinion of Hieronymus also. Just at this juncture, the person in question returns, and is immediately accosted, by the incorrigible Ruus, with the question how much will he ask for teaching him to write a good lampoon, which he answers by teaching him what a good drubbing is. A battle immediately ensues between them, which soon becomes general, and is only put a stop to by the entrance of the redoubtable Corporal Nicholas, and some of his men, who carry off the whole party to the guard-house, with the exception of the poet, who is fortunate enough to escape through a side door. The town council immediately assemble, and are of opinion that the soldiers went too far, especially when they learn that Paars is a respectable shopkeeper. The militia, on the contrary, insist they were justified in acting as they did, and a civil war is just about to break out, when a letter arrives from Ruus, to the effect that his master, Paars, having been general in two wars, in the island of Anholt, is no longer amenable to civil, but only to martial law; and protesting accordingly against their being transferred from the guardhouse to the town prison. This sets them all a laughing, and, both parties agreeing that the madhouse is the most suitable receptacle for the gallant general and his aid-de-camp, they are despatched there forthwith. This coming to the ears of the town satirist, he sends an anonymous letter to the council, in which he represents to them that it would be more

advisable to let the strangers proceed on their journey, as they might otherwise get into trouble for detaining them. After some discussion, they come to the determination, not only of setting them free, but of escorting them with honor out of town, to make some amends for the indignities they have suffered. Our hero and his secretary are accordingly conducted to the market-place, received there with all due ceremony, and placed under two canopies; after which the procession marches on in great state.

One would think that all their misfortunes are now at an end, but Envy is still indefatigable. She persuades Corporal Nicholas that such a skilful recruiting officer as he is, should not have let Paars and his follower escape his clutches so easily, and that his honor is concerned in enlisting them. He immediately sets off in the disguise of a student, and comes up with the travellers the same evening. While they are drinking together, he takes an opportunity of expressing his regret that his friends had not made him a soldier, as he conceives he would then have been following a much more agreeable occupation; amuses them with sundry dissertations, during which he does not let the ale-jug be idle; and, when the bill comes in, insists on paying for all. This Paars will not listen to, and they at last agree to toss up for who is to pay. The wily corporal hands the unsuspecting Paars a dollar for this purpose, and, on his taking it, coolly tells him he is now no longer a tradesman, but a soldier, having accepted the bounty. Paars desires his secretary to hasten to his mistress and inform her that he has been enlisted; and the other in vain endeavours to convince him, that as there has been a trick in the matter, he ought to appeal to the protection of the laws, if laws in that country there be. Corporal Nicholas then endeavours to persuade Ruus to join him also, and draws a very flattering picture of the happiness of a soldier's life, and its advantages over his present condition; but, finding that plan unsuccessful, tries another, and appeals to the host whether, having lawfully enlisted the master, he has not also a right to the man. The host, having studied the civil law in his youth wil-

lingly undertakes the office of arbitrator in this weighty matter, and gravely takes his seat in his arm-chair, and pronounces, *ex cathedra*, that as whoever gets the ass gets also the halter, so when one gets possession of a person, *accessorium sequitur suum principalem*. Ruus objects to this, that if Paars chose to assign himself over to the devil, that the latter would, by the same rule, have a right to him, Ruus, also, and the whole household. The corporal is confounded by this objection, but the arbitrator replies, that the devil being a spirit, can have nothing to do with the *CORPUS juris*. Ruus rejoins that, supposing the rule to extend only to substances, all the sugar-loaves, almonds, and raisins in the shop must be considered as recruits; but the arbitrator is quite horrified at this, and exclaims that he must be enlisted, if it were only for his barbarous ignorance in not knowing the distinction between Christians and dried fruit. The corporal, however, puts an end to the dispute, by saying that he will soon prove by his musket that Ruus is a recruit, which the other says he will no longer presume to deny; whereupon the host remarks that, after all, there is no *jus* like the *jus canonicum*. Notwithstanding, he takes the corporal aside, and declares to him, that if the affair should come to the ears of the mayor, they will be let go, and he get into trouble; soldiers having been hanged ere now for such conduct; so that it will be safer to take a donceur for letting them off. To this the corporal agrees, and our hero and his man are allowed to reach Aars without farther molestation.

Having thus presented our readers with an analysis of Peter Paars, we must in justice to its author, declare, that it can give but a very insufficient idea of its merit. Many of the scenes of which we have only given an outline, are drawn with all the minuteness

and finish of a Teniers, and the spirit and drollery of a Cruikshank; and besides, as in the case of Butler's Hudibras, it is in the dialogues the author displays the most learning, wit and vigour; though for English readers, they would require too frequent reference to a commentary to be read with enjoyment. For the rest, the poem, which is written in Alexandrines, contains between seven and eight thousand lines, and is divided into four books, each consisting of three cantos, with the exception of the first, which has five.

Before we conclude, it may not be uninteresting to add, that the adventures on Anholt were near involving Holberg himself in almost as much trouble as his imaginary hero was represented to suffer from them. The owner of the island, state councillor Rostgaard, thought proper to suppose that the character of the governor, in the first book, which was all that was then published, was meant for him; and accordingly, by the advice, it is said, of a certain learned man named Gram, who conceived he was alluded to by the mention of a silver-clasped Homer, in the memorable battle at the University, denounced the work to the privy-council as a scandalous libel against the inhabitants of Anholt, the University, its rector, and professors, and even religion itself. He went so far as to demand, in consequence, that not only the author of the poem, but also the printer and venders of the same, should be sought out and punished; and that, meanwhile, all the copies of it that could be laid hold of should be publicly burned. The King, whose curiosity was excited by this, had the work read to him, was greatly amused by it, and said he considered the complaint unfounded. It was on this occasion the council made the report alluded to in the extract at the commencement of this article.

I FIORELLI ITALIANI.—NO. VIII.

SONETTO DI FERDINANDO GREDINI.

Roma antica e moderna.

Sel pur tu, pur ti veggio, o gran Latina
 Città, di cui quanto il Sol aureo gira
 Nè altera più nè più onorata mira,
 Quantunque involta nella tua ruina,
 Queste le mura son cui trema e inchina
 Pur anche il mondo, non che pregia e ammira :
 Queste le vie, per cui con scorno ed ira
 Portar barbari re la fronte china ;
 E questi che v' incontro a ciascun passo
 Avanzi son di memorabil opre,
 Men dal furor che dall' età sicuri.
 Ma in tanta strage, or chi m' addita e scopre
 In corpe vivo, e non in bronzo o in sasso,
 Una reliquia di Fabrizj e Curi ?

SONETTO DI FRANCESCO PETRARCHA.

La notte tutto ha pace ma non il Poeta.

Or che 'l ciel e la terra e 'l vento tace,
 E le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
 Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena,
 E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace ;
 Vegghio, penso, ardo, piango ; e chi mi sface
 Sempre m' è innanzi per mia dolce pena.
 Guerra è 'l mio stato d' ira e duol piena ;
 E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.
 Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva
 Move 'l dolce e l' amaro ond' io mi pasco :
 Una man sola mi risana e punge.
 E perché 'l mio martir non giunga a riva,
 Mille volte il dì moro, e mille nasco ;
 Tanto dalla salute mia son lunge.

SONETTO DI FRANCESCO PETRARCHA.

La Visione della Cerva.

Una candida cerva sopra l' erba
 Verde m' apparve con due corna d'oro
 Fra due riviere all' ombra d'un alloro,
 Levando 'l sole alla stagione acerta.
 Era sua vista sì dolce superba.
 Ch' i' i' lasciai per seguirla ogni lavoro ;
 Come l' avaro che 'n cercar tesoro
 Con diletto l' affanno disacerba.
 Nessun mi tocchi, al bel collo d'intorno
 Scritto avea di diamanti e di topazi,
 Libera farmi al mio Cesare parve.
 Ed era il sol già volto al mezzo giorno,
 Gli occhi miei stanchi di mirar, non sazi ;
 Quand' io cadde nell' acqua, ed ella sparve.

I FIORELLI ITALIANI.—NO. VIII.

SONNET BY FERDINAND GHEDINI.

ROME, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

And thou art Rome! Mine eyes now look on thee
 Thou Queen of cities! and though in the shroud
 Of thine own ruin wrapped, yet none more proud
 Or honored in his flight the sun may see.
 These are the walls before whose majesty
 The trembling world in admiration bowed;
 These are the ways through which the scornful crowd
 Led barbarous kings their heads bent abjectly;
 And these, which each step discloses round me hurled
 (Albeit more safe from time than Gothic rage)
 Relics of works whose fame hath filled the world—
 Oh! midst these ruins who will now engage
 In *flesh* not bronze or stone that I may see
 One trace of Curian or Fabrician memory.

SONNET BY FRANCIS PETRARCH.

Night brings repose to everything save to the Poet.

Now that heav'n, earth, and winds in silence sleep,
 And beasts and sweet-voiced birds soft slumber birds,
 While round the world her star-gemmed car Night winds,
 And on his couch lies spread the waveless Deep;
 I wake, think, burn, and sigh, for still before me
 She my undoing is, a torture sweet;
 My heart's a war where wrath and anguish meet,
 It's only peace when thoughts of her come o'er me.
 Thus from the same bright, living fountain flow
 The sweet and bitter streams that feed my heart,
 The same hand heals my wound that flings the dart:
 My martyrdom of love no end can know;
 A thousand times I die and live again,
 Still ever languishing for health in vain.

SONNET BY FRANCIS PETRARCH.

The Vision of the Doe.

Methought I saw upon the green sward laid,
 Where two broad rivers to the ocean wound,
 A milk-white doe with golden antlers crowned,
 Shunning the hot sun 'neath a laurel's shade.
 Such coy and gentle pride was in her air
 I left all else to track her footsteps light,
 Like the fond miser, who with the delight
 Of seeking treasure sweetens all its care.
 Around her lovely neck a legend strange
 Was wrought with topazes and diamonds bright,
 "Let no one touch me: Free for aye to range
 My *Cæsar's* love hath given his favorite."
 With tired yet sateless eyes I gazed till noon,
 When in the stream I fell—and straight the doe was gone.

IOTA.

A MOONLIGHT MEDITATION.

By IOTA.

"Πᾶς δ' ὀδυμένης βίης ἀνδραγαθὴ
 Κ' οὐκ ἴσσι τῶνδ' ἀντανασταί."—*Euripides.*

"Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes."—*Horace.*

"Friends depart, and Memory takes them
 To her caverns pure and deep."

I love to look upon a moonlit sky
 All cold and cloudless as at midnight seen,
 When many a star is twinkling forth on high
 Its beams of homage to night's virgin queen—
 While in her lone and full orb'd majesty
 She walks all beauteous through heaven's blue domain,
 Shedding on the hushed world her radiance mild,
 As smiles a mother fair upon her sleeping child.

Sweet moon! at this lone hour I love thee; now
 When tremblingly thy pallid radiance streams
 In silver sheen athwart old ocean's brow
 Whose waters heave in worship of the beams;
 Yes, I do love thee, and to thee I bow,
 Thou bright inspirer of the poet's dreams,
 Though the bards sacred name may ne'er be mine,
 Lowly I bow to thee, and feel thou art divine.

Queen of the silver shaft! thy soft mild light
 More grateful shines to me than the warm rays
 Of thine own island-brother, though more bright
 His golden glances burn in cloudless days,
 They parch the boiling blood with fever's blight,
 But well I love thy beam that trembling plays,
 Touching the gazer's soul with soft resistless pow'r
 To wake up pensive thoughts that sleep in busier hour.

Perhaps beneath thy fav'ring light some lyre
 Wakes each soft echo that as softly dies,
 In climes where love for ever sheds his fire
 On hearts as warm and cloudless as their skies—
 Bright land, where beauty's loveliest forms inspire
 The painter's soul and wake the poet's sighs;
 Ausonian beauty! from whose looks of light
 A Raphael grew divine, a Petrarch learned to write.*

Oh many a watcher beside me is bending
 On thy calm face an all enraptured eye,
 While Melancholy's spirit, soft descending,
 Calls from the breast the unavailing sigh,
 As Memory, a backward glance is sending
 To friends and scenes of happier days gone by,
 That rise around us in our sad employ,
 And mock the mourning heart with thoughts of vanished joy.

* "The Italians are of opinion, that when love inspired his muse, his poetry soared far beyond that of any poet who ever wrote before or since his time, either in the Greek, Latin, or Tuscan languages."—*Zimmerman.*

Oh Memory, hurried on the dusky tides,
How floats the spirit down Time's dim abyss!
While scenes, another world in darkness hides,
Crowd round the soul nor leave one thought of this,
As in her love and mystic flight she glides,
Unseen yet scanning years of grief and bliss—
'Tis but our prison-house that's lingering here,
The elog that chains the spirit from her sphere.

On such a night as this should rise the sage
And seek those everlasting mysteries
Which the All-wise hath graved upon the page
Of yon blue heavens, could but mortal eyes
Peruse those records of each long past age,
Oh what eternal truths they'd teach the wise:
Each star of heaven is but a mark to write
The ETERNAL's name in beams of deathless light.

He learns a truth who looks upon the moon
And muses on the varied life of man,
On earth's delusive pleasure fled as soon
As tasted, ere the wretch that's baffled can
Resign them unrepining—fickle Fortune's boon
Is offered and withdrawn in life's short span
A thousand times, while false joys mock the sight
Like those pale beams that light, not warm the night.

Our flood of life is ruled for some dark cause
By fate, or something we as little know,
As governed by yon fickle planet's laws
The mighty oceans learn to ebb and flow.
Some bright, some darkly, onward still it draws,
Some bound forth swiftly, others glide more slow,
Some chafe and madly heave, some calmly hide
Their waters in eternity's black shoreless tide.

Eugenius! I had known thee in the hour
Of gay and reckless boyhood, when the heart
Expands its blossoms like the summer flow'r,
All warm and glowing, without guile or art—
Twining its tendrils in the ardent pow'r
Of youthful friendship: Oh how soon may part
The firmest ties, how many a wind that blows
Nips the young woodbine twining with the rose.

Yes, I had known thee when our young hearts oped
With eager haste to meet each coming joy;
We dreamed delusive pleasures and still hoped
That heaven would realize our heart's employ;
Still as with time's all wasting years we coped
Thy hopes were clouded, sickness, dread alloy,
Was mingled with them, winter's blast that brac'd
My healthful frame, but breathed on thine to waste.

Half drawn from earth, half lingering still beneath,
His spirit walked not in the ways of men,
Now held by life, while now the grasp of death
Tore his poor victim half from earth again,
So slight the bond that even an infant's breath
Might rend away his struggling spirit's chain,
Which like a fluttering bird did ever seek
To snap the string the first chance wind would break.

Disease came forth and laid his withering brand
 On both, and both before his strength gave way.
 I slowly rose—for still the stern command
 Was issued; sore to wound, but not to slay—
 Pale and exhausted from the tyrant's hand,
 I rose at length, but he was passed away—
 His fragile form did but the touch confess
 That gave him unto death—then fell to nothingness.

He died; yet over his untimely bier
 No tear of mine bedewed his death-cold clay;
 A friend's misfortunes only claim a tear—
 Not the poor debtor who can soonest pay
 Inexorable Nature. Let the wanderer cheer
 His heart as he draws nigh his resting day.
 Oh, far more happy than the friends that still
 Must wander through this world of toil and ill.

Oh, many a bud that swells in early spring,
 In richest promise of a goodly bloom—
 When now its bursting leaves are oped to fling
 In full luxuriance all its sweet perfume,
 Corruption comes upon the tempest's wing,
 And strews its beauties in a timeless tomb,
 Bootless each sunbeam and each fostering show'r
 That heaven had poured around its infant hour.

And such are mortal hopes—in life's first dawn
 Bright as the rainbow, but as fleeting too—
 Shining all gorgeous, till the sun's withdrawn,
 And then they fade in darkness from our view;
 And we must toil in gloom and sorrow on,
 Scarce cheered with one glad beam to guide us through
 Our toilful, graveward way, till storms and gloom are past,
 And life's high swelling surge shall sink in peace at last.

Where are the pleasures that have oped so fair?
 Where are the hopes that each new year should crown?
 When Winter's breath shall chill the humid air,
 And pour his whitening snows o'er Autumn's brown.
 Go seek them, then, and thou shalt find them there,
 Where summer flowers have laid their beauties down,
 Faded and dead. Return and rear once more
 Some fond-loved hope to fade like those before.

Where is the mind's bright sunshine? where the ray
 That caused, in boyhood's morn, with fairy pow'r
 Each moat-like thought in its warm light to play,
 That floated o'er the soul in pleasure's hour?
 Where are the friends of youth—oh! where are they?
 With autumn's leaves when winter's bleak winds pour—
 Dread Reaper say, shall nought escape thy swoop?
 Must youth and loveliness before thy sickle stoop?

I do remember, in the days that now
 Are lapsed again into eternity,
 A fair and gentle girl, upon whose brow
 Nature had yet scarce written legibly
 That she was woman, and the silken flow
 Of whose long, lustrous hair wound airily
 Round such a face as Raphael oft would love
 To paint in holy bashfulness beneath the dove;

A form where all was harmony, a mien
 Full of the pride of maiden dignity,
 A step as light as the young chamois' seen
 Bounding along her native Alp-crests free,
 A spirit meet for such a shrine, serene
 And pure as aught in this frail world can be,
 Where mortal stain, and error's misty mass,
 Shroud the soul's light within the purest vase ;

The pride of many an anxious bosom, ere
 Love flang his meshes round her youthful heart,
 Troubling its holy pulses with a care,
 She passed away as sweet sounds may depart,
 Leaving their sweetness still upon the air :
 Yet some there are whose tears unbid will start,
 Who saw within the grave their loved one laid,
 Mourning with unavailing grief the dead.

* * * * *

Why mourn ye for the blest ?
 She is withdrawn for ever from the strife,
 The coil, the vanity, the snares of life,
 To an eternity of holy rest :
 God hath resumed from out its earthly lamp,
 That pure, and soft, and gentle light that shone
 Half dimmed by mortal shades and earthly damp,
 To burn all brightly pure before his throne.
 Why mourn ye for the blest ?

Mourn over those that live,
 Still toiling on their pilgrimage of tears,
 Whose souls are fettered still by sins and fears,
 Whose nights are given to waking, and to grieve
 Their cheerless days. Yes, mourn for those alone,
 Mother and sire, brother and sister dear,
 They at whose side the lovely dead had grown
 From child to woman fair through each glad year.
 Mourn over those that live.

Mourn not for those that die ;
 No tears, no cries can e'er again recall
 The years from out eternity's dark thrall,
 And yield the cherished form to our fond eyes :
 Mourn not—but hope that when we pass away
 From this world's number, we shall meet again
 All that we lost, and live an endless day
 Where grief no more the Spirit's light can stain.
 Mourn not for those that die.

* * * * *

Again I look upon the cloudless night,
 And stars of silver in their deep blue sea :
 I view them glorious—but their heavenly light
 Tells not the tale of future unto me.
 Oh, man ! couldst thou but read those orbs aright,
 And learn the plans of dark futurity,
 The sight of woes that wait on manhood's way
 Would check the ardour of thy youthful day.

CONSTANTINOPLE DURING THE GREEK AND TURKISH REVOLUTIONS.*

AMONGST the many important revolutions of empires which mark the present century as one of the most eventful that has ever fallen to the lot of the historian to commemorate, perhaps none are more deeply interesting, more fraught with great political consequences, or involve more extensive organic changes in the nations that have felt their shocks, than the revolutions of Greece and Turkey.

True, we have seen France, animated by the dazzling and supernatural energies of Napoleon, overrun almost the civilized world, and unsettle the most venerable dynasties of the earth; we have witnessed Poland, with fitful and meteoric brightness, shoot up in the political horizon, only to sink almost instantaneously in her former darkness and subjection: Belgium has flung off the thralldom of her ancient masters; and even Britain has felt the feverish restlessness that agitates the rest of Europe, and pants to free herself from the severe and dignified restraints that have heretofore been her best defence against democratic licentiousness. Under all these vicissitudes, we find the constitutions of each modified and extensively altered, no doubt, yet none of them essentially changed. France has again recalled her ancient race of monarchs,—Poland has relapsed into her slavery,—the eye of the traveller, if it rest not on the ruined citadel of Antwerp, scarce detects that Belgium has been the seat of war: and England!—may she long defy foreign force, or domestic treachery, to pull down her glorious structures, or uproot her time-honored foundations!

The war of independence in Greece has drawn after it changes, complete and organic, such as the others do not exhibit. She has enlisted the sympathies, and challenged the admiration of the world: rousing her prostrate ener-

gies, after the crushing and almost annihilating despotism of four centuries, "like a strong man after sleep,"—persisting almost against hope itself, in the struggle for her freedom, till her fairest cities becoming ruins, and every village almost swept away, she seemed about to sink in exhaustion and despair,—when, at length, by the intervention of the European Powers, and the treaty of London, she secured the reward of that heroic struggle; and, as an excellent and talented historian† observes, "though her future destiny be as yet obscure, she has emerged from the trial regenerate and free. Like the star of *Merope*, all sad and lustreless, her darkness has at length disappeared, and her European sisters hasten to greet the returning brightness of the beautiful and long-lost *Pleiad*."

Still more novel is the position which Turkey at present occupies, and deeper and more permanent the changes wrought on her by the recent revolutions. "The Turkish Empire," says a modern traveller,‡ "is as interesting now, that it is crumbling to pieces, as it was in the 16th century, when a Tartar could ride with the Sultan's firman, respected all the way from the banks of the Volga to the confines of Morocco; when its armies threatened Vienna, and its fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy." We behold that people, whose wild, unbending fanaticism long bore them, like a resistless torrent, till, under *Solyman*, they subjugated Asia and Africa, penetrated into the heart of Europe, and devastated the shores of Italy and Spain; and yet whose stubborn pride forbade them to profit from the contact with civilized nations, by adopting their usages to ameliorate their own,—now stript of their wide, tributary empires in Europe; their institutions infringed; their *Janissaries* extirpated, their venerable ignorance broken in upon

* A Residence at Constantinople, during a period including the Commencement, Progress, and Termination of the Greek and Turkish Revolutions. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. Two vols. 8vo. London: Frederick Westley, and A. H. Davis. 1836.

† Emerson.

‡ Slade.

by the light of civilization; fast approaching the term of their existence, and making efforts to control the increasing cupidity of their formidable neighbours; too feeble and tardy to remove a state of advanced decrepitude. The subjects, therefore, with which the volumes before us profess to be conversant, cannot fail to command our attention; and though many, both in France and these countries, have of late years written upon them, their accounts have not been so full and satisfactory as to render the details of a sagacious eye-witness useless or uninteresting.

Dr. Walsh, already well known to the literary world as the author of some highly valuable works, the result of his travels and observations both in the old and new worlds, was appointed chaplain to the embassy which our government sent out to Constantinople in 1820, under the conduct of Lord Strangford, and in November of that year sailed in the *Cambrian*, which was proceeding with his Excellency to the Ottoman Porte. From a man of cultivated mind and classic tastes, it was naturally to be expected that the Mediterranean would challenge an engrossing interest; we are, therefore, not surprised to find a considerable portion of the first volume of his narrative occupied in commemorating its shores and islands. He had scarcely entered this sea, when, with the good fortune that is invaluable to a traveller, he encountered a singularly beautiful phenomenon, seen on the same night at Sicily, Naples, and other parts of Italy:—

“In the evening, about eight o'clock, while plying between Sardinia and Sicily, I was on the quarter-deck, watching the rising of some of the new constellations, when suddenly a meteor burst from the sky near the Pleiades, which struck us all with awe and amazement. It presented the appearance of a dense cone of fire, apparently about two feet long, and about nine inches broad. It proceeded, with the base foremost, with a slow and majestic pace, in a direction oblique to the horizon, illuminating the whole visible hemisphere like a sun, completely obscuring the stars, and rendering every object on deck and round the ship distinctly visible. Near the horizon were some dark clouds, in separate strata: it

passed behind these, and again reappeared at intervals, tinging their skirts with a bright orange light, and it finally set in the north-west among the mountains of Sardinia. Nothing could exceed the bland, but somewhat awful beauty of this magnificent phenomenon, its light was so lovely, and its progress so slow and dignified. It continued for more than a minute visible, and traversed one-third of the sky. It had nothing of the appearance of that blazing meteor that

— Fires the length of *Ophiuchus* huge,
And from his horrid hair shakes pestilence
And war.

It was rather the mild lustre that formed the halo of some beneficent being, who, shrouded in its radiant light, was travelling to a distant land, on a mission of mercy.”

Arriving at Malta, the embassy landed at La Valetta, and was lodged in the magnificent palace of the Grand Masters of those chivalrous knights whose gallantry had once preserved Christian Europe from the overwhelming power of the Infidel; and during their stay, having made excursions through this and the neighbouring island of Gozo, they proceeded on their voyage, touching at some of the islands of the Ionian republic.

While at Zante, one of the latter, an occurrence took place which had well nigh abruptly terminated the researches and the existence of our traveller. It is notorious that the soil of Zante is extensively impregnated with petroleum, a substance closely resembling vegetable pitch, and used for the same purposes; and the prevalence of this matter has, for reasons which we need not here notice, been assigned as the principal cause of the many violent earthquakes, which for the last three centuries have convulsed the island. Dr. Walsh, in company with some others, made an excursion to the pitchwells, and on their return, the various speculations which their appearance suggested of an approaching eruption, afforded matter for laughter, while the brilliancy of the midnight heavens seemed to abet them in their scepticism. The Doctor retired to bed, and while gazing on some grotesque figures on the ceiling fell asleep:

“The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably tremendous. The lamp

was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places: presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice fell upon me, and about the room. An indefinite, melancholy, humming sound seemed to issue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side, as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while, at the same instant, the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became, for a moment, visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off the bed-clothes, and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door; and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid, to protect it from the falling fragments.

"Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance, that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which caused the truth at once to flash on my mind. There stood, in the square opposite the *Palazzo*, a tall, slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jangle, with a wild, unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation. I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come; I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroys thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. O God! I cannot describe

my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason, more than once, to familiarize me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way—the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever."

The convulsion, however, ceased as suddenly as it had been excited, and he was extricated from the ruins of the house, uninjured by an earthquake that had rent asunder almost every house in the island, and extended its devastations over a circle of a thousand miles in circumference. The embassy having proceeded along the shores of the Morea, afforded an opportunity of visiting some of the Cyclades: then entering the harbour of the Piræus, and disembarking, passed thence between the *passage aux* of Themistocles, to find Athens a miserable mass of hovels, amongst which scarce a trace of her ancient glories is discernible. It would transgress the more peculiar object of our notice to linger with our guide in Attica; we shall hasten forward to the place of our destination, contenting ourselves with referring our readers, for further information with regard to those classic regions, to the volumes themselves.

Our author had left Athens shortly anterior to the breaking-out of the memorable revolution, which for a series of years continued, with various fortune, to exhibit mingled scenes of appalling barbarity and devoted heroism. From a MS. journal, procured at Constantinople, kept by one of the British consular agents, in the island of Naxia, as well as from other sources, Dr. Walsh was enabled to obtain much information with regard to the organization and conduct of that revolution; which we have not met in the works of those who have preceded him on the subject. It is to be regretted, however, that the long interval which has elapsed before the publication of the present work has, in some degree, diminished the value of its details.

Amongst those extraordinary females whose heroism, worthy of the days of the Spartan Mother, the emer-

genies, of her country called into action, Modona Mavroyeni, the grand-niece of the Hospodar of Wallachia, stood conspicuous. She was a woman of high endowments of mind and person, and being enthusiastically attached to her country, she devoted herself entirely to effect its liberation, and by her eloquence induced many of her countrymen to aid in its achievement. As her hand was sought by numerous suitors, she declared that he who best deserved it in his country's cause should be successful; and equipping a vessel at her own expense, she passed from island to island of the Cyclades, inciting the inhabitants by her example:—

"She was at Mycone, her native place, on one occasion, when the Turkish fleet passed close in shore on its return to the Dardanelles. The Greeks, instead of shrinking, as usual, in terror at the awful sight, in a moment of excitement displayed the cross from every promontory, and poured insults on the Turkish fleet. The Capitan Pasha passed on without deigning to take notice of these petty indignities; but an Algerine frigate, which some of the Greeks had fired into, immediately landed two hundred men, who rushed towards the town with the double motive of revenge and plunder. The Greeks, terrified at an attack which they had provoked, but did not expect, were flying in all directions, when Modona issued from a house, addressed them in her energetic language, and led them herself against the enemy. Inspired by such an example, they rallied, and attacked the Algerines with such effect, that they were driven back to their ships, leaving near one hundred of the party dead or wounded in the hands of the Greeks. Here the heroine displayed that implacable hatred which has always mixed itself with the heroism of the Greeks against the enemies of their country. Among the killed was the leader of the party; she had his head cut off and brought to her, and in the presence of all the people she stamped on and spurned at it with every expression of hatred and contempt. Such feminine ferocity was worthy of a people; among whose ancestors even a mother was found to cast the first stone, to destroy her own son, under a similar feeling of patriotism."

When the Cambrian reached the

mouth of the Dardanelles, the embassy was obliged to disembark, as by the stipulations of 1806, no ship of war was allowed to pass the straits. Lord Strangford and his suite proceeded in the Castle-reagh, for the Turkish capital, while our author being set on shore at Cape Sigeum, made for the same city by land.

The plains of Troy are no less celebrated for the hosts that encamped upon them in the days of Priam, than for the myriads of adventurous topographers who have in latter ages sat down before the invisible walls of the windy Ilium, and with all the formidable machinery of modern science, taken angles and elevations; measuring the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus, and wandering along the Simois and Scamander. We should be sorry to deny our amiable countryman his due share of praise as a zealous pioneer, delving amongst the holy ruins of Asia Minor, nor for a moment doubt that he did truly hear the waves of the Bosphorus solve the vexata questio of locality, by egotistically introducing themselves as a portion of the "*πολυφώνοις Ἀλλείων*," in good booming dactyls. We will accordingly leave him, with the rest of his brethren, to settle their accounts with the world, touching all these marvels, and join him as he arrives in his solitary journey in a valley at the foot of Mount Rhodope.

Where the villages in these mountains are inhabited by Turks, a traveller is not admitted into the houses, but must lie in the khan, or stable, with whatever cattle chance may assign him as companions. In one of these our wanderer was lodged on a miserable straw mat, with about fifty buffaloes and camels, wearied and hungry, yet possessed of no other food than a grain of coffee, and a little brown sugar.

"Meanwhile Hasan sat cross-legged before me, smoking his pipe with the most imperturbable gravity, quite reconciled to the state of inanity in which we were doomed to pass the night. I several times gave him an imploring look, and put my finger in my mouth, closing my teeth on it, that even a Turk might comprehend what I wanted. Hasan slowly moved his head, and said "*Yoke*," the first word I had heard him utter. I hoped that yoke might have something

to say to eggs, but I was mistaken—yoke, I found, was Turkish for “nothing.” I now made myself about a thimbleful of coffee, in a little tin measure which I found among some embers, in an earthen pot in a corner, and stretching myself out for the night, I took Hasan’s pipe and smoked myself into a doze.

“I know not how long I remained in this state, but when I opened my eyes, I found, by the light of a lamp stuck in the wall, the place crowded with Turks, sitting round me cross-legged, three or four deep, all smoking and silently gazing on me, waiting apparently until I should awake. I asked for Hasan, whom I could not see, and one of them, rather a truculent looking man, drew his hand across his throat, and with a solemn countenance motioned to me to hold my peace. ‘Here then,’ said I to myself, ‘I am about to suffer the penalty of travelling with a false firman; my janissary has been punished in the summary way of a Turk, and I must submit to whatever they please to do to myself—the Elchi Bey can’t protect a British subject in this remote place.’ While engaged in these pleasant reflections, a joint-stool was brought in and set before me, and a large metal tray laid on it, with a number of broad horn spoons like shovels. I had some vague notions of barbarian nations feeding people before they kill them, and here was my last meal.

“The first course was a basin, the size of a cauldron, of peas porridge, which was soon despatched by the company; the next was a seasoned substance, like macaroni; and the last was a bowl of an acidulated liquor, the most grateful I ever tasted. During the whole of the entertainment, not a sound was uttered, nor was I ever asked to eat. But a man in a green turban, to mark his being a descendant of Mahomet, and who seemed the master of the feast, had his eye on me. When he saw me relaxing with my spoon, he said not a word, but he nudged the man next him with his elbow, and he his neighbour, till it came round to me, and in this way I was pressed to eat more. A large bunch of grapes was fished up from the bottom of the last bowl, and held for a moment by the Turk in the green turban; it was then passed on to me, without any one helping himself, and laid on the tray before me, and it seemed a part of the ceremonial of the entertainment. When every thing was removed, I was presented with a cup of coffee and a pipe; but having declined them, one of

the company laid the side of his head on his hand, intimating that I should go to sleep; I drew my cloak over me as I was bid; and when I awoke in the morning I found the company still sitting round me, smoking as before I fell asleep. The horses were now brought to the door, and my hosts departed as silently as they entered, without asking remuneration or seeming to expect even thanks. I afterwards found that, my friendly Turks were the *voivode* and principal men of the village, who, being informed that I was a stranger and a Frank with a firman, had given me an entertainment; and the man who drew his hand across his throat had intimated that Hasan had gone to get himself shaved and dressed for dinner.”

And now having traversed Mount Rhodope, and passed through the town of Rodosto, and the extensive plain which runs to the base of the Balcan, Dr. Walsh arrived without farther adventure in the capital of the Ottoman empire.

The palace of the British ambassador is, strictly speaking, not in Constantinople, but at Pera, which is separated from the city by an arm of the sea running from the Bosphorus to the mouth of the Golden Horn or Harbour; and from this it was that Dr. Walsh contemplated the magnificence of Istamboul, as it rose with its mosques and glittering spires before him. He has given us a most lively and accurate picture of the whole circumjacent scene, and of the city itself in particular—

“It displays a mountain of houses extending both ways, as far as the eye can reach; the seven hills forming an undulating line along the horizon, crowned with imperial mosques. These edifices, twelve in number, are extraordinary structures; they consist of large square buildings, swelling in the centre into vast hemispherical domes, and crowned at the angles with four slender lofty minarets. Their magnitude is so comparatively great, and they cover such a space of ground, that they are altogether disproportioned to every thing about them, and the contrast gives them an apparent size, almost as great as the hills on which they stand. The valleys between are crossed by the venerable arches of the aqueduct of Valens, which conveys the waters from the mountains of the Black Sea to the

several cisterns still in use. The humidity oozing through the masonry nourishes the roots of various plants, which trailing down form festoons with their long tendrils, and clothe the romantic arcades with a luxuriant drapery. In almost every house is an area planted with jujube, Judas tree, and other fruit or flowering shrubs, peculiar to the climate, so that the vast mass of buildings covering the sides of the hills is interspersed and chequered with the vivid dyes of varied leaves, fruits, and flowers in their season."

With very similar impressions, and probably from the same spot, two centuries before, a then esteemed, but now almost forgotten poet, looked upon the capital of the eastern Cæsars.

"Than this," says George Sandys, "there is hardlie in nature a more delicate object, if beheld from the sea or adjoining mountaynes; the loftie and beautiful cypresse trees so intermixed with the buildings that it seemeth to present a citie in a wood to the pleased beholders, whose seven aspiring heads (for on so many hills, and no more, they say it is seated) are most of them crowned with magnificent mosques, all of white marble, round in form, and coupled above, being finished on the top with gilded spires, that reflect the beams they receive with marvellous lustre."

Besides the Pera, where are the palaces of the several European ambassadors, the cemeteries of the various nations, whose inhabitants throng to this great emporium, and the villas of the wealthy Franks and Armenians, Constantinople, properly so called, is surrounded by a triangular wall, twelve miles in circumference, and extends eastward to the gardens of the seraglio that form the promontory jutting into the Bosphorus. It is divided into numerous districts or quarters, assigned each to a separate people, and contains altogether a population of about seven hundred thousand. The fine effect, however, which the city produces at a distance, is sadly contrasted with the appearance of the interior. The streets are dark, crooked, narrow, and ill-paved, and the houses exceedingly mean and ragged.

The industry and penetration of Dr. Walsh in his frequent excursions, as well in the city and environs of Constantinople, as also in a tour along the shores

of the Bosphorus, has enabled him to give us much valuable information, statistical and historical, conveyed in a manner generally agreeable, and not unfrequently replete with all the interest with which the light of classic allusion and antiquarian research can invest their subject. Unhappily the period was now arrived when his observation could no longer be instituted without great personal risk.

No sooner had the news of the Greek insurrection, and the arrival of Prince Ypsilantes into Moldavia from Russia, reached Constantinople, than the most alarming change was produced in the appearance and conduct of the inhabitants. The Armenian merchants hastened in terror to their houses in Pera. The Turks were to be seen walking slowly about, holding one hand on the hilt of their yatagans, and with the other moodily twisting their mustaches, while the Jews and Greeks who chanced to meet them fled out of their way into the stores or coffee-houses that were open. But even this tranquillity was soon interrupted. The first proclamation published by the provisional Greek government, at Yassi, on the 23d of February, 1821, followed by the Sultan's reply, calling on every Turk to provide himself with arms, was the signal for a general uprising. A populace of more than a hundred thousand desperadoes poured like a torrent through all quarters of the city, each armed with pistols and yatagans, and impelled with a spirit of dogged and brutal ferocity to the perpetration of the most revolting cruelties. To dirk an unoffending Greek, with the coldest deliberation, or try a pistol at the first that made his appearance, were events of constant occurrence, and at length even the Franks were not safe from the same treatment.

Amongst the many butcheries of this fearful epoch, one stands pre-eminent for the treachery with which it was conceived, and the fiendish barbarity with which to the last it was fulfilled. Gregorio, the pious and learned patriarch of the Greek church, had, in concert with the Sultan, composed a pastoral address to his own community, cautioning them in the most solemn manner against joining Ypsilantes and Suzzo. This was signed

by the patriarch himself, and twenty-one bishops, and exhibited the following Sunday in all the churches. Easter was now at hand, and the Turks affected, or really did believe that it was the period fixed upon for a general insurrection of the Christians, and massacre of the Mahomedans. The tragedy of that day was, indeed, fearfully enacted, but the pretended victims appeared as the executioners.

"I had proposed to pass over with a friend to the Fanal, to see the ceremonies of the Greek church, and receive from the venerable patriarch the salutation of *Xristos Anesti*, 'Christ is risen,' the joyful announcement made by all Christians of the Eastern church to one another on this day. Our own service was no longer than usual; and as we were preparing to set out, we were stopped by a terrified Greek, announcing the dismal intelligence of what had just occurred. The patriarch and his bishops, in the consciousness of their own blameless conduct, and the full confidence that they had been absolved from all suspicion by the strong and decisive pastoral address they had drawn up and promulgated among their flocks, had met in the patriarchal church as usual, to celebrate their high festival, with no apprehension or other feeling than that which the day inspired. The patriarch was attended by several of his prelates who had signed the pastoral address, and the service of the day was performed with an additional solemnity, which the state of things naturally imposed. The cathedral was full; the general disposition for religious consolation, under the impressions of danger and the feeling of security in a crowd, had drawn the whole population of the Fanal together, and every one that could get entrance was collected in the church and precincts of the patriarchate. Exhortations were again made to the assembled multitudes—the advice of the patriarchal address was repeated, and the people were about to disperse, strongly impressed with what they had heard, when suddenly some chouashes entered the patriarchate, and having with difficulty forced their way through the mass, who thought no more of them than as persons sent as was usual to keep order in a crowd, they rudely seized the patriarch, who had just given his benediction to the people, and his officiating bishops, and, dragging them along by the collar into the courts, they tied ropes round their necks. A janissary

was present who had been appointed to attend at the palace, like one of those at the residences of the foreign embassies, and had conceived the highest respect and regard for the venerable old man. When he saw the person he was appointed to protect thus treated, he rushed forward in his defence, and resisted the violence offered to him, till he was stabbed by the yatagan of another. The old man was then dragged under the gateway, where the cord was passed through the staple that fastened the folding doors, and left to struggle in his robes with the agonies of death. His person, attenuated by abstinence, and emaciated by age, had not weight sufficient to cause immediate death. He continued for a long time in pain, which no friendly hand dared to abridge, and the darkness of night came on before his last convulsions were over. His two diacres, or chaplains, were dragged to other doorways of the patriarchate, where they were hanged in a similar manner. Athanasius of Nicomedia, with the bishops of Ephesus and Anchialos, were hauled through the streets with ropes about their necks, and hanged in different parts of the Fanal; while those of Derkon, Salonichi, Tornovo, and Adrianople, with the patriarch of Jerusalem, who were all seized at the same time, were cast into the dungeons of the Bostandjee bashi, to await their doom."

After leaving the body of this venerable man hanging for three days at the doorway, so that every person who passed through was forced to push it aside, it was delivered to the basest and most degraded of the Jews—as the greatest indignity that could be offered—and by them dragged with gratuitous insult and exultation through the filth of the market, and cast into the harbour. From this epoch every day disclosed new and more bloody atrocities. The bodies of the murdered were to be seen, everywhere, either hanging against doors and walls, or lying without their heads, weltering in their gore, and trampled under foot in the middle of the streets, till the Turkish capital presented a scene of horror and desolation that no language can with justice depict. Strong remonstrances were made by the different European ambassadors; but while the Turkish government disavowed their sanction of those excesses, they at the same time

confessed their utter inability to control them. Whether they were sincere in their desire to do so, appears to us very questionable, yet when we consider the state of alternate despotism and slavery which pervaded every grade of society in Turkey, from the highest to the lowest, and that the Sultan, though he might at the suggestion of caprice depose or strangle a pacha with impunity, was, nevertheless, at this period himself kept in constant check by the insolence of the janineries, we confess ourselves disposed to believe that the admission was not altogether false. We cannot, however, acquit the Porte of at least permitting, if it did not, indeed, directly abet these atrocities, nor forget that the first impulse to popular fury was given by the blood-stained miscreant who merged his appellation of man-slayer in the viler and more congenial title of butcher.

The Greeks had now collected a formidable naval armament from the islands of Hydra, Spezzia and Ipsara; the Turks prepared to meet, and, if possible, annihilate it. It is a singular fact that, while the Turks have, with a sagacity and diligence unusual amongst them, availed themselves of the best materials, both at home and abroad, for the purposes of building and furnishing their ships of war, which are perhaps the largest and finest in the world, they were, notwithstanding, at the period to which we allude, utterly ignorant of navigation; their deficiency in this art being supplied by the skill of the Greeks, of whom their crews were composed. These latter, however, were not, on the present occasion, to be trusted; and, after having in vain endeavoured to force the boatmen of the Bosphorus on board the fleet, the Turks at last procured a motley assemblage of Genoese, Maltese, Ragusan, and other European seamen, and proceeded to join the Algerine and Egyptian fleets in the Archipelago. The blockade of Lepanto was the issue of this expedition; and the gallant, though unavailing resistance of the Greeks on that occasion, is, no doubt, fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. The subsequent year was marked by the appalling atrocities committed by the Turks at Scio; of which Mr.

Emerson has given us a short but touchingly vivid picture—"When the Capitan Pasha sailed for the coast of Natolia, he moved from a shore where not a living form was visible; a thin cloud of smoke curled upwards from the ruins of Scio, and silence, desolation and death reigned throughout the lately beautiful and opulent island." The Greeks, however, for this act wreaked a fearful vengeance on their enemies, by consuming the Capitan Pasha's ship, in which over two thousand souls perished. The former event having thrown a vast number of captives into the hands of the Turk, our author had many opportunities of witnessing the revolting traffic by which human beings are publicly bought and sold. Many of those scenes which fell under his own observation are vividly detailed; and from amongst them we select the following, as they refute the opinion that the Greek women are too volatile in their feelings to be deeply affected by such a change of circumstances, or to languish under the fate which dooms them to a Turkish harem:—

"The Capitan Pasha sent a young Sciote to a Turk in the capital. He was an elderly man, of serious deportment; and he received the girl gravely but kindly. In a paroxysm of despair, however, she would not submit to her lot with tranquillity;—so she proceeded with great violence to break everything in the apartment within her reach. Her master sat smoking his pipe on the divan, looking on with an imperturbable countenance, showing no anger, but occasionally moving his hand towards her, with the quiet intimation that she should sit down and be composed. At length she twitched the chibouque out of his mouth, and with the bowl of it broke a large mirror. The Turk now rose with his usual gravity, and drawing his yatagan, before she turned about, cut off her head, and opening the lattice threw it and her body into the street, not far from the wall of the palace garden.

"Another was sent in the same way to a man who grew so much attached to her that he proposed to marry her, and place her at the head of his harem. This she declined, and declared, if he persisted in his intention, she would kill him the first opportunity. Unused to restraint or control in such matters, the Turk did

not heed her reluctance, but married her according to the forms of Turkish law. On the wedding night she contrived to get possession of his yatagan from his girdle, and stabbed him to the heart. Her own death, as she expected and wished, immediately followed."

There is perhaps no city in the world where fires more frequently break out, or spread more extensively, than at Constantinople; many causes contribute to this consequence. The houses are almost entirely built of wood, which, being dried by the atmosphere, becomes highly inflammable. They have no chimneys or grates, but the fire is generally lighted in a pan of charcoal that is not unfrequently upset on the matting; and, above all, incendiarism is the natural—we might almost say legitimate—means by which a Turk displays his discontent. Dr. Walsh, in 1823, was an eye-witness to a fearfully violent conflagration, which consumed thirty-four mosques, and about ten thousand houses. This fire was followed by several of less extent; and they again were succeeded by one of a most serious character, which, being borne by the wind to the arsenal, set fire to several ships. They stood out from the harbour in a blaze; and, if the wind had continued to blow in the same quarter, it seems highly probable that the whole city would have been consumed. The superstitious Turks did not fail to consider these calamities to be connected with the fall of the fortress of Napoli di Romania, one of the most decisive events that, up to the period, had happened in the revolutionary war, inasmuch as it put the key of the Morca into the hands of the Greeks.

When the plague appeared in Constantinople, Dr. Walsh proceeded through most of the islands in the neighbourhood, with the same unwearied energy and spirit of investigation that he had from the beginning of his travels exhibited. Thence he visited the city of Nicomedia, where Dioclesian issued those tremendous decrees for the extirpation of Christianity, that will leave an ineffaceable stigma upon his memory, through all ages. On the feast of the Terminalia, the pretorian guard entered the principal church, which they totally des-

troyed, and thus gave the signal for the massacre of the Christians; which, spreading far beyond the precincts of Nicomedia, deluged the whole empire with blood. It is worthy of remark that this place was the scene of the final establishment of that religion which Dioclesian blindly proclaimed he had extinguished throughout the world. On the day of Pentecost the Emperor Constantine was publicly baptized with great solemnity; and that event is commemorated, as well as the former, by medals which are yet extant.

The now demolished and desolate Iznick, was the once famous Nicæa; so interesting from its connexion with many important doctrines of the Christian church.

"Even so late as 1677 (says Dr. Walsh) it was a flourishing and populous town. It then contained a population of 10,000 Christian Greeks, and many precious remains of antiquity to attest its former splendour. But the desolating hand of the Turks has since effaced every trace of this, and it is a subject of melancholy contemplation now to behold it, the shadowy phantom of a magnificent city, on a beautiful and fertile spot, where bountiful nature has provided everything necessary for human life; an extensive plain exuberant with fertility, sloping lawns verdant with pasture, wooded hills covered with the finest timber, expanded waters teeming with fish, and a climate the most bland and delicious that ever refreshed a mortal frame. Yet here human life is actually extinguished, human habitations totally obliterated, and the solitude rendered more striking by the irrefragable testimonies of its former splendour, and the visible evidences of what it recently was, and what it still might be."

"Our last day was Sunday, which we observed by performing the service of the Protestant Church, perhaps for the first time that it ever was celebrated at Nicæa, and repeating in the church the Creed, on the very spot where it was composed."

We shall conclude our notice of Dr. Walsh's travels in Asia Minor, by the following highly curious description of a plain of locusts:—

"Our way lay through an extensive plain. The face of Asia Minor here is formed of long chains of hills or single

mountains, and between them flat rich levels; there is nothing like the undulations of the ground in Europe, but it is either perpendicular or horizontal. I saw a part of the surface of this plain at a distance, moving like waves in an extraordinary manner. On coming to the place, I perceived it was caused by insects; and, on alighting to examine them, I found them young locusts. The year before, a flight had passed here and deposited their eggs, which had just now been hatched by the heat of the sun, and the larvae covered the ground in incredible numbers. The whole surface, for an area of two miles in circumference, was hidden with them. Their wings were not yet grown; they could only spring, which they did with a perpetual motion. The mass in some places ascended as high as the saddle-girths, and I felt a resistance to my feet in passing through them, as if I was fording a river. I had no definite notion before, of the wonderful fecundity of insect nature, nor of the ravages they were capable of committing, till I saw them afterwards in an adult state, when they moved to another place."

In July, 1824, an account reached Constantinople announcing the capture of the island of Ipsara, which diffused great joy amongst the Turks, as this little spot had, throughout the war, caused them considerable annoyance. The Capitan Pasha appeared before it on the 1st of the month, when the inhabitants rejected his offers of pardon, and prepared to defend themselves with great spirit. The principal battery, manned by 3,000 Albanians, was treacherously surrendered, while the Greeks made a vigorous defence at the three others. At length, finding the fortress of St. Nicolai crumbling from under them, before the Turkish guns, they prepared for the last sacrifice with that desperate devotion which has, in all ages, characterized the Greeks. Enticing the enemy to mount the ramparts, a white flag, bearing the words "Liberty or Death," was displayed; a match was applied to the magazine underneath the fortress, and the whole was blown into the air, destroying over 3,000 Greeks, and as many Turks, in one indiscriminate slaughter.

Hitherto we have, in the discussion of these volumes, been induced incidentally to notice many of the princi-

pal events of the Greek revolution. For this we offer no apology; they are intimately connected with the history of Constantinople at that period, over whose destinies they exercised no inconsiderable control, and are occasionally adverted to by Dr. Walsh, who has furnished some of the best notices on the subject, we have yet seen. Of these notices, as well as other authentic sources, we have freely availed ourselves in the foregoing pages. Shortly after the indolent and ineffectual attempt upon Samos, the time of Lord Strangford's mission expired; the embassy departed for England in October, and Dr. Walsh set out in the following month, to make his adventurous way home by land, across the Balkan mountains. A volume of great interest and value is already before the public, the narrative of his researches on that journey; as its publication, however, preceded the existence of our periodical, we have not had till now, an opportunity of recording our opinion of its high title to public favor. Before his return to the Porte the independence of Greece was established by the battle of Navarino, and Otho the First had ascended the throne.

Six years had elapsed before Dr. Walsh returned to Constantinople to resume his station as chaplain to the embassy. During that interval, Russia had encroached with rapid strides upon the empire of the East, and had taken up a position that menaced her very existence. To meet this alarming conjunction, the energies of one of the most extraordinary individuals, of his own or any other time, were put forth with a sagacity and perseverance that have excited the wonder of Europe. The character of Mahmood II. is, if perhaps we except that of Peter the Great, without parallel in the history of the world. Differing essentially from itself at two distinct periods, we can with difficulty connect the acts of the individual, in one common nature; the vices of the former seem merged in the wisdom and enlightenment of the latter, and all our speculations are at fault in forming a true estimate of the whole. Rapacious, sanguinary, and immersed in the barbarous prejudices of his nation, he seems, by some prodigious

power, as men are said to suspend the motion of the heart, to have annihilated these propensities, and invested himself in the attractive virtues of a generous, enlightened, and even eloquent prince, when the exigencies of reform would suffer him to be so. Pardoning rebellious Pashas, and attaching them to him as friends—liberating the Greeks from slavery, and furnishing them with money to return to their country. Travelling through his dominions with the solicitude of a father, correcting abuses, and every where introducing new and wholesome changes; he has adopted the improvements of enlightened nations, and by the publication of a journal, broken through the stubbornest barriers to national advancement, and let in a flood of knowledge on the dark barbarism of Turkey. Mr. Slade, who visited the Porte about this time, asserts that all the Sultan's improvements were military. We believe, however, that opinion to be untenable.

The suppression of the janissaries was unquestionably the greatest and most difficult achievement in the regeneration of Turkey, and the organization of new troops, and introduction of European arms, and military costume; a considerable advance towards preparing them to cope with their powerful rivals.

In working out his various plans of reform, the Sultan proceeded with surprising sagacity, caution and perseverance. Studying the characters of men in every grade of society, he selected his agents from amongst them all, with admirable judgment. We have, in one of the most valuable and instructive appendixes we have ever seen to any book, sketches of the lives of most of the individuals who took an active share in the revolution, with many of whom Dr. Walsh was personally acquainted. Almost all were from the lowest of the Turks; and some of them Circassian slaves, rising to the ranks of Pashas, Vizirs, and Seraskiers, and demonstrating the wisdom with which they were selected.

When it was determined to extirpate the janissaries, the Sultan chose from amongst themselves, those who, by their daring and lawless conduct, had acquired the confidence of the

rest: of these Hussein Pasha was the most conspicuous. He had originally been a waiter in a coffee-house, and becoming a janissary at an early age, he signalled himself by his desperate turbulence, till he became the terror of the capital. Mahmood made him generalissimo of the corps—disclosed to him his own views—and found him a zealous co-operator. Hussein, on various pretences, cut off the most refractory officers and men of the janissaries; he enrolled such of his old comrades as he could influence in a new corps, and induced them to adopt the new regulations. At the same time agents were engaged in the coffee-houses and other places, recommending the new measures, and familiarizing men's minds to contemplate them; the public press was employed for the same purpose, and the most extensive precautions were taken all along the Bosphorus, to meet and crush the expected resistance. When all was prepared, Hussein and the Grand Vizier presented themselves at the place of the janissaries with the Sultan's imperial order, and were received with great respect; they explained the nature of the proposed changes, and induced the corps to adopt them. When, however, they reflected that the new system not only considerably diminished their pay, and abridged their peculations, the janissaries exhibited the most alarming symptoms of discontent, upon which Hussein arrested a great number of the rioters, of whom some were secretly put to death, and the rest publicly executed. This severity was efficacious, and they submitted to the new regulations, still cherishing a deep-rooted but cautiously concealed hatred against them, and determined on the first favourable opportunity to burst out into an irresistible torrent of reaction that would at once overwhelm their enemies. An opportunity soon offered: one of the Egyptian officers struck a recruit, whereupon sixty of the soldiers, inflamed by the insult, broke out on the following night, with the intention of sacrificing all who were instrumental in introducing the new order of things; and being soon increased by numbers of their own party from all quarters, committed the most frightful excesses; at length amounting to thirty thousand armed men, they retired to the Elmei-

dan, and being headed by their officers, and the Laymen Bashi, the insurrection assumed the character of a formal general movement of the body. And now the effects of the Sultan's prudence were visible—all the Pashas of the capital and the Bosphorus were speedily assembled with their troops, and Mahomed saw himself surrounded by a force more than sufficient to destroy his adversaries. A deputation of the janisaries having proceeded to the Sultan, peremptorily requiring the abolition of the new regime, and the sacrifice of all who had advised it, was met by Kara Gebenen, better known by the name of "the black infernal," with a corps of flying horse artillery, and almost utterly annihilated. The sangiak sheriff, or sacred standard of Mahomet, was then brought forth with great pomp, and from beneath it the Sultan proclaimed to the assembled crowds, the faithlessness of the janisaries. A second deputation having shared the same fate, and the mass of the insurgents within the Etmeidan, utterly ignorant of what had taken place without, still continuing in rebellion, it was resolved to resort to the last expedient of reducing them with grape-shot. A commission was hastily signed on the spot, appointing Hussein seraskier, who advanced with his artillery upon the Etmeidan, where the janisaries were crowded together in blind confidence of their own strength, and ignorance of their opponents'. At last, when those who were nearest to the street beheld the artillery ready to discharge their guns upon them, they made a sudden rush through the different avenues that led from the Etmeidan. The topgees, unwilling to exterminate their brethren, drew back with their linestocks, when "the black infernal" rushed forward and discharged his pistol into the touchhole of a piece, as the hands of the janisaries were almost on the muzzle—the carnage was terrible—the street was thronged with a dense and struggling mass, the greater portion was struck down in a moment, and the remnant escaping to their barracks, made a fierce and despairing resistance, till the whole building was demolished by the artillery, and six thousand beings were massacred on the spot, or smothered in the blazing ruins.

Such was the awful and utter exter-

mination of the most singular body of troops which perhaps ever existed in any country. Feeling no attachment or veneration to the sovereign, whom they deposed at pleasure—under no subjection to their own officers—as soldiers, turbulent, intractable, and inefficient—but powerful, dangerous, and inflammable as a portion of that population which they controlled—their existence presented the strongest barrier to all national advancement. Its removal could only be purchased at the cost of the carnage we have described. They are succeeded by troops, which, if not yet in the highest state of discipline, yet offer fair promise of becoming so. Our author, who was frequently present at their parades, thus describes them—

"I proceeded to Dolma Batché, which I learned was one of the appointed parades, and here I found two regiments drawn up and going through their evolutions with all the precision of disciplined troops. Regimental bands were playing European tunes remarkably well, and crowds of company were walking about to enjoy it, as at a parade at the Horse-Guards.

"The officers were dressed in Wellington coats, pantaloons, and boots, and their rank distinguished, not by an epaulette, but by a star on their breast, like one of our noblemen. The men were yet in their transit from barbarism to discipline. Though they were formed with astonishing regularity from the rabble I had been accustomed to see, they were yet like grubs undergoing a transformation, but not yet arrived at a perfect state."

To this picture we will take leave to add a few touches by a lively, though in our estimation, less adequate authority who shortly succeeded him—"Their uniform," says Mr. Auldjo, speaking of the common soldiers, "is extremely mean and unbecoming; it consists of a fez cap worn slouching over the eyes and ears, an ill-made jacket of coarse blue cloth, faced and turned up with red, coarse, Russia duck trousers, always exceedingly dirty; Wellington boots in the same condition, into one of which the right leg of the pantaloons is generally stuffed, while the left hangs in the ordinary fashion, or is turned up over the ankle. The bayonet and cartouch box are both suspended at least half a foot lower than

they should be, and their linen and persons are also disgustingly filthy."

It is to be regretted, no doubt, that the Turks, like the Prussians, have not been blessed with a "tailor king;" they are, however, what is more to the purpose, becoming daily more effective soldiers, and if Europe does not continue to cut out too much work to his hand, the Sultan may perhaps yet turn his genius to remodelling their military jackets.

During his residence in Constantinople, Dr. Walsh made himself intimately acquainted with the doctrines and ceremonies of the various Christian churches, and has at great length, and with the discrimination and ability to be expected from a scholar and a divine, discussed each in its turn—with these we shall not occupy ourselves, feeling we have already transgressed the bounds which we had originally prescribed for ourselves. We will now content ourselves with a very brief view of the most prominent points in the state, condition, and character of the Turks.

It is worthy of remark, that while no honours or rank is inheritable in Turkey, the descent of the sacred dynasty of their sovereigns has never been interrupted, thus presenting the paradox of a purely republican government amongst the people, and a monarch concentrating the whole body of an aristocracy in his person. As descendant of the prophet, he is head of the church, and in the same manner through the various grades of the executive, the civil and ecclesiastical authority are constantly combined—the ulema or learned men being both priests and judges. In religious sincerity and decorum of conduct, the Turk might well read an instructive lesson to his Christian brother. When approaching the mosque, they lay aside all gorgeous attire, and with a solemn air, and in silent meditation enter the porch.

"When entered, they turn to a niche, called al Mehrib, which points out the direction of Mecca; and then kneeling, they prostrate themselves with the profoundest devotion, and seem wholly absorbed in the communication they are then holding with God. There is no wandering of the eye, no turning of the head, as we see in our places of worship, to indicate any abstraction of thought;

but there is something sublime in that profound and intense adoration in which I have sometimes seen them fixed."

The observance of fasts is an important part of a Turk's religion, and observed with a scrupulous adherence that knows no infraction. It is not an interdiction of particular food, but a total abstinence from all refreshment; even water is denied, though nature should sink under the deprivation. As almsgiving is a prominent religious duty they are exceedingly charitable, and their tenderness to inferior animals is strangely contrasted with their readiness to destroy human life. The fanatic dervishes still hold great ascendancy over the minds of the people, more especially the Mevelevis or dancing and the Kadris, or howling dervishes; happily, however, the disgusting exhibitions of fanaticism and deception which this latter class were in the habit of making, is now abandoned, being discountenanced by the Sultan. The Turks are extremely bad mechanics, and the arts and sciences are in a very low condition, notwithstanding the active exertions of the Sultan, in establishing schools and procuring expert teachers from other countries. The women are not in general shut up in the harems, but are permitted the same freedom of frequenting markets, and bazaars as the other sex with whom, however, they never mingle. As yet the fair sex have not established their right to immortality, a privilege which would be rather inconvenient to the other sex, by permitting their spouses to interfere with their promised felicity. We fear the Turkish ladies are therefore likely to continue without a soul, unless, perhaps, a hatta sheriff of the Sultan's may kindly assign it to them. Meantime the men contest the point to the last.

"In their cemeteries the tomb of a man is always surmounted with a respectable head, with a turban indicating by its folds the rank the man held in life. The stone that marks the grave of a woman has no head, but a flat top like a nail; and certainly, as far as the soul is connected with the intellect, it would imply that, in their opinion, a woman had neither one nor the other."

The estimate which Dr. Walsh forms

of the Turkish men is no less advantageous to them, than it is honourable to himself. In the kindest spirit of Christian charity, he endeavours to set before our view those better qualities which redeem in some measure the fierce and brutal ones of their character. We would gladly believe that one who has had such ample means of judging may not be misled by the kindness of his own nature, and we seek to leave the same sentiment of good will towards them in the minds of our readers, as he has impressed upon our own.

"They have," is our author's eloquent extenuation, "many qualities which might serve as models to more enlightened people. Their unfeigned and ardent piety—their strict but unaffected regard to the laws which their religion imposes—their devoted submission to the will of their sovereign, as the descendant of their Prophet, and holding his crown by divine right—the respect they pay to their superiors who are set in authority, though raised from the same rank as themselves—their noble pride in estimating only personal merit, and retaining, as a matter to boast of, the name of the humble trade to which they were born—their charity to all who are distressed—their exceeding sobriety and moderation in all their appetites—their immoveable integrity, and their being the carriers of untold gold to our merchants, who trust them with the most implicit confidence, and never yet had occasion to withdraw it—the gravity of their deportment, and the moral solidity of their character, are general qualities in which few Turks, of whatever rank they may be, are found deficient. I know nothing more grateful or pleasing than the simple and unaffected kindness of a Turk. There is a natural courtesy about him that is altogether independent of a factitious manners. He addresses his equals by the name of brother, his elder he calls master, and his junior son, and in general regulates his deportment towards them by the feelings that would arise from such relations. Such qualities must make the people in whom they are found, and their transition from ignorance to knowledge, highly interesting."

Having now completed our examination of these volumes, we scarce deem it necessary to express our opinion formally of their merits. The subjects of

which they treat, are themselves of the utmost interest, and the manner in which the work is executed is well calculated to sustain that feeling. Dr. Walsh has exhibited erudition, good taste, and intimate knowledge of his subject throughout the composition, and we have rarely perused a work which takes so engrossing a hold of the attention, without wearying the mind for a moment. It is the best record we possess of these eventful times, and may well take its place amongst the permanent literature of our nation.—The style of these volumes is sterling and forcible, sometimes eminently felicitous, and but for an occasional complexity of narration, we might add always lucid.

The destinies of Turkey are yet concealed in the womb of time. Her present is struggling and feeble; her future full of doubt and alarm. Whether the powers of Europe will find it their wisest policy to guarantee her integrity and maintain her as a balance to the increasing power of her neighbours; and so suffering her to breathe from her struggles, give her time to advance in civilization, and perhaps adopt the religion and free institutions of Christendom—or leaving her to her own exertions, she will succumb to her fate, and relapse into barbarity is difficult to conjecture. "Who can at present decide," says Mr. Auldjo, "whether the white-haired Russian, or the cunning Egyptian, the subtle Greek, or the ambitious Gaul shall be the future monarch of the Queen of Cities, and occupy the throne of the Cæsars and the Prophet. Yet come what may, her glory can suffer but a temporary eclipse, for independently of the vast political advantages of her position, the beauty of her capacious harbour, which, from the earliest period, has been crowded with the rich navies of the east and west, and which acquired from the circumstance the appellation of Golden Horn, points out Constantinople as the mistress of a great empire. The genius of the place will ever triumph over the accidents of time and fortune."

The eulogium is indeed well merited; the prediction is hazardous and sanguine, but it affords little consolation to those who bear in mind the vanished greatness of Carthage and Tyre.

REMARKS UPON THE WRITING ON THE SECOND SET OF TABLES OF THE COVENANT,
(CONTAINED IN A REPLY TO THE STRICTURES OF AN ANONYMOUS CRITIC,) BY
DR. WALL, S.F.T.C. AND PROFESSOR OF HEBREW IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

SIR,—If you can make room for the following article, I shall feel much obliged by your inserting it in your next number, and am your very obedient servant,
Trin. Coll. July 15, 1836.

CHAS. WM. WALL.

A very unfair attack having been made on me in the *Christian Examiner* of last May, and the number of that periodical which has just appeared, I feel myself called upon to clear my character as an author from the aspersions which have been thrown upon it. Of course when a writer submits to the public new views upon any literary subject, he cannot expect an universal acquiescence in those views, or that in every instance in which others differ in opinion from him, they must be in the wrong and he in the right. To detect faults and to censure them—even with severity when there is reason to think they are wilful—comes fully within the province of the critic; but surely he has no right to make use of misrepresentations of any kind in the discharge of this or any other part of his office. My assailant, who subscribes himself W., and whom, therefore, I shall take the liberty of designating by that initial, does me the honor of attributing to me some learning and talent; but I do assure him, that if I could gain the credit of the very highest degree of those qualities by committing any one of the acts with which he has charged me—of cavilling in a way unworthy of a scholar; of garbling quotations; of assuming the garb of benevolence and candour, in order the more effectually to calumniate a distinguished writer of the last century; of committing stealth upon that writer, after I had calumniated him, and trying to pass off a discovery of his as my own—I would spurn a reputation acquired upon such terms. If I know my own motives, the object which, as an author, I have most at heart next to arriving at the truth, is to deal fairly by every one with whom I may be brought into collision in the course of my inquiries. On the present occasion I shall avoid making retorts upon my anonymous accuser, whether in the way of sarcasm or of imputation of unworthy motives. In my own defence, indeed, I must show that he is incompetent to the task which he has undertaken; but I

will not proceed in this line farther than I find necessary for the vindication of myself and of my publication. My exposé may, perhaps, be displeasing to his vanity; but if he makes a right use of it, then eventually it will be of service to him, by teaching him to form a more correct estimate of his own talents than he at present appears to do, and by thus inducing him to turn his attention to literary subjects more suited to his capacity.

The object of the first paper of W. is to refute my general reasoning, and support that of Bishop Warburton, on the question respecting the origin of alphabetic writing. One extract from this paper will, I conceive, be quite sufficient to show the nature of W's qualifications for examining a metaphysical discussion, and deciding on the validity of the arguments employed on either side; it is as follows:

"He (Dr. Warburton) pointed out the steps by which the mere picture arrived at last at the arbitrary mark, and showed the transition by which, in some propitious hour, the mind of the inventor of the alphabet was enabled to combine directly the vocal with the graphic designation. This last step it is which Doctor Wall hesitates to take with him; and he undertakes to show that the banks, which Warburton, from his distant and careless glances, judged so near each other, are in fact separated by a deep and yawning chasm. Dr. Wall first argues the question on 'the grounds of general reasoning;' and endeavours to prove, from the nature of the process supposed, that the human mind could never have lighted upon it without extrinsic assistance. His first argument is, that the hieroglyphic, however disguised, always suggesting the sound through the sense, can never come naturally to denote the sense through the sound; consequently, a fortiori, can never stand for the sound without the sense. This I take to be the substance of his reasoning, pp. 29, 30, and 31. Now leaving the principle of this objection in its full force (for it is always convenient to abridge an argument where it may be done without injury to a good cause), I observe that it

does not in any way reach the case of those, who, after a stenographic real character, i. e. an abridged arbitrary mark of things, had come into use, had to learn its meaning. For, spoken language being always known before written, the most obvious way, I suppose, of teaching the meaning of this disguised hieroglyphic was to tell it in plain words. Hence, in the lecturer's mind, the word would come to be the medium between the thing and the written sign. And again, when these learners came in their turn to write, they wrote from thoughts for the most part couched in words; whereby the connection I have pointed out above would be strengthened, and rendered closer as well as more durable. The only way of evading this, that I can see, is such an improbable, and even demonstrably false account of the matter that Dr. Wall will not thank me much for helping him to it. It is to suppose that learners were first taught the hieroglyphic as the basis of the newer methods; and, while they were conducted through these, were shown how the different variations from it arose by adding or omitting, as the case may be, a dash here, a dot there, a curl at this end, and a cross at that, &c. It is needless to enlarge upon the improbability of such an hypothesis, since Clemens Alexandrinus ('old Clemens,' as Dr. Wall chooses to style him) tells us expressly, that learners were first instructed in the epistolographic, next in the hieratic, and last of all in the hieroglyphic method of writing."—*Christian Examiner*. Vol. I. pp. 298, 299.

Within the range of this extract will be found, 1st, misconceptions of the argument which the critic professes to analyse; And, a misconception of even the nature of the subject respecting which that argument is principally concerned; and 3rd, inconclusive reasoning. As respects the first part of the passage, he is quite mistaken in supposing that the difficulty of inventing an alphabet consisted in arriving at the power of directly combining vocal with graphic designations; for the practice of reading out ideographic legends might very easily and naturally lead to such combinations. He is also mistaken in supposing I have endeavoured to prove, that the human mind could never have lighted on the use of phonetic signs without extrinsic assistance. I do not indeed believe that the mind of man ever did, by merely its own powers, actually arrive at such

signs; but to believe that it did not, and to prove that it could not, are quite different things. I have only endeavoured to show, and I conceive I have fully succeeded in the attempt, that an ideographic use of characters has no tendency to lead to a phonetic one; and this was all that was necessary for me to establish, in order to refute by *a priori* reasoning the opposite tenet of Dr. Warburton. But still phonetic signs might be discovered in some other way, though not in that laid down by the bishop; and my ignorance of any other way is no proof that such cannot exist. Indeed if I could have proved the impossibility of the discovery, I might have stopped at this first step, and need not have proceeded any further in my general argument against the hypothesis of the human invention of alphabets. But what I have here most to complain of, is the description W. gives of the reasoning employed by me in the argument in question; in which he attributes to me inferences which I never contemplated, and which I should have been quite unwarranted in making. For the circumstance of the mind's proceeding from the meaning of a character to a word connected with that meaning, would not necessarily prevent its reverting from the sound to the sense; and, again, if the mind was by any means prevented from reverting from the sound to the sense, this circumstance would be so far from hindering the reader's using the sound without sense, that it would obviously have the very opposite effect. If, then, any one who had not read my Essay was to form his estimate of the reasoning which I have brought to bear on the question respecting the origin of alphabetic writing, from the picture here drawn of one part of it, he would naturally conclude that I was a person of a very shallow mind, and would, no doubt, be offended with the conceit and self-sufficiency which prompted me to cope with an author of Dr. Warburton's ingenuity and acuteness. I do not however here accuse W. of any intentional perversion of the truth; but it is plain that his misrepresentations are just as likely to mislead the unwary as if they were framed designedly for that purpose.

In the middle of the passage above quoted, W. offers a proof that hiero-

glyphs may become signs immediately connected with words—a point admitted by me in one of the very pages of my Work to which he specially refers; where will be found the following termination of a sentence:

“— and still further, that from associating the hieroglyph with the idea it was employed to represent, the mind might be led to associate it with the articulate sound which was the name of that idea in the language of the reader; all this is very possible.” p. 29.

And as he considers the establishing this point an overturning of my position, and a proof of the tendency of ideographs to conduct to phonetic designations, he must, of course, look on the sign of a word as a phonetic sign, which it is not by any means. In order to a character being phonetic, it must denote, not a significant articulate sound, such as a word is, but only a sound without meaning or the element of such sound; that is, it must be used with the power of a syllable or that of a consonantal or vowel letter. Here then is displayed a radical ignorance of the subject treated of, or great confusion of intellect; either W. has misconceived the nature of a phonetic sign, or he has from the principle laid down by him deduced a consequence which does not at all follow from it.

In the concluding part of the passage it is implied that the shape of a character has an influence on its application, in causing it to be phonetically or not phonetically used; for no difference is mentioned between hieroglyphic writing and the other two kinds alluded to, except a difference in the shape of the characters employed in them. Passing by, however, this mistake, and passing by the assumption which the context requires, that the hieratic and epistolographic methods of writing were phonetic; though it be supposed that the Egyptians were first taught an ideographic and then phonetic methods of writing; yet it does not at all hence follow that an ideographic use of characters has a tendency to conduct the mind to a phonetic one, the order in which subjects happen to be taught having no necessary connexion with their respective tendencies. For instance, if a boy was first taught Hebrew and then Algebra, the circumstance would afford no proof whatever that Hebrew had a

natural tendency to lead the understanding to Algebra. Still, farther, supposing it proved here that an ideographic use of characters had a tendency to conduct our thoughts to a phonetic one, this would be so far from helping me that it would bear directly in the opposite way.

This portion of the extract is elliptical and it is exceedingly difficult to ascertain its meaning; so that possibly the critic, at the time of writing it, had not very distinctly in his thoughts what it was he intended to express. But at all events, let the ellipsis be filled up as it may, it is impossible from the supposition from which he sets out to deduce fairly a consequence that would afford any assistance towards establishing my tenet on the subject.

In fine, such an accumulation of mistakes and of instances of confusion and inconsecutive reasoning as are exhibited in this entire passage, it would be very hard to find a parallel for, except indeed in some of the remaining pages of the article from which it has been extracted; but the sample here given is sufficient to afford an adequate idea of the whole, and I shall therefore decline analysing any more of it. In the remainder of this essay W. accuses me of resorting to ‘cavils against Warburton, and, in one instance, to a ‘cavil quite unworthy of a scholar and a philosopher;’ but if there be any cavilling in the case, I am quite satisfied to let it be decided, upon the critic’s own showing, on which side it lies; although he has quoted only part of my refutation of the bishop’s reasoning in support of the hieroglyphic origin of alphabetic writing.

The second paper of W. begins with a defence of Dr. Warburton’s translation of the celebrated passage of Clemens Alexandrinus in which that ancient presbyter describes the different kinds of Egyptian writing that were in use in his day. The part of the passage which comes here under consideration is as follows:

“Αὐτὰ καὶ παρ’ Αἰγυπτίους παιδευόμενοι, πρῶτοι μὲν πάντων τὴν Αἰγυπτίῳ γραμμένον μὲθρον ἐκμανθάνουσι, τὴν ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΗΝ καλουμένην διότι τὴν ἹΕΡΑΤΙΚΗΝ, ἣ χροῦται ὡς προγραμματικῇ ὑστέρησι καὶ τελευταίαν, τὴν ἹΕΡΟΓΛΥΦΙΚΗΝ ἥ μιν ἴσται διὰ τῶν πρώτων στοιχείων κυριολογικῇ ἢ δι, συμβολικῇ τῇ δι συμβολικῇ, ἣ μιν κυριολογίσται κατὰ

ἡ δὲ ἐν τῇ ἐπιστολῇ γραμμάτων ἡ δὲ ἐν τῇ ἐν αἰγυπτίῳ ἀρχαίᾳ τῶν ἱερατικῶν." Of which Dr. Warburton (after arguing very ingeniously against the natural and obvious meaning) gives the following paraphrase: "In a word, then, the plain and easy meaning of Clemens is this: the Egyptian method of writing was epistolic, sacerdotal, and hieroglyphical; of this method, the epistolic and sacerdotal were by letters of an alphabet; the hieroglyphical, by symbols: symbols were of three kinds, curiologic, tropic, and allegorical."

Upon this, my censorious assailant proceeds to give vent to his reflections in the following strain:—

"To this Dr. Wall objects, that, first, there is no such general antecedent as *Μέθοδος Αἰγυπτίῳι γραμμάτων*. Secondly, that he refers δ in the singular number to two methods, viz., the epistolographic and the hieratic. 'Certainly,' adds he, 'Dr. Warburton must have had great confidence in the laziness of his readers, when he supposed that such perversion of the Greek could escape detection. It is impossible that he could have made this gross mistranslation unintentionally through ignorance, for he was an expert Greek scholar; and all that can be said in palliation of his conduct is, that he put forward the misrepresentation with the view of establishing, through its means, what he had preconceived to be the truth. This it must be allowed, is a very lame excuse for him, but the case, I am sorry to say, admits of no better.' p. 73.

"Commend me to a candid friend!" Dr. Wall's excuse, no doubt, is kindly meant; but certainly, as he owns himself, it is a very lame one. But if Warburton's reliance had been upon the laziness of his readers, would he have been so insane as not only to print the Greek at the bottom of the page, but actually call their attention to the structure of this particular passage, in a long and disputation note? Is this like the conduct of a man whose interest was concealment, and whose only chance of success in a dishonest undertaking lay in keeping the reader from the original? If this were his object, must he not have been a fool as well as a knave, to prosecute it in so absurd a manner? The supposition is extravagant; and (disinterested as, no doubt, the offer is) I must therefore, on the part of the bishop's friends, decline the apology tendered for him. Let us

new look again at the charges which are laid against him.

"I. Whether or no it is consistent with the exact rules of grammar, to collect a general antecedent out of its particulars;—i. e. in the present case, to collect a general *Μέθοδος γραμμάτων* out of the enumeration of its specieses,—better scholars than I pretend to be, must decide. But this I will say, that, if ever arguments drawn from the sense seemed to justify putting some force upon the letter, they did so in the present instance. These arguments have, indeed, been answered by Dr. Wall; but how? By the help of discoveries made long since the bishop's time, and of which no one dreamed at the period when he wrote upon this subject.

"II. Dr. Wall's second objection to Warburton's construction of the Greek is, I think, very ill-founded. Warburton translates 'of these different methods, THE ONE is in the plain and common way of writing...; THE OTHER, by symbols.' The first (that of writing alphabetically,) he holds to be subdivided into the epistolographic and the hieroglyphic; the second (or symbolic) into the curiologic, the tropic, and the enigmatic. Dr. Wall admits the latter subdivision, but rejects the former, complaining that the bishop 'makes two of the methods to be expressed by the RELATIVE δ in the singular number; and thus refers the first word of this short sentence to an antecedent which does not exist, and the second to ONE (i. e. an antecedent) with which it could not possibly agree.' p. 73. 'Nemesis,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is ever on the watch:' here, while so sternly chastising Warburton's trips in Greek grammar, his inexorable pedagogue has fallen into the capital hallucination of confounding the pronoun δ with the article δ ; an offence which, if committed by any of his opponents, would hardly have escaped an exemplary *naticidium* from his relentless ferula. But, to leave this trifling,—surely, if the second δ (δ *ἐν συμβολικῇ*) may refer to THREE subdivisions, it is not too much to say that the first may refer to TWO."—*Christian Examiner*. Vol. I. pp. 444, 445.

From his mode of employing capitals and italics, and from the explanatory parenthesis which he introduces into his last quotation from my words, the critic appears to think I have committed a capital blunder in calling the Greek article δ a relative in the use which Dr. Warburton made of it, and

the subject to which he referred it, an antecedent. But I submit to the judgment of the candid reader whether, when δ is thus referred to something previously mentioned in a passage, it has not the nature of a relative just as much as if it were a pronoun; and I called it a relative from the office it was made to serve, without troubling myself about the technicalities of the nomenclature employed in Greek grammar. In Hebrew the article is actually called a relative by grammarians, when it supplies the place of one. At any rate, the circumstance of my looking to the meaning attached to a word, and the use made of it, rather than to its exact technical denomination in a particular grammar, is, I hope, sufficient to shew that I am not what W. is here pleased to depict me, a shallow-brained pedagogue, intent solely upon quibbles and mere verbal criticisms. As to his defence of the Bishop's paraphrase, it will not stand a moment's consideration. To the first objection made by me he virtually yields; but the second he thinks *very* ill-founded, and his reason for this in his own words is—"surely, if the second δ may refer to three subdivisions, it is not too much to say that the first may refer to two." The reply is quite obvious; the second δ is not referred to three subjects, it is referred only to one, which is identified with the symbolic method; and the circumstance of that method being afterwards subdivided into three species, has nothing to do with the immediate reference in question. Indeed, it is impossible to extricate the Bishop from the imputation of perverting the sense of the original which I have fastened on him; and it was only to pin him to the fact, that I had recourse to noticing the grammatical construction of the Greek sentence.

That the perversion was an intentional one, cannot, I apprehend, be reasonably doubted; for, in order to perceiving its true nature, a minute acquaintance with the subtleties of Greek criticism was not necessary; all that was requisite, besides an ordinary knowledge of the language, was a clear intellect, and that Dr. Warburton possessed in an eminent degree. It cannot be supposed that the misconstruction arose from inadvertence, because

he defended it in a note at great length, and with considerable ingenuity. To these observations I must add—what I kept back in my Essay, because I did not wish to say any thing harsh without necessity, but it is now extorted from me in my own defence—he actually was in the practice of thus moulding the sense of Greek passages to his purpose, and taking chance for his reader's not going to the trouble of analysing the original, but acquiescing in the annexed translation upon trust. Of this practice, a very striking instance occurs in the fourth section of his first book, where he gives this sentence of Chrysippus, the stoic, ΟΤ ΓΑΡ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΕΤΕΙΝ ΤΗΣ ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣΤΥΝΗΣ ΑΛΛΗΝ ΑΡΧΗΝ ΟΤΑΕ ΑΛΛΗΝ ΓΕΝΕΣΙΝ, Η ΤΗΝ ΕΚ ΤΟΤ ΔΙΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΚΟΙΝΗΣ ΨΥΧΗΣ. To which he immediately subjoins the following paraphrase:—"The only true foundation and original of morality, is the will of God interpreted by the moral sense and essential difference of things." It is unnecessary to make any comment on this translation, with a view to the pointing out its unfairness. It is quite impossible that Dr. Warburton must not have here been fully aware that he was misrepresenting the sense of the Greek; but still I do not agree with W. that he must in consequence have been both a fool and a knave. I do not think he was either, and as the way in which I have endeavoured to account for his conduct is a more charitable one, so I trust it comes much nearer to the truth.

The charge of filching from an author whom I was seeking to decry, is not made in express terms, but it is intimated in a way that cannot be mistaken, in the following extract:—

"But, the better to show the priestcraft of these impostors, Dr. Wall next brings forward what he *seems* to consider as a discovery of his own:—I say *seems*, because it is impossible that he can either really do so himself, or wish to make his readers do so. The first supposition is impossible, because the very thing here adduced is noticed by Bishop Warburton in the very treatise, and in the very part of it, which Dr. Wall is so severely censuring, and used there for the same purpose as he uses it for; viz. to expose the craft of the Egyptian priesthood. As to the second, I cannot for a moment think

that a person of Dr. Wall's character, ability, and learning, would stoop to so mean and ungenerous an artifice, as that of filching from the author whom he is seeking to decry. There is to be sure a certain class of sentimental writers '*qui its humani nihil a se alienum putant, ut alienis æquæ utantur ac suis*;' but I cannot suppose that Dr. Wall belongs to it. The coincidence, however, is at least curious, and worth the reader's notice. The following is from Dr. Wall:—

"Here it may be worth observing, that there is reason to suspect that the peculiar language of the Egyptian priests matched their enigmatic writing in the mode of its formation, and, consequently, in the purposes to which it was applied. I cannot speak on this point with certainty, because there are so few allusions to the sacred language of Egypt in the works of ancient authors; and there is not in any of them, as far as I can find, a direct description of it. The last mentioned circumstance, however, is in accordance with MY SUSPICION: and Manetho, who was himself a priest, and, consequently, acquainted with this language, incidentally lets transpire enough, as I conceive, to show, with some degree of probability, what its true nature was. Josephus accounts for the ambiguity of HYCSOS (which denoted either Shepherd King or Shepherd Captive), in giving an extract from the historic work of this writer; from which, combined with his own statement, it may be collected, that, while Sos was the Egyptian for Shepherd, Hyc signified King in the sacred tongue, and Captive in the common language. The whole passage is as follows:—

"Ἐκαλεῖτο δὲ τὸ σύνταγμα αὐτῶν Ἰθις ΤΚΩΣ, τοῦτο δὲ ἵστι βασιλεῖς ποιμένοι. Τὸ γὰρ ΤΚ καὶ ἱερὰν γλῶσσαν βασιλία σημαίνει, τὸ δὲ ΩΣ ποιμήν ἵστι καὶ ποιμήν κατὰ τὴν κοινὴν διάλεκτον, καὶ ὅτω συνεισέμμενοι γίνονται ΤΚΩΣ. Τῶς δὲ λέγουσι αὐτοὺς Ἀραβας ἀπαι. "Εὖ ὃ ἄλλῃ ἀντιγράφῃ ἐν βασιλεῖς σημαίνεσθαι δὲ τῆς τοῦ ΤΚΩΣ προσηγορίας, ἀλλὰ ταῦτα τῶν ἀρχαίων τῶν ἱερογλυφῶν σημαίνεσθαι. Τὸ γὰρ ΤΚ πάλιν Λυγυπτιανοί, καὶ τὸ ΑΚ δασυμένοι, ἀρχαίων τῶν ἐστῶς μανταί." (Lib. i. contra Apionem, sec. 14.)

"But their entire nation were called HYCSOS, that is, King Shepherds. For Hyc, in the sacred tongue, signifies King; while Sos, in the common language, is Shepherd or Shepherds: and thus put together, is made out the compound word HYCSOS. But some say that they were Arabians.' In another copy of his work I have found it stated, that by the appella-

tion of HYCSOS was signified, not King Shepherds, but, on the contrary, Captive Shepherds. The ground for which interpretation is, that Hyc, in opposition to its sacred use, does, in the common language of Egypt (as well as Ac when aspirated,) expressly denote Captives." Hence it appears that the priests managed with the word before us just as they did with their enigmatic symbols; that is, they perverted its ordinary meaning, and agreed among themselves to employ it in a sense that would, as long as the secret was kept, be unintelligible to the public. But the practice in which they are thus detected, with respect to one of their words, may well be suspected to have been extended to all, since it is so completely accordant with the policy displayed by them in their peculiar writing. If this conjecture be right, their sacred language was a species of gibberish, not unlike to that now employed by the gypsies, with respect to either its general nature or its use.'

"Now let us hear Bishop Warburton:

"But we have not yet done with Manetho; the last circumstance opening the way to another discovery of great importance in the Egyptian antiquities: for by this passage we find they had not only sacred characters and letters, but a sacred DIALECT or language also; for what he here calls ἱερὰ διάλεκτος, in another place (where he interprets a certain word in this language) he calls ἱερὰ γλῶσσα. [The place referred to is Joseph cont. Apion. lib. i. c. 14, the very place which is cited by Dr. Wall.] This sacred dialect was used for secrecy (being known only to the priests), which could never be the condition of a national language, how obsolete so ever we may suppose it to be grown. All this considered, I take the sacred dialect to have been a language of their own framing; and one of their latest expedients for keeping their science to themselves... The simple mystery of a peculiar alphabet, employed in a common tongue, would be soon detected; they therefore, as it now appears, invented a peculiar language for the use of their alphabet; and thus, under a double cover, effectually secured their hidden science. The way of framing the sacred dialect I suppose to be this, they called things by the names of their hieroglyphical representatives: thus YK in the Egyptian tongue, signifying a serpent; and a serpent in their hieroglyphics denoting a king, YK, as Manetho informs us above, signified a king in the sacred dialect;

and in this manner the hieroglyphics became a sufficient fund for a new language. On the whole, then, it appears that the Egyptian priests had these three methods of secreting their recorded knowledge: by hieroglyphic symbols, by a sacerdotal alphabet, and by a sacred dialect.' D. L. book iv. sect. 4.—So that the reader sees there is, *here at least*, a most happy agreement between these two great authorities; both holding that the Egyptian priests had a peculiar language of their own, contrived for the purposes of secrecy, and consisting of words current in the common language of the country, but used in such senses as they agreed to put upon them."—*Christian Examiner*. Vol. I. pp. 451, 452, 453.

To this long extract a short reply will be sufficient. Whoever reads with the least attention the part of the extract here copied from my work, will see that I do not claim the credit of having discovered that the Egyptian priests had a sacred language peculiar to themselves, and contrived for the purpose of secrecy. If I made any such claim, I must have been very silly indeed, as the fact has been long notorious, and is mentioned by almost every modern writer who treats on the subject of Egyptian antiquities. But what I do believe I have found out, is the manner in which this language was formed, namely, by the priests agreeing among themselves upon meanings for words that were arbitrarily chosen quite different from their ordinary significations. I deduced this from the analogy of a corresponding practice of the priests which I had detected in their writing; but I did not speak with any confidence of the discovery, as I was not able to support it by more than a single instance. The words which W. has given in capitals and italics certainly admit of the construction he puts on them; but they are not so printed in my book. I neither intended to put the matter prominently forward, nor did I attach much importance to it. Now let us consider the corresponding attempt of Bishop Warburton, as described by himself. "The way of framing the sacred dialect, I suppose to be this, they called things by the names of their hieroglyphical representatives." Here the mode of formation of the

language is not deduced from any analogy or other ground of probability, but is merely put forward as the Bishop's conjecture; and the shallowness of this conjecture is obvious from the consideration that, if the private significations of the words were so determined, an expert hieroglyphic reader would very easily detect them, and the secret could not have been preserved for a single year. Still farther, the example which the Bishop adduces in support of his conjecture, makes very decidedly against it; for granting that HVC was the old Egyptian word for serpent, still it is to be observed that the graphic figure of a serpent did not denote "a king," but "eternity;" [the hieroglyph standing for a king is a bee, or what some consider to be a plant, but I look upon as a species of sceptre,] so that even if he was right as to the ordinary meaning of the old Egyptian word HVC, his conjecture would not account for its private signification in the sacred tongue. But the fact is, he was just as far from the truth in the first step of his illustration, as in the second; and this he would have found to be the case, if he had taken the trouble of reading the very next passage of Josephus after the one quoted by him; for he would have there learned from Manetho that the ordinary meaning of the word was not "a serpent," but "a captive." And yet W. with all this before him, and actually transcribed by him for the inspection of his readers, (with the single exception of the true hieroglyphic meaning of the serpent,) appears to think that I have borrowed from the Bishop, and, of course, that his and my views of the subject are just the same—that we have assigned the same formation of the sacred language, and supported our common theory by the same example—because, forsooth, we have quoted from the same passage, (which, by the way, is not exactly true, and even if it were true, would be nothing to the purpose,) and because our observations bear upon the same word. So he has not perceived the striking difference between those observations, in that mine are supported by the authority of Manetho, and the bishop's are refuted by the same authority; nor observed the striking difference in the bearing of the common example upon

our respective theories, in that, as far as it goes, it is completely in accordance with mine, and not at all so with that of the Bishop. Verily, W. shows great powers of discrimination, and is admirably qualified to form a sound judgment on a subject of this nature, and lay a clear view of it before his readers!

Upon my direct scriptural proof of the miraculous origin of alphabetical writing W. makes the following attack—

“The positive proof I cannot trust myself to state, and must therefore give it in Dr. Wall’s own words:

“We are not, however, confined to mere negative reasons for fixing here the termination of our search. That Moses was the first who made use of alphabetic writing, and that the perception of its nature was a gift miraculously conferred on him, may, I apprehend, be positively collected from his own narrative. He does not, indeed, dwell on the circumstance, or boast of it—this would not have been in keeping with his conduct in other instances—but he has left us materials, from which the inference can be drawn with a very high degree of probability. Let us compare with each other the accounts he has given us of the two sets of tables of stone on which the commandments were written. Of the first set he tells us, that ‘they were written with the finger of God’ (Ex. xxxi. 18, and Deut. ix. 10); and, again, that ‘the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables. (Ex. xxxii. 16.) Now I take it for granted, that this miraculous writing was not inferior to the kind which Moses afterwards employed in transmitting to us the sacred history; and, therefore, that it must have been alphabetic. This being admitted, it is certain he understood letters on the delivery of the tables to him—otherwise these tables would have been, in reference to his apprehension quite unintelligible and useless:—and it is equally certain that he was not acquainted with their use before; for, if he had a previous knowledge of them, he would have been directed to write on the tables with his own hands. Of this we may be sure, not only from observing the general conduct of Providence towards mankind, in never working a miracle without a necessity for it, but also from attending in particular to God’s dealing with Moses in the remainder of this very transaction. For, after the first set of tables had been de-

livered to him, (from which time it is evident that he understood this species of writing), when the breaking of the set rendered it necessary that they should be replaced by others, we find him ordered to write the second set himself:—‘And the Lord said unto Moses, write thou these words,’ (Ex. xxxiv. 27:) and he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments.’ (Ex. xxxiv. 28.) Since, then, he had not the knowledge of letters before the delivery to him of the first set of tables, and had it immediately after, the conclusion is inevitable, that it must have been communicated to him on that occasion, when the letters were exhibited to him in a miraculous manner; or, as he himself twice expresses it, when the tables were delivered to him, ‘written with the finger of God.’”

“I believe that when the reader has considered the real facts of the case, he will be no less astonished than I am at this portentous passage. In the first place, let me give the quotation from Exodus xxxiv. upon which Dr. Wall rests his whole cause in full:—‘And the Lord said unto Moses, write thou THESE words: for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant with thee and with Israel. And he was there with the Lord forty days and forty nights; (he did neither eat bread nor drink water;) and HE wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the TEN COMMANDMENTS.’

“The reader sees that there are here two questions: 1. What ‘THESE words,’ in v. 27 refers to? 2. What is the real nominative to the verb כָּתַב, in v. 28—or to whom ‘he’ is to be referred in our English version. For the first, if he will only take the trouble of looking at the former part of the chapter, he will see that the ten commandments are not once recited in the whole of it; but that the immediate context contains nothing but laws against intermarriages with the heathen; upon the Passover, the Sabbath, the feast of weeks, &c. &c. So that these are plainly the words which Moses is commanded to write.

“To the second question I answer, without any hesitation, that the verb is to be referred to the remote nominative *Jehovah*, and not to the immediate one, *Moses*. If the reader will but turn to the first verse of this same chapter he will see my reason. ‘And the LORD said unto Moses, Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first; and I WILL WRITE upon these tables, the words that were in

the first tables, which thou brakest.' And (to cut off all cavil) we find Moses himself afterwards recording the performance of this very promise, Deut. x. 1—5. 'At that time the LORD said unto me, Hew thee two tables, &c. and I will write, &c.; and I made an ark of Shittim wood, and hewed two tables of stone like unto the first, and went up into the mount, having the two tables in my hand. And HE WROTE on the tables according to the first writing, *the ten commandments, &c.*; and the LORD gave them unto me; and I turned myself and came down from the mount, and put the tables in the ark which I had made, and there they be."—Nor is the construction, which we are thus obliged to adopt, in any degree forced or unusual. 'Hebræi,' says Le Clerc *in loco*, 'ad nominativum remotiorem *ÆÆPE* verbum referunt.' A notable instance of this occurs, Genesis xiv. 19, 'And Melchizedek blessed him, and said, Blessed be Abram of the most High God—and blessed be the most High God which hath delivered thy enemies into thine hand. And *he* [Abram] gave him tithes of all,' cf. verse 11. cf. xxiv. 32, &c. &c. Indeed examples are so frequent that one can scarce open the Bible at a venture without meeting one. Yet this well-known idiom (which every tyro in Hebrew is familiar with) misled our grave Professor! Were I at all disposed to make reprisals upon Dr. Wall, might I not here exclaim, that 'certainly he must have had great confidence in the laziness of his readers, when he supposed that such a perversion of the Hebrew could escape detection?'—adding, with the most charitable clemency in the world, 'It is impossible he could have made this gross mistranslation unintentionally through ignorance, for he was an expert Hebrician, &c. &c.;' and that with far greater justice, since Dr. Wall *has garbled* his authorities, and Bishop Warburton *has not*; thus,

Cadimus, inque vicem præbemus crura flagellis.

But I choose rather to attribute this unhappy lapse to some fatal precipitancy, which at times will surprise even the most circumspect. 'A lame excuse, to be sure, but the case, I am sorry to say, admits of no better.' And, indeed, whatever account is to be given of it, one cannot but express astonishment that a person of Dr. Wall's caution and intelligence should have been so madly rash in a case of the most vital importance to his whole scheme. That if (though a Doctor in

Divinity and Professor of Hebrew) he were previously ignorant of the real state of things, he should yet have so hastily presumed upon a fact which, by consulting any of the commentators—nay, by merely referring to the parallels in the margin of his Bible, he might have seen was worse than doubtful; that he should have made so obviously false a presumption the very ground and basis of his theory,—

—————"Ah, Pamphile,
Tantanne rem tam negligenter!"

To return. It were an idle waste of time to trouble ourselves with the superstructure, after having destroyed the foundations."—*Christian Examiner*, Vol. I. pp. 454—456.

The substance of this attack, with the exception of the part of it which is merely of a personal nature, is contained in the letter of a correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*, inserted in the number of that periodical which was published the 7th of last November. Both my assailants equally fail in their reasoning on the subject, where they assume that the establishing their view of the case would completely overturn my argument. Certainly if the second tables were miraculously written as well as the first, this circumstance would weaken the force of my proof, but it would not by any means refute it; for there is no connexion whatever between the supposition of the second tables having been written by the Almighty, and that of Moses having been acquainted with letters before the miraculous writing on the first set was presented to his notice. But the fact is, the two critics and the commentators from whom they have copied, have not at all made out the case they have attempted to establish; and as this fact relates to a question of some interest, I shall proceed immediately to the discussion of it, without stopping to answer the charges which W. has so copiously heaped upon me, of ignorance—of inattention—of presumption—of rashness. The reader, I hope, will excuse me for declining to defend myself from such severe imputations, and think that I am submitting to him something more worthy of his attention in the next ensuing paragraphs.

There is undoubtedly an appearance of opposition between Ex. xxxiv. 27,

28, and Deut. x. 1—5, which all the commentators who have hitherto noticed it, have endeavoured to remove by putting a forced construction on the meaning of the passage in Exodus, to make it agree with that in Deuteronomy. I shall, in the first place, prove to a certainty that the construction put upon the former passage makes absolute nonsense of it; consequently that it is impossible to reconcile the two passages in this way, and that it is the second of them which ought to be modified so as to agree with the first. And I shall next endeavour to trace the original state of the passage in Deuteronomy, and to account to the reader for the change in it from which the present inconsistency between the two passages has arisen.

The two verses of Exodus, written at full length, are as follows:—"27. *And the LORD said unto Moses, write thou these words*; for after the tenor of these words I have made a covenant with thee and with Israel. 28. And he was there with the Lord forty days and forty nights; he did neither eat bread nor drink water; *and he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments.*" In the use I made of this passage in the last chapter of my Essay, I quoted only the parts marked in italics; because I considered those parts quite sufficient to show the obvious meaning of the whole. Yet on this account I am accused by W. of *garbling my authorities*, although I had specified the exact place where the whole was to be found, in a book which I supposed to be in the possession of every one; and although the omitted parts serve strongly to confirm my interpretation, as I shall now proceed to shew. The omitted part of the first verse clearly points out what were the words which the LORD ordered Moses to write; they were the words of the covenant. But the words spoken of in the second verse were also the words of the covenant; so that it is exactly to the same words that a reference is made in the two verses. The qualification of their both being the words of the covenant which God made with Israel, serves to identify them in a manner which it is impossible to evade. In the language of the schoolmen this qualification is here a middle term, which indissolubly connects the two

extremes together in the relation of identity. This point being established, let us now see how the meaning which it is attempted to force on the entire passage will stand. The LORD commanded Moses to perform a certain act, which Moses did not perform, but the LORD himself performed. So that Moses disobeyed the command of the LORD, for which disobedience no displeasure is expressed; and the LORD having issued an ineffectual order, had to do himself what he had commanded another to do. It is quite impossible that this could have been the meaning of the sacred historian; and the inevitable consequence is, that the person who wrote "the words of the covenant, the ten commandments," must have been Moses himself.

Still farther, the omitted part of the second verse serves also to confine the agency in question to the person of Moses. "And he was there with the LORD forty days and forty nights; he did neither eat bread, nor drink water." Surely this cannot possibly be applied to any one but the historian himself; and then the text goes on immediately to say, without the slightest intimation of a change of agents, "and he wrote the words of the covenant, the ten commandments." Oh! but, reply the commentators, there is a change here of the agent, and the verb is referred to a remote nominative, although there is nothing in the sentence to point out that change, and nothing adduced in support of their opinion but the mere assumption that such a mode of expression is an idiom which is very common in Hebrew. This is a lazy way to get over a difficulty, to charge upon a writer a violation of the essential rules of perspicuity, and then to say it is an idiom of his language. But allowing for a moment that the irregularity in question was prevalent in Hebrew, still surely its existence is not to be admitted in any place but where the sense and context evidently require it. But in the present instance the sense and context, instead of making for a change of agents, is decidedly against it; since, as I have shewn, the whole passage, upon the supposition of this change, would turn out to be downright absolute nonsense.

Here, I may observe *ex abundanti*, that the peculiarity under consideration

is by no means ascertained to exist in the original text of the Bible, to the extent of obscurity that is generally supposed. Unquestionably the principles of grammar could not be known till after the introduction of alphabetic writing; and, therefore, it is not to be expected that they were strictly attended to by the first person who made use of that kind of writing. Accordingly we find in the Pentateuch, numerous deviations from the strict rules of general grammar; and this I take to be one of the many circumstances affording strong internal evidence in support of the truth of my account of the origin of letters. But though Moses wrote not in accordance with the forms prescribed by grammarians, yet he wrote in a clear and intelligible style, and I do not think that any serious deviation from perspicuity can be established against him. I shall here briefly consider the three passages mentioned by W. as instances of such deviation, viz. Gen. xiv. 11, xiv. 19, and xxiv. 32. In the first instance, there certainly is a change of the agents, without any specification of that change; but the parties spoken of being the victors and the vanquished, the actions of each are quite sufficiently distinct to indicate the actors to whom the several verbs are referred, without any distinct notification where a transition is made in the sentence from one set of them to the other. An irregularity of expression to this extent is very common in the Pentateuch, and is just what might be expected from a man of good clear sense, but who, however otherwise well-informed, had not acquired the power of alphabetic reading and writing till he was eighty years of age. But what was done by Moses from the nature of the case, was done by subsequent writers from imitation of him; and thus the idiom, qualified by the restriction here described, was established in Hebrew.

In the second instance, there is, I admit, in the Hebrew, as it at present stands, a transition from Melchizedek, to Abraham, without any notice given of it, and without the verb serving to indicate it. But it is by no means certain that this great obscurity existed in the original text; on the contrary, there is strong reason to think it did not, and that the word Abraham was

dropped out of the sentence through the oversight of some transcriber. For in the Vatican copy of the Septuagint, which is probably twice as old as any Hebrew MS. now extant, the end of the verse is thus rendered—*Και ὁνομαζέοντο* "Ἀζὲν διὰ τὴν ἐκὶ πάτρης." But the Septuagint is a scrupulously close and literal translation of the original, (as, please God! I will prove to the satisfaction of the learned, in the next volume of my work;) and therefore we have every reason to suppose that the name of the Patriarch appeared in the Hebrew at the time when this version was made. The Greek translators would no more have ventured to introduce a proper name which they did not find in the original, than would the writers of the English version.

The third instance affords a fair specimen of the Hebrew idiom, for although there is in the verse no express indication of the change of agents, yet that change is sufficiently intimated by the nature of the actions, which are mentioned: and consequently no obscurity or confusion is produced by the omission of Laban's name before the second verb. Besides, it deserves to be remarked that the original of the verse admits of being read in another way in which the idiom is altogether got rid of; and I have no doubt that it might be equally dispensed with in several of the other places where it is supposed to exist. The first word of the verse is *וא*, which may be read *WaYYaBoH*, or *WaYYaBeH*, [the small letters here indicate the vowels introduced according to the masoretic rules, and the point under the H is used to mark that it is a guttural whose power is not now exactly known], that is, "he came," or, "he made come;" but it is plain that, according to the second reading, there is no change of agents, and that Laban is the nominative to all the verbs of the sentence.—In this way the writer of the old Latin Vulgate read the original, and his translation of the entire verse, as it is given in the later editions, stands as follows—*Et introduxit eum in hospitium, ac destravit camelos; deditque paleas et fenum, et aquam ad lavandos pedes ejus, et virorum qui venerant cum eo.*

From the investigation here given of the true nature of the idiom, as far as

it is ascertained to exist in the Hebrew, it will be found that this idiom affords no warrant whatever for the construction attempted to be forced on Ex. xxxiv. 28. I now put out of the question the absolute nonsense that would be produced here by the change of agents, in consequence of the "words" spoken of in this and the preceding verse being certainly the same; and I will suppose for a moment their identity, not to have been proved. Then, in order to make out the transition to a different agent from the one to whom the first verbs of the verse are applied, the idiom from the analogy of all instances of it that are legitimately established, would require that, as this transition is not expressed, it must at least be intimated by the nature of the action denoted by the last verb, "he wrote;" but obviously there is nothing in the abstract view of the case to prevent Moses having been the writer, since in the preceding verse, an injunction to write *something* was certainly addressed to him. So then, the obscurity of expression here attributed to Moses, is such as there is no ascertained parallel for in the rest of his writings; and even if such parallel were to be found, it would not justify the introduction of the like inaccuracy here, where it would make nonsense of the entire passage.

I now proceed to the passage in Deuteronomy, where it deserves to be noticed, that the word of the original attributed to the Almighty, which is rendered in our translation, "and I will write," is construed in the Greek—both in the Vatican and Alexandrian copies—*Kai γράψῃς*, i. e. "and thou shalt write." This is a very curious and remarkable circumstance, and affords strong reason to suspect some alteration here of the Hebrew, even independently of the variance between this passage and the ascertained meaning of the two verses in Exodus. Let us then try whether the alteration which the Greek implies, can be detected and accounted for in an easy and natural manner, without throwing on the Jew the imputation which I do not think he deserves, of an intentional corruption of the text. The Hebrew word as it at present appears in the original is *וְאֵנִי כְתֹב*, i. e. "and I will write." If the signification intended to be expressed had been, "and thou shalt write," the word would have

been *וְאַתָּה כְתֹב*. Now, the reader may observe, that the two words differ only in their second letter, which is an *Aleph* in the first, and *Thau* in the second; but those two letters in the old Samaritan characters, in which the text was written at the time of the Septuagint version having been made, are scarcely distinguishable the one from the other, so that each of them has in not a few instances been substituted for the other by transcribers; and we may very naturally infer from the present discrepancy between the Greek and Hebrew, that such substitution was actually made in the case of the very word before us. Thus then the case stands. In all probability, before the Samaritan characters were discontinued—and I shall clearly show in my next volume, that they did not go out of general use till after the Septuagint version, was made—some copies of the Bible had the word in question written in the first person, and others in the second; and where the Jew had to choose between the two ways of writing it, he very naturally decided in favour of that one which flattered his national vanity, by representing the set of tables which were so long in the keeping of his nation, as having been written by the Deity himself.

No other alteration of the original text is necessary in order to reconcile the passage of Deuteronomy, with that of Exodus; for the Hebrew word in fourth verse *וְאֵנִי כְתֹב*, which is pointed by the Masorets, *WaYYiKToB*, signifying "and he wrote," might equally on their principles be vocalized *WaYYiKKa'TeB*, which means, "and there was written." But it was a more modest expression for Moses to say, "and there was written on the tables," than to assert, "and I wrote upon the tables." The verse commencing with the Hebrew word in question, may be thus construed literally, "and there was written on the tables, according to the first writing, each of the ten commandments, which the Lord spake unto you in the mount, out of the midst of the fire, in the day of the assembly: and the Lord gave them unto me." As to the Hebrew idiom by which a verb in the singular number is joined with a plural noun, in order to mark a distributive sense, I must defer what I have to state on that point, till I can more fully dwell upon

it. But laying aside for the present the consideration of this idiom, I have to observe that the construction of the verse here submitted to the reader, is far more natural than the received one. For, as the verse is rendered in our Bible, there are three actions in it attributed to the LORD, and his name is placed before two of them. Now, supposing the historian intended to express that those three actions were performed by the same person; surely, if he had prefixed the proper nominative and not the pronoun to any of the three verbs, he would have inserted it most particularly before the first; whereas it is only before that very first one that it has been omitted. But this violation of the natural mode of expression is avoided in the construction above given. In fine, although Moses was employed to write the second set of tables himself under the immediate direction of the Almighty, yet he did not boast of the exceeding high honor thus conferred on him, but expressed the action in a form in which all mention of the agent is suppressed; and he very justly considered the tables so written, not as his own property, but as the gift of God, in the spirit of which pious and correct feeling he subjoined, "and the LORD gave them unto me."

As to the word in Ex. xxxiv. וְאֵנִי, which signifies, "and I will write;" if it appeared without the final *Yod*, it would mean, "and *thou* shalt write."—But this little letter, it is well-known, and generally admitted by Hebrew scholars, has been improperly inserted in some places through the mistakes of transcribers; and here there can scarcely be a doubt that it has been so inserted, where its presence causes a contradiction between the first and twenty-eighth verses of one and the same chapter. More upon this point I have to say, but my views rest upon a general principle which I cannot venture to lay before the public, unaccompanied by proofs; and for the full developement of these, there would not be here sufficient room, nor is this their proper place.

I shall now return for a moment to my assailant. That an Irishman—perhaps a member of the same University—should be the first to make an unfair attack upon my work, I certainly

did not anticipate; but I shall pass no comment on this, except to observe—which I hope I may do without transgressing the bounds of charitable forbearance—that the fact, in my humble judgment, indicates bad taste on the part of my countryman, and is not likely to redound much to his credit. I have only to add that, should he persevere in making me the object of his attacks, he will do so without incurring the peril of any further exposure. My time being, I trust, better occupied, I shall pay no more attention to his critiques; and having given him this notice, I beg to take my leave of W.

To the public I have to express my regret that I shall not be able to bring out my next volume in the course of the present summer. Besides other causes of delay which I had not foreseen, I have been forced to turn aside from my principal inquiry, in order to consider farther the bearing of the Chinese case on the question respecting the origin of letters. For when I wrote my *Essay* on that subject, I took it for granted that no information of value could have been got from China, since the time that Europeans were debarred from free intercourse with the inhabitants through the jealousy of the government. In this assumption I find that I have been mistaken, and that the industry and ingenuity of man surmounting every obstacle, a mass of very interesting and curious particulars has been of late years accumulated in reference to that extraordinary region of the world. From comparing the recent with older accounts, I find I have been misled by the Jesuit missionaries, in one of the deductions which I drew from their statements. But I also find, from comparing the modern accounts with each other, that the representations at present put forward, and which very generally pass current in relation to Chinese literature, are just as erroneous on the one extreme as those of the Jesuits were on the other. And on the whole, the additional facts which I shall be able to produce, respecting the phonetic writing of the Chinese and the adjoining nations, will, if I mistake not, be found greatly to corroborate the argument already urged against the independent invention of any alphabet.

THE BOTANY OF IRELAND.*

It may be asserted, with little fear of contradiction, that there are but few countries in Europe whose natural history has been less explored than that of Ireland; and if any proof be wanted we would refer to the paucity of works devoted to the investigation. In mineralogy and geology, attention is but beginning to be awakened, and in botany, till the publication of the work before us, we had no complete descriptive catalogue of the plants of Ireland, and in zoology we have no work whatever. Now if we compare this state of things with that which prevails in Bavaria or Sweden, or almost any European country, we will find that they possess abundance of works illustrative of their natural productions. Let us select Sweden as an example; we will find that she has long possessed a Flora or description of her plants from the early one of Linnaeus down to the excellent modern one by Wahlenberg. The same country has also a Fauna or description of the native animals, by Nilsson. Not only are such valuable works in the hands of the public, but admirable monographs of the smaller groups of natural objects exist in abundance, thus affording still ampler information to the student who wishes to concentrate his attention on any particular department of natural science. Let us quote the following instances the *Algæ* of Scandinavia by Agardh; the ornithology, the mollusca, and the petrifications of Sweden, by Nilsson, besides valuable memoirs by Dalman and others. When we reflect on the poverty and limited population of Sweden, such statements must give us a high idea of the progress of civilization in that interesting country. Similar remarks might be extended to most of the European kingdoms, but it is unnecessary to enter into further details on this question. Even if we

turn our attention to America, we will find that natural history is making rapid progress, we find natural history societies in every city of the northern states; museums in many of them, and numerous works are daily published in all the departments of natural science. The American Floras are numerous: not merely those of Michaux, Pursh, and Hooker, the works of foreigners; but there are many more the labours of ingenious botanists, such as the genera of American plants by Nuttall, and the Floras of Elliot, Torrey Beck, and others. Nor is the zoology neglected, for there are many excellent monographs by Say, Green, Le Sueur, besides the valuable American Fauna by Dr. Harlan. In mineralogy, and zoology, the results of our enquiries are equally favourable, and may add that this last named science from the importance of its practical applications, has exerted a proportionate degree of interest and even a geological survey of Massachusetts has been undertaken by order of the government.

It is needless to draw the contrast; it is of more value to state that we do not consider an abundance of works on natural history, as the cause of the advancement of science in any country, we consider it rather as an effect, and as a manifestation of the taste and pursuits of a considerable portion of the community. Let but a taste of the delightful and peaceful pursuits of science thoroughly pervade the public, and then works on natural history will assuredly follow. Of the truth of this England affords ample evidence—the cultivators of natural history are numerous; almost every parish has its observers stationed like so many sentinels to watch and record every new phenomenon. The consequence is not merely a demand for general treatises but that almost every county has some work destined to illustrate its na-

* *Flora Hibernica*, comprising the Flowering Plants, Ferns, Characeæ, Musci, Hepaticæ, Lichenes and *Algæ* of Ireland, arranged according to the Natural System; with a Synopsis of the Genera, according to the Linnaean system. By JAMES TOWNSEND M'KAY, M.R.I.A. Associate of the Linnean Society, &c. &c. Dublin: William Curry, Jun. and Co., 1836.

tural productions.* The valuable result of this is had in England; and among the Scotch almost every town of any magnitude has its museum or botanic garden, or both; and it is but a few years since the only similar establishments in Ireland were those of Dublin; recently the spirited people of Belfast have established both a museum and botanic garden; when Cork or Limerick will choose to follow where they did not know how to take the lead, we know not.

Notwithstanding these remarks, we are of opinion that an improved state of natural science, will soon appear among us. The public attention is beginning to be awakened; the facilities for obtaining elementary and popular books on natural history, is greater than at any preceding period; the increasing popularity of geology, which has so many affinities with botany and zoology, will be extremely useful in this respect, by directing attention to the natural objects around, all of which have some relation to those speculations which now excite so much attention.

Nor is the natural history of Ireland unworthy of study. Its mountains exhibit geological phenomena of the highest interest; its igneous rocks not only display the finest examples of prismatic structure, and of veins intersecting the strata, but their cavities abound in curious minerals, while the limestone which covers so great a portion of the surface is a rich mine for the study of organic fossils.—In the animal kingdom, our advantages for study are no less obvious; for although several of the larger animals indigenous to England, are not found in Ireland, still in other respects our advantages are superior. Possessed of an immense extent of coast abounding in sheltered bays and rocky shores, the island is encircled by a zone of marine productions, consisting of algæ of the most varied forms and pleasing colours, which afford food and shelter to mollusca, crustaceæ, and zoophytes of every tribe. These remarks are not

dictated by any groundless partiality; for although we know that wherever a naturalist resides, there there is abundance of matter for study, still our coasts are peculiarly rich in interesting objects. The English conchologists are indebted to Ireland for many of their rarest specimens. In the classic work of Ellis on British corallines, the bay of Dublin is indicated at almost every page, as the habitat of some rare species of zoophyte. The botanical productions of Ireland are also sufficiently curious, and we can boast of several plants which do not occur in England. The beautiful *Arbutus Unedo*, a native of Greece and Portugal, is found flourishing around the Lakes of Killarney, the Mediterranean heath occurs in Cunnemara, and the graceful *Adiantum Capillus Veneris*, which is so abundant in the south of Europe, is found in the Arran Isles; the *Sticta Macrophylla* a Lichen, which grows in the Chinchona forests of Peru, and in the island of Mauritius, is also found in the county of Kerry.

It is therefore with great pleasure that we announce the publication of the work before us, the first in any degree entitled to the name of an Irish Flora, both from its completeness, the amount of valuable matter which it contains, the acknowledged abilities of the author, and the extensive and well-improved opportunities which he has enjoyed of investigating the botany of Ireland. To estimate aright the value of this work, it is necessary to recollect that no previous publication existed, from which he could obtain any great amount of information respecting our indigenous plants. The only original work to which he could refer was that of Threlkeld, published more than a century ago, and which is unfortunately merely a catalogue of the more common plants, alphabetically arranged with brief indication of their real or supposed medical virtues. The work of Keogh is scarcely deserving of notice; and with one or two exceptions no botanical information was to be ob-

* During the present year the following works have been published, or are on the eve of publication, *Flora Metropolitana*, *Flora of Nottinghamshire*, *Flora of the north and east of Scotland*, *Flora of Yorkshire*, *Flora of Shropshire*, *Plants of the Environs of Halifax*.

No local Flora has ever been attempted in Ireland.

tained from the statistical surveys of the different counties. The task therefore of ascertaining the habitats of rare plants, and of discovering new ones rested almost entirely with the author and his cotemporaries, names which should ever be held in honour for their unobtrusive but useful labours, whose chief recompense was the inherent pleasure which ever attends such pursuits.

Before proceeding to a more minute analysis of the work, we will devote a few sentences to the consideration of the vegetation of Ireland, as compared with that of the neighbouring kingdoms of England and Scotland. Every one is aware that the physical structure of a country—its relation to great bodies of water—the altitude of its mountains, &c. powerfully modify its climate, and consequently exert a very great influence on its vegetation. Now the climate of Ireland is eminently an insular one, and consequently its summers are cool and temperate, and its winters mild. Severe frosts but seldom occur; and if snow falls, it remains for a very short period. England, also, possesses an insular climate, but in a far inferior degree to Ireland; and when contrasted with the latter country, the climate of England may be considered as a continental one, in which the summer-heat is intense, and the cold of winter severe. These differences in the climates of the two countries produce a very interesting train of consequences, which an intelligent observer may detect, even in the phenomena exhibited by the vegetable kingdom. Owing to the mild climate of Ireland, many plants may be reared in the open air in that country, which would perish under the more intense cold of an English winter. Of the accuracy of this remark the beautiful *Passiflora*, which adorn many of the houses in the vicinity of Dublin, afford a conspicuous example. This South American plant supports our winters with ease; but we are not aware that it flowers in the open air anywhere in England, to the north of London. On the other hand, as the summers of Ireland are cooler than those of England, such fruits as require a high temperature to ripen them may attain maturity in that country, although it would

be a delusion to expect a similar result in Ireland. If a foreign plant be cultivated in Ireland, on account of its fruit, it is not enough that it can support our winters; our summers have not the requisite warmth for bringing it to maturity; and hence the chimerical nature of all attempts to cultivate the vine or the fig under our climate. If from the foreign, we turn to our indigenous plants, we will find a very curious effect produced on their periods of flowering by the nature of our climate. The vernal plants of the same species come earlier into flower in Ireland than in England, as our winters are more temperate, and we are less exposed to the biting breezes of spring. On the contrary, the summer-plants flourish earlier in England, on account of the greater heat; and for the same reason the autumnal plants of Ireland come later into flower than the same species do in England; but on account of our milder winters they remain longer in blossom.

There is another fact deserving of notice, (for we cannot afford space to develop those ideas,) an insular climate is distinguished from an extreme or continental one, by an excess of moisture, and, consequently, the plants are in a state of continual tension, from the abundance of liquid matter which they absorb; and hence we think the average size of the same species is greater in Ireland than in England. The great size which many of the ferns and *equiseta* attain in Ireland, is owing to this circumstance, and we are aware of an exception which may be urged against this opinion, but it is only an imaginary one, and which, in fact, is really a further illustration of the accuracy of our idea. We allude to the vegetation of Devonshire and Cornwall, and in these counties we know that many of the fern tribe attain a very considerable magnitude. The south-west of England forms a long and narrow peninsula, and is obviously the most insular part of England; and hence its meteorological characters are very much the same as those of Ireland.

If we next contrast the vegetation of Ireland with that of Scotland, we will not fail to observe a very obvious difference. The greater part of Scotland

is situated in a higher latitude than Ireland; and although none of its mountains attain the limits of perpetual snow, still many of them approach much nearer that limit than any of the Irish mountains, and snow remains throughout the year on Ben Nevis. From these two circumstances, of a more northern latitude, and a more lofty mountain region, the Flora of Scotland is infinitely richer than that of Ireland, in the beautiful tribe of Alpine plants, and the summits of Ben Nevis, Ben Vorlich, &c. afford treasures to the botanist, which he will look for in vain on the humbler hills and milder climate of Ireland. The following list of Alpine plants which are found on the Scotch mountains, and which do not occur, or, at all events, have not been observed in Ireland, will explain our meaning:—*Cornus Suecica*, *Azaea procumbens*, *Chereeria Sedoides*, *Sibbaldia procumbens*, *Gnaphalium alpinum*, *Epilobium alpinum*, *Cerastium alpinum*, *Woodsia Hyperborea*, &c. &c.

But in compensation for this deficiency of Alpine plants, the milder climate of Ireland approximates its vegetation to that of the western parts of Europe; and hence we find several plants in Ireland which are not to be found in England or Scotland, but which we must seek for in the Western Pyrenees, or in Portugal. The beautiful *Arbutus Unedo* of the Lakes of Killarney is also a native of Greece and Portugal; the *Menriesio polifolia*, *Pinguicula grandiflora*, and *Adiantum capillus veneris*—the pride of the Irish Flora—are also natives of Spain.

To follow out these ideas—to consider the influence of soils and situations, and also certain phenomena, which at present do not admit of any satisfactory explanation, would form the subject of a long and interesting dissertation; but we now return to the work before us.

The first part of the work is devoted to the description of the vascular or flowering plants of spring; and here Mr. M'Kay is entitled to much praise for adopting the natural, in preference to the artificial method, and we insist the more upon this, because we fully anticipate that the philosophical nature of the work will afford no small ground of complaint on the part of

those who desire a royal road to science. Undoubtedly the study of the natural system is more difficult than the acquisition of the artificial method, for the same reason that it is more difficult to earn a guinea than a shilling, but at the same time it is more valuable. To ascertain the names of plants, and this is all that the Linnæan method can accomplish, affords no doubt a good circulating medium for general conversation; but if we rest contented with a mere knowledge of terms, we will deprive ourselves of all those enlarged and general views of the structure of vegetable bodies, and of their relations to each other, and to the rest of nature, which are essential to elevate botany to the rank of a science. All those relations between the structure of the different tribes of plants, and their influences on the animal economy, the consideration of which forms the basis of a rational system of medical botany, can only be prosecuted by the aid of the natural system. The same remark holds good when we investigate that beautiful subject the geographical distribution of plants, and even more so in that newly created science, which investigates those vegetable relicts, whose fragile forms, after escaping the destructive energies of untold ages, are at length destined to reveal to us the primordial flora of the earth; such investigations can only be carried on by the aid of the natural system.

These are not the only advantages of the natural system; it performs something more than counting the stamens of a flower, or inspecting the insertion and form of a leaf; it combines the study of the external form with that of the internal organization of plants; we next trace the affinities of the different groups of vegetables, and thus detect analogies previously unsuspected. To select a remarkable example:—the affinities of the Coniferæ, or pine tribe, as indicated by the natural system, is, in the highest degree instructive. These plants are related to the firs on the one hand, and the palms on the other; and these affinities are not external and superficial, but pervade the inmost organization of the Coniferæ; so that even a portion of pine wood, of the most

microscopic minuteness, possesses so very remarkable a structure, that a botanist cannot fail to recognize it. If a piece of coniferous wood be denuded of its leaves, flowers, and fruit, and even of its bark, still, the distribution of the sap-vessels is so very peculiar, that by the aid of the microscope we can always recognize its natural family. Now, many vegetable remains occur in the secondary strata, whose internal forms have been so mutilated, that botanists could do no more than assert that they were fragments of petrified wood. Fortunately, many of these fragments still retain their internal organization; thin and transparent slices were obtained, and submitted to the microscope, and it was thus proved, that many fossil plants belonged to the coniferous class, resembling the Norfolk Island Pine; and thus affording another refutation of the chimerical dreams of some geologists about progressive developments of organized beings.

There is another advantage attending the study of the natural system, to which we must allude, as it will probably be appreciated by general readers. Very few study botany with the ultimate object of devoting their lives to the pursuit, a far greater number bestow on it a passing attention, considering it as an elegant amusement, or a branch of a liberal education. The inference to be drawn from this is, not that the Linnæan method should be applied to general use, and the natural system reserved for the contemplation of sages; for even when applied to purposes of general education, we think the natural system is decidedly the more preferable. The natural accomplishes all that the artificial method can accomplish, and still more, for which it is incompetent. Both plans of study are calculated, though not in an equal degree, to instruct the youth in that important branch of logic, termed method; or, in other words, to acquire a clear and orderly method of expressing our thoughts; and also, by the severely accurate use of words and phrases, they form in us a habit of clothing our ideas in appropriate and well-chosen words. So far the advantages of the two systems may be admitted to be nearly equal; but the

natural system does more,—it classifies objects, not arbitrarily, but according as they possess the greatest number of circumstances of agreement; and thus the one system takes in individual facts, while the other advances from one generalisation to another, till it embraces the whole history of plants under a few general expressions. The word *Triandria* of the Linnæan method merely indicates that the plants concerning which it is predicated possess three stamens, but it communicates no further information whatever, while such terms as *endogæne*, *monocotyledonous*, &c. suggest to the mind a whole volume of relations and analogies. It is for these reasons that we prefer the natural system as best adapted for beginners; for it teaches, not only the proper use of words, and the importance of method, but also the origin and value of general terms. In short, the process of mind which takes place while acquiring the natural system, is analogous to that by which all language was at first formed.

Having said so much in defence of the natural method, and also expressed our approbation of the manner in which the work has been executed,—a work which reflects the utmost credit on the author, since the task of collecting materials was, in a considerable degree, left to his own efforts. We can only add, that few, with higher pretensions, and more extensive advantages, have ever accomplished so much.

The very nature of a *Flora* renders it a work not to be read, but studied; being, in fact, a dictionary, in which, unlike our common vocabularies, where we seek for a word to learn the object to which it is applied, we here employ our knowledge of an object to discover its name. On this account, the task of the reviewer is a difficult one, and all that can be accomplished is to subjoin a few desultory remarks.

In the introduction the author alludes to the former wooded state of Ireland, and gives some interesting remarks upon the subject. The ancient forests of Ireland appear to have been as dense as those of the New World, and as difficult to destroy. Sir W. Petty informs us, that in 1672, there were no fewer than 6,600 iron-

furnaces in Ireland, and that 22,500 people were employed about them, and the only fuel used was timber. In Armagh, even at a recent period, tenantry were bound, by the terms of their leases, to cut down a given number of trees annually. Such statements give us a vivid idea of the vast extent of forests in Ireland, even down to a very modern date, and what a contrast does the present surface of the country exhibit! We are inclined to agree with Mr. M'Kay, in the opinion, that many plants have been extirpated during the progress of this incessant warfare against the forests, and to suppose, that even some forest trees have disappeared. We find everywhere in the bogs the remains of pines, oaks, and yews; and, as is observed by Mr. M'Kay, even the *Pinus Sylvestris*, or Scotch Fir, is now scarcely indigenous,—that is, we have scarcely a pine tree that has not been planted. When we still retain several of the plants of South-western Europe, it is no wild idea to suppose that more than one species of pine formerly ornamented our forests. If those who have the requisite opportunities were to institute a careful examination of the various kinds of bog timber, more especially to collect even the smallest portion of fir canes which may turn up, much valuable information might be acquired respecting our ancient forests.

Mr. M'Kay has prefixed to his work a synopsis of the genera, arranged according to the Linnæan method; and by this plan, we think that the merest tyro in botany will be able to avail himself of the book, even although he should prefer the artificial method to the study of the natural orders.

The number of natural orders which have living representatives in Ireland, if we admit the Fungi, amounts to one hundred; and this circumstance has tended to increase the size of the book; for the Linnæan orders being chiefly formed on numerical indications and also being fewer in number than in the natural system, may be expressed in a few lines; while, on the contrary, the characters of a natural order must be expressed with much greater detail. The student is, however, a gainer, for he obtains a much greater amount of information. The total number of natural orders admit-

ted by botanists amounts to about 272, and as those which occur in Ireland are one hundred, or rather more than one-third of the total number, it is obvious that a very considerable insight into the natural system may be obtained, even although we confine our attention to our indigenous species; and hence the remark, that the natural system is inapplicable to the composition of Flora's of a limited region, falls to the ground.

The Second Part of the Flora is devoted to the Acotyledenous, or Cryptogamic plants, with the exception of the ferns, which are described in the First Part. In this part of the work the author has availed himself of the cooperation of two of the ablest botanists in Ireland. The mosses, Hepatici and lichens are admirably described by Dr. Taylor, and the algæ, or water-plants, with no less talent, by Mr. Harvey.

We intend to enter into some details on the natural history of the mosses, hepatici, and lichens, both on account of the extremely original nature of Dr. Taylor's labours, and also on account of his well-earned reputation as a botanist, and one whose name is familiar to the naturalists, not only of England, but of France and Germany, and the associate of S. W. J. Hooker, in one of the most valuable muscological works which our literature possesses.

In the order Musci, after two editions of the "*Musculologia Britannica*," by S. W. J. Hooker, and Dr. Taylor, and after the additional corrections of S. W. J. Hooker in the English Flora, very little novelty was to be expected; yet even here we find the new genus *Zygotrichia* introduced, and under it a new species, *Z. cylindrica*, discovered by Dr. Taylor at the Dargle. The following species are also new to the British islands: *Gymnostomum tortile*, said to be common in the South of Ireland; *Glyphomitrium cylindraceum* from the county of Kerry; of this genus but one species was previously known: *Dicranum flagellare*, of Hedwig, which is proved to be distinct from the *D. Scottianum* of Turner. *Hypnum fluviatile* has been found by the author near Cork. The two following observations will be read with much interest by botanists:—Dr. Taylor has proved what we long suspected to be

the case, that *Fontinalis antipyretica*, and *F. squamosa* are merely varieties of the same species. The following circumstance is still more remarkable:—The *Hookeria luteo-virens* is proved to be the same as the *H. alpicans* a tropical species; and thus we have a moss which is at once a native of Ireland and the West Indies.

Under the next order, the Hepatici, we find many profound and important observations, now published for the first time. In the genus *Jungermannia* we had thought that the admirable Monograph of Sir W. J. Hooker had exhausted the subject: we are agreeably surprised to find two new species, indicated by Dr. Taylor,—the *J. microscopica*, whose tenuity is such as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. A second new species, the *J. calycina*, so very common that it is wonderful how it has hitherto escaped notice. It appears to have been confounded with the *J. epiphylla*, although the distinctive characters, as indicated by Dr. Taylor, are abundantly satisfactory.

In a paper, published in the Linnæan Transactions, Dr. Taylor has separated the genus *Marchantia* into three others: *Fegatella*, *Lunularia*, and *Hypophylla*; and these he has adopted in the present work. This grouping of the genera is both natural and satisfactory; and the characters given appear to be the general expressions of many subordinate circumstances, peculiar to each division. To quote all the original matter relating to the Hepatici would be to transfer all that part of the work to our pages.

The study of the lichens appears to have been neglected in Britain, where the two preceding orders have been investigated with so much minuteness and success; and accordingly, in this department Dr. Taylor has had more scope for his original investigations. As a proof of Dr. Taylor's industry, we may state, no less than forty-five new species make their appearance in the present volume. Can we offer a more powerful inducement to the study of our natural plants? We are aware that in this class the determination of species is a matter of extreme difficulty; and the synonymes can scarcely be ascertained without the aid of authentic specimens from the authors who have observed them: and

VOL. VIII.

the extreme simplicity of the structure of these plants, renders it excessively difficult to seize on distinctive characters. We have, however, ample proofs of Dr. Taylor's industry, for he has given us the accounts of the microscopic dissections of the apothecia of a great many species. In this department he has outstripped even Acharius, and has been remarkably happy in elucidating the characters of the beautiful genus *Parmelia*. In short, in this department, Dr. Taylor has effected great reforms, and has shown that still greater ones are necessary; and we know of no botanist better able to carry them into effect.

The next class, that of the Algae, is, by another, but no less competent botanist, W. J. Harvey, Esq., who has bestowed a minute attention on the department which he has undertaken to illustrate. We cannot afford much space for the consideration of the Algae. Mr. Harvey adopts the same method as he has followed in the British Flora, which is, consequently, one on which botanists have pronounced a favourable opinion. We wish our knowledge of the subject enabled us to enter into as many details as we have done concerning the Musci and Hepatici; but we hesitate to enter on a dissertation concerning the labours of one who with Dr. Greville, must ever take the first place among British Algologists.

The only order omitted in the work is that of the Fungi; and the immense extent of this order may well justify the omission. Now, however, that the Algae, which may be considered as aquatic lichens and fungi, have been described, we hope the true fungi will appear in a subsequent edition.

In conclusion, we have only to state in an abstract form that idea which has pervaded the whole of this article, namely,—that the work reflects the highest honor on the authors, and that few similar works possess equal excellencies; especially when we remember that no previous work existed which could abridge their labours. In a first attempt everything was to be done, and everything has been done well. The printing, too, is creditable to the Dublin press; and the very small number of errata is remarkable in a work abounding in technical terms, so little known to those who are not conversant with botany.

ALISON'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

MR. ALISON, we rejoice to say, still continues "the noiseless tenour of his way," in detailing, with all a painter's force and a philosopher's wisdom, the mighty events of the French revolution. Of his two first volumes we have already given our readers some account. Three others have since appeared, and a sixth is, we believe, very near to its completion. Of the first of these we now propose to say something; and of the others, in their order as, from time to time, our other engagements may permit; happy, if, in our humble way, we may aid the efforts of this accomplished writer and most excellent man, to make the errors and the sufferings of the generation that is past a warning to the present and to posterity.

That the time has come when this history *may* be impartially written, Mr. Alison has proved; and that it should be written while the events are yet sufficiently recent to afford the historian a reasonable hope of being able to ascertain the truth respecting every important transaction, from contemporary evidence, oral or documentary, must, assuredly, be thought desirable. In a few years more all the individuals will have passed away, who, from personal knowledge, could speak with authority respecting the events in which they were actors, or the characters with whom they were acquainted. How fortunate that their evidence has been secured and put upon record by one who is so well qualified to turn it to a good account. Mr. Alison has brought to the performance of his task an untiring industry; a sincere love of truth; an enlarged philosophic sagacity; and an enlightened and cultivated mind. Every page of his important work bears evidence that he writes from no light impulse, or for no temporary object. He never, in one single instance, gives way to the petulance of the partizan, or forgets the severe impartiality of history. The loudest denouncers of the abuses of the old regime will find that he has not spared the errors or the vices of

that misgovernment which led to the overthrow of order in France; and the warmest admirers of the new order of things cannot honestly fault the fidelity with which he depicts the atrocities and the abominations of the revolution. But there is a lesson which Mr. Alison labours to inculcate, we trust not altogether in vain, which will render his pages peculiarly valuable in the eye of the enlightened Christian reader. Of his work, it may be said to be a leading characteristic, that it "vindicates the ways of God to man," and is well calculated to impress upon the most thoughtless a constraining belief of that presiding intelligence by which sublunary affairs are providentially ordered. He so connects crime with punishment, national visitations with national offences, as to leave upon the minds of his readers a salutary conviction that no wickedness is in the long run, unavenged, and that the guilt of kingdoms, no less than that of individuals, is always overtaken by a righteous retribution.

The present volume commences with an account of Buonaparte's entrance upon the theatre of public affairs. His early history is well described, (Mr. Alison having availed himself of the copious information which has been furnished by recent publications in almost every part of Europe,) until his biography becomes identified with the history of his age, and he appears at once the instrument and the avenger of the demoniacal anarchy of the revolution. The birth of this extraordinary man is thus described:—

"On the day of his birth, being the festival of the assumption, she (his mother) had been at church, and was seized with her pains during high mass. She was brought home hastily, and as there was not time to prepare a bed, laid upon a couch covered with tapestry, representing the heroes of the *Iliad*, and there the future conqueror was brought into the world.

"In the years of infancy, he exhibited nothing remarkable, excepting irritability and turbulence of temper; but these

* History of Europe during the French Revolution. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., advocate. Vol. III. Blackwood and Sons, 1835.

qualities, as well as the decision with which they were accompanied, were so powerful that they gave him the entire command of his eldest brother Joseph, a boy of a mild and unassuming character, who was constantly beaten, pinched, or tormented by the future ruler of the world. But even at that early period it was observed that he never wept even when chastised; and on one occasion, when he was only seven years of age, having been suspected unjustly of a fault, and punished when innocent, he endured the pain, and subsisted in disgrace for three days on the coarsest food, rather than betray his companion, who was really in fault. Though his anger was violent, it was generally of short duration; and his smile was from the first like a beam of the sun emerging from the clouds. But nevertheless he gave no indication of extraordinary capacity at that early age; and his mother was frequently heard to declare, that of all her children he was the one whom she would least have expected to have attained any extraordinary eminence."

His progress in school studies, though respectable, was not remarkable; as he was more intent upon storing his mind with historic knowledge, which might afterwards render him eminent amongst men, than upon any proficiency in those prescribed exercises which might have gained for him distinction amongst his equals. The hours usually devoted to play, were employed by him in assuming that ardent thirst for knowledge, which continued through life one of his strongest characteristics, and Plutarch, Polybius, and Arrian were devoured, while his disengaged and animated class-fellows were ardently pursuing their accustomed amusements.

"During the vacations of school, he returned, in general, to Cornica; where he gave vent to the ardour of his mind, in traversing the mountains and valleys of that romantic island, and listening to the tales of feudal strife, and family revenge, by which its inhabitants are so remarkably distinguished. The celebrated Paoli, the hero of Corsica, accompanied him in some of these excursions, and explained to him on the road the actions which he had fought, and the positions which he had occupied during his struggle for the independence of the island. The energy and decision of his young companion, at this period, made a great impression on that illustrious man.

'Oh, Napoleon!' said he, 'you do not resemble the moderns—you belong only to the heroes of Plutarch.'"

His first appearance in uniform is thus described:—

"His figure, always diminutive, was at that period thin and meagre in the highest degree; a circumstance which rendered his appearance somewhat ridiculous, when he first put on his uniform. Mademoiselle Permon, afterwards Duchess of Alençon, one of his earliest female acquaintances, and who afterwards became one of the most brilliant wits of his imperial court, mentions, that he came to their house, on the day on which he first put on his uniform, in the highest spirits, as is usual with young men on such an occasion; but her sister, two years younger than herself, who had just left her boarding-school, was so struck with his comical appearance, in the enormous boots which were at that period worn by the artillery, that she immediately burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, he resembled nothing so much as Puss in Boots. The stroke told; the libel was too true not to be felt; but Napoleon soon recovered his good humour, and a few days afterwards, presented her with an elegantly bound copy of *Puss in Boots*, as a proof that he retained no rancour for her railery."

That a mind like his should have been early awakened to the ruinous consequences of the revolutionary mania, to which he was indebted for his rise, is not surprising; as no familiarity with scenes of blood could reconcile any one of even ordinary humanity to the atrocious profligacy of the revolutionary leaders. But the outrages of the many-headed monster, the mob, were what chiefly provoked his indignation, as tending, if unchecked, not only to the dissolution of all government, but to bring society back again to the savage state, and render its abused and corrupted civilization something unspeakably more deplorable than a state of nature.

"When the Revolution broke out, he adhered, like almost all the young officers of a subaltern rank, to the popular side, and continued a warm patriot during the whole time of the Constituent Assembly. But, on the appointment of the Legislative Assembly, he has himself declared that his sentiments underwent a rapid change; and he soon imbibed, under the Reign of Terror, that profound

hatred at the Jacobins, which his subsequent life so strongly evinced, and which he never, even for the purposes of ambition, made any attempts to disguise. It was his fortune to witness both the mob which inundated the Tuileries on the 20th June, and that which overturned the throne on the 10th August; and on both he strongly expressed his sense of the ruinous consequences likely to arise from the want of resolution in the government. No man knew better the consequences of yielding to popular clamour, or how rapidly it is checked by proper firmness in the depositories of power: from the weakness shown on the 20th June, he predicted the disastrous effects which so speedily followed on the next great revolt of the populace. When he saw the monarch, in obedience to the rabble, put on the red cap, his indignation knew no bounds. 'How on earth,' he exclaimed, 'could they let those wretches enter the palace! They should have cut down four or five hundred with grape-shot, and the rest would speedily have taken to flight.'

Having distinguished himself by the suppression of some insurrectionary movements in his native country, Corsica, and by his skill and conduct, at the siege of Toulon, when the conflict approached between the convention and the sections, his great abilities pointed him out as one whose counsel and whose services might, at that important crisis, be eminently useful. Accordingly, when the attack by Menou, on the section Le Pelletier failed, and when the convention were on the point of entering into measures of accommoda-

tion with the insurgents, the extraordinary vigour and clearness with which he depicted the disgrace and the ruin of such a step, effectually prevailed with them to make another stand against the inroads of their anarchical invaders. Barras was appointed commander-in-chief; Napoleon, second in command. Murat was instantly despatched to Sablons, with a squadron of three hundred horse, to seize upon a park of artillery, and only arrived a few moments before the troops, of the sections, who came to obtain them for the insurgents. By this decisive step the defeat of the revolt was rendered certain. On the next day the cannon began to roar; and the convention had the satisfaction of seeing them, instead of being turned against themselves, scattering dismay and death amongst their affrighted enemies. Barras did full honour to the skill and the gallantry of the young soldier, who, however, was not himself overjoyed that his first success in separate command should have been gained in civil dissension. "Often," writes Bourienne, "has he said in aftertimes that he would give many years of his life to tear that page from his history."

His marriage with Josephine soon followed. She was a West Indian by birth; and it had been predicted of her, by an old Negress, that she should lose her first husband, be extremely unfortunate, and afterwards be greater than a queen, a prediction the authenticity of which is as indisputable as it has been made remarkable by its fulfilment.* A few days after his marriage,

* "The author heard this prophecy long before Napoleon's elevation to the throne, from the late Countess of Bath, and the Countess of Ancram, who were educated in the same convent with Josephine, and had repeatedly heard her mention the circumstance in early youth.

"Josephine herself narrated this extraordinary passage in her life in the following terms:—

"One morning the jailer entered the chamber where I slept with the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and two other ladies, and told me he was going to take my mattress to give it to another prisoner. 'Why,' said Madame d'Aiguillon, eagerly, 'will not Madame de Beauharnois obtain a better one?'—'No, no,' replied he, with a fiendish smile, 'she will have no need of one; for she is about to be led to the Conciergerie, and thence to the guillotine.'

"At these words my companions in misfortune uttered piercing shrieks. I consoled them as well as I could; and at length, worn out with their eternal lamentations, I told them that their grief was utterly unreasonable; that not only I should not die, but live to be Queen of France. 'Why then do you not name your maids of honor?' said Madame d'Aiguillon, irritated at such expressions at such a moment. 'Very true,' said I; 'I did not think of that;—well, my dear, I make you one of them.' Upon this the tears of these ladies fell aspace, for they never doubted

he was appointed to the command of the Italian army, and immediately entered upon that career of success which soon extended his celebrity beyond the circle of Paris. Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, and Mondovi were speedily signalized by victories by which the republic was saved from the most imminent dangers; and the young general, who had left the capital with but a handful of undisciplined and ill-provided troops, was enabled to send home despatches, which, were they not accompanied by trophies and standards which attested their truth, might well startle the credulity of the most sanguine partizans of the revolution.

"When these successive victories, these standards, these proclamations, arrived day after day at Paris, the joy of the people knew no bounds. The first day the gates of the Alps were opened; the next, the Austrians were separated from the Piedmontese; the third, the Sardinian army was destroyed, and the fortresses surrendered. The rapidity of the success, the number of the prisoners, exceeded all that had yet been witnessed. Every one asked, who is this young conqueror, whose fame had burst forth so suddenly, and whose proclamations breathed the spirit of ancient glory. Three times the Councils decreed, that the Army of Italy had deserved well of their country, and appointed a fête to Victory, in honour of the commencement of the campaign."

It was during this campaign that this extraordinary man commenced that system of classical spoliation, by which,

during his reign, Paris was adorned with so many splendid works of art at the expense of other countries. From the grand Duke of Parma he extorted the celebrated picture of St. Jerome, by Correggio. The Duke offered as its ransom a million of Franks. Napoleon's answer was: "The million would soon be spent; but the possession of a chief d'œuvre at Paris, will adorn that capital for ages, and give birth to similar exertions of genius." A splendid, but deceptive judgment, which brought the arts directly into peril, and, in reality, no more proved a love of them, than the vehement importunity of the pretended mother in the judgment of Solomon, who was willing to see the child sacrificed rather than given to another, could be said to prove natural affection.

Napoleon's personal intrepidity was strikingly evinced at the passage of the bridge of Lodi. That event is thus described:—

"On the 10th, Napoleon marched towards Milan; but, before arriving at that city, he required to cross the Adda. The bridge of Lodi over that river was held by a strong rear-guard, consisting of twelve thousand Austrian infantry and four thousand horse; while the remainder of their forces had retired to Cassana, and the neighbourhood of Milan. By a rapid advance, he hoped to cut off the bulk of their troops from the hereditary states, and make them prisoners; but, as there was not a moment to be lost in achieving the movements requisite to attain this object, he resolved to force the

I was mad. But the truth was, I was not gifted with any extraordinary courage, but internally persuaded of the truth of the oracle.

"Madame d'Aiguillon soon after became unwell, and I drew her towards the window, which I opened to admit through the bars a little fresh air;—I there perceived a poor woman who knew us, and who was making a number of signs, which I at first could not understand. She constantly held up her gown (*robe*); and seeing that she had some object in view, I called out '*robe*,' to which she answered, 'yes.' She then lifted up a stone and put it in her lap, which she lifted up a second time; I called out '*pierre*,' upon which she evinced the greatest joy at perceiving that her signs were understood. Joining, then, the stone to her robe, she eagerly imitated the motion of cutting off the neck, and immediately began to dance, and evince the most extravagant joy. This singular pantomime awakened in our minds a vague hope, that possibly Robespierre might be no more.

"At this moment, when we were floating between hope and fear, we heard a great noise in the corridor, and the terrible voice of our jailer, who said to his dog, giving him at the same time a kick, 'Get on, you cursed Robespierre.' That coarse phrase at once taught us that we had nothing to fear, and that France was saved."—*Mém. de Josephine*, i. 252, 253."

bridge, and thus get into their rear. He himself arrived at Lodi, at the head of the grenadiers of D'Allemagne; upon which, the Austrians withdrew from the town, and crossed the river; drawing up their infantry, with twenty pieces of cannon, at the farther extremity of the bridge, to defend the passage. Napoleon immediately directed Beaumont, with all the cavalry of the army, to pass at a ford half a league farther up, while he himself directed all the artillery which had come up against the Austrian battery, and formed six thousand grenadiers in close column, under cover of the houses at his own end of the bridge. No sooner did he perceive that the discharge of the Austrian artillery was beginning to slacken, from the effect of the French fire, and that the passage of the cavalry on their flank had commenced, than he addressed a few animating words to his soldiers, and gave the signal to advance. The grenadiers rushed forward, through a cloud of smoke, over the long and narrow defile of the bridge. The terrible storm of grape-shot for a moment arrested their progress; but finding themselves supported by a cloud of tirailleurs, who waded the stream below the arches, and led on by their dauntless general, they soon recovered, and rushing forward with resistless fury, carried the Austrian guns, and drove back their infantry. Had the French cavalry been ready to profit by the confusion, the whole corps of the Imperialists would have been destroyed; but, as it had not yet come up, their numerous squadrons protected the retreat of the infantry, which retired with the loss of two thousand men, and twenty pieces of cannon. The loss of the victors was at least as great. The object of this bold measure was indeed lost, for the Austrians, whom it had been intended to cut off, had meanwhile gained the *chaussée* of Brescia, and made good their retreat; but it contributed greatly to exalt the character and elevate the courage of the Republican troops, by inspiring them with the belief that nothing could resist them; and it made a deep impression on the mind of Napoleon, who ever after styled it the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi."

The great importance of this exploit consisted not so much in any military advantage of which it put him in possession, as in the influence which it ever after had upon the minds of the soldiers. It was here Buonaparte acquired the

name "Le Petit Corporal," by which he was ever after called by his men when they wished to express enthusiastic affection. Thenceforth their confidence in him was unbounded; and this contributed more than any thing else to the great successes which afterwards distinguished his eventful history. Nor was its effect upon his own mind less remarkable. "The 18th Vendemiaire, and the victory of Montenotte," said he, "did not induce me to believe myself a superior character. It was after the passage of Lodi that the idea shot across my mind, that I might become a decisive actor on the political theatre. Then arose, for the first time, the spark of great ambition."

The succeeding events of this brilliant campaign were all calculated to foster this germ of magnanimous daring, which had taken possession of his mind. By singular efforts of boldness and skill he defeated the best contrived combinations for his destruction; and on one occasion, when, with a handful of troops, he was upon the point of being made prisoner, by his address and presence of mind he contrived to make prisoners of a vastly superior detachment of the enemy. This singular event is thus described:—

"He had arrived at Lonato to expedite the movement of his forces in the opposite directions, where their enemies were to be found; and, from the dispersion which he had directed, only twelve hundred men remained at headquarters. Before he had been long there, he was summoned to surrender by a corps of four thousand Austrians, who had already occupied all the avenues by which retreat was possible. This was a part of the troops of Bayalitch, which, having been defeated in its endeavours to effect a junction with Quasdenovich, was now, in desperation, endeavouring to regain the remainder of the army on the Mincio. Napoleon made his numerous staff mount on horseback; and, having ordered the officer bearing the flag of truce to be brought before him, directed the bandage to be taken from his eyes, and immediately told the astonished Austrian, that he was in the middle of the French army, and in presence of its general-in-chief, and that unless they laid down their arms in ten minutes, he would put them all to the sword. The officer, deceived by the splendid *cortège* by which

he was surrounded, returned to his division, and recommended a surrender; and the troops, cut off from their companions, and exhausted by fatigue and disaster, laid down their arms. When they entered the town, they had the mortification of discovering not only that they had capitulated to a third of their numbers, but missed the opportunity of making prisoner the conqueror who had filled the world with his renown."

Nor was he less prompt in resenting any real or supposed want of zeal or courage in his own troops, than in anticipating the designs and confounding the calculations of his enemies. The army in the Tyrol, under Vaubois, having met with some repulses, which caused him to halt in his career of victory; and having yielded, as he thought, tamely to the forces which they should have endeavoured to withstand,

"No sooner was this disastrous intelligence received by Napoleon, than he drew back his whole force through Vicenza to Verona, while Alvinza, who was himself preparing to retire, after his check on the preceding day, immediately resumed the offensive. Napoleon in person proceeded, with such troops as he could collect, in the utmost haste to the Montebaldo, where he found the division of Vaubois all assembled on the plateau of Rivoli, and so much reinforced as to be able to withstand an attack. He here deemed it necessary to make a severe example of the regiments whose panic had so nearly proved fatal to the army. Collecting the troops into a circle, he addressed them, with a severe tone, in these words:—'Soldiers, I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline, nor valour, nor constancy. You have allowed yourselves to be chased from positions, where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. Soldiers of the thirty-ninth and eighty-fifth, you are no longer French soldiers. Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, *They are no longer of the army of Italy.*' These terrible words, pronounced with a menacing voice, filled these brave regiments with consternation. The laws of discipline could not restrain the sounds of grief which burst from their ranks. They broke their array, and, crowding round the general, entreated that he would lead them into action, and give them an opportunity of showing whether they were not of the

army of Italy. Napoleon consoled them by some kind expressions, and, feigning to yield to their prayers, promised to suspend the order, and a few days after they behaved with uncommon gallantry, and regained their place in his esteem."

We cannot afford space to dwell minutely upon the details of this brilliant campaign, which laid the foundation of Napoleon's greatness; and in which not only his skill as a general, but his talents as a negotiator, were most conspicuously displayed; but the following instance of personal intrepidity, which he displayed in the battle of Arcola, is sufficient to prove that his courage was not the least of the qualities which fitted him for a great commander. Massena and Augereau, having forced their way through a murderous cannonade to the foot of the bridge, made celebrated by that action, were with difficulty able to sustain the tremendous opposition which they there encountered, and at length staggered and fell back under the destructive and overwhelming fire of their assailants. All would have been lost had not their general promptly come to their rescue.

"Napoleon, deeming the possession of Arcola indispensable not only to his future operations, but to the safety of his own army, put himself with his generals at the head of the column, seized a standard, advanced without shrinking through a tempest of shot, and planted it on the middle of the bridge; but the fire there became so violent that his grenadiers hesitated, and seizing the general in their arms, bore him back amidst a cloud of smoke, the dead and the dying. The Austrians instantly rushed over the bridge, and pushed the crowd of fugitives into the marsh, where Napoleon lay up to the middle in water, while the enemy's soldiers for a minute surrounded him on all sides. The French grenadiers soon perceived that their commander was left behind; the cry ran through their ranks, 'Forward! to save the general!' and returning to the charge, they drove back the Austrians, and extricated Napoleon from his perilous situation. During this terrible strife, Lannes received three wounds. His aid-de-camp, Meuron, was killed by his side, when covering his general with his body, and almost all his personal staff were badly wounded."

His escape from the dangers by which

he was surrounded upon the Plateau of Rivoli is too singular to be omitted, when he was pressed at the same time in front, flank, and rear, by overwhelming numbers, and his men had their retreat cut off, and no resource from the bayonets of the Austrians but in the precipices of the Alps.

"At this perilous moment, the presence of mind of Napoleon did not forsake him. He instantly, in order to gain time, sent a flag of truce to Alvinzi, proposing a suspension of arms for half an hour, as he had some propositions to make, in consequence of the arrival of a courier, with despatches from Paris. Alvinzi, ever impressed with the idea that military were to be subordinate to diplomatic operations, fell into the snare; the suspension, at the critical moment, was agreed to; and the march of the Austrians was suspended at the very moment when the soldiers, with loud shouts, were exclaiming—'We have them!—we have them!' Junot repaired to the Austrian headquarters, from whence, after a conference of an hour, he returned, as might have been expected, without having come to any accommodation; but meanwhile the critical moment had passed; Napoleon had gained time to face the danger, and made the movements requisite to repel these numerous attacks. Joubert, with the light infantry, was ordered to face about, on the extreme right, to oppose Quasdanovich, while Leclerc and Lasalle, with the light cavalry and flying artillery, flew to the menaced point; and a regiment of infantry was directed to the heights of Tiffaro, to make head against the corps of Lusignan. Far from being disconcerted by the appearance of the troops in his rear, he exclaimed, pointing to them, 'These are already our prisoners;' and the confident tone in which he spoke soon communicated itself to the soldiers, who repeated the cheering expression. The head of Quasdanovich's division, which had so bravely won the ascent, received in front by a terrible fire of grape-shot, charged in one flank by Lasalle's horse, and exposed on the other to a close discharge of musketry from Joubert, broke and staggered backwards down the steep. The fugitives, rushing headlong through the column which was toiling up, soon threw the whole into inextricable confusion; horse, foot, and cannon struggled together, under a plunging fire from the French batteries, which

blew up some ammunition waggons, and produced a scene of frightful disorder. No sooner was the Plateau delivered from this flank attack, than Napoleon accumulated his forces on the troops which had descended from the semicircle of the Montebaldo, and these, destitute of artillery, and deprived now of the expected aid from the corps in flank, soon gave way, and fled in confusion to the mountains, where great numbers were made prisoners."

Well after this might he feel an exalted confidence in his destiny. The directory at home began to feel alarmed at the vast military reputation which he had acquired, and were desirous to conclude the war, while yet it might be concluded with honour, and before any further risks were run, by which the recent successes might be endangered. Accordingly, Clarke was authorised to sign a peace, on condition that Belgium and the frontier of the Rhine should be given to France, an indemnity secured to the Stadtholder in Germany, and all its possessions restored to Austria in Italy. This Napoleon vehemently opposed. He would not even permit Clarke to open the proposed negotiations.

"'Before Mantua falls,' said he, 'every negotiation is premature;—and Mantua will be in our hands in fifteen days. These conditions will never meet with my approbation. The Republic is entitled, besides the frontier of the Rhine, to insist for the establishment of a State in Italy, which may secure the French influence there, and retain in its subjection Genoa, Sardinia, and the Pope. Without that, Venice, enlightened at last as to its real dangers, will unite with the emperor, and restrain the growth of democratic principles in its Italian possessions.'"

His influence prevailed. Clarke felt himself completely overmastered. His anticipations were realized. Mantua speedily fell. A garrison 18,000 strong surrendered their arms; and fifty standards, a bridge equipage, and 500 pieces of artillery, fell into the hands of the conqueror.

On this occasion he displayed a generosity of feeling which attracted universal admiration. He respected the age and the services of the old Marshal, (Wurmser,) by whom the

garrison, was commanded, and he set out himself to Florence, to conduct the expedition against Rome, leaving to his General Serrurier the honour of seeing the Marshal with his staff de file before him.

Wurmser appreciated this, and shortly after had an opportunity of requiring the delicate generosity of his conqueror, by giving him timely information of a conspiracy against his life, which was the means of causing it to be defeated.

The remaining objects of the campaign were soon accomplished. The Pope was easily intimidated into submission, and the most humiliating terms were imposed upon him. He was compelled to close his ports against the Allies, to cede Avignon and the Venaisin to France, to abandon Bologna, Ferrara, and the whole of the Romagna, to their allies in the Milanese, to admit a garrison of French troops into Ancona, till the conclusion of a general peace, and to pay a contribution of 30,000,000 of francs to the victorious republic.

"Besides this, he was obliged to surrender a hundred of his principal works of art to the French Commissioners; the trophies of ancient and modern genius were seized on with merciless rapacity; and in a short time the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, the transfiguration of Raphael, and the St. Jerome of Dominichino, were placed on the banks of the Seine."

Such was the campaign of 1796, in which Buonaparte first acquired his European reputation, and which may well be pronounced unparalleled for the extent, the rapidity, and the brilliancy of its achievements, in the previous history of the world.

"Certainly on no former occasion had successes so great been achieved in so short a time, or powers so vast been vanquished by forces so inconsiderable. From maintaining a painful contest on the mountain ridges of their own frontier, from defending the Var and the maritime Alps, the Republicans found themselves transported to the Tyrol and the Tagliamento, threatening the hereditary states of Austria, and subduing the whole southern powers of Italy. An army which never mustered 50,000 men in the field, though maintained by successive reinforcements

nearly at that amount, had not only broken through the barrier of the Alps, subdued Piedmont, conquered Lombardy, humbled the whole Italian states, but defeated, and almost destroyed, four powerful armies which Austria raised to defend her possessions, and wrenched the keys of Mantua from her grasp, under the eyes of the greatest array of armed men she had ever sent into the field. Successes so immense, gained against forces so vast, and efforts so indefatigable, may almost be pronounced unparalleled in the annals of war."

In this campaign it was that Buonaparte first introduced that new system of tactics which he afterwards brought to such perfection, and by the skilful application of which he achieved his most brilliant victories. This consisted chiefly in accumulating forces in a central situation, striking with the whole mass the detached wings of the enemy, separating them from each other, and thus compensating by rapidity of movement for inferiority of numbers. For the success of such a system, Mr. Alison well observes, that it is indispensable that the troops who undertake it should be superior in bodily activity and moral courage to their adversaries; and that the general in chief should feel such confidence in his men, as that he may leave a slender force to cope with the enemy in one quarter, while he is accumulating masses to overwhelm them in another. But the composition of the French army was at that time such as might well inspire a less sanguine temperament than Napoleon's with a persuasion that it could not easily be overcome.

"The world had never seen an array framed of such materials. The terrible whirlwind which had overthrown the fabric of society in France, the patriotic spirit which had brought its whole population into the field, the grinding misery which had forced all its activity into war, had formed a union of intelligence, skill, and ability, among the private soldiers, such as had never before been witnessed in modern warfare. The middling—even the higher ranks—were to be seen with a musket on their shoulders; the great levies of 1793 had spared neither high nor low; the career of glory and ambition could be entered only through the humble portals of the bivouac. Hence it was that the spirit which animated them was

so fervent, and their intelligence so remarkable, that the humblest grenadiers anticipated all the designs of their commanders, and knew of themselves, in every situation of danger and difficulty, what should be done. When Napoleon spoke to them, in his proclamations, of Brutus, Scipio, and Tarquin, he was addressing men whose hearts thrilled at the recollections which these names awaken; and when he led them into action after a night-march of ten leagues, he commanded those who felt as thoroughly as himself the inestimable importance of time in war. With truth might Napoleon say that his soldiers had surpassed the far-famed celerity of Cæsar's legions."

It cannot be doubted that the operations of the Austrian generals were greatly clogged by the Aulic council, which exercised an influence over them in the field, which Napoleon refused to yield to the directory under whom he held his command, and which, had he yielded, might have rendered the campaign as disastrous to the French army as it was glorious. But the Austrian commanders knew that the views of their cabinet were pacific, and they were, on that account, the more liable to be deceived by the stratagems of Napoleon, who always endeavoured to lure them with the hope of peace when he was on the point of striking some decisive blow, by which advantages were to be gained, such as must throw all hopes of a favourable termination of hostilities at a farther distance. They seemed determined to make their diplomacy the regulator of their military success, while he was resolved to make his military success the foundation of his diplomacy. Under ordinary circumstances, their steadiness and skill might have propped the fortunes, and sustained the reputation of the monarchy. But a crisis had arrived when new elements of strife were introduced into European warfare, and when, if the revolutionary fervour by which the French armies were animated was not encountered by an anti-revolutionary spirit, with which, at that period, the old governments were not as yet sufficiently imbued, it must eventually prove successful. When to this is added the genius of Napoleon, we must cease to wonder at the prodigies that were achieved. He saw at a

glance the importance of securing the barrier fortresses as a base for his operations; and, accordingly, he made it his first object, setting at naught the instructions which he received from home, to seize upon Coni, Alexandria, and Tortona. Had he not obtained possession of these Piedmontese citadels, he would not, Mr. Alison observes, have been able to push his advantages beyond the Po; "but for the bastions of Mantua, he might have carried them, as in the succeeding campaign, to the Danube." But, whatever may have been the deficiencies of the Austrian generals, or the errors of the Aulic council, it cannot be denied that the Austrian government and people evinced a heroic and unconquerable tenacity in the prosecution of this disastrous contest.

"It is impossible to contemplate, without admiration, the vast armies which they successively sent into the field, and the unconquerable courage with which they returned to a contest where so many thousands of their countrymen had perished before them. Had they been guided by greater, or opposed by less ability, they unquestionably would have been successful; and even against the soldiers of the Italian army, and the genius of Napoleon, the scales of fortune repeatedly hung equal. A nation, capable of such sacrifices, can hardly ever be permanently subdued; a government, actuated by such steady principles, must ultimately be triumphant. Such, accordingly, has been the case in the present instance: aristocratic firmness in the end asserted its wonted superiority over democratic vigour; the dreams of Republican equality have been forgotten, but the Austrian government remains unchanged; the French eagles have retired over the Alps; and Italy, the theatre of so much bloodshed, has finally remained to the successors of the Cæsars."

While Buonaparte was thus splendidly triumphant in Italy, his contemporary, Moreau, was unsuccessful in Germany, but signalized his military reputation by retreats, in the presence of the Archduke Charles, which might be deemed equivalent to victories. The details, which are too lengthened for our pages, will well repay the reader.

At home, the directory were still embarrassed by the lingering contest in

La Vendée; but it was soon subdued by the vigour and the ability of Hoche, and the hopes of the insurgents finally crushed by the unhappy fate of the gallant Charette, the last of the royalist leaders. So anxious was the directory to get quit of so formidable an enemy, that they offered him "a safe retreat into England with his family, and such of his followers as he might select, and a million of franks for his own maintenance."

"Charette replied—'I am ready to die with arms in my hands; but not to fly and abandon my companions in misfortune. All the vessels of the republic would not be sufficient to transport my brave soldiers into England. Far from fearing your menaces, I will myself come to seek you in your own camp.' The royalist officers, who perceived that farther resistance had become hopeless, urged him to retire to Britain, and await a more favourable opportunity of renewing the contest at the head of the princes and nobility of France. 'Gentlemen,' said he, with a severe air, 'I am not here to judge of the orders which my sovereign has given me: I know them; they are the same which I myself have solicited. Preserve towards them the same fidelity which I shall do; nothing shall shake me in the discharge of my duty.'

"This indomitable chief, however, could not long withstand the immense bodies which were now directed against him. His band was gradually reduced from 700 to 50, and at last, ten followers. With this handful of heroes he long kept at bay the republican forces; but at length, pursued on every side, and tracked out like a wild beast by blood-hounds, he was seized, after a furious combat, and conducted, bleeding and mutilated, but unsubdued, to the Republican headquarters.

"General Travot, with the consideration due to illustrious misfortune, treated him with respect and kindness, but could not avert his fate. He was conducted to Angers, where he was far from experiencing from others the generous treatment of this brave Republican general. Maltreated by the brutal soldiery, conducted along, yet dripping with blood from his wounds, before the populace of the town, weakened by loss of blood, he had need of all his fortitude of mind to sustain his courage; but, even in this extremity, his firmness never deserted him. On the 27th March he was removed from the prison of Angers to that of Nantes. He

entered into the latter town, preceded by a numerous escort, closely guarded by gens-d'armes and generals glittering in gold and plumes; himself on foot, with his clothes torn and bloody, pale and exhausted; yet more an object of interest than all the splendid throng by whom he was surrounded. Such was his exhaustion from loss of blood, that he fainted on leaving the Quarter of Commerce; but no sooner was his strength revived by a glass of water, than he marched on, enduring for two hours, with heroic constancy, the abuse and imprecations of the populace. He was immediately conducted to the military commission. His examination lasted two hours; but his answers were all clear, consistent and dignified; openly avowing his Royalist principles, and resolution to maintain them to the last. Upon hearing the sentence of death, he calmly asked for the secours of religion, which were granted him, and slept peacefully the night before his execution.

"On the following morning, he was brought out to the scaffold. The rolling of drums, the assembly of all the troops and national guard, a countless multitude of spectators announced the great event which was approaching. At length the hero appeared, descended with a firm step the stairs of the prison, and walked to the Place des Agriculteurs, where the execution was to take place. A breathless silence prevailed. Charette advanced to the appointed place, bared his breast, took his yet bloody arm out of the scarf, and without permitting his eyes to be bandaged, himself gave the command, uttering, with his last breath, the words—*"Vive le Roi!"*

While France was engaged in a death struggle with Germany, Prussia was intently occupied upon those objects of territorial aggrandizement which she never lost sight of, and exhibited an eager selfishness in availing herself of every facility which was presented for securing to herself some advantages from the war, which was strikingly contrasted with the self renouncing generosity which was evinced by Great Britain during every period of the contest. The French minister at Berlin found it easy to induce that mercenary and unprincipled cabinet to enter into a secret treaty, by which they recognised the extension of France to the Rhine, and the principle that the dispossessed German

princes were to be provided for at the expense of the empire. An infamous convention! which divided between France and Prussia the guilt of the robbery, and the mean conniver at robbery; with this difference, indeed, that the one was only supporting consistently the character which she assumed, the other was compromising the character, and deserting the station which she was called upon to maintain amongst the states of Europe.

“ ‘Such was the secret convention,’ says Hardenbergh, ‘which in a manner put the cabinet of Berlin at the mercy of France in the affairs of Germany.’ It may be added, such was the commencement of that atrocious system of indemnifying the greater powers at the expense of the lesser, and providing for the rapacity of temporal powers by the sacrifice of the Church, which soon after not only shook to its foundation the constitution of the Germanic empire, but totally overturned the whole balance of power and system of public rights in Europe.”

The close of the year 1796 was signalized by the death of Catherine. Her character is here given, with graphical fidelity, by our historian.

“ ‘The close of this year was marked by the death of the Empress Catherine, and the accession of the Emperor Paul to the Russian throne; an event of no small importance to the future fate of the war, and destiny of the world. Shortly before her death, she had by art and flattery contrived to add Courland to her immense dominions: she had recently made herself mistress of Derbent in Persia; and the alliance with Great Britain and Austria secured to her the concurrence of these powers in her favorite project of dismembering the Turkish dominions, and placing her youngest son on the throne of Constantine. She thus seemed to be fast approaching the grand object of her ambition, and might have lived to see the cross planted on the domes of St. Sophia, when death interrupted all her schemes of ambition, in the sixty-seventh year of her age, and the thirty-sixth of her reign. Her latest project was the formation of a powerful confederacy for the defence of Europe against the French Republic; and she had given orders for the levy of 150,000 men, destined to take a part in the German campaigns; a design which, if carried into effect by her firm and intrepid hand, might have accelerated by

nearly twenty years the catastrophe which closed the war.

“ ‘Few sovereigns will occupy a more conspicuous place in the page of history, or have left in their conduct on the throne a more exalted reputation. Prudent in council, and intrepid in conduct; cautious in forming resolutions, but vigorous in carrying them into execution; ambitious, but of great and splendid objects only; passionately fond of glory, yet without a tincture of selfish or unworthy inclination; discerning in the choice of her counsellors, and swayed only in matters of state by lofty intellects; munificent in public, liberal in private, firm in resolution, she dignified a despotic throne by the magnanimity and patriotism of a more virtuous age. In the lustre of her administration, the career of her victories, and the rapid progress of her subjects under so able a government, mankind forgot her dissolute manners, the occasional elevation of unworthy favorites, frequent acts of tyranny, and the dark transaction which signalized her accession to the throne; they overlooked the frailties of the woman in the dignity of the princess; and paid to the abilities and splendour of the Semiramis of the north that involuntary homage which commanding qualities on the throne never fail to acquire, even when stained by irregularities in private life.”

The commencement of 1797 was marked in England by a degree of embarrassment and gloom, such as had not, since the commencement of the war, perplexed or darkened her councils. The extraordinary loans to the imperial government had caused a drain of the specie of the country, such as materially obstructed its financial operations, and caused such a run upon the bank, as produced an order in council suspending all payments in cash, until the sense of parliament could be taken upon the best means of restoring public credit. Of this the malcontents did not fail to take full advantage; and nothing was left unsaid which could stir up a spirit of revolt against the government, or increase the alarm and the discontent of the people. Happily without effect. The sound good sense and loyal feeling of England was then undebauched, and Lord (then Mr.) Grey, found the project of reform, which more than thirty years afterwards he was enabled to accomplish, treated with the derision which

it deserved by all the better informed classes of the people. Upon this subject, Mr. Alison makes some very just observations, which partake so little of the spirit of the partizan, and so much of that of the philosophic historian, that we feel persuaded they must make a deep impression upon a large and an influential class of his readers.

"In deciding on the difficult question of parliamentary reform, which has so long divided, and still divides so many able men in the country, one important consideration, to be always kept in mind, is the double effect which any change in the constitution of government must always produce, and the opposite consequences with which, according to the temper of the times, it is likely to be followed. In so far as it remedies any experienced grievance, or supplies a practical defect, or concedes powers to the people essential to the preservation of freedom, it necessarily does good; in so far as it excites democratic ambition, confers inordinate power, and awakens or fosters passions inconsistent with public tranquillity, it necessarily does mischief, and may lead to the dissolution of society. The expedience of making any considerable change, therefore, depends on the proportions in which these opposite ingredients are mingled in the proposed measure, and on the temper of the people among whom it is to take place. If the real grievance is great, and the public disposition unruffled, save by its continuance, unalloyed good may be expected from its removal, and serious peril from a denial of change; if the evil is inconsiderable or imaginary, and the people in a state of excitement from other causes, concession to their demands will probably lead to nothing but increased confusion, and more extravagant expectations. Examples exist on both sides of the rule; the gradual relaxation of the fetters of feudal tyranny, and the emancipation of the boroughs, led to the glories of European civilization; while the concessions of Charles I., extorted by the vehemence of the Long Parliament, brought that unhappy monarch to the block; the submission of Louis to all the demands of the States-General, did not avert his tragic fate; and the granting of emancipation to the fierce outcry of the Irish Catholics, instead of peace and tranquillity, brought only increased agitation, and more vehement passions to the peopled shores of the Emerald Isle.

"Applying these principles to the question of parliamentary reform, as it was then agitated, there seems no doubt that the changes which were so loudly demanded could not have redressed any considerable real grievance, or removed any prolific source of discontent; because they could not have diminished in any great degree the public burdens without stopping the war, and experience has proved in every age, that the most democratic states, so far from being pacific, are the most ambitious of military renown. From a greater infusion of popular power into the legislature, nothing but fiercer wars and additional expenses could have been anticipated. The concession, if granted, therefore, would neither have been to impatience of suffering, nor to the necessities of freedom, but to the desire of power in circumstances where it was not called for; and such a concession is only throwing fuel on the flame. And the event has proved the truth of these principles; reform was refused by the Commons in 1797, and so far from being either enslaved or thrown into confusion, the nation became daily freer and more united, and soon entered on a splendid and unrivalled career of glory; it was conceded by the Commons, in a period of comparative tranquillity, in 1831, and a century will not develop the ultimate effects of the change, which, hitherto at least, has done anything rather than augment the securities of durable liberty. Still less was it called for as a safeguard to real freedom, because, though it was constantly refused for four-and-thirty years afterwards, the power of the people steadily increased during that period, and at length effected a great democratic alteration in the constitution."

The naval armaments of France and Spain were now united against Great Britain, and by the mutiny at the Nore that great arm of our own force was paralyzed, and there was even a fear lest it should be transferred to the enemy. But the parliament did itself immortal honour by the wisdom and the firmness of its proceedings on this important occasion, and the opposition joined with the government in passing a bill, in which it was declared death for any person to hold communication with the mutineers. This vigour, accompanied by a reasonable consideration of the real grievances of which the sailors had to complain, soon pro-

daced the desired effect, and our brave tars returned to their duty. Parker, the ringleader, was seized, and after a solemn trial, condemned to death; "which he underwent with great firmness, acknowledging the justice of his sentence, and hoping only that mercy would be extended to his associates." Others were also executed; but many who remained still under sentence, were, after the glorious victory of Camperdown, pardoned by royal proclamation.

Thus was England delivered from the most formidable danger that ever beset her since she was a nation; and delivered by the wisdom and firmness of that aristocratic government, which has recently, under Lord Grey's administration, been razed to its foundations, or rather, indeed the foundations of which have been utterly overthrown. How we might act in similar circumstances; if such an exigency should again arise, it is not for us to anticipate; and let us hope that such an evil may be long averted.

While we continued victorious at sea, France was indefatigable in pursuing her plans of territorial aggrandisement and continental aggression. In the campaign of 1797, Buonaparte and the Archduke Charles measured swords, and the results were in the highest degree favourable to Gallic enterprise and ambition. But the losses which Austria sustained were even less than the disgrace which she incurred by being a consenting party to the infamous treaty for the partition of Venice.—"The page of history," observes our author, "stained as it is with acts of oppression and violence, has nothing more iniquitous to present. It is darker in atrocity than the partition of Poland, and has only excited less indignation in subsequent years, because it was attended with no heroism or dignity in the vanquished." It may also be added, that much of the commiseration with which the people of that interesting country would, otherwise, in such circumstances, have been regarded, was denied them, because of their profligate readiness to side with the anarchists of France, and to become the propagandists of that revolutionary mania which was desolating Europe.

"In contemplating this memorable event, it is difficult to say whether most

indignation is to be felt at the perfidy of France, the cupidity of Austria, the weakness of the Venetian aristocracy, or the insanity of the Venetian people.

"For the conduct of Napoleon no possible apology can be found. He first excited the revolutionary spirit to such a degree in all the Italian possessions of the republic, at the very time that they were fed and clothed by the bounty of its government, that disturbances became unavoidable, and then aided the rebels, and made the efforts of the government to crush the insurrection the pretext for declaring war against the state. He then excited to the uttermost the democratic spirit in the capital, took advantage of it to paralyze the defences and overturn the government of the country; established a new constitution on a highly popular basis, and signed a treaty on the 18th May at Milan, by which, on payment of a heavy ransom, he agreed to maintain the independence of Venice under its new and revolutionary government. Having thus committed all his supporters in the state irrevocably in the cause of freedom, and got possession of the capital, as that of an allied and friendly power, he plundered it of every thing valuable it possessed; and then he united with Austria in partitioning the republic; took possession of one half of its territories for France and the Cisalpine republic; and handed over the other half, with the capital, and its burning democrats, to the most aristocratic government in Europe."

Never did Napoleon appear so completely an impersonation of the evil principle. He first tempted, then betrayed, and afterwards punished his victims; nor can we omit the beautiful and instructive observations of Mr. Alison, on this part of his conduct—

"These transactions throw as important a light upon the moral as the intellectual character of Napoleon. To find a parallel to the dissimulation and rapacity by which his conduct to Venice was characterised, we must search the annals of Italian treachery; the history of the nations to the north of the Alps, abounding as it does in deeds of atrocity, is stained by no similar act of combined duplicity and violence. This opens a new and hitherto unobserved feature in his character, which is in the highest degree important. The French Republican writers uniformly represent his Italian campaigns as the most pure and glorious period of his history, and pourtray his character, at

first almost perfect, as gradually deteriorated by the ambition and passions consequent on the attainment of supreme power. This was in some respects true; but in others the reverse; his moral character never again appears so base as during his earlier years; and, contrary to the usual case, it was in some particulars improved by the possession of regal power, and to the last moment of his life was progressively throwing off many of the unworthy qualities by which it was at first stained. Extraordinary as this may appear, abundant evidence of it will be found in the sequel of this work. It was the same with Augustus, whose early life, disgraced by the procriptions and horrors of the triumvirate, was almost overlooked in the wisdom and beneficence of his imperial rule. Nor is it difficult to perceive in what principle of our nature the foundation is laid for so singular an inversion of the causes which usually debase the human mind. It is the terrible effect of revolution, as *Mad. de Staël* has well observed, to obliterate altogether the ideas of right and wrong; and instead of the eternal distinctions of morality and religion, to apply no other test in general estimation to public actions but success. It was out of this corrupted atmosphere that the mind of Napoleon, like that of Augustus, at first arose, and it was then tainted by the revolutionary profligacy of the times; but with the possession of supreme power he was called to nobler employments, relieved from the necessity of committing iniquity for the sake of advancement, and brought in contact with men professing and acting on more elevated principles; and in the discharge of such duties, he cast off many of the stains of his early career. This observation is no impeachment of the character of Napoleon; on the contrary, it is its best vindication. His virtues and talents were his own; his vices, in part at least, the fatal bequest of the revolution."

The revolution of the 18th Fructidor may be considered the natural result of the struggle, which took place between the feeble good, and the daring and desperate bad men of the revolution. It was the true commencement of the reign of despotism in France, which eventuated in the domination of an imperial ruler.

The two next chapters are occupied with an account of the expedition to Egypt, the revolution and subjugation of Switzerland, and the rebellion in

Ireland. These we pass over, as being in substance for the most part familiar to our readers.

The last chapter of this volume, with which we must, for the present conclude, is very instructive. It exhibits the rapid strides of Napoleon to supreme power, and shews the inevitable tendency of all democratic movements, by disgusting the rational, and debauching the irrational portion of the community, to prepare the way for the tyranny of some eminent military chief, whose iron sway may be felt a relief from the harassing oppressions, or the inefficient control of more unprincipled or less capable rulers. The fervour of Jacobinism seemed to have expired with institutions which they had reduced to ruins; and the most vehement democrats now found it difficult to enkindle anew that sanguinary zeal, upon the continuance of which their ascendancy chiefly depended. The new election of a third of the legislature evinced the change which had taken place in the public mind; and the opposition which the directory began to experience convinced many that the time had come when an effort on behalf of the exiled family might be attended with advantage.

The struggle for power continued with various success, until the return of Buonaparte from Egypt. He, immediately became the centre of attraction, to which the disaffected of all parties resorted, and not only republicans, but royalists solicited his countenance for the promotion of their very different objects. Never did that extraordinary man act with more profound dissimulation. He listened to every one, while he committed himself to no one, and turned the hopes and the fears of friends and foes alike to his own advantage. The directory feared, the people respected, the army adored him. His recent exploits, both in Italy and Egypt, were the theme of every tongue, and the increasing disorders and the perilous insecurity of France, convinced the most moderate men that his investiture with supreme power would be the least of the many evils which might be apprehended.

Most of the military leaders had been gained to favour the proposal by which the consular government was to be established. This, however, was not

effected without a struggle with the council of five hundred, for which Napoleon was scarcely prepared, and an application of military force which he would rather have avoided. But the bayonets prevailed; and the object of his ambition was attained after he had felt himself more than once upon the verge of ruin. The feelings of the people during this critical contest, are thus described—

“During these two eventful days, the people of Paris, though deeply interested in the issue of the struggle, and trembling with anxiety lest the horrors of the Revolution should be renewed, remained perfectly tranquil. In the evening of the 19th, reports of the failure of the enterprise were generally spread, and diffused the most mortal disquietude; for all ranks, worn out with the agitation and sufferings of past convulsions, passionately longed for repose, and it was generally felt that it could be obtained only under the shadow of military authority. But at length the result was communicated by the fugitive members of the Five Hundred, who arrived from St. Cloud, loudly exclaiming against the military violence of which they had been the victims; and at nine at night the intelligence was officially announced by a proclamation of Napoleon, which was read by torchlight to the agitated groups.”

But our space admonishes us that we must conclude. Most earnestly do we entreat our readers not to be satisfied

with our account of the important work from which we have made such large citations, as we can assure them that its interest will be found, upon perusal, to exceed any idea that could be formed of it, from any detached passages which could, in a notice like this, be presented to their view. As it is the most extended, so it is by far the ablest and the most philosophical history which we possess of the French revolution. The military details are given with singular accuracy and power, and the various characters, who figured during those eventful times, are described with a rigid impartiality and a force of truth that are at once a test of this able writer's integrity and discrimination.

We do not know any service which the conservative leaders could, at present, perform for their country, greater than that which might facilitate the circulation of these admirable volumes amongst all classes of the people; and if we may flatter ourselves with being in any degree instrumental thereto, our labours in the good cause will be amply required. As ignorance, or what is worse than ignorance, imperfect knowledge, has been the source, so complete knowledge must be the cure of our evils; and convinced are we that that can never be presented in so engaging or so efficacious a form as that of the “philosophy which teaches by example.”

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XLV.

SEPTEMBER, 1836.

VOL. VIII.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. VI.

LAWRENCE STERNE.

Few eminent men have left to his biographer a task more difficult than Sterne. His life, character and writings appear to be compounded of qualities extremely opposite, yet inextricably blended; so that it is as hard to view them together, as to separate them with sufficient precision and distinctness; nor can we with ease reduce a combination so eccentric and peculiar to the ordinary scale of human judgments. The opposite prejudices of dissentient classes of criticism, surround us with jealous eye—the free-thinker in religion—the moral casuist—the single-minded Christian—demand from us in turn a severity or an indulgence which require a more dexterous and cautious hand than ours to reconcile. There is, nevertheless, a rule, more safe, perhaps, than popular, which must serve us instead of much of this intricate wisdom—to speak the truth in simplicity, without regard to the prepossessions of opinion.

Our task is in some degree facilitated, both by the faithful reflections of himself, which Sterne has, perhaps unconsciously, left us in his writings, and by the brief autobiographic sketch which he has written a few days before his death, at the request of his daughter. This, so far as facts are concerned, must, however, be our only guide to a very late period of the writer's life. Sterne, we have no doubt, anticipated the immediate expansion of this meagre summary, which is little more than a table of contents, into a full and detailed history—while there were yet living, those who could have filled up the outline from their own knowledge or inquiry—and while there survived enough of public interest in his works and name to render such an undertaking not imprudent.* As it is, we can do little more than regret the scantiness of our materials to execute a faithful sketch of this interesting and singular character. Yet it must be ad-

* Nothing so decidedly tends to throw an obscurity upon the memory of illustrious persons, as the narrow and selfish jealousy of children and surviving relations. If there should chance to exist any evidence of human infirmity—if genius has been accompanied by any of those aberrations and eccentricities, of which the history of literature is full—it is absurdly thought a sufficient reason for devoting to oblivion the name, which the anxious labour of a life was devoted to perpetuate in the memory of the living. To be remarked for singularities, or even for those moral defects which belong to human nature, may often hurt the living—in the memory of the dead they are as if they had not been. They are gone to their dread account. To the world they but survive in their intellectual monuments. With their follies we are only so far concerned as the features of a moral portraiture, which all men desire to leave—but which, if not a likeness, is nothing. They who would suppress the weaknesses and characteristic defects, are unconsciously annihilating all that genius seeks to perpetuate. The name becomes as the unrecording hieroglyphic—the volume a nameless tombstone.

mitted, that if the more direct and ordinary materials are insufficient, the evidences which arise from circumstances, style of composition, and the characteristic traits of a strongly featured mind, offer a more than usual guidance to biographical conjecture. To this may be added, that this deficiency is also to a certain extent compensated by the distinctness and authenticity of our information, in all that regards the main facts of his life—our outline is perfect—the colouring and expression must be sought from the reflected lights and shadows of the Shandy family.

In this memoir of himself, which may be found in the beginning of every edition of his writings, Sterne has minutely detailed the particulars of his genealogy. From this, it will be here enough to mention, that his father was grandson to Dr. Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, who died in 1683. His third son, Simon Sterne of Elvington, left six children, of whom Sterne's father, Roger, was the second; and Dr. Jacques Sterne, Prebendary of York, &c. afterwards mentioned in this memoir, the third.

"Roger Sterne," says the narrative, "grandson to Archbishop Sterne, lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of good family." Of this marriage, Lawrence was born in Clonmel, Nov. 24, 1713. Immediately after this his father's regiment was disbanded, on which the family removed to Elvington, near York, and remained until the regiment was re-established, about ten months after, when they returned to Ireland. From this we find, as might be expected, from the recollections of so early an age, a brief and indistinct summary of the fatiguing and oppressive wanderings, distresses and calamities of some years of laborious and hasty change from place to place as the regiment shifted its quarters. It is easier to imagine than describe the confused, though often vivid and impressive images of military life, as they must have been remembered from an age when all is new to the sense, and understood by the fancy rather than the reason. The storm at sea, and the rapid and various march, can scarcely have been the every-day incidents of his childhood, without having left im-

pressions deeply coloured and interesting in detail. During the first three years of his life, he was in rapid succession transferred, with the movements of his father's regiment, from town to town—York, Dublin, Plymouth, and Dublin again. In 1719, when in his sixth year, the regiment was embarked in the *Vigo* expedition; the vessel in which he was, was driven by "stress of wind" into Milfordhaven. Having landed at Bristol, they removed to Plymouth, and from that to the Isle of Wight. Here his family remained until the return of the regiment, when they again embarked for Dublin. A violent storm threw them on the Welsh coast, and a month passed before they were enabled to reach Dublin. From this, Sterne's family, as he characteristically tells us, "travelled by land" into the county of Wicklow, where they passed sometime with the Rev. Mr. Featherstone, at Animoe. "In this place," his memoir says, "I had that wonderful escape in falling through a millrace while the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt. The story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me." Sir W. Scott, who visited that vicinity in 1825, tells us that "the mill where Sterne encountered this remarkable risk, has been only lately destroyed, and his escape still lives in village tradition."

In 1722, the regiment was ordered to Carrickfergus, but the Sternes proceeded no further than Mullingar, where they happily met a relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who received them with all the warm hospitality of the time into his castle—and having detained them for a year, sent them, "loaded with kindnesses, &c." to Carrickfergus.

In the course of these migrations, our author briefly records the births and deaths of a sister and two brothers. In the year 1722 or 1723, he is doubtful which, his father obtained leave of absence, in order to place him at school in Halifax, where he remained "until by God's care of me, my cousin, Sterne of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the University."

The next occurrence of any importance in this brief summary, is the embarkation of the regiment in which

his father served, to assist in the siege of Gibraltar. Here an unhappy incident took place, which eventually deprived Sterne of a father. This, we shall give in his own words, with the lighter anecdote which follows it too closely to be disjoined.

"From this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a goose!)—with much difficulty he survived, though with an impaired constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to; for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him; and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in the arm-chair, and breathed his last, which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island. My father was a little, smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was, in his temper, somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose. My poor father died in March, 1731. I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and schoolmaster:—He had the ceiling of the school-room new whitewashed; the ladder remained there. I, one unlucky day, mounted it, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received."

He was 15 years of age when sent to the University of Cambridge; he was entered in Jesus' College, under the tuition of Mr. Cannon. Having graduated in 1736, he came to York, where his uncle resided. This uncle was a prebendary of Durham, and also of York, and possessed many ecclesiastical preferments, and had, of course, no small influence in the diocese. By

this influence he obtained for his nephew the living of Sutton. The history of his marriage may best be told by himself—

"At York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years—she owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together. She went to her sister's in S—; and I wrote to her often. I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so. At her return she fell into a consumption; and one evening that I was sitting by her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, 'My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live! but I have left you every shilling of my fortune.' Upon that she showed me her will. This generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741."

His uncle also at this time obtained for him a prebendary of York; but soon after quarrelled with him. Dr. Sterne was deeply interested in the politics of the day; he was engaged much in the concerns of the Whig party, and a zealous supporter of the Hanoverian succession. There is some reason to presume that his nephew, attached to him by gratitude, not less than blood, was to some extent drawn into the sphere of his uncle's zealous political activity; though we have his own assurance that the coolness which afterwards arose between them, was caused by his refusal to assist his uncle in this warfare. The probability is, that the factious feelings, which but too often find no level too low for their fierce rancour, soon reached a point to which the proud and sensitive spirit of Sterne could not stoop. His own assertion is, that he detested the dirty work of newspaper paragraphs; yet there is, in the sketch of Dr. Slop, some evidence of his having carried to a length not quite justifiable, his participation in the angry feelings of Dr. Sterne. This coarse and malignant, though clever caricature, of the fidelity of which we cannot pretend to judge, is familiar to most of our readers. It was written with the vindictive purpose of retorting the resentment of Dr. Burton, whom his uncle had arrested in 1745, on a charge of high treason.

Of this period of his life—the hap-

piest, though least affected by that whirl of constant excitement which characterizes his after career—there is little memorial; yet this little has the interest of being pregnant with the writer's character. His account of himself, from the year 1741 to 1760 is briefly summed in his own words—

"By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington; a friend of her's in the south had promised her, that, if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it."

"I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places. I had then very good health. Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting, were my amusements. As to the squire of the parish, I cannot say we were on a very friendly footing; but at Stillington, the family of the C——'s showed us every kindness: 'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends."

A specimen of Mr. Sterne's abilities in the art of designing, may be seen in Mr. Wodhul's poems, 8vo. 1772. Of such specimens, the result of unprofessional industry, few have probably deserved to survive the brief wonder of the partial home circle. Yet there cannot but be felt a natural curiosity to see how genius which is identified with one species of result, may have succeeded in another; neither can such a specimen be without some interest of a more distinct and rational kind, to those whose study it is to trace in all its results, the identity of human character. Painting—of which, as in the kindred science of the poet, the main principle is to awaken fancy by the illusion of effects and associations, must have possessed a strong enchantment for a mind so sensibly alive to impressions, and so rich in graphic conceptions as Sterne's. But for the present, it is more to our purpose to look on the favorite pursuits, for the strong light in which they shew the moral as well as the intellectual temper, which must have concurred to produce the singular and eccentric course of life and study indicated by his writings. The pursuits which he represents as having been his chief amusements, form a combination not very infrequent, but when carried beyond a very moderate

cultivation, ever, or at least mostly, indicative of fine nerve, delicate taste, quick sensibility, and a light and variable temper. Such a combination it is not hard to trace in the various, desultory, and vivacious page of Sterne.

In 1747, he took a house in York for his wife and daughter, and went to London to publish the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Their success was brilliant and instantaneous; and to this the faults of his style contributed little less than its perfections. Numbers will ever be found to applaud those who can address the passions without offending against decorum; and when the reputation for wit and humour is obtained many will join in the laugh, without perceiving the point, or discover wit where the sense is only concealed or obscured. To this one of the peculiar artifices of Sterne's writing affords the amplest scope, as it consists very much in conveying indirectly, and by remote allusion and insinuation, that which may not be directly said without offence. Where so much is thus left to the reader's quickness, invention will be on the alert to find meanings or improve them. That which might revolt the taste is veiled, and comes with softened effect through the attractive mist of conjecture. It is applauded in the surprise of unexpected wit, and thus finds its way to the passions before it can be apprehended by the more tardy vigilance of the moral sense. The outcry was also loud—but the world was, as usual, on the side of the laugh. Not to laugh was to be exposed to the sneer of wit, and the charge of dullness—to censure, was branded as hypocrisy. Sterne was defended on the just merits of his beautiful sketches of human nature; and with less truth, by a denial of the weighty reproach. A distinction more nice than just was drawn between the mere violation of decorum, and the direct corruption of the passions. A mistake so palpable, seems hardly to demand exposure—were it not that it is one of that peculiar class of mistakes which our nature is too willing to commit. Human passions, and especially those of the coarser kind, are by the conventions of society constrained to dwell in mystery, and to be tampered with under the mask and hood of decorous concealment. Ever on the alert,

the remotest hint is as a clue to the inner shrine in the foul labyrinth. It is also their nature to be excited by partial concealment, and accidental disclosure—while broad indecency, inseparably associated with disgusting images, has in some measure the opposite effect. Neither is there more justness in the plea of the writer's innocence of intention—"Now, I take heaven to witness, after all this badinage, that my heart is innocent—the truth is, that my pen governs me—not me my pen." It is to be feared, that such simplicity is too inconsistent, either with the shrewd, sly, knowing wit of *Sterne*, or his evident knowledge of the moral and animal springs of human nature; and that in this respect the epithet of hypocrite—which he was too free to misapply as a defensive weapon—can too easily be retorted. These observations may serve to introduce an anecdote mentioned by Scott.

"Soon after *Tristram* had appeared, *Sterne* asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition, whether she had read his book?

"'I have not, Mr. *Sterne*,' was the answer; 'and to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal.'

"'My dear good lady,' replied the author, 'do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there,' (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics,) 'he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence!' This witty excuse may be so far admitted; for it cannot be said that the licentious humour of *Tristram Shandy* is of the kind which applies itself to the passions, or is calculated to corrupt society."

Scott's comment, which we have thought it just to add, is characteristic of his proverbial benevolence, and his

kindly tolerance for infirmities from which he was most exempt.

In thus frankly censuring what cannot, with a due regard to truth, be defended, we cannot help feeling ourselves called upon to deprecate the charge of an unseasonable rigor. There is a feeling which loves to guard and consecrate the laurel upon the monument of genius. No wanton aggression should be allowed to scatter aspersion against the memory of those who, in their generation, have contributed to erect the volumed pile of their country's literature. But the limit to this is as sacred as the fame of departed genius—it is the line of truth and justice.* Before the lying honors are strewn where they can be of no avail, and the incense of flattery wasted on the "dull, cold ear of death," there is a sad and stern duty to be discharged to the living. If there can be any reasonable objection, in such cases, to the exercise of that critical candour which seldom spares those whom it can most wound,—it is where the parent, the brother, or the widow survive, to be offended through the feelings most entitled to respect. In the present instance there is no such consideration to restrain us from the bounden duty of affirming, that this gifted but eccentric work cannot be recommended to the young or the uncorrupted: and that so far as we might admit the moral influence which one,† at least, of *Sterne's* biographers has attributed to the virtuous simplicity of *Uncle Toby*—it is not yet enough to redeem this work from the censure of having been written by a Christian teacher. It is indeed the error of a class to attribute to moral maxims, and the cultivation of sentimental virtue, an influence to which it has no pretension. The error is accepted, because it has the merit of offering an easy substitute for Christian faith. But human passions are not to be silenced

* *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. I declare I have considered the wisdom and foundation of it over and over again, as dispassionately and charitably as a good Christian can; and, after all, I can find nothing in it, or make more of it, than a nonsensical lullaby of some nurse, put into Latin by some pedant, to be chanted by some hypocrite to the end of the world, for the consolation of departing lechers..... The ruling passion, and *les égaremens du cœur*, are the very things which distinguish and mark a man's character, in which I would as soon leave out a man's head as his hobby-horse.
Sterne's Letters.

† See Roscoe's Memoir.

or controlled by the pleasing shadows of poetic fiction. And if they were, it is much to be feared that the Widow Wadman's finger might well counter-vail the amiable simplicity of Uncle Toby's feelings. We trust that the reader will excuse our seeming to lay excessive stress on this one point. But there is a mistaken language, which we have too often met in the page of modern criticism not to wish to deprecate its application here. When the critic defends that which sound morality and right taste alike condemn, it is easy to speak of the pruriency that can extract food for the passions, from the delicate veil of Shandy's wit. The writer who uses such language is aware that it is absurd. Much of the merit of this singular work is so involved in this defect, that if the lurking impropriety be not felt, the wit ceases.

To convey the most perfect idea of Sterne, we must have recourse to his own pencil. His page is the faithful mirror to his mind. "*Tristram Shandy*" might afford illustration for an essay on wit—its nature, classes, and effects,—but this is not the place. Its masterly sketchings, humorous and pathetic,—the very exquisite of nature, or the perfection of caricature—Yorick, Mr. Shandy, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, Dr. Slop—might serve for the anatomy of the moralist, or the analysis of the critic. But the life of Sterne offers too copious a field for digressions not easily avoided. Had he never written these works, we should, indeed, have lost the autographic impression of a mind as strange and peculiar as the works it has produced. The characters of his different persons are, in truth, fragments of himself: however the woof of wit and sentiment may have been spun from the motley shawl of Crazy Castle, the moulding and animating spirit was in his own breast. There is not a line in the sketch of Uncle Toby, that the tact of moral discrimination will not transfer to Sterne. The same may be said of the elder Shandy,—and in Parson Yorick this likeness is the acknowledged work of design. In these will be found, *respectively*, his nervous irritability of temperament, and his love of theories and curious reading; his overflowing and impulsive benevolence; his buoyant humour. Nature

in this, differs from the representations of fiction. In fictitious delineations, the difficulty of harmonizing opposite dispositions confines the novelist to a narrowed aspect of man. Nature combines the extremest opposites—not in a few—but almost in the breast of every individual. And it is in this potential diversity that genius has its fairest field and deepest compass. The creations of the mind are but transformations of self; and increase in number and diversity as the sympathies of the man are enlarged. Byron's persons are but one—Sterne's four or five—Scott's and Shakspeare's the world. One can be but himself—another, with more than the fabled power of Proteus, can take all forms, and realize all the diversities of place, time, and position. But, to return to Parson Yorick.—The likeness is probably as true as an artist's picture of himself,—the pleasing lines more distinct, and the defects less prominent. The most frank exposure may be excused for suppressing those traits which have been the subject of wounding reproach. Sterne's wit had, as he implies, too often been used as a weapon of offence. The 'dulness,' which Parson Yorick could not tolerate was, in fact, the disapprobation of Mr. Sterne's clerical brethren, and the loud protest of the more pure and religious feelings of society. Sterne avenged himself with his own weapons—and felt an unreasonable surprise to find, that keen and galling sarcasm excited resentment. In the person of Yorick he pleads "unwary pleasantries," without the "least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent;" but it is inconsistent with the keen and shrewd tact of Sterne's raillery,—which consisted largely in exposing ridiculous traits, and affixing apt nicknames, that it should be free from the consciousness of giving pain. The wit, which deals in satire, is nourished by the gall of our nature. With these qualifying remarks, we may present the reader with a sketch from the master's hand—as true, at least, as the characteristic mask, which hides most men's characters. A delusion—yet the face they wear:—

"I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for happen how it would, the fact was this: that instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity

of sense and humour you would have looked for in one so extracted—he was, on the contrary, no mercurial and sublimated a composition,—a heteroclite a creature in all his declensions,—with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping unsuspecting girl of thirteen: so that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way,—you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he had generally the ill luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *fracas*:—for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance or for folly: and then whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

“But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world; and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English, without any paraphrase—and too oft without much distinction of either person, time, or place—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or ungenerous proceeding,—he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, what his station, or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;—but, if it was a dirty action,—without more ado,—The man was a dirty fellow;—and so on. And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drolery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the

same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony,—he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour,—his gibes and his jests about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.”

This outline of Parson Yorick is not so much incorrect as defective,—if viewed with regard to *Sterne*. Such is human character—the friend and foe, can from the same man, draw their opposite resemblances, with equal truth. Good and evil are but opposite reflections of a sentiment, as circumstance gives the direction, or as the aspect varies. The mind of *Sterne* was the result of a frame too excitable, frail, and finely strung, for the quiet plodding way of even-paced worldly prudence and discretion. He was restless with excessive stimulus, and quickly sensible to every outward impression. Overflowing with humour, he could not control it;—alive to the ridiculous, and irritable, he could not help being occasionally mischievous and occasionally malicious. Nor is it easy to resist the temptation to provoke a laugh, or the stimulus produced by the applause of the light and heedless, who are the many. To this the persecution of the nominal friends of decorum and religion, and the disapprobation of the sincere,—may be added as causes exasperating to a vain and spirited mind. Thus, with the kindest frame of feeling, and the keenest sensibility to all that is lovely in virtue, and to the purest influences of the religion of the gospel, this amiable, but too light-spirited man, was allured, excited, and impelled along his brilliant path of error.

The publication of “*Tristram Shandy*” had the effect of at once introducing its author to the very *élite* of London life. And as his conversation was of the same versatile and piquant texture as his writings, the impression which it produced was adapted both to increase and confirm the prepossessions of the gay world. The run of the most attractive book is but momentary; the author, in few instances qualified to maintain the difficult test of personal observation, ceases to be the lion of the drawing-room. But *Sterne* was everywhere himself—the Cervantic spirit was ever ready to set

the table is a roar; his kindliness came at the slightest appeal; his laugh and jest were ever at the end of every folly that provoked them. Full of fervid earnestness, his sympathy was never wanting, and everyone who had the perception of humour, or the love of social spirit, were his friends. Many took him up, because a persecuting zeal was manifested by a few; and still more, it is to be feared, because they contemned the offence of the pious, as well as the censure of the wise. He was engaged to dinners for three months,—nor was any festal assemblage complete without his presence. He was invited to the private parties of the royal family—at least to those of the younger members. The celebrated Bishop of Gloucester, (Warburton,) was his admirer and correspondent; and different prelates made him handsome offers of church preferment. About this period, 1760, Lord Fauconbridge presented him with the curacy of Coxwold; which became to him a retreat during the intervals of retirement from that world which was to occupy so much of the remainder of his life. There occurs in one of his letters, written some years after, a description of his manner of life in this favorite spot:—

“I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild-fowl, with curds and strawberries, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley, (under Hamilton hills,) can produce,—with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand, to drink your health.—I have a hundred hens and chickens in my yard; and not a parishioner catches a hare, a trout, or a rabbit, but he brings it as an offering to me.” . . . “I am in high spirits,—care never enters this cottage.”

If we are to judge from the evidence of his sermons, and from other indirect traces, we might infer that he was not deficient in the duties of his vocation as a parish minister. In what spirit these were performed, we have not the means of very accurately deciding, and do not desire to draw inferences from general notions of his character. Of his sermons we shall speak hereafter; but of the zeal and sincerity with which he acted, the only positive inference would be favourable so far as it can be of any value. The testi-

mony to be drawn from the offerings mentioned in the above extract, is much diminished in value by the manner in which they must have been procured, and the class of persons most likely to be the offerers. It may be not unjustly observed, that a manner so popular, and habits so free, may, with a certain degree of ministerial connivance, have been more likely to conciliate the idlers of the parish. The kind address—the ready sympathy—and the known well-attested benevolence—must, nevertheless, be also thrown into the scale; and with a liberal allowance for the mingled emotions and largely alloyed virtues of our nature, it may be felt that there is yet more left for human sympathy and respect than for censure.

The brief method and rapid transition of our authority, passes the following two years without a fact. His letters, which after this have been our sole guide, supply no information that is very important; enabling us just to say, that he chiefly lived during this period in the very heart of the great world, enjoying a notoriety of reputation which is seldom long accorded to those whose principal claim is to keep up the laugh. It may be, therefore, our best resource to fill the chasm by one or two brief extracts from his letters, which will, to some extent, serve to bring him, in person, forward for the confirmation of the estimate which we have been enabled to form of his manner, conversation, and character. These not merely confirm the notion of Mr. Sterne, which we have at some pains drawn from his other writings, but convey them with an evidence more certain because more direct.—In one of those to his friend and relative John Hall Stevenson, there is a passage pregnant with characteristic touches of Yorick:—

“Panty is mistaken,—I quarrel with no one.—There was that excommunicate in the house, who lost temper with me for no reason upon earth but that I would not fall down and worship a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he set up to the persecution of all true believers.—I sat down upon his altar, and whistled in the time of divine service,—and broke down his carved-work, and kicked his incense-pot to the

d——. So he retreated, and now since
follo in corde suo."

Another extract from the same correspondence contains a just and probably feeling picture, which the reader will perceive to be but another aspect of the same erratic and impressible character :

"And if God, for my consolation under them, had not poured forth the spirit of Shandeism into me, which will not suffer me, for two moments, to think on any grave subject, I would else lie down and die,—die,—and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I shall be as merry as a monkey,—and as mischievous, too, and forget it all."

The next distinct trace which we can discover among our scanty documents, affords an indistinct view of the sad truth, which must have probably presented itself to the heart of this light, yet impressible man, with a mournful force of reality,—that he had sacrificed peace, happiness, as well as health, for notoriety and the heartless applause of the world. There is a vein of concealed sadness breaking through the smiles of his reckless merriment, that brings strongly to the fancy the meaning of the royal preacher, "*As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool.*"* He had sacrificed the enviable peace, the tranquil and exalting round of holy duty, the healthful diversity of tasteful study and active enjoyment, for applause, which was little mixed with solid approbation, and for praise which, were it not hedged round by the glitter of wealth and the specious imposition of rank, he would have valued at its real worthlessness. His maxim that "whenever a man laughs he adds a year to his life," if it occurred to him when alone at this period of seeming enjoyment, must have been repeated with a sigh. He must, in the sad truth of solitary reflection, have felt that the intensity of his spirits did not contribute to their permanence. In his prodigality of life, the waste became too rapidly felt and seen. The Cervantic flame was too bright for the frail vessel that held it. The continued excitement, the revel

of dissipation, too much prolonged, and with too little intermission repeated, combined with the excessive excitability of his frame and spirits, had the effect of breaking a constitution, which was by nature not of the strongest.—To this, the labor of much writing, and the exertion of preaching, for which he was not sufficiently robust, contributed. And not the least, that well-known vitality of the nervous temperament, which lends the false energy of excitement almost to the last breath of life, would not allow him to take the natural warnings of diminished health. The reader has seen but little of the world, who has not met some living illustration of this melancholy condition. More than once had it been our fortune to trace to his retirement, the 'Cervantic spirit that set the table in a roar,' and to observe the quenched glance and leaden pale cheek, sadly contrasting with the last night's bright play of meaning smiles, and eye that flashed electric wit : we have felt it hard to conceive how all that dull and saturnine spleen could ever again be lighted up into the festive mood, or by what process that clock run down was, in a few hours, to be again wound up to the movement of its functions. Yet so it was. The change of dress—the atmosphere of a crowd—the very gleam of festive dissipation ; and the extreme change, like reanimation from the jaws of death, came with electric swiftness, and the dull, monotonous humorist of the home-scene, laughed and chatted as if he never could be dull again.

The effect of this reckless career of dissipation and toil, at last shewed itself in a manner no longer to be temporized with. In the winter of 1762, a blood-vessel in his lungs gave way—and forced him to consult for the preservation of life. He obtained leave to visit France for his recovery.

At Paris, his reception was as brilliant as his ambition would desire. "By-the-by," says he in a letter to Garrick, "I am somewhat worse in my intellects, for my head is turned round with what I see, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. "Tristram" was almost as much known

here as in London, I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hands," &c. In this letter, he specially mentions the Count de Choiseul—M. Pelliture—the Count de Lembourg—the Baron d'Holbach—as particularly interesting themselves for him. "The Baron d'Holbach," says Sterne, "has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogue, than you will do. This Baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, &c. . . .

His house is now as your's was to me, my own. It was an odd incident, when I was introduced to the Count de Bissie, which I was at his desire, I found him reading "Tristram." Something may be subtracted for courtesy from the value of such an accident; which is not, we believe, an unusual preparation for the vanity which will ever be ready to receive it in the simplicity of good faith. Yet it cannot be doubted that so much incense, was the result of sincere admiration. And it must also be allowed that the writings and conversation of Sterne, were peculiarly adapted to the witty and libertine spirit of Parisian society. There were no drawbacks for offended piety, nor nice decorum, or sound and severe morals. A freedom of expression too—the effect of a national coarseness of moral taste—concealed and perhaps chastened of its worst effects, the pointed impurity of Sterne's language. And he was thus not more admired by the light, than approved by the sober. However, our philosophy may err in this, our fact is yet notorious. Madame de Rambouillet's frankness can be paralleled by instances enough, by no means fictitious, from the recollections of any one who has been very little in French society. "I could," writes Sterne, "write six volumes of what has past comically in this great scene, since these last fourteen days." To any one accustomed to observe the habits of the mind—this sentence will strongly attest how much of sketching from reality, there is likely to be in the whimsical delineations of the *Sentimental Journey*; as also in the similar sketch contained in *Tristram*.

Of his peculiar style of conversational raillery the following is an authentic report, from a dinner party, at

which many literary persons were present.—Dr. Hill first describes the pedantic fluency of some "patent medicine monger," who took the opportunity to display his stock of learned ignorance in a ceaseless stream of technical jargon, to the vast annoyance of the company. "The master of the feast" made numerous efforts to repress this engrossing pedantry—and to restore the tone of general conversation, but to no purpose.

"Goodhumoured Yorick," saw the sense of the master of the feast, and fell into the cant and jargon of physic, as if he had been one of Radcliffe's travellers. "The vulgar practice," says he, "savours too much of mechanical principles; the venerable ancients were all empirics, and the profession will never again regain its ancient credit, till practice falls into the old track again. I am myself an instance. I caught cold by leaning upon a damp cushion, and after sneezing and snivelling a fortnight, it fell upon my breast. They bled me, blistered me, and gave me bobs and robs, and whacks and eclymata; but I grew worse; for I was treated according to the exact rules of the college. In short, from an inflammation it came to an adhesion, and all was over with me. They advised me to Bristol, that I might not do them the scandal of dying on their hands, and the Bristol people, for the same reason, consigned me over to Lisbon.—But what do I? Why, I consider that an adhesion is, in plain English, only a sticking of two things together, and that force enough would pull them asunder. I bought a good ash pole, and began leaping over all the walls and ditches in the country. From the height of the pole, I used to come down souse upon my feet, like an ass when he tramples upon a bull-dog—but it would not do. At last—when I had raised myself perpendicularly over a wall, exactly across the ridge of it upon the side exactly opposite to the adhesion. This tore it off at once, and I am as you see."

It cannot be denied, that this is very much of that order of wit—the spirit of which evaporates with the occasion; yet it is so far valuable here, as helping us to some notion of that style of raillery, so much celebrated,—of which

it is the only authentic specimen we can find.

In another letter, addressed from Paris, to his friend Garrick, he tells him—"I Shandy it away, more than I was ever wont, talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in your days—and to all sorts of people. *Qu'il diable est cet homme là*, said Choiseul, *ce Chevalier Shandy*. You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the rest of the dialogue."

In the midst of this gay and glittering scene of dissipation and untired frivolity—Sterne, as we trace from the dates of his letters, remained about five months. He was joined by his wife and daughter, whom he had left at York, but who were from this time to become denizens of France for the remainder of their lives.

Ten days after the arrival of his wife and daughter, Sterne again broke a vessel in his lungs, and was reduced to a state of much feebleness, but he rallied with surprising rapidity, and seems to have entirely recovered his strength and spirit, when we find him on his journey to Toulouse in the beginning of August. In his account of this journey there is in his letter to Mr. Foley, an anecdote which we give as characteristic of the writer.

"Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey—in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig-leaves—that we should break a hind wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be, in consequence, obliged to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility of getting any. To mend the matter, my two postillions were dought-hearted fools, and fell a crying. Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, something shall be done, for I'll trash you both within an inch of your lives, and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post-town, for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves. Our luggage weighed ten quintals—'twas the fair of Bancaise—all the world was going or returning—we were asked by every soul who passed by us, if we were going to the fair of Bancaise. No wonder, quoth

I, we have goods enough!—*cous avec raison, was quit.*"

At Toulouse, the whole family continued together for a year—during which time, we find slight occasional notices of the progress of Tristram Shandy. In October 1768, he paid a visit to Montpellier, and Mrs. Sterne decided on remaining for another year, both for the education of her daughter and from finding her health benefited by the climate of the country. Sterne was not quite pleased with this arrangement, and very much disliked the notion of a French education for his daughter. In the summer of 1764, he returned to England, where his time seems to have been divided between London and Coxwold.

In the summer of 1765, we find him preparing for an excursion to Italy for the recovery of his health. It is much to be regretted, that we have little farther account of this, than a few letters, which contain little of either comment or incident, that might not as well have come from Coxwold glebe. From La Fleur's account, for which we are indebted to the industry of Sir Walter Scott—it appears that Sterne had, during his stay in Italy, been indefatigable in study and enquiry, and had actually collected very ample materials for the purpose of a projected work.—It will reasonably be doubted, whether anything of much value, on the subjects of history, or philosophy, religion, or government, could be expected from the habits of his intellect. Yet if we recollect his keen insight into all that regards human character—his pictorial eye and graphic pen—his sensibility to all that addresses the more refined tastes, either in nature or art, we may conclude, that the world has lost a book, the loss of which cannot easily be supplied. The just yet playful reflection, the characteristic touch, that conveys the picture,—the well-conceived or selected incident, heightened by sportive invention, yet faithful to life and nature. Such must have been the teeming beauties of his intended volumes. Of these, the *Sentimental Journey* exhibits a broken specimen which, like the foot of Hercules, attests what the masterly whole might have been.

His letters enable us to trace him indistinctly through Turin, Florence, Naples, and to ascertain his visit to

Rome; but with no further detail than the few slight incidents, which show that he must have been everywhere received with respect and kind attention, and that his time was, according to the usual custom of English travellers, chiefly passed amongst his countrymen. At Naples, he received and accepted of proposals to accompany a young gentleman through Rome—"Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and so by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England." After this tour, he afterwards writes in a letter dated from Coxwold, July 1766—"Never man, my dear sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick—and at present I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume of *Tristram*; I shall publish but one this year, and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which, when finished, I shall continue *Tristram* with fresh spirit." From a letter subsequent to this, it appears that the state of his health was such as to lead him to design another visit to Naples. "I find I must once more fly from death, whilst I have strength—I shall go to Naples to see whether the air of that place will not set this poor frame to rights. As for the prospect of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myself," &c.—"few are the moments of life I have to throw away on any one being."

To this time is to be referred an intimacy which excited some comment, which we should be disposed to regard as malicious, if we were not aware that respect for opinion is so far a duty, that the world is not bound to make much allowance for those who transgress its conventional forms and decorums. Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, by birth an East Indian, came to England for the benefit of her health, and became acquainted with Mr. Sterne. "He immediately discovered in her a mind so congenial with his own; so enlightened, so refined, so tender, that their mutual attraction presently joined them in the closest union that purity could possibly admit of, &c. . . . If it is asked, whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never transported him to a flight beyond the

limits of pure Platonism, the publisher will not take upon him absolutely to deny it, since to cherish the seeds of piety and chastity in a heart which the passions are interested to corrupt, must be allowed to be the noblest effort of a soul fraught with the justest sentiments of religion and virtue."*

Of his acquaintance with Mrs. Draper, our opinion is, that it was on both sides as innocent as is consistent with man's compound nature. But a duty more important than the biographer's compels us to admit, that it is of that kind which is hard to treat with indulgence, without seeming to tamper with sound moral truth, in a point vital to social happiness. It would indeed have been well had those letters, which are the memorial of that imprudent friendship, been suppressed. For Sterne we may plead old age—broken health—and his own strong asseverations—his facile affections and quick sympathies—the separation from those, whose presence might have filled the aching void of his affections—the cravings of a kindly nature for the charities and tender offices of the heart—to these we may add beauty, taste, spirit, and we would infer flattery, rather difficult to be repelled with less than a lively and cordial return of kindness. For such attractions, no circumstances can altogether destroy the natural inclination of the human heart—and least of all one so compounded of affections. Such intimacies, we are yet bound to say, are not simply imprudent—it requires the utmost allowance of charity, to conceive them free from guilt. If there is not some evil motive, there is yet indiscretion, levity, disregard for opinion, or the absence of those guardian principles of conduct, by which human passions are fenced.—Where these are to be restrained, human virtue has but one resource—to avoid temptation from afar. But Sterne's peculiar mind claims indulgence; affection, taste, tenderness, its abiding and all absorbing elements, afford a more lenient construction than many of his critics and editors appear to claim for him. How far his feelings may have acquiesced in the lengthened se-

* Editor of the first edition of Mr. Sterne's Letters.

perception from his wife is difficult to conjecture. For a mind so keenly alive to the demands of affection, it does not seem sufficiently accounted for. It is true that this sharpness is to be rather attributed to the delicate health, the humour, or foreign tastes of his wife. And notwithstanding the liberality of his conduct, in pecuniary adjustments; such has been the impression made by the circumstances, as also by occasional hints, which occur in his letters, that the inference has always been unfavourable to *Sterne*. Yet from all the documents which we have had it in our power to obtain, the result would be a conclusion widely different. In money matters he was not alone liberal, but anxious and self-denyng; in expressions of attachment, strong invitations, and all that language or ostensible acts can indicate, there is at least nothing to warrant any construction of unkindness. Yet, if as we suspect, he was accustomed to use in conversation the same language which he has once or twice casually dropped in his letters, it would assuredly go far to create the impression we have noticed. A person's actions are liable to receive a construction indirectly from two common principles—the general impressions of his character, and the fellow feelings of others. We take the occasion, not so much in regard to *Sterne* as mankind, to place our mark on some of those latent shoals and gulfs in which much of human happiness is shipwrecked. Were the human breast to be searched by an eye competent to so painful a scrutiny, few could be examined without suggesting the question, why those attachments which should be the most enduring are apt to be the most interrupted. How it so often happens, without apparent cause, that a man's friend is nearer than his brother—his mistress than his wife. It is easy to dismiss such questions with grave yet indiscriminating reprehension. To some, the sense of constraint, the galling of a tie is irksome; some undervalue what they think secure, and forget that the same conduct that wins affection is also necessary to maintain it. Some will claim as a right, that which can only be the free-will offering of love; and exact proofs of sincerity from wounded pride and

trampled affections. Often, too, will the spirit rise to repel exactions that encroach on personal freedom, more vexatious from the exaction under which they can be urged—where there is no refuge within the monuments of social convention; the foe sits armed within the walls; and the very resources of kindness become the weapons of assault. While aggression thus makes its insidious advances, there often concur with these, causes of a negative kind. While the conduct becomes exacting, and on the foundations of affection, establish a tyranny, the heart also forgets the kind compliance and the humane and tolerant indulgence—faults are recognized where virtues and accomplishments were praised; and where censure is least provided against, there is least mercy. We could add much, but one principle pervades the whole, and all we can say is anticipated by the reader. Under these and such—too often we fear—the toleration of love is wearied, and the heart worn by the continued operation of small aggressions and neglects. The tie changes through years that should cement it, into a bond that galls the spirit; and that exercises steadiness and long-suffering patience to bear without flinching. Of *Mrs. Sterne*, we have no means left of judging, but that she was a woman of strong affections and upright conduct. Yet there is not sufficient occasion apparent for her living apart from her husband, until we search in their several characters, uncharitably perhaps, for causes of repulsion. The quiet soberpaced prudence, the exact propriety, and the nice; and perhaps easily wounded, affections of *Mrs. Sterne*, must needs have found abundant offence in the unbridled whim, humour, and mad escapes of the representative of the *Shandys*; and in turn, it is as easy to conjecture the fret that such a spirit must have daily suffered from the reproof, the small well-meant taunt, the prudent opposition, the expostulation suggested by female propriety, or pride, or affection. If such allowances be made, it is perhaps to the praise of both that they preserved their affection for each other by a prudent separation.

It is to be observed, that the moral analysis, by which we can thus trace

to their secret spring the real workings of our nature, cannot be too sparingly applied in individual cases. Who could stand if their best deeds were to be rated by the latent alloy, which must actually debase them in the balance of omniscience. Illnature, too, which, as has been said of charity, in one sense, begins at home, finds too often in self-consciousness, a false clue to the breasts of others.

Soon after April 1667, in a letter to his daughter, there is an affecting passage, expressive of the state of his feelings towards his family, and we also think strongly exhibiting the consciousness of the decided decline of his health: these sentiments derive added interest from the fact of their preceding his death but one year. "I cannot be cheerful when a thousand melancholy ideas surround me. . . . Friendship is the balm and cordial of life, without which, it is not worth sustaining. I am unhappy—thy mother and thyself at a distance from me, and what can compensate for such a destitution?—For God's sake, persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation—and whilst she lives in one country and I in another, many will think it is from choice—besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart," &c.

In a communication about this time to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. James—we learn the very shattered state of his frame and health, and are enabled to infer that his characteristic improvidence very much aggravated his danger and sufferings. His physician, he states, attributed his cold to his taking James's powders, and venturing out. Some further extracts may be interesting on the same point. "I am ill—very ill—I languish most affectingly—I am sick both in soul and body;" and immediately after to Stevenson, on his way home—"I have got conveyed thus far, like a bale of cadaverous goods conveyed to Pluto and company—lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the route. . . . I know not what is the matter with me, but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine—still I think it will not be upset this route."

Notwithstanding this, immediately after we meet him as usual, in the glee of his elastic spirits, rejoicing in the

boast of recovered health, and describing his enjoyment of the simple luxuries of Coxwold. Yet in another week, he was again visited by an alarming return of his old complaint. "I have been three days ago, bad again, with a spitting of blood, and the unfeeling brute ***** came and drew my curtains; and, with a voice like a trumpet, hallooed in my ear—Z—ds, what a fine kettle-of-fish have you brought yourself to, Mr. Sterne! In a faint voice I bade him leave me."

Repeated attacks of his debilitating ailment had now reduced Sterne's naturally feeble constitution to the lowest ebb of decline, a state rendered more affecting by the struggle which may be perceived to have taken place between his gay and social temper, and the consciousness of approaching death. There is in the light and gay rallyings of his correspondence, a suppressed melancholy which strongly suggests the lonely feeling of desertion, and of the passing away of the gaieties and lustre of the world. One attack succeeded another, and between each the "lambent flame" of Yorick seemed to shoot up its expiring light. His spirit was always on the alert to seize the slightest hope; and these rallying fits seem to have been unusually sudden and decided, but they were probably less in reality remission of disease, than the return of his exuberant spirits. On the 18th of March, 1768, he expired in his apartments at a boarding-house in Bond Street, attended by strangers.—Sir W. Scott observes—

"It was also remarkable that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn, and by strangers."

On his personal appearance we quote from the same authority—

"We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance. His features, though capable of expressing with peculiar effect the sentimental emotions by which he was often affected, had also a shrewd, humorous, and sarcastic character, proper to the wit, and the satirist, and not un-

like that which predominates in the portrait of Voltaire. His conversation was animated, and witty; but Johnson complained that it was marked by license, better suited the company of the Lord of Crazy Castle, than of the great moralist."

In addition to the conjectural estimate of Sterne's character which we have already endeavoured to extract from the evidence of his writings, a few imperfectly recorded facts of his history, and some anecdotes preserved by different writers, afford added illustration. The following extract, for which we are indebted to the industry of Scott, is from Mr. Davis's *Olio*—

"*'Poor Maria was, alas, no fiction.—When we came up to her,' said La Fleur, 'she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely. Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman.'*

"*'Every day,' said La Fleur, 'while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulins, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother.'*" How much," added he, "I know not—he always gave more than he could afford."

To estimate the genius of Sterne seems to be an easy task—it is peculiar and strongly defined. Neither are we compelled to meet the almost insurmountable difficulties of comparison: the morass in which so much good critical acumen has been sunk.

We are not compelled to encounter the subtle metaphysics of modern criticism, or to enter into collision with the differences of taste and the nice shades of diversity in style of expression, rhythm, moral and metaphysical creed, which render it a service of no slight danger to prefer Byron, Southey, or Scott, or Wordsworth, without irritating some of the nu-

merous clouds of imitators, who sit like locusts on the green field of English poetry. Such danger exists not, where the subject of our critical demonstration stands alone, occupying the solitary station of his grade, offering a singular combination of moral and critical characteristics good and bad, so blended as to produce an effect from which it would be difficult to say what could be taken without destroying the racy original character of the whole. This whole, too, so faithfully reflecting the character of the writer, that we have not well been able to view them asunder; and have felt the former to be the surest and most authentic source, for the delineation of the latter. The humor, the profound sensibility, the wit, the curious and superficial knowledge, the refined taste, the capricious fancy, the apt and variable affections, the freedom of spirit, all which constituted the man, are the essential elements of his writings. This leads us to observe what might otherwise be felt an anticipation of the logical order of our criticism; the absurdity of laying an undue stress upon the plagiarisms which are to be traced in these writings—had the writers from whom such thefts have been made never written, *Tristram* would nevertheless have been what it is. Plagiarism is most peculiarly our abhorrence; and we cannot resist a secret feeling (fallacious no doubt) that the man who steals our thought would steal our cash—his courage and the state of our exchequer permitting. But not to say, that these plagiarisms are mostly unconscious, when a retentive memory throws up the expressions of others amid the rapid exuberance of our own; it is at once apparent that Sterne's humour is for the greater part the peculiar tissue of his own mind, too plainly spun from the motley materials of his character to admit a doubt of the source.

"There is nothing new under the sun;" the whole stock of modern fiction can be traced to the verge of immemorial time. The whole stock of any man's ideas, so far as they have any value, are compacted from the thoughts of others, or drawn from the same elementary fountains by the same means. Originality is no more than the power of genius which recasts

and combines anew, in some of the endless variety of possible forms, the materials of the common store. The new whole and the new characteristic style and tone, are the entire of what can fairly be demanded from the master. Scott, the master-mind of our period, might, as Byron observes, be traced through a wide field of reading—Shakespeare borrowed where he could. But the whole productive intellect, were it distilled from all these various sources, could no more supply the vital spirit of the *Waverley* creations, or the wider world of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, than the chemist's skill could reconstruct and reanimate the shattered flower. But we must not be borne away from our subject.

Sterne, though original in style, is not eminently peculiarly so in his sketches of character; on this point we need not dilate, having sufficiently traced and illustrated their common source.

He had the advantage of writing at a time when many circumstances favored the success of his writings. The moral lessons, which, amid all their strange ribaldry they must be allowed to contain, were then more in unison with the religious views and the opinion of society. The effect of mere moral teaching was inordinately valued; men did not precisely enough weigh the real value of precepts which disclose no truth, and convey no impression, which communicate principles which the common sense of men acknowledges and their passions disregard. In such a state of social opinion the pleasing pictures of virtue and the beautiful expressions or illustrations of moral truth, were likely to be weighed at more than their worth in the scale, against the impurities and indecencies which were offensive to a better taste, and we fear more effective in exciting the passions than moral sentences have power to counteract. The devil, it is said, can quote Scripture for his purpose. He is still more at home in moral sayings, which like the witch's prophecy, makes its promise only to the ear.

The writings of Sterne offer a very curious contrast with the literature of his day. To this also is due something of their success. Addison, Pope, Swift, Johnson and Goldsmith,

with many other writers in various departments, had now by efforts of various kinds and degrees, elaborated the English language in its most standard form, and created in the public mind a taste for the exact and regular, the nicely adapted language and the precise arrangement of method. In this polished school, some sensation must have been created by the appearance of a book the spirit of which was to set all laws in laughing defiance, which through nine volumes was to keep the reader amused and puzzled on the threshold of a history, laughing, weeping, and admiring; but not advancing a step. Developing by singularly conceived scenes and conversations, his odd and humorous group, passing from the burlesque or the sarcastic, to the most pathetic touches of nature, or the most intensely vivid sketchings and colourings from life.

In estimating the genius of Sterne, it is also but fair to notice, that this irregular style of composition presents to the author facilities which no other possesses. The greatest difficulty in any species of composition, is that of preserving the imposed order of method: it demands tenfold compression and concentration of intellect to comprehend a whole, and adapt to it all the parts and elements of a work, so as to preserve harmony of expression, keeping, and adaptation of parts; that are necessary for following the impulses of excitement and roving free, to cull the flowers of a subject or any subject. Such (to keep our pen from invidious comment on other illustrious names)—such was the style of *Tristram Shandy*—"heteroclit in all its declensions," as the author says of Yorick; and having neither method or virtual subject, but with wonderful facility and grace seizing on all. Like Mr. Moore's consummate coxcomb in the song; seizing on the stray leaves of wisdom's book, and twisting them lightly into his own foolscap; burlesquing pedantry, flagellating humbug, by more dexterous humbug of his own, wheeling away in many a random circle of sportive absurdity, yet skilfully contriving to touch with satire, feeling or playful wit, the incidental suggestions that come in his way; and in the midst of the seemingly (or often really) driftless overflow suddenly stopping, to astonish, elevate,

or melt the reader's mind with some consummate picture of unrivalled power or some sentiment unexcelled for moral sublimity. Such is the general character of the style of *Tristram*. In every page manifesting the writer's strong leaning to every virtue, yet exposing at the same time the weakness and vanity that could not resist the temptation to offend decorum by licentious wit. To those, whom we would caution against the perusal of these writings, it may be a consolation, that it demands reading and experience of the world, fully to catch its light and evanescent scintillations. The wit is often veiled in enigmatic darkness, and often lost in remote allusion. Goldsmith, who was himself an exquisite humorist in his way, seems to have had no perception of it.

It must be admitted, that in the fluent and capricious medley of *Sterne's* wit, the stream is often turbid; there is too much tarnished by conceit and affectation, that in the accumulation of similes, and figures of speech of strange remarks, there is often no apparent drift, nor can it be denied that in the overflow of his whimsical and capricious style, he becomes sometimes inexcusably absurd. The following extract from Sir Walter Scott largely subtracts from his title to originality—

“The style of *Rabelais*, which he assumed for his model, is to the highest excess rambling, excursive, and intermingled with the greatest absurdities. But *Rabelais* was in some measure compelled to adopt this *Harlequin's* habit, in order that, like licensed jesters, he might, under the cover of his folly, have permission to vent his satire against church and state. *Sterne* assumed the manner of his master, only as a mode of attracting attention, and of making the public stare; and, therefore, his extravagancies, like those of a feigned madman, are cold and forced, even in the midst of his most irregular flights. A man may, in the present day, be, with perfect impunity, as wise or as witty, nay, as satirical, as he can, without assuming the cap and bells of the ancient jester as an apology.

“If we proceed to look more closely into the manner of composition which *Sterne* thought proper to adopt, we find a sure guide in the ingenious Dr. Ferriar of Manchester, who, with most singular patience, has traced our author through the hidden sources whence he borrowed

most of his learning, and many of his more striking and peculiar expressions. *Rabelais*, (much less read than spoken of,) the lively but licentious miscellany called *Moyen de Parvenir*, and D'Aubigne's *Barn de Faneste*, with many other forgotten authors of the sixteenth century, were successively laid under contribution. Barton's since celebrated work on Melancholy (which Dr. Ferriar's Essay instantly raised to double price in the book-market) afforded *Sterne* an endless mass of quotations, with which he unscrupulously garnished his pages, as if they had been collected in the course of his own extensive reading. The style of the same author, together with that of Bishop Hall, furnished the author of *Tristram* with many of those whimsical expressions, similes, and illustrations, which were long believed the genuine effusions of his own eccentric wit. For proofs of this sweeping charge we must refer the reader to Dr. Ferriar's well-known Essay, and *Illustrations*, as he delicately terms them, of *Sterne's Writings*; in which it is clearly shown, that he, whose manner and style were so long thought original, was, in fact, the most unhesitating plagiarist who ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages. It must be owned, at the same time, that *Sterne* selects the materials of his mosaic work with so much art, places them so well, and polishes them so highly, that in most cases we are disposed to pardon the want of originality, in consideration of the exquisite talent with which the borrowed materials are wrought up into the new form.”

Of his sermons we cannot speak without being compelled to digress more largely than is consistent with the main subject of this memoir, or transgressing our necessary limits. “Their publication,” observes Scott, “maintained his reputation for wit and humor.” To this equivocal compliment we have little to add. They might nevertheless be not unprofitably read either for moral instruction or rational entertainment; and are not among the worst specimens we have seen of preaching in a style that was much admired, yet which we cannot commend for its peculiar adaptation to Christianity; but such was, it is to be recollected, the sanctioned style of his day. And it would be unfair to impute to the writer, that which must be shared with better authorities.

CHAPTERS OF COLLEGE ROMANCE.

BY E. S. O'BRIEN, ESQ. A.M.

CHAPTER V.—THE BRIBED SCHOLAR.—PART I.

COLLEGE elections are greatly changed from what they once were. The enlargement of the constituency has altered almost everything but their noise. It is true, that in this one remnant of the good old times, they still preserve their integrity—they are still the Saturnalia of the gownsmen, if gownsmen will forgive the use of a word that implies that at any time they are slaves—there is still the shouting in the courts—the din of gibs is still raised in a wild confusion to startle the solemnity of the academic halls; and the party cries and sometimes party missiles are still directed against the unpopular candidates and their supporters, just as they were when our grandfathers were gibs. These characteristics remain unchanged, at least in kind, although sadly fallen off in degree. But in another respect there is a great, and to the voter a grievous change. It is not long since the franchise was confined to the fellows and scholars of the University, and in so narrow a constituency a vote was truly valuable. The student who obtained scholarship was then a great man indeed—courted and solicited by the candidates for the honour of representing him. Sometimes with a capricious tyranny exacting from them attentions as assiduous as ever an imperious beauty claimed from her worshippers. Feasted and flattered by the rival competitors, and previous to an election admitted to the intimate acquaintance of great men who admired his talents and—wanted his vote. But alas, all this is gone by for ever. With the admission of the crowd of masters to the franchise the glory of the scholars has passed away. The individual of this class may now think himself peculiarly honoured if he receive a glance of recognition from the candidate. In vain may he strut through the courts and display the graceful folds of his flowing gown. The velvet cap is no more the signal to attract the attentions of the politician. No courteous smile awaits him; no high-flown compliment on his great talents soothes

his self-complacency—no aristocratic hand is held out to him with the blandness of an electioneering salute; and more than all, no fashionable card soliciting the honour of his company to dinner, speaks to his less intellectual appetites of claret, and champagne, and all the good things of an electioneering feast. A scholar is now a very unimportant individual, even at a college election. There was a time, however, when matters were otherwise. It was a very different thing to be a member of a constituency of about eighty, to having one vote of two thousand.

I remember well the elections of the olden time. I belonged to the then favoured class of scholars, and I speak with a melancholy recollection of the bygone glories of that class. But connected with this, I have a page of my note-book, from which to extract another passage in my history of youthful feelings and passions.

Once during the five years of my scholarship, I had an opportunity of taking a part in a college election. Personal feelings and political coincidence of opinion, the former, perhaps, more than the latter, attached me warmly to one of the candidates; and I exerted myself proportionally in his cause. Both the candidates were men of high character and honor; and it is with pleasure that I recollect that the contest was carried on without any admixture of that feeling of personal bitterness which of late years converts political differences into private feuds.

An election was expected in the course of the autumn, and on Trinity Monday the intended candidates were waiting in the courts the declaration of the new scholars, at once to commence the work of canvassing. The election of the fellows and scholars takes place by statute within the college chapel, and after it has concluded it is usual for the Provost to appear upon the steps and announce the names of those chosen. A considerable time is occupied in the forms of election; and during this time the courts generally present a most animated ap-

pearance—crowded by the candidates for scholarship or fellowship and their friends, and always by a large number of persons attracted merely by curiosity; or intellectual men who, make it a matter of conscience to feel a deep interest on such occasions. Upon this occasion it was enlivened by the presence of the electioneering candidates. I accompanied my friend, and acted as his nomenclator. I never was more struck than by the expertness and promptness with which he turned immediately to account the information with which I supplied him. My knowledge of college men and their college characters, enabled me to make tolerably accurate guesses as to the probability of success. I pointed out to him a tall and delicate looking young man whose pale look indicated the hours he had spent in company with his lamp—or to speak more correctly, although, perhaps, less classically, his candle—and his books.

"That," said I, "is a young man of the name of Crawford from the county Wexford—he is almost certain of success."

"Crawford!" replied Mr. Peverill, for so I shall call the candidate, "I once held a brief in an important cause for his father."

He made this trifling ground of acquaintance a sufficient pretext for introducing himself to the young man. He told him that the anxiety with which he saw him watching the still closed chapel doors, assured him that he had an interest in the expected announcement; "and," added he with delicate flattery, "I pride myself on my knowledge of physiognomy, and I find that unless college character is very deceitful, I was not on this occasion deceived by my favourite study in supposing that you are very likely to succeed. But I did not know until your friend O'Brien told me, that it was the son of an old client whose appearance had so engaged my attention."

Just at this moment there was a rush towards the chapel doors; poor Crawford turned quite pale; the door, however, opened merely to afford egress to one of the porters who had been called inside—a loud laugh was raised as the little fat form of the porter appeared instead of the expected dignity of the Provost and

Senior Fellows. Peverill rallied Crawford on his anxiety. "You need, I believe," said he, "have no doubt of success; but," added he, shaking hands cordially with him, "I hope we will yet be better acquainted; I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in Stephen's-green. I feel I have some right to your acquaintance. I fought hard for your interests, and my humble services were the means of securing your father's estate—I hope for your inheritance."

He turned away from the young man; I could not help noticing the manner in which he spoke of the estate. The property which he dignified with this imposing term was a farm held by Crawford's father, which had been litigated for years. He gained his suit; but the value of the farm was hardly equal to the portion of the costs that fell on the successful suitor—but I am anticipating. Mr. Peyerill walked away carelessly; after a few steps he turned round as if he had forgotten something. "Mr. Crawford," said he, "I am a very bad electioneerer—talking of an old case. I had almost forgotten that you will in a few minutes have a vote—I do not mean to ask you for it," he added, observing the very visible embarrassment of the young man; "but I only ask you that you will not let yourself be drawn into a promise to vote against me, until you have time to think of it. Here is a very dangerous tempter coming near you," pointing to his opponent, who was canvassing within a few yards. "Come, now, you will not let me say that you are sure of having a vote at all—well, I will give Austen any two contingent votes for yours—but you will not give a promise to vote against me."

Crawford gave the required pledge, which seemed a very safe one, and the canvasser turned away to go through the same process of delicate flattery to some one else.

The appearance of the Provost on the steps of the chapel interrupted our proceedings; all persons rushed towards him to be as near as possible to hear the announcement. I got near enough to hear that, as I expected, Crawford's name was among those he repeated.

As each of the Senior Fellows made

his appearance, his progress was impeded by a dense crowd that thronged around him—all anxious to get a correct list of the names; and of course those who had no earthly interest in the matter were the most anxious. I could not help pitying the older among the fellows, each of them crushed and squeezed by a circle of importunate enquirers, many of them with pencil and tablet in hand—forced to repeat his list over and over again, slowly making the best of his way towards his chambers, and still hemmed in by a newly closing ring. The strangest point of all, perhaps, was the perfect good humour with which the heads of the college bore these annoyances from the students, who kept at all other times a respectful distance. I believe, however, the members of the board appeared to feel that upon this one day in the year immemorial usage required them to be civil.

At last, however, the curiosity of the enquirers was satisfied, or rather I should say, surfeited by the time the Senior Fellows had managed to reach their own chambers. But still the crowd of idlers filled the courts.

The successful candidates received the congratulations of their friends; and the confused buzz of many voices rose up from the many groups with which the crowd divided themselves to discuss the merits both of the examiners and the examined.

I had known Arthur Crawford rather intimately from the time of his entrance into college. The principles of his family were what were termed high Protestant. I used to tell him that this only meant that his uncle had been barbarously murdered in the rebellion of '98, and his relatives hated all papists as his murderers. The candidate whom I supported was the advocate of Roman Catholic emancipation; and I knew well that there was but little chance of Crawford giving him a vote. However, I did not altogether despair of overcoming what I believed to be merely the prejudices of education. He was unquestionably a young man of great talent, and I could not doubt that a little reasoning would therefore bring him to agree with my own political views. What these views precisely were it is of little consequence to any one to know. Politics should

have nothing to do with these chapters, and even in an election story I will endeavour to keep clear of them.

Crawford was an only son, but his family, I have already hinted, were in circumstances rather depressed from those in which they had originally been placed. A protracted lawsuit had drawn heavily on the resources of his father, who was a gentleman farmer of highly respectable character. Some agricultural reverses had added to his embarrassments, and Crawford was no longer perfectly independent. My friend was supported by the influence of government; and a vote for him was considered a certain means of securing a powerful and influential friend. But Crawford was proof against all such considerations—indeed his family would have starved before they would have consented to his selling himself; they would have regarded anything procured by a vote for an emancipationist as the wages of iniquity and the price of sacrilege. This feeling was realized to an extent beyond anything I could have then conceived.

Crawford refused several invitations to dinner from Mr. Peverill. He stood aloof from all his attentions, and it seemed from every indication that he was determined to vote against him. Time after time did he attempt to canvass him personally, but he always avoided this.

I was frequently honoured by being employed to accompany Mr. Peverill on his canvassing expeditions. I really looked upon it as an honour—it gave me a little piece of consequence for the time; and when going from room to room with my right honourable friend, I really imagined myself a very important personage. As the election approached, our zeal was of course increased; but every attempt to bring Crawford into collision with Mr. Peverill was unsuccessful. His manifest desire to avoid a personal interview did not look like the conduct of a determined opponent; and he had already promised not to pledge himself to the other party. This, of course, gave us great hopes of what might be effected by a personal appeal. On several occasions we saw him leave the courts to avoid us and take shelter in his rooms—we have followed him and wearied our knuckles knocking at

the door; but never could we obtain an answer; though on more than one occasion we perceived his large black eye staring at us through the *dunscope*.*

The election was likely to be a close one, and no pains were to be spared to procure even a single vote. Crawford we found equally avoided the other candidate; and we were not on other grounds without hopes that he might yet vote with us. Tutors in those days had considerable influence over such of their own pupils as were scholars; and Dr. Allwell, who was Crawford's tutor, was playing the game of refusing to join either party, keeping his influence in reserve until the last, when he might be in the position of turning the scale. We therefore continued our almost daily visits to Crawford's rooms, although without any other effect than that of knocking for a certain time at the door. We sometimes attempted to shame him into opening by continuing the siege almost to a blockade; but it was a trial of patience whether we should first tire of making a noise with our knuckles, or he of sitting at his ease listening to us. A contest in which the odds were fearful against us.

At last chance gained us admission to his retreat. One day we had performed our customary quantity of knocking, and with our customary success. Mr. Peverill, for the twentieth time, had dropped his card into the letter box; and we were taking our departure down stairs when we met an old woman—one of those beings, *sui generis*, denominated college women, hobbling up stairs with a pitcher of water in her hand. With some

groans, and a heavy sigh, the old sibyl laid down her burden opposite Crawford's door, and proceeded to take from a monstrous pocket that was suspended to her side a bunch of latch keys strung upon a greasy cord. One of these she began very slowly to apply to an aperture in the door. Mr. Peverill turned round laughing heartily, and just as she opened the door he asked her, "Is Mr. Crawford at home?"

"I believe he is, sir," answered the unsuspecting old creature, perfectly unconscious of the mischief she was doing. The next moment she threw open the inner door of the apartment; and we surprised Crawford sitting in his dressing gown with a book before him on his desk, and a loaf of bread beside it, which latter he appeared to have been busy in devouring, while he was coolly listening to our very audible solicitations for admission.

Crawford's face became red as fire. His embarrassment was excessive; but it was soon dispelled by the frank and easy manner of my companion who began talking upon indifferent subjects with the most perfect address; and Crawford became gradually at his ease.

Over the chimney-piece were displayed, I could not help thinking ostentatiously, the numerous cards which, in the course of his visits, Mr. Peverill deposited in his letter-box. Mr. Peverill glanced his eyes at the goodly array. "I have made a great many attempts to see you before I was fortunate enough to succeed."

Crawford became again confused, and stammered out something about his frequent absence; but the apology

* This is a term which it may, not perhaps, be unnecessary to explain. It is derived, as the classical readers know, from two Greek words *dunus*, a dun, and *scopos*, to see. It is a small round aperture in the wall, generally of the bedroom, which commands a view of the outside door of the apartments. A judicious application of the eye to this aperture enables the occupant of the room to discern the character of any visitor who knocks at his door without being perceived himself. By an awkward use of it, the person inside is sure to have his eye detected.

It is needless to dilate upon the advantages of such a contrivance—they are too obvious to need eulogy. No college rooms are without such an appendage. The reader has, no doubt, if he or she ever visited the college, been struck by the multitude of holes which disfigure the inside walls upon all the staircases—these are the *dunscopes*—from these the student is enabled to make his observations upon the applicants for admission to his domicile, and exclude those who are likely to be tormenting. This invaluable aperture is generally denominated *dunscope*, but is sometimes also called by the less ambitious title of "*spyhole*."

was very indistinct, and most probably, even had we heard it, not very satisfactory.

"Mr. Peverill, however, with his usual address, again relieved him from his embarrassment, and presently came to the main purpose of his visit by asking him for his vote. Crawford, with much less of hesitation than I expected, refused him. I remember well being struck by the gentlemanlike terms in which he conveyed his refusal—acknowledging Mr. Peverill's talents and general fitness to represent the University, and regretting that on one question the principles of his family would prevent him from supporting him.

"I am sure," replied Mr. Peverill, "that whatever are Mr. Crawford's principles he has formed them for himself—I have a much better opinion of you than to think that you hold yourself bound to inherit all the notions of your ancestors—if this rule is worth anything you ought to be a Roman Catholic."

Crawford assured him that the principles which he might perhaps be said to inherit, were now his own from conviction.

I need not weary my readers by repeating the substance of an argument upon Catholic emancipation. I remember well the ground which Crawford took; it was the ground of a high, although I thought a mistaken principle. He said that he thought it the duty of a state not to entrust the management of her affairs to those who must be the enemies of her religion, if they are conscientious believers in their own; and I confess I was disappointed at perceiving how little all the eloquence and wit of his opponent accomplished towards dislodging him from this position. He spoke as one deeply and earnestly impressed with the truth of this principle; and he left on both our minds the impression that he would regard it as a sin against God to vote for an emancipationist.

The interview ended in his repeating his promise that he would pledge himself to neither party until the day of election.

Mr. Peverill seemed evidently struck by his manner and his remarks. "That young man," said he to me, when we

left him, "is no common person; his mind is vigorous enough, but strangely warped by prejudices; but his moral tone is high and lofty; but," he added as he turned round, with a bitter smile, or something that seemed to come between sorrow and sarcasm, "too high, too pure to live in an atmosphere like this."

At parting he shook hands with him warmly, and assured him that however he would vote he would respect his conscientiousness and his talents.

Thus far all has been well. But I must now turn a darker page in this story, a page which is still to be an unexplained enigma.

The day of election was approaching, and even then the result was very doubtful. All parties looked with intense anxiety to the issue—the representation of the University was considered to carry with it a moral weight and influence that made it an object of the highest interest. Every kind of machinery was set in motion to influence votes. Strange to say, government influence was employed on both sides—the question of emancipation was one upon which different persons in office felt differently, and although nominally, the support of government was given to Mr. Peverill, I knew of one or two instances in which I could have little doubt that was exerted the other way.

It was generally understood that Crawford would vote with Mr. Austin, and in all the lists that were made out he was set down among his supporters. Each party calculated on returning their candidate by a small majority, and interest and anxiety were kept at the highest pitch.

However the feeling was divided among the electors, among the mass of the students the emancipation candidate was decidedly the unpopular one. On the morning of the day fixed for the election, there appeared all the symptoms of preparation for a college riot—groups of students were assembled in the courts, some armed with sticks; and as is usual on all such occasions the crowd was swelled by multitudes of townsmen, and some of them, too, men of middle age, who obtained caps and gowns, generally, indeed, only the caps, as if with the academic garb they had put on the uniform of

riot; and became privileged to indulge their maturer years with a repetition of the boisterous follies of their youth.

The courts were full at an early hour of persons impatiently expecting the approaching fun. The doors of the theatre, in which the elections take place, were shut fast; and although several very imperative demands were made of the porter who had the care of the keys to open them, he alleged that he had the Provost's positive orders to admit no one until the hour at which the election would commence.

A party of the students thus disappointed in obtaining admission commenced beating with their sticks upon the closed doors of the theatre. Others walked in detachments round the courts, whistling the tune of Protestant Boys, and marching in time to it. Some raised the cry of No Popery; the porters scattered themselves through the court, and repeatedly warned the young gentlemen that they had orders to report to the Provost the names of any who would be guilty of such crimes. But this was a day upon which the authority of the Provost was but little regarded; and no wonder since at least half of the mob were not under his jurisdiction. I was greatly amused at observing that the threat of the porters had on one occasion the effect of creating in a party a temporary silence. "Bah," cried a little gib who seemed to act as their leader, "he cannot expel us all, or he will have no college;" and this unanswerable argument dismissed the fears of the group to whom it was addressed—and fortified by this reasoning they flung up their caps and shouted "No Popery" ten times more lustily than before.

It was astonishing how little of ill-will there was in all these apparently tumultuous proceedings. The students then looked upon an election as a day upon which they were privileged to make a noise; and amply indeed did they avail themselves of the right. But their riots went no further. I never recollect any bad feeling being created, or any disrespect offered to the constituted authorities of the University.

I had made myself rather conspicuous upon the popish side, as it was called; and I accordingly came in for some share of popular indignation.

Crossing the courts I encountered one of the groups who were marching to the tune of the Protestant Boys—"a groan for Papist O'Brien," cried a fellow, laying a most malicious emphasis upon the Irish prefix to my name, and the cry was certainly most heartily responded to—I made my escape, pursued by a band of fellows shouting and growling at my heels.

Mr. Peverill's friends were so far inferior in number that we thought it wiser to abstain altogether from any demonstration of feeling. Indeed it was no great exercise of self-denial to leave the shouting to our opponents. The first time we made a stand was, when Mr. Peverill's carriage drove into the courts. A few of our party greeted him with an huzza; the crowd who were in the courts, utterly ignorant of the personal appearance of the candidates, supposed it impossible that the papist party could have the audacity to cheer, and very naturally imagined that this was their favourite candidate—the whole courts resounded with huzzas and clapping of hands—a few of the maddest of the party insisted on taking the horses from the carriage and drawing it round the courts. Mr. Peverill stood up, and with infinite tact and good humour bowed in reply to their cheers and cries of "No Peverill"—"Down with Popish Peverill," with which he was greeted by the very men who were drawing him in triumph.

While they were thus engaged, the real Protestant candidate made his appearance. I was standing near the gate when his carriage entered, and took off my cap and waved it—a group, who was lying in wait in the entrance, contained among them some who knew my politics—this was enough—a volley of groans and hisses assailed him—he seemed evidently astonished, and put his head out of the window as if to ascertain the process by which such a change had been effected in the feeling of the students—a dead cat, which, to my knowledge had been stored up for Peverill for a week before, was flung with such precision of aim that it struck him directly in the face—he promptly pulled in his head: just then the party who had been drawing Mr. Peverill were with difficulty made sensible of their error. Previous to

this, a scholar in Mr. Austen's interest, who endeavoured to prevent them, had actually been called a papist, and knocked down for his pains; but when they were made sensible that they were drawing Mr. Peverill, their indignation knew no bounds—they left the carriage standing at the far end of the courts, and surrounded it with groans and hootings. Mr. Peverill walked coolly through them—some of his own friends gathered round him, and he escaped without any other injury than a torn coat.

It had been usual at college elections to rail off a small portion of the upper end of the hall for the hustings, and only these entitled to vote were admitted inside this barricade through a window leading from the Provost's garden—the portion, however, remaining for the accommodation of the students, was quite large enough to receive them. Upon this occasion, however, the Provost was anxious to exclude the undergraduates and the public; and he accordingly placed the barrier not in its usual position, but within a few yards of the door. Nor was this all—in its usual place the barrier was erected of the slightest materials, like the mild authority of usage depending for respect more on custom than on force; but in its new and unconstitutional position, the prescription of old custom could not protect it; and he had, accordingly, erected a barrier which could resist physical force. Immense beams of wood were cramped down into the floor, and supported by cross-beams of most formidable dimensions—the whole was strongly fastened with huge iron holdfasts, and boarded up with thick deal planks. This was again supported by two barricades, which ran on either side of the door, of still firmer construction; and this formidable fortification so circumscribed the space to which the public were admissible, that there was not left space for fifty persons.

The doors of the theatre having been thrown open at the hour appointed, the rush in was tremendous; but when the foremost of the crowd found themselves cooped up in this narrow space, first astonishment and then indignation was the ruling feeling. There was silence for a few

minutes, during which the register proceeded to read the King's writ, when he was interrupted by cries of "down with the barricades," and the battering of sticks against the huge beams which opposed the admission of the undergraduates. As an elector I had been admitted inside; and as I happened to be standing on an elevated position, I had from my vantage ground a perfect view of the proceedings. It soon became plain that the mob had formed the daring resolution of demolishing the Provost's barricades; and with Herculean energy they essayed the Herculean task. Nothing could be heard but the shouts of the assailants, and the still louder battering of the clubs with which most of the undergraduates were furnished. A few of the most daring and active of the students climbed on the shoulders of their companions, and contrived to reach the summit of the barrier; their appearance was hailed by many of the privileged class, and the cries of "down with the barricades," were echoed by the persons inside. This assurance of sympathy was received by the assailants with rapturous huzzas, and in right good earnest they set themselves to their work. The reading of the writ was stopped, and all business suspended—nothing could be heard but the noise of the shouting and the thunder of the blows on the stout beams that shook and groaned beneath the tremendous force that was brought to bear upon them; but the most effective operations were accomplished from above. On the upper beam a few had perched themselves, and they tore away the upper boards, which, being supposed out of the reach of violence, were but lightly fastened; a beginning thus made, the work of demolition proceeded rapidly downwards—the boards which were torn away were flung down and immediately used as levers or battering rams. The thick upright timbers already began to be loosened by the repeated blows—but the scene baffles all description. Beam after beam fell down with tremendous crash, and each crash was the signal for a shout. It was not long until the woodwork in front had been broken through, and a clear passage made into the body of the hall. This, however, did not satisfy the as-

salants; they were determined to break up every vestige of the barrier which was an unjust invasion upon their long respected rights; and in an incredibly short space of time every timber of it was level with the ground. One of the upright posts which, perhaps, was more strongly cramped into the floor, sternly resisted for a time their efforts to bring it down; but this poor solitary plank, the last remnant of its race, was not to be permitted to mar the triumphs of the levellers—with many an indignant groan it seemed to answer to the blows by which it was assailed on all sides—but every blow told. It was loosened and shaken, and at last came down with a tremendous crash amid the most tumultuous plaudits from the crowd among whom it fell apparently with imminent peril to the integrity of their skulls. It was almost miraculous that no one was hurt; but no accident occurred, and the victorious undergraduates took their station upon the fragments of the levelled barriers with tremendous shouts, which rang strangely off the walls, which, to my mind, had been hitherto associated with no ideas but those of stillness and cloisterlike repose.

I confess that I was among the number of those who cheered loudest when the final demolition of the obnoxious barrier was effected. I absolutely hailed it as a triumph of freedom—at that time I was radical enough to believe that her triumphs have been often effected by a riot. From time immemorial the election barrier had been placed across the middle of the hall, and unquestionably the attempt to erect the new fortification—for in strength it was one—was an invasion of long acknowledged rights which had been established by usage. And in the prostration of that fortress a principle was asserted. I joined in the hurrahs which proclaimed that triumph of liberty as heartily as I would in those which proclaimed the demolition of the Bastille.

When the barricades were levelled, and a reasonable quantity of exultation had found vent in the triumphant shouts of the levellers, order was comparatively restored, and the business of the election was proceeded with. The speakers who proposed the different candidates were greeted with the usual

marks of approbation and disapprobation—and so of course were the addresses of the candidates themselves. All this, however, took up but little time, and the polling being then proceeded with, the fellows and scholars came forward in order to give their votes. Great anxiety was manifested as to the result. We confidently anticipated returning Mr. Peverill, but by a very small majority—I met Crawford on the platform to which the electors only were admitted. He was standing buried in thought; his eyes had an expression of wildness even in the intensity of the gaze with which they were fixed on the ground. He was pale, and his lips were quivering. I put my hand upon his shoulder—he started almost convulsively like some one awaking from a painful dream—his eyes were bloodshot. “Tell me,” he asked, grasping me by the arm: “tell me, on your honour—on your soul,” he added solemnly, “can one who loves the Protestant religion vote for Mr. Peverill?”

I was astonished at the question—“I hope so,” I answered. “Crawford,” said I, “I hope you know that I love Protestantism.”

He caught my arm and drew me aside—I felt him tremble.

“You are ill, Crawford.”

“No! no! but I am puzzled—O’Brien,” he added, after a moment’s silence, with a tone almost of desperate resolution, “O’Brien, I will vote with you.”

Before I had time to make any comment upon this strange conduct, he had gone behind a screen which formed the polling booth, and had registered his vote for Mr. Peverill!

His vote evidently excited some surprise. Having given it, he did not wait even to receive the thanks of Mr. Peverill, who made his way towards him. He took no notice of his offered hand, but rushed down the steps of the platform, and disappeared among the crowd.

All this was very unaccountable. But the excitement of the scene in which I was placed soon banished poor Crawford from my mind. A few minutes afterwards the Provost announced the state of the poll to be—for Peverill, 43; for Austen, 38; and amid some clapping of hands, and tremendous groans, proceeded to declare

the Right Honorable Wm. Peverill duly elected, &c. &c.

This declaration became the signal for a renewed scene of riot, which lasted for some minutes. A rush was made towards the platform, and the fearful cries of "Peverill to the pump," warning the right honorable member of the little respect that would be paid him, he thought it his wisest course to effect a retreat. It was now nearly dark, and under cover of the gathering shades of evening he made his escape through the window into the provost's garden. The undergraduates, who seemed really disappointed at not having the pleasure of giving him a ducking, vented their feelings in some groans for him, and cries of "No Popery;" and having been addressed by the defeated candidate, whose carriage they afterwards drew home, they left the hall with mingled shouts of "No Peverill," and "no Popery" almost synonymous terms in their minds, and in half an hour the College was as quiet as usual.

It was early in the month of November that this election took place—the weather had been some time unusually fine, and the nights had all the solemn stillness and haziness which is the characteristic of fine nights in autumn—I always loved to contemplate the College courts by night—there is something very strange in the appearance they present—the dim lamps that scarcely shed a twinkling ray set round the edge of the great black square "like angels' visits, few and far between;" and only serving by their distant and penurious shining to exaggerate the size of the unilluminated area round which they are posted like solitary and scared sentinels of light, keeping trembling watch on the verge of the territory of darkness. Then there are the dark buildings raising their gloomy sides, whose blackness here and there is strangely chequered by lights pouring through some unshuttered windows. No words can convey an idea of the singularity of the appearance that is thus presented—a singularity made more strange by the associations it excites; sometimes you see a faint light issuing from a garret window in a pale stream—you can tell that it comes from the solitary candle of the sizar, who is perusing the pages

of knowledge in the low and uncomfortable attic chambers that are assigned to poverty and merit—lower down that strong glare of light, which is thrown from the open windows of the drawing-room floor, comes surely from the candles that burn not penuriously upon the festal board of some fellow commoner, who is regaling his genteel fellow students on his wit and wine. And listen, there goes the clapping of hands—surely, thought I, it is a political toast this election evening, and I am not mistaken, it is the Protestant candidate's health, and confusion to popish Peverill's supporters—hurra! hurra! hurra! "confusion to popish Peverill's supporters;" the sounds were distinctly heard through the window, which had been thrown up to admit the clear frosty air to refresh the closeness of the apartment in which they revelled—"confusion to Peverill's voters," another loud clapping of hands; but I walked on, from sounds which, as I belonged to the victorious party, I could listen to with good humour.

It was sometime after night roll, the students returning from it had dispersed to their apartments, some to study—others perhaps to employ themselves like the gentlemen I had overheard. I walked to the corridor which runs under the library, as was then my custom of an evening to pace up and down and muse—a few stars were twinkling through the haze of the sky, and I could see them over the chimney tops of the opposite buildings. I stood for a moment in one of the arches to gaze upon their mild and holy radiance; I do not know why, but it came to my mind with a strange contrast to the tumult and the pettiness of electioneering—and yet this was not just the sensation—it was more how the little star on which I looked shone far away from all the concerns of earth, and shining as it had done on the first evening of creation seemed to mock in its unchanging majesty the transient vulgarity of the mightiest affairs of man. Perhaps it was a foolish thought, or I should say feeling, for who has not experienced feelings that were too intense to be thoughts—perhaps it is still more foolish of me now to note it down; I know not why, but the recollection of what I felt is still present to my mind.

I remember distinctly I gazed a long time until I felt as if my thoughts were spiritualized; I turned round in the state of mind that was produced by such a sensation—and just behind me in the nook in which is placed the door that opens on the fellows' garden, I saw a dark figure leaning against the panes.

I started at the sight—there is something startling in finding that you have been the subject of observation, when you give way, even in silence, to feelings of which you wished no witness. I uttered some exclamation of surprise; the figure did not stir; I advanced towards it, but it still remained motionless; it was not until I laid my hand on the arm that I found it was Crawford.

I had happened to make use of some expressions which indicated that I would not have been much surprised had the figure proved to be the devil—Crawford caught almost wildly at my words, "What, O'Brien, what," he asked vehemently, "what about me is like the devil?"

"Nothing," I answered, "that I see except your blackness and your prowling here alone at this hour."

"Prowling," he muttered; "yes, I am prowling;" and he followed the words by a deep and heavy groan.

I could not account for this—his singular demeanour in the hall recurred to my mind, and I knew not what to think.

"But Mr. Devil, or whatever else you are," I said gaily, "I have to congratulate on our success today."

"Our success," he repeated bitterly; "no! no! O'Brien—don't mock me—our success! no, my, my, my—" he paused from excess of agitation.

"Crawford," said I, "I don't understand you—what do you mean?"

"Don't mock me," he cried convulsively, "don't mock me—I know you know it all—tell me at once you despise me—but pretend nothing."

"And why should I despise you, Crawford?"

He laughed hysterically—"Come O'Brien," said he, "I cannot bear this; I have made up my mind to be despised—but not to be mocked, no that was not in the bargain—I will not bear it, by — I'll not."

I could not comprehend all this—I

assured him solemnly that I did not know to what he alluded—he seemed regardless of my assurance. "What," he cried, "do you want me to speak my own guilt—no!" he added with bitter irony of tone, "you don't know that you bought my conscience—no! no! you know nothing of it—you want to be told—then I'll satisfy you—I WAS BRIBED."

He put his mouth close to my ear as he uttered the last words in a whisper of startling loudness.

I was electrified—the suspicion had never crossed my mind—I knew not what to say—for some seconds we both were silent, at last I ventured to speak.

"Crawford," said I with all the solemnity I was capable of throwing into my manner, "you wrong me—if what you say be true, I assure you solemnly in the presence of God, it is the first I have heard of it."

"You did not then know of it—you knew nothing of the offer."

I repeated my solemn assurance that I did not.

He leaned back against the door, and burst into a bitter flood of tears.

"Crawford," I said, "you have unintentionally admitted me to your secret—believe me that it is safe with me."

"O'Brien," he asked, "do you now despise me?"

The question was an awkward one. I could only answer that he had told me so little that I could not give any opinion; motives of interest operated more or less upon all minds, and that if he had given up anything of his principles to interest—but here I confess I was obliged to pause—charity began the sentence, but truth could find no charitable termination—I muttered something about temptation.

"Temptation! oh that is what you do not know—the temptation—I thought my heart would have burst—I wonder it did not—but you must not think me altogether base, I must tell you all."

I suggested the danger of our being overheard—we walked across to his rooms.

When the light of the candle enabled me to see him I was startled at his appearance—his eyes had a wild

and yet a stupified look—his face was at once haggard and flushed.

I need not attempt to give my readers the history he told me as he narrated it himself, broken by bursts of violence and passion; my page would seem like a scroll on which were written the ravings of a madman—but I must attempt to collect the substance of what he told me.

I have already mentioned some of the circumstances of his family. His father, I have said, had suffered by one of these agricultural depressions which almost periodically bring distress upon those engaged in the most uncertain of all occupations. A short time previous to this his embarrassments had unexpectedly come to a crisis which he was just then unable to meet, and for a sum of three hundred pounds, he was on the eve of being declared a bankrupt. A little time would have enabled him to meet all his engagements, but like many persons in his situation, he found it more easy to persuade himself than his creditors of this; and unless he could raise this sum, his bankruptcy was inevitable—his property would be sold—and ruin was certain.

Under these circumstances he sat down and wrote a full statement of matters to his son—he imagined that there were persons in Dublin under obligation to him, from whom it might be possible to procure the temporary loan of the required sum; and the letter contained instructions for making the necessary application to these.

Need I tell the result of these applications? Enough for these who know the world, that I say that they come from a man in distress to those whom in his better days he had served.

Poor Crawford, he went upon a thankless errand; but I must tell the story of his mission.

The first person to whom he applied, was one from whom he certainly did not expect disappointment. It was to a rich and highly respectable merchant who was strangely enough indebted to Mr. Crawford for his wealth. His father had been a petty shopkeeper in New Ross, and died, leaving his only son an orphan—he left some effects behind him—the amount was little—but enough to excite the cupidity of some of his relatives, who, under one pretence or another, were laying hold

of the property that justly belonged to the poor boy—they had actually made arrangements for hiring him as a servant to a small farmer at some distance, and were proceeding to divide the property among themselves, on the ground of old debts which they alleged to be due. Mr. Crawford who happened to be a *bonâ fide* creditor to a small amount, most benevolently interfered, and rescued the poor boy's little inheritance from the harpies who were preparing to divide it. After the most judicious disposition of the effects, there remained a sum of about eighty pounds—a little more than sufficient to cover Mr. Crawford's debt. The good man, however, refused to take this; and perceiving the lad to be a keen and intelligent fellow, he sent him to Dublin as an apprentice, with the eighty pounds to begin the world with. A few years rolled away, and the eighty pounds had gathered many more, and Arthur Sampson, the little neglected orphan whom his relations were just on the point of sending off for life to cut turf in the wild bogs of Wexford, was now a rich and honorable merchant, and leading partner in the highly respectable firm of Burton, Sampson, and Co., whose bills at the longest date, any banker would without hesitation discount, and whose word was as good as any other man's bond.

Crawford, it was true, knew nothing of Mr. Sampson. He had once met him at the house of a friend, and the merchant had made no allusion to any former circumstances, or appeared to recognise Crawford at all. But Crawford set this down as a natural unwillingness to recur to the subject of his origin. But he could not doubt that he would be glad to serve the benefactor of his early years. Every one praised his inflexible honesty, his high integrity, his goodness of heart, surely he might safely rely upon these qualities for the success of his application.

With a beating heart he approached the counting-house of Burton, Sampson, and Co. upon the quays—he entered through an open door, on the posts of which were written, in white letters, a number of names—among others, "Messrs. Burton, Sampson, and Co. first floor to the right." He followed the directions—he entered a small dark office where three or four clerks were

engaged in sitting before immense legers—now and then putting down something. Crawford respectfully took off his hat.

"Can I see Mr. Sampson, sir," said he, addressing one of the young men.

"Mr. Sampson is just now particularly engaged with a gentleman inside," replied the young man, as he heaved the huge folio in which he had been making an entry, across the desk to another clerk, and replaced it by another of equally ponderous size.

"If you wait, sir, for a few minutes," said an elderly man inside, "it is probable that you will see Mr. Sampson."

Crawford accordingly began to occupy himself with reading the different advertisements of steam-packets, rates of insurance offices, and sheet almanacks, that were posted up on the walls.

A few minutes more, and a door that led off the office opened, and two gentlemen appeared—one of them a tall man dressed in a fashionable blue frock coat, put on his hat—and with a dashing good morning moved on—the other made him a low bow, and officiously opened the little door of a kind of counter, which runs across the room, to let him pass—he was a middle-sized portly man; the front of his head bald; he was dressed in a blue body coat with bright brass buttons, light waistcoat, and drab trousers—this was Mr. Sampson.

"You wish to see me, sir," said he, advancing forward to Crawford with a manner peculiarly bland and affable.

"Yes sir," said Crawford, "if not inconvenient I would be glad of the favour of a few minutes' conversation."

"This way, sir," said the merchant, eyeing him suspiciously, and leading him on to the door from which he had just come out."

"See, George, that you make that invoice correctly," he cried as he went in.

The door opened upon a small but very snug room—a blazing fire in the grate gave it the appearance of warmth and comfort. Just opposite the fire stood a little table covered over with piles of papers and letters—near it was an arm chair covered with red leather, in which the merchant himself sat down; having first set a chair for Crawford opposite.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Sampson,

eyeing him from head to foot, "what can I do for you?"

Crawford felt himself treble all over—his face he knew became scarlet, he was ashamed of his emotion; his eyes fell on the ground—"My name, sir," he answered, "is Crawford," no answer to the merchant's question.

"Well, sir," replied the merchant impatiently, "Mr. Crawford, what is your business?"

"I am from the county Wexford, sir," replied Crawford, as far as ever from giving a plain business-like answer to the plain business-like question of the other.

The merchant was evidently embarrassed—a slight blush passed over his features—it was but for an instant—he regained his composure, if indeed it could be said to have been disturbed.

"A good county, sir, many an honest man came from it. Well, sir, Mr. Crawford of the county of Wexford, what is your business, sir?" asked the merchant, returning still with provoking pertinacity to the plain matter-of-fact question.

Crawford felt himself fairly driven to an answer. He had thought it a very easy matter to ask this favour, but now when it came to the point he felt the rush of blood tingle in his ears—"I want," he said, gulping down something that was rising in his throat, "I want to borrow money from you, sir," said he, and by this bold statement of his business, he felt himself relieved.—He had at least got rid of the plaguy question. But it was only to bring on another more plaguy.

"Persons in my way, have not generally much to lend, Mr. Crawford. Trade, sir, gives the best interest; but may I ask, sir, what sum you want, and what is your security?"

"I want two hundred pounds," replied Crawford, taking no notice of the second question.

"Two hundred pounds," repeated the merchant, "that is but a small sum. Well, sir, the security."

Crawford's feelings got the better of him—he burst into a fit of enthusiasm.

"Security, sir," he said, "don't you know me? do you remember my father? was he not the making of you, Mr. Sampson? Will you lend me two hundred pounds to save him from ruin? Security, sir; is there not se-

curity enough in what you remember of him?"

His burst of eloquence appeared to have but little effect on the man of business.

"Really, sir," said he, "I don't quite understand you. I suppose you are the son of George Crawford, of New Ville. I believe your father is a very good mark, and I should think he could easily get such a small sum; but I forget the county Wexford altogether—I left it almost as soon as I can remember any thing. But I have not any money now—I have had to borrow money to-day to pay some heavy bills; but I am sure your father will easily get it. I must wish you good morning," continued the merchant, taking up a letter which he began to read.

But Crawford, however bashful he had been in first urging his request, when once he had gathered assurance to make it, was not so easily to be repulsed. He urged the necessity there was to procure the money, to save his father from ruin. In the recklessness of one who did not know the world, he declared the full amount of his father's embarrassments, and repeated his request almost with the energy of supplication.

Mr. Sampson listened to him coolly—something like a smile of derision passed over his face, as Crawford explained his father's circumstances; when he had done, he raised his eyes from the letter which he had been glancing over:

"Mr. Crawford, you must excuse me, but I have not time to talk any longer. I cannot accommodate you, sir. You give, indeed, but bad encouragement to any one to lend their money to a man who must be very soon a bankrupt. Good morning, sir," and he rose to move towards the door.

Crawford preceded him—he turned round vehemently upon him. "Is it you, sir, that say this—you who owe every thing to my father?"—Mr. Sampson moved farther from the door, and seemed evidently uneasy lest the conversation should be heard outside—"you who, but for him, would be in your proper situation, tramping turf in a bog." He stopped, for even in his passion he remembered that he was transgressing all the rules of decorum.

Sampson was a little disconcerted, but he soon became calm.

"Young man," said he, "I can excuse your intemperance. I am not, however, to be insulted in my own office. You have heard some very foolish stories about any obligations of mine to your father. I never knew of any. You have heard more foolish ones about my origin. It is true I have made my own money, Mr. Crawford, and I know the labour with which I made it too well to part with it to—beggars. Good morning, sir."

Crawford's hand was on the lock of the door—his first impulse was to return the insult with a blow—the cold, and he thought, sneering "good morning, sir," fell with an aggravated bitterness on his ear. "Damn you, sir," was the uncourteous answer which he roared to the salutation; and in a passion, he burst through the astonished clerks, who heard his furious exclamation.

The merchant, it is probable, took no notice of his violence. At all events, Crawford did not wait to ascertain.

His passion soon subsided into disappointment. What was he to do. One specimen of the heartless ingratitude of mankind seemed enough—poor Crawford dreaded again to present himself as a *beggar*—a *BEGGAR*—that word stuck in his proud throat—it was choking him—he tried to swallow it down; but no, he could not.

He had no spirits for a second experiment upon the gratitude of mankind that day. There was still another resource, but he put off the application until the next day.

I should have mentioned that a little while before this, Crawford had been left by his godfather a hundred pounds "to bear his expenses to the bar," as the old gentleman, with a laudable simplicity had declared in the codicil to his will, in which he remembered his god-son, apparently perfectly satisfied that he was providing a most magnificent fund to defray these expenses. This sum had been religiously placed in bank for the purposes for which it was left. Crawford, without hesitation, appropriated this to his parents' use, and all he had now to procure was the additional £200.

And in this he did not despair of

succeeding even after yesterday's experiment. There was another person who had certainly shewn more inclination to remember past obligations. Mr. Crawford had been a schoolfellow of an opulent baronet—Sir Richard Peltier. During their schoolboy days Mr. Crawford, who was his senior, had been his protector and his friend. On one occasion, while some of the junior boys were bathing, he had saved his life at the imminent peril of his own. In after life, the friends were separated by the difference of rank, and a residence in different parts of the country; but their intimacy was still recognised, although not kept up. On one or two occasions Mr. Crawford had received from the baronet most pressing invitations to Mulberry Hall—commencing "My dear George," and ending, "your affectionate schoolfellow;" beyond this the intimacy had not latterly extended, until about a year before the time of which I write, when Sir Richard took a house in Rutland-square, and made Dublin his residence. When he discovered that the son of his old schoolfellow was a student in the University, he invited him to his house, and spoke of old times in the kindest and fondest manner; but little real intimacy, as might be expected, existed between Arthur and his aristocratic friend. Sir Richard generally asked him once a month to dine with him, to meet a party of his friends. Very frequently he told the story of Arthur's father having saved his life. The entertainments upon these occasions were always very grand; the lustre of the lamps very bright, and the circulation of the choicest of wines at the festive board was brisk and lively. Sir Richard appeared evidently to make Arthur a favourite; and he several times told him that perhaps yet it might be in his power to prove himself his friend—but Arthur could hardly feel that he knew him. He scarcely ever met him, except upon occasions such as I have described; and let people talk as they will, the acquaintance is but a formal one that is confined to the table of a fashionable dinner party.

To him Crawford had thought of applying in the first instance; but there was an undefined feeling which had made him more willing to try his chance with the merchant. The ser-

Vol. VIII.

vice which his father had rendered Mr. Sampson appeared more akin to the pecuniary favour he was about to ask: this was the reason that he assigned to his own mind; but whether it was in any sense the true one or not, there certainly mingled with it a secret, although at the time unacknowledged reluctance to ask such a vulgar favour from one whom he had only known as a fashionable friend.

But after his repulse from the merchant, he reasoned very differently with himself. Why had he been such a fool as to expect generosity from a merchant?—might he not have known the sordid habits which the mind acquires in the paltry scraping together of gain? What a fool he had been to look for high principles or feeling, in those of low origin; surely he had travelled out of the proper sphere of such qualities, when he sought them any where but in those who could boast genteel descent.

I need not say that Crawford was himself descended from an ancient family.

A little of this philosophy satisfied him that he had been wrong. He should have gone at once to Sir Richard; he did not blame that poor creature, Sampson—what better could he expect from one born as he was; he laughed at himself for being angry with him. Nothing better could be looked for from a vulgar merchant, trained to the miserable savings of a griping economy. All his indignation was now transferred from the hard-heartedness of Mr. Sampson, to his birth—from that which was his disgrace, to that which could in no sense reflect discredit.

Next morning he went to make his experiment upon the correct feeling and gratitude of high birth. Strange to say, his failure the day before gave confidence to his present attempt. The theory into which he had reasoned himself, taught him that everything in the refined atmosphere of gentility and rank, must be contrary to what he had experienced in his transitory venture into the oppressive vapours of low life; low life, he repeated, adding the fine sentiment that riches could not raise the essentially ignoble from being base. In the rank of hereditary nobility of sentiment and ancestral fortune,

everything would be just the opposite of what he had found in the low-minded man of hoarded wealth. The penury and ingratitude of the base-born merchant, only made him the more certain of finding the opposite qualities in the titled breast of the high-bred baronet.

There was something of this confidence lent itself to his hand as he gave a loud knock at the door of the magnificent house in Rutland-square, the town residence of Sir Richard Peltier. "Is Sir Richard at home," he enquired of the powdered lacquey who flung open the door.

"My master is not up yet."

"Not up yet!" he looked at his watch, it was within a few minutes of twelve.

"When will I be able to see him; I want particularly to see him before he goes out."

"Indeed I do not know," replied the other; he was up late last night; but I will enquire."

Crawford was informed that about two o'clock he would see Sir Richard, and was requested to leave his name; he gave a card to the servant, and went off to pass the next two hours as best he could.

They seemed tedious enough. He wandered about, impatient for them to be over; the confidence which but a little while ago he felt, was singularly abated; and, as he wandered through the streets, a thousand reasons occurred to him why Sir Richard might probably refuse his request. His thoughts reverted to his happy home, and the hearth beside which hours, still dearly remembered, had fled away in the warmth of domestic intercourse, and he pictured to himself his poor old father, bowed down by the pressure of adversity; there was even a relief in turning to his father from the picture of home—his own happy home—desecrated by the rude insolence of bailiffs; and yet, if he did not procure the money an execution would assuredly be there. The carriages of the wealthy were already beginning to roll through the streets. He could not help, as he saw them bear past him the pampered children of luxury and ease, repining at the strange distribution of the good things of this world. "How many a one,"

thought he, "of these would never miss the two hundred pounds that now would make me happy!" Oh! who can tell the galling bitterness that the sight of splendour and luxury is to misery and want?

Of this bitterness Arthur felt something. With a slow step, and with a heavy heart he was passing along the flags of Rutland-square, a few minutes before the appointed hour. He felt some strange sensations in listening even to the sound of his footsteps; his step fell heavy, and with an echoing sound upon the stone; he said it had the sound as if the weight about his heart struck his heel heavier on the ground.

He was told that Sir Richard would see him, and was ushered into a breakfast parlour; he found Sir Richard, dressed in a fantastic morning gown, sitting at a breakfast-table in the act of drinking a glass of soda water, which his servant had presented to him; a fashionably-dressed gentleman was amusing himself with a pair of boxing gloves in the centre of the room beating the air. The breakfast-table was covered with all the apparatus of a luxurious breakfast.

"How are you, my dear fellow," said Sir Richard, holding him out his hand, as soon as he had recovered the effects of the fixed air he had swallowed sufficiently to draw his breath. "Have you breakfasted yet? Have you ever met my friend, Mr. Morgan; Mr. Morgan—Mr. Crawford. A pity, Morgan, you are on the wrong side in politics, or here would be a good vote for you—but Crawford is, like myself, a true blue—you'll vote for no one that will let in the damned papists; you won't, my boy."

"Come now, Sir Richard," said the other, "no undue influence—you are a nice specimen of a good Protestant yourself—you are a man wot dauns the papists, and never goes to church;" imitating the cockney slang in the intonation of the last sentence.

Sir Richard laughed heartily at this piece of original wit, which I suppose most of my readers know Mr. Morgan borrowed from a leading statesman of the day.

"Well, Morgan," said he, "you have hit it off—but we must keep up the Protestant interest; for myself damme

if I care much after all, as long as I get my rents; but all my family were true blue, and I'll not desert my colours. Protestant ascendancy for me, as long as the parsons don't ask me to go to church."

A fresh laugh from his companion followed this sally of most pious wit.*

"Well," said Morgan, "for myself I believe you are right; the papists are damned vagabonds no doubt, but I confess I mind my own interest, and leave the leaders to settle political matters; I'll do as I'm bid, and if I'm wrong the sin belongs to those that bid me."

"And I think," said Sir Richard, "your's is no bad plan; but if I had my way I'd put down the ruffianly papists, that's all."

"I'm not sure," said Morgan, "but I'll see you a violent emancipationist yet."

"Faith," said the other, "I don't know, as queer things have happened; Protestant ascendancy is beginning to look a little blue;" and the baronet laughed immoderately at what he evidently imagined to be a pun, or wit of some kind; Morgan seconded his efforts very fairly. "But I'll drink the glorious memory yet a while, Bishop of Cork and all; my father was a great no-popery man; in honor to his memory I'll not cut the *concern* yet a while;" and he affected a tone of lisping vulgarity.

"Just so! just so! Sir Richard," replied Morgan; "we who know the great politicians, I mean we in office"—and he looked inexpressible dignity as he spoke—"we who are behind the scenes know what all this is, with 'Protestantism' on one side, and 'religious liberty' on the other—all very good to humbug the vulgar—the many are led astray and think these things very fine—if they only knew how we behind the scenes laugh at them."

I ought to mention that this Mr. Morgan held a very inferior office in one of the government departments at the Castle; I mean inferior as to trust, his business extended no further than

to copy common-place letters in a book; he knew nothing whatever of those behind the scenes, whom he designated by the title of "*we*." Of statesmen perhaps his acquaintance was limited to occasionally seeing the chief secretary inspect his office. But he was a fashionable, and thought it sounded of the official and the statesman to talk as if no such thing as principle existed.

Poor Arthur, however, did not know his real position, and he was quite astonished at this conversation. He was surprised at the tone in which political profligacy was spoken of—he was equally astonished at the uncharitable manner in which Sir Richard spoke, with all his high Protestant principles—he was not prepared for the language of rancour that had been employed by the two gentlemen, who evidently cared for no principle at all, and would have turned "*papist*" that instant for a very light consideration; and yet, was he not now in the company of men of rank and information? Mr. Morgan held, he knew, an official situation under government. His notions of right and wrong began to get confused—he thought that politics were but a kind of legerdemain by which the few contrived to delude the many—all this, and much more than this, passed through his mind in less time than I have taken to relate it.

But all this did not bring him a bit nearer to his point, and Sir Richard did not appear at all to recollect that he had requested an interview. Arthur sat down contentedly, while the other contrived to swallow chocolate, cold meat and eggs; he had a better opportunity of observing the baronet than he ever had before—he was a man of about fifty—his glassy eye spoke the man of pleasure, and the traces of care were furrowed deep both upon his cheeks and forehead—he had been married, but of late years he had been separated from Lady Peltier, and he now openly affected all the foppery and vices of a fashionable young bachelor.

It was not until he had completed

* My readers will not be surprised to learn that Sir Richard was afterwards returned to parliament on the Roman Catholic interest, and was one of the most violent supporters of that cause, although he never had ability to be a distinguished one.

his breakfast, and continued some time poring over a newspaper—not indeed until he had several times laid down the paper, and yawned, that Arthur ventured to remind him that he was anxious to see him in private.

"Morgan," said the baronet, "will you, like a good fellow, step into the library while Mr. Crawford and I settle the affairs of the nation; I will be with you in a minute."

Obedient to the mandate Morgan withdrew, and poor Arthur found himself now just as awkward as he did the day before. Sir Richard, however, unlike the merchant, relieved him from his embarrassment—he laid his hand upon his shoulder in a familiar manner—"Well, my dear fellow, what do you want with me?"

"Indeed, sir," said Arthur, "I am come to ask a favour of you that I am almost ashamed to ask."

"A favour," said Sir Richard, in a tone that indicated some degree of disappointment; Crawford did not understand it then. I afterwards ascertained that Sir Richard expected that Crawford had come to place his vote in college at his disposal.

"Yes, sir; a favour that I almost fear to ask—nothing but your kindness to me, and the regard you have always expressed for my father——"

"What is it, man," said the baronet, cutting short his exordium with an impatience of tone almost amounting to peevishness.

Crawford knew as little of the world this day, as he had done the day before. He prefaced his request by a true statement of the pressing necessity there was for his procuring the money—the least likely way in the world to obtain it. The baronet listened to him politely—"I thought," said he coldly, "your father had a good property; I have seen his name on the grand jury for Wexford."

There was more conveyed in this remark than Crawford at the time understood. Mr. Crawford had been placed rather high on the grand panel of the county when a relative was high sheriff. Sir Richard was deceived, and thought him a man of rank and influence. How much of his attentions to the son were attributable to the mistake, I know not.

Poor Arthur had not even the tact to take the credit of this; he frankly confessed that it was favoritism had placed his father's name where it had no right to be.

Sir Richard seemed astonished—"I am sorry, for my old schoolfellow's sake, to hear this—I was under a very erroneous impression—I thought him a man of property—I am sorry I cannot do what you want; but the truth is, I overdrew my banker yesterday, to pay for a splendid couple of greyhounds I have bought. I gave 150 guineas for the pair. By the way, I must go and see them—I am sorry I cannot do what you want—it would give me much pleasure to oblige your father—I regret it, I assure you"—and with a cold and formal bow, and as scarcely muttered good morning, he passed from the room.

Crawford stood for an instant after he had left it. Were his hopes thus all dashed to the ground; was this the gratitude and generosity of the great? Everything in the room began to go round. He seemed like one in a painful dream—it took some minutes to assure him that all was real—full consciousness slowly returned to his surprised and stupefied faculties—he left the room—he felt he had no business there. As he passed through the hall he heard steps in the inside passage, and the voices of Morgan and Sir Richard—he thought he could distinguish the mention of his own name, followed by a loud and heartless laugh. With a bitter execration on the false-heartedness of mankind, he rushed from the house.

I may add now what will finish this portion of my picture, that within two days, when next Crawford and Sir Richard met, the baronet stared at him as if he had never seen him before. I know not why; perhaps he felt that he had wronged him in refusing him the trifling favor he had asked—the consciousness of having done an injury, is the surest ground of dislike to the injured—perhaps he changed his conduct when undeceived as to the amount of his father's property; my readers must recollect that he had discovered he was only a grand juror by favoritism—perhaps he was offended that Arthur did not acknowledge the honor of his patron-

age by placing his vote at his disposal; any or all of these reasons were no doubt amply sufficient for withdrawing from Crawford his aristocratic countenance. The right-minded reader will perhaps endeavour to select the most charitable supposition; he will certainly agree with me, that in the withdrawal Arthur suffered no great loss. But I must return to himself.

Poor fellow! in bitterness of spirit he made his way back to college, disappointed in all his calculations on the nobility of birth, and started—painfully started—from his dream of the generosity of rank, to the bitter consciousness that human selfishness is, in all ranks and stations the same—that self is the idol before which the man of the world, in all grades and circumstances, bows down, and the idolatry is equally base whether its rites be celebrated with all the elegant pageantry of the refined and decorated ceremonial which men call fashion, or the degrading homage paid in the coarser but equally devoted service of a rude and vulgar worship.

His last hope was now disappointed—even if he had still another friend left, his two applications had satisfied him; but the truth was, there was no earthly quarter from which he had now a hope of obtaining the money. In bitterness of soul he shut himself up in his rooms. The shades of evening closed in, and the darkness of night seemed something like a relief. He said that as he perceived it getting darker he felt as if he was hidden from his misery—as if the veil of night had been thrown over him, and he could look on it without being seen himself; and then it was that all the thoughts of the day returned again with tenfold vividness, and he could see his happy home despoiled, and all the ancient pieces of furniture, with which his childhood had been familiar, desecrated by the hammer of the auctioneer—and then his father—perhaps consigned to a jail. But he said he felt that he could look at all this as if in a picture—he could almost imagine that it existed as if in some kind of reality with which he had nothing to do, and he sat for hours without moving, brooding over the dark and miserable contemplation—all was

before his eyes—his father—his mother—his only sister—their sorrow—their ruined prospects—but he could look at them as if they were not his flesh and blood—his imagination was awake but his mind was weighed down by the heavy consciousness that he could do nothing to avert the calamity. This it is that indeed weighs down the spirit when grief and misery is before us, and yet we can make no effort, however slight or useless, to avert it. This is the consciousness that hangs like a heavy chain upon the soul.

He knew not how long he sat thus; some sound in the courts was the first thing that started him from his reverie; he walked up and down the room—no expedient suggested itself—he could do nothing—absolutely nothing—that was the thought that struck down all his mental energies to the earth.

My readers no doubt before this have perceived that he had been religiously brought up. His religious impressions took a shape which perhaps some of my readers might regard as superstitious. And now he thought of a superintending providence, but it was not as he was wont; and his heart questioned the goodness of the Ruler of the earth. He remembered how his mother had taught him to rely upon that goodness; and how her whole life had been a practical example of the beauty of piety—and then he thought of that good woman—the victim of want—and of Sir Richard Peltier's ill-spent wealth, squandered on vice and dissipation; and his proud heart arraigned the wisdom of the arrangements of Him who disposed of the things of this world in such a fashion.

And yet it was in this frame of mind that he ventured to pray—and his prayer was an accusation of the God to whom he prayed—he demanded that God would vindicate his goodness, and reward him for his trust in him.

And strange to say, when he had offered up this prayer he felt an assurance that it would be heard. It is painful sometimes to trace, more painful to record the dark wanderings of the human mind; but he told me that his feeling was as if he had put the Deity to the test—as if God were now

bound in honour to vindicate eternal goodness from *his* doubts. Who is there that can fathom or sound the deep under-currents of man's presumption in his heart!

But the thought calmed into gloom the tempest of the soul. He was satisfied, as it were, that the question of God's providence was at issue on the result. He determined that he would think no more of it; and he left his rooms to spend the rest of the evening in the rooms of some of his companions.

This was within three days of the election. His promise to Mr. Peverill had prevented him from actually pledging himself to any one; but the friends of Austen looked on him, not without reason, as a certain vote for their party.

Next morning he received a visit from a gentleman whom I cannot in any way particularize or describe, except by observing that I believe him to be a man whose consummate tact is only equalled by his utter want of principle.

The purport of the visit was, in plain English, to offer him a bribe; but I must try and give some faint idea of the glossings by which he varnished the proposal.

He began by assuring him of his respect for his character and talents—he told him that he had learned with great regret that his father's circumstances made it expedient for him to have the command of a little money; and concluded by telling him that to the amount of a few hundred pounds he could manage to accommodate him.

Crawford's astonishment was great indeed. He thought it was a miraculous answer to his prayer. In the fulness of his heart he told his visitor all his circumstances, and with tears in his eyes he asked the loan of £200.

His visitor acquiesced; "but," added he, "I can only manage it on one condition, that you vote for Mr. Peverill."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Crawford, indignantly, who began to be suspicious of the designs of the offer.

"Only this, my dear young friend," replied his visitor; "that the person who would enable me to do this for you, is a man of very violent political prejudices. At another time I know

he could do this for a young man of your character and talents, no matter what his political opinions might be; but just now he is so much excited on the subject of this election that his prejudices prevent his better feelings. When he heard of your want of success in a quarter where you deserved very different treatment, he said you should not want the money, but," continued the visitor, "he added, with an oath, that he would not serve any one who voted against his friend Peverill."

Crawford inquired the name of his unknown friend.

This, however, was a secret—the gentleman was one of those who

"do good by stealth,
and blush to find it fame."

Crawford refused the offer on these terms. His visitor argued with him, and endeavoured to reason away his prejudices against emancipation—the other continued steadfast, and they parted—his visitor telling Crawford that if before the election he changed his mind, he could at any time have the money.

And, although he then sternly rejected the offer, the visit left Crawford puzzled and even undecided. I have said enough to let my readers see that his prejudice or his reasons against emancipation were of a religious character. He fancied that it would be a national sin to admit the professors of a false religion to the legislature. He began to examine the grounds of this opinion; an opinion which he now, for the first time, remembered he had never deliberately formed, but taken on trust from the prejudices of education. He thought of all the good and enlightened men who had advocated the opposite side of the question, and he began to think that the measure they supported could not be so very bad; its adoption would certainly tend to promote that peace and goodwill which it was the first object of Christianity to inculcate. Besides, why should he decide his vote by any such consideration—why should not he vote for the candidate of the greatest talent—the man best qualified in intellect and eloquence to be the representative of a University, and leave it then to his judgment to decide on all measures of a legislative character; and after all, what influence could his one

solitary vote have upon the determination of a great national question—it was absurd to suppose it, and if so, why regulate his vote by the one consideration of its dim and indistinct bearings on that question?

All this, and much more, passed in rapid succession through his mind. He could not, too, but feel that the ties of filial duty—of family affection were far more binding in their warm and living links that were twined round his heart, than the cold and distant speculations of political right. To what holier purpose could a son employ his franchise than to extricate a father from embarrassment—perhaps from ruin?

But all these arguments could not satisfy his mind—he felt that he was doing wrong in voting against his conscience—he thought then of his prayer—his challenge to Providence, and he imagined that in the offer, came the answer—contending emotions tore his breast.

I have said that his religious impressions assumed a shape which some would call superstition. Perhaps many would designate thus a strange confidence that his prayer could not be unanswered. He said, himself that from the moment he had uttered the words, he had an assurance that could not be unheeded. “I had dared to throw myself upon the faithfulness of God”—these were the bold words in which he himself expressed his feeling, “and I know that I could not be deceived.”

And this feeling carried him so far, that he entertained an assurance that yet before the day of election, some unseen source should supply his wants. “It was strange,” he said, “how this impression clung to me. I then began to look upon the offer but as a trial,—and every step that I heard upon the stairs I fancied was the step of some unknown messenger, come to reward my fidelity to what was right.”

In a state of such nervous excitement did he pass those few days; all through them he was like a person under the influence of opium. His eyes were restless,—even at night, when he lay down he did not sleep; indistinct visions passed before his eyes, and strange waking dreams steeped, as it were, his senses in a trance,—they were hours of bitter suf-

fering,—his nerves were strung to the highest pitch of a species of wild enthusiasm.

All this time he said he never thought of prayer, although his madness, for madness it was, had so much of a religious turn. Once, he said, he opened his Bible, and his eye rested on the words, “Shall we do evil that good may come:” he closed the volume and put it away.

And the morning of the election came, and the unknown messenger of relief had not arrived,—but his former visitor was more true. A card, dropped in his letter-box, reminded him of the offer, and told him it was still open. He now endeavoured to persuade himself that this offer was the answer to his prayer. A strange fancy, too, seized him; he thought that he was destined to act a part on the theatre of the world,—he thought that he must rid himself, for this, of the numerous prejudices of his childhood; and the sufferings of the last few days had all this for their end,—to prepare him for the arena of an enlightened age, this could be the only object of all the scenes by which he had been tried. It was his destiny that brought him to this act, and it was in vain to resist. He had seen, too, something of the hollowness of those who held the principles to which he had been attached. He remembered the profaneness of Sir Richard,—his sneer at Protestantism—at religion,—“and,” he exclaimed indignantly, “is it for such principles that I should sacrifice myself—shall I be one of the fools that value principle? Shall I belong to the humbugged mob, and ruin my prospects for the benefit of the leaders?”

Enough,—he was decided. He went straight to the room in College where the card had informed him he could see his visitor. Twice was his hand raised to knock at the door,—and twice he turned away. Perhaps he might never have had resolution enough to make the third attempt, but accident made it unnecessary,—the door opened, and the person he sought presented himself. He entered the rooms, and in a few minutes he had received the £200, and signed a promise to vote for Mr. Peverill. He returned to his rooms, and sent the £200 to his father. Something like a

feeling of joy passed through his heart as he sealed the letter.

My readers already have heard of his conduct at the hustings. A few words more will bring the history up to that evening.

After he had given his vote he went again in quest of the person from whom he had received the money,—he imagined that he was to sign a bond for its repayment. The other stared when he pressed it. He seemed to have forgotten the artifice by which he had disguised his purpose.

"I suppose your friend will require this," said Crawford, coldly.

The other laughed outright. Crawford became confused.

"Never offer security to pay a debt until you are asked for it. Remember that, as the advice of one older than yourself, Mr. Crawford; and when my friend asks you for the money, I'll promise you'll pay him. But I hope you know enough to keep your own counsel. I told you my friend did not wish these things known:" and he laughed again.

"Sir," said Crawford, "I took the money intending to repay it."

"No doubt," said the other, in a peculiar tone, that was very far from expressing the absence of doubt; "and you will keep it, now, with the same."

"Come, Mr. Crawford," said he, seeing him confused, "we need have no more of this. Keep your own counsel, and I'll keep mine. You need not pretend my friend has lent you the money. You understand me. You will offend him by talking of it."

Crawford felt his heart sinking, and a blue mist floated before his eyes.—"Am I to understand," said he, "that this money was a bribe?"

"No! no!" replied the other, "not at all; you only got it to vote for Mr. Peverill. That is, my friend lent it to you, Mr. Crawford,—but all I can say is this," lowering his voice to a whisper, "the less you say about it the better, for an ill-natured world might perhaps say that you were bribed; so be silent."

It happened that just at that instant I crossed the courts to speak to the gentleman with whom he talked; there was a laugh on my countenance as I approached them, and this it was that assured him that I was privy to the transaction.

In an agony of mind he retired to his rooms,—he felt himself a disgraced and degraded man. Strange to say it was then, first, that he became conscious of the true nature of the transaction. Poor, simple soul, he had believed the story of the friend, and all his struggles had been because he was about to vote contrary to his abstract conviction; but he had never looked upon himself as *BRIED*. But now the truth was before him, and he wondered at his own simplicity. He saw through all the artifices that perhaps had been not meant to deceive him—but only a decent formulary for the base proposition,—an artifice, like that of the man who hands a woman the purse that is to be the purchase of her honor, and tells her she had dropped it. And he had sold his vote, his conscience, his country, his religion. He had also himself been sold like the meanest venal thing. Bitterly did he curse his folly—his destiny. Ay, destiny must bear the blame of all; stern, relentless destiny, that with un pitying hand had rolled him onward to his fate.

As he sat in his room he heard the shouts of the students, as they drew the carriage of the defeated candidate through the courts—these shouts rent the heart of the apostate.

Darkness came, as it had the former evening, when he felt it like a veil to hide him from misery; but far bitterer was the feeling with which he now felt himself cower beneath it, to hide him from his shame. All the philosophy of the morning was gone; all the lofty speculations about the guiding of destiny were vanished, and instead of them all there stood before him the simple and the damning truth, that he was a bribed apostate.

And all this remorse, all this feeling of self-degradation was excited by the discovery, that the money, for which he acted against his convictions, was not a loan, but a gift. He had reconciled his conscience to the one,—he abhorred himself. Alas! alas! how many shrink from sin when she shows herself in her nakedness, who yet can woo her deformity when she throws over it the most transparent veil.

It was in such a state of mind as I have described, that I found poor Arthur under the corridor that evening. I remained with him, in his rooms, until

the watches of the night had sped well nigh the morning. I never will forget that night. I have attempted to note down the substance of what he told me. I think I have preserved all the facts. But, I pray that I may never again witness agonies of mind such as I saw in the silent and long hours of that night.

The terrible impression on his mind was, that he had sold his religion. He dwelt much on the strange imagining that a temptation to guilt could be an answer to his prayer. He often repeated the words, "God sent them strong delusion that they should believe a lie." His heated fancy now took a dismal shape, and conjured up the terrible imagining that God had abandoned him to the evil one.

Poor Crawford! I have yet much to add to the chapter of his—shall I call it crime?—but I feel that I have

already trespassed long enough on the attention of my readers. Next month, if they are not tired of my tediousness, I hope to present them with the completion of the picture of which I have drawn the first and perhaps the darkest lines.

One word, however, before I lay down my pen. I never could discover the source from which the bribe came: but this I know, that the whole transaction took place without the knowledge, or even the suspicion of Mr. Peverill. He absolutely and entirely knew nothing of it. I could not but mention this. There is little chance perhaps, that any one will rightly decipher the name by which I have disguised my former friend; but I state this fact, even for my own satisfaction, in fairness to one, the memory of whose character I still respect.

WHAT IS A RADICAL?

THIS will perhaps appear to many a superfluous question. We are inclined nevertheless to believe that it is one of considerable consequence at the present stage of, what is certainly a more than incipient revolution. Part of its importance at present arises from the manner in which it involves the consideration of the essential attributes and characteristics of the other principal political parties.

In order to estimate fairly the value of this enquiry under the existing state of things, it will be necessary to take a cursory view of that state of things.—As we have from time to time expressed our opinions of the character of the present and prospects of future politics, we shall not here enter into any detail of past measures or occurrences, but confine ourselves to such a general view of them as bears upon and illustrates our present subject.

The safest, indeed the only safe and accurate way to judge of the existing state of political events is to view them as forming part of a series of effects and causes reciprocally acting, not merely by their direct operation in conferring

power on persons forwarding particular designs, but in their perhaps yet more important influence on the feelings and minds of society. It is this which constitutes the effect of what is called "public opinion" upon the public. It would certainly be absurd to speak of the effect of an opinion of an individual upon his own opinion; but there is no such solecism in speaking of the effect of public opinion on the opinion of the public; for public opinion, in its common acceptance, is little more than a mere word, used as an engine by designing innovators, and as a shield by time-serving, expediency statesmen. Public opinion, in its practical definition, is in fact nothing more in general than that which each man thinks to be the opinion of all whom he does not know. Whence then does this supposition in the mind of each man arise? The answer is of an importance at this moment which we fear will not be discovered till too late; till the period, which may not be far distant, when a headlong revolution, forcing forward the true sentiments of individuals, as a convulsion displays the muscles, will discover

to each man that what he has supposed erroneously of others, they have equally supposed of him ; and that had each known the real opinion of the rest, instead of taking it at the word of wicked demagogues, unprincipled ministers, or even the leaders of his own party, the evil would have been averted without almost a contest. When men see a number of measures, having one visible tendency and object, successfully introduced by men who profess to be guided by public opinion, they naturally suppose that that opinion is really favourable to such measures ; and if they also see that these measures are only part of a system, they infer that the future acts are also called for by public opinion. They seldom reflect that these men would assert the same although that opinion were directly opposed to them ; and that the public seldom possess the means, and yet more seldom the inclination, to display their sentiments ; for of course we do not honor with that name the offscourings and scum of society, who constitute trades' unions.

We repeat that the idea of what public opinion is, which exists in the mind of each individual, receives its origin from a combined view of a series of public acts, the assertions of the opposite party, and the admissions of the leaders of his own. Let each man, however, remember, that these public acts, assertions, and admissions, *might* every one take place equally well in sheer defiance of *his* opinion, as well as of that of almost all whom he esteems ; and that therefore as far as his experience goes they *may* as well be in defiance of that of the rest of the influential portion of society ; for let him also remember that the same or similar obstacles occurred to prevent the disapprobation of others, as well as his, from amounting to active and successful resistance, or even a visible desire to resist. This idea, respecting what is the public opinion at any period, if erroneous, can only be dispelled by an able, or at least a fearless leader, who, setting before his eyes the broad principle of right and wrong, and wholly regardless of temporary popularity, going on the simple rule that everything which is right should be vigorously supported, and everything that is not right be fearlessly and unyieldingly resisted to the death,

and discarding absolutely from his councils, the hollow and really fallacious, and short-sighted doctrine of temporary expediency, would rather fail in the endeavour to uphold the right, than postpone his fall, or even avert it, were it possible so to do, by even a temporary and partial admission of what is wrong. Such a leader will certainly not so readily attain power, and will not at first possess so extensive a party ; but when attained, his power will be secure, and he really possesses the active and sincere, though not the apparent bulk of that party.— It is of very little consequence to a leader what is the opinion of the indolent mass of society ; especially if he be secure, as such a man would be of the respect of all. This was remarkably illustrated in the case of William Pitt. At the time when Pitt headed the torrent of revolutionary principles in this empire for the first time, he braved it in defiance of public opinion. He did not add fuel to the flame by saying, " I fear we must concede that point," and " the feeling of the people demands the admission of this measure." He did not dishearten the zeal and demoralize the principles of his few adherents by informing them that they would be obliged to acquiesce now in measures which they had formerly denounced as unconstitutional and unjust. He simply said that he did not believe that the nation was so much in error as it was said to be ; that he was sure it only wanted time and opportunity to shew its right feeling ; and that to give it that time and opportunity, he was ready to set at absolute and uncompromising defiance, the infuriated attacks of a baffled House of Commons.

Let us however return to our proposed enquiry, and examine the designs and principles of that class, who, for some years back, have actually talked the nation into the belief that they have public opinion on their side.

In endeavouring to analyse the principles of these gentry, we certainly shall not be guided by the accounts which they furnish to us themselves of their general character, but shall, contrary to the modern improved system, be so hard-hearted as to judge them by their actions. The genuine Radical is not an object of contempt, because he

is perfectly consistent ; and moreover, he is an unavoidable ingredient in every human society. This may appear a paradox ; but it is not on that account the less true. Laws are necessary in every human society ; and the Radical, in each society, being that individual who endeavours to pull down whatever is instituted, is the necessary object of the coercive action of these laws. The only distinction between the common criminal and the Radical is, that what the former does in detail, in practice, under the influence of temporary passion, the latter endeavours, in the wholesale, from theory, actuated by that most natural hatred of superiority, which experience has long since shewn to be as irreconcilable with the social well-being of this world, as it has been awfully testified by the fate of the fallen spirits, to be with the institutions of the next.

The fair way to discover what is the native character and effect of the principles of any body of men is to examine what would be the state of society under which they could rest satisfied and approving. Adapting this rule, and applying it to the case before us, it becomes obvious that political parties must be divided into three classes :—Conservatives, Intended-Conservatives, and Radicals. The first proposing to stand still where we are ; the second to stand still at some future and intended stage ; and the last not to do so at all. We are not speaking of the multifarious conflicting varieties and shades of opinion by which in individuals these classes merge into each other, and which only tend to prevent or render difficult of attainment, a clear understanding of their real characters as parties. We mean only to describe the great and distinguishing features of these classes.

The danger to be apprehended, results, not from the proportion of these classes to each other, but from the manner in which the varying theories of the individuals in the second class have blended them together. It is obvious that this variety can only exist in this class, as neither of the others admit of degrees. It is true that this is theoretical reasoning, but it is frequently necessary to resort to theory to trace where and how practice varies from it. We are to be understood,

therefore, at present to be speaking of the pure Conservative, and pure Radical, and to include every other under the description of those who intend at some future stage to be Conservative ; using the word in its present signification.

If then we suppose that each member of that intermediate class has fixed in his own mind some one point beyond which he will not go in the march of what is called "Reform," it is manifest that every day must add to the Conservative ranks a number of men who have reached their particular "Ultima Thule" of innovation ; and that finally there must exist but two parties, the pure Conservatives and pure Radicals ; or in other words, we arrive at a conclusion, which we would urge on the attention of our Whig readers ; that the sole question for the consideration of any one who does not profess ultra-radical designs, is not, whether he shall ever become, but *when* he shall become a Conservative.

On the statement we have made, it would appear that as we progressed in reforming—(or rather, for we love our own native language too well to stand by coolly and witness the fate of one after another of its important terms, consigned to infamy, and virtually expelled from its legitimate office, by being adopted as a cloak by an unprincipled faction, we would at once employ the phrase which is the only just one, and substitute deforming for reforming)—as we progressed in deforming, we would daily acquire new strength from the accession of numbers who were satisfied that they had deformed sufficiently, and would wish to go no farther. Such would be the natural conclusion from the statement we have made above ; but we have already said that we were arguing on theory. The theory we had in this instance proceeded upon, was that human beings were that cool, rational, and considerate class of creatures, which Dr. Wade, Mr. Taylor, and Lord Brougham, tell them that they are ; and which, unfortunately for this honored triumvirate, and the vanity of the species, reason, revelation, and experience, demonstrate that they are not. But, before we part with this theory, we must observe that even if this steady accession of numerical strength were to be acquired by the

Conservative body, it would yet be exceedingly doubtful whether what was so gained would in any degree compensate the power and advantage given to the other party, not only by the measures actually passed, but by the difficulty of choosing a point on which to make a determined and final stand.

The fact, however, is, that all such calculations founded upon the rationality of mankind are fallacious; and that we constantly see persons who set out with the determination of stopping at the third or fourth step in the deforming line, driven forward to the tenth and twentieth, by exactly the same reasoning as that which induces the jaded donkey to make an exertion every two or three minutes, to gain, by trotting forward before its tormentor, a moment to rest. It is true that we do see multitudes coming over to what is called the conservative party, but it is also true that this party, instead of becoming stronger in consequence, seems, if it be not an absurdity so to speak of Conservatism, to be losing the spirit and energy of its character, and becoming less Conservative in proportion as it is carried down the inclined plane of revolution. The reason of this is, that this accession of numbers is not produced by many individuals having attained that stage at which they had proposed to themselves to stop, but from their having been partially undeceived by the progress of events, and the development of the designs of their associates, and thoroughly alarmed at discovering that they have left the level ground, and are hurrying down a slope of increasing steepness and terminated only in utter ruin. Hence it is, that they add only that species of strength, if such it can be called, to the party to whom they fly for succour, that a routed vanguard does to the army on which it falls back, and while they add numerical force, much more than compensate it by introducing faint-heartedness and disunion.

Do we then propose to discard these mature converts? Far otherwise. Let them be hailed with the arms of fellowship. But we do mean to warn our brother Conservatives of the imminent danger which awaits them, of having the purity of their principles corrupted, the simplicity of those principles confounded, and their strength enervated,

by the introduction of the hollow, heartless, impotent, doctrine of temporary expediency. We would call upon them to reflect that it is more than probable that these converts will bring along with them the tainted maxims which so long detained them in the opposite ranks.

We must take care lest our reception of our new allies may create a disposition on our parts to compromise our principles, as a species of sacrifice to hospitality. We would call on them to remember that these men have come over to us, not because we *did*, but because we *did not*, desert our principles. In fact, every sacrifice of principle on our part, so far from accelerating, really retards such conversions; inasmuch as it not only diminishes the consistency of our character, but is taken by the other parties as an admission that they were in the right.

We have before stated that an inquiry as to the essential attributes of Radicalism, would necessarily lead us briefly to examine those of the other parties.

The ministers and agents of the house of Stuart acted a similar part to that taken by the present government, but with more pardonable, because more sincere views. The approaching danger of revolution called forth the Conservative portion of the nation, who were at length compelled to expel the reigning family, in order to preserve the constitution unaltered in church and state. The attachment of such a party is not to men, but to principles. Having done this, and taken certain steps to prevent innovation, they retired from the scene, and are recorded in history under the title of the "Old Whigs," as the steady, high-principled defenders of pure religion. A party, such as this, can only be fully brought forward when the ministers of the day pursue a course similar to that adopted by James the Second. It is not, however, a subject of surprise to any who consider the character of human nature, that the resistance made by these great and good men to the acts of a government which avowed itself the patron of superstition, infidelity, dissenterism, in short, every thing and any thing opposed to true religion, should afterwards have been claimed as a pretext and example by

those who prided themselves upon giving way to the strongest and worst passion of fallen human nature, that passion to which the fall was itself attributable, the desire to resist superior power. Accordingly, after the lapse of something more than a century, we find two parties in the State with titles similar, but characters and objects wholly different. We find a Whig party patronizing superstition and irreligion, and busily engaged in projecting alterations in the constitution, while the Tories appear struggling to resist their attempts. The cause of this curious phenomenon is simple. Looking merely to the part taken by these two great parties *relatively to the Crown* and reigning family, at the period of the revolution, those in latter times who opposed the Crown adopted the title of Whigs, and its supporters that of Tories; wholly overlooking the motives and the results of a similar conduct on the part of the old parties of the same names. The old Tories supported, and the old Whigs opposed the Crown, in its endeavours, not to preserve and keep inviolate the constitution, even at the risk of retaining occasionally what had become an abuse, and venerating what, perhaps, was obsolete or even injurious; no, but in its systematic, restless, and varied attempts to alter that constitution. The spirit of the old Whigs was the purest Conservatism, and that of the ancient Tories thorough-bred revolution. That of their modern successors is precisely opposite. It may not be improbable that the recurrence of similar circumstances to those which produced the revolution of 1688, may restore to their right owners these misapplied titles, and induce the Conservative party, coming forward like their forefathers to resist to the death in defence of true religion and liberty, to resume the venerable title of "Whig," consecrated by the lives of statesmen who gloried in proving the connexion of religion and politics, and to whom it was a law of unremitted observance, that the first test of the expediency of a measure was its accordance with the interests of religion and morality, and with the declared will of the Almighty: while the epithet of Tory may once more be bound with the burning brand of infamy on the foreheads of that

faction who, indifferent to every consideration but the love of power and hatred of pure religion, pollute the seat of government, and pervert its influence to the encouragement of the worst classes of society, and the formation of the unhallowed union of popery, latitudinarianism, and infidelity, against the pure Protestant Christianity of this empire. Such a restoration of these far-famed party titles to their right owners may not be improbable, or far distant; but it can be of little consequence under what name the Conservative strength of the empire is united. The only way in which this question now comes before us is, that it affords a facility for ascertaining the distinguishing characteristics of the two parties we have noticed. We have seen that the leading principle and operation of the old Whigs was resistance to all encroachments on the rights, institutions, and liberties of the constitution in Church and State: and these encroachments were at that period threatened and attempted by the agents, and under the personal direction of the monarch. Accordingly we only read of a contest between Whigs and Tories, terminating in the glorious triumph of the former, and the preservation of the Constitution from all attacks on that quarter. In later years, however, while the two old parties, from the circumstances already stated, became confounded together, a new one appeared under the name of "Radical Reformers," threatening similar dangers to the Constitution from a different source, and in consequence demanding the energetic exertions of the old Whigs for their extinction. But we have seen that the old Whigs had ceased as a party to exist; or rather that the government being conducted on their Conservative principles, there was no occasion for them to come forward; and their only operation being in support of the throne, they had gradually acquired the title of Tories. As was to be naturally expected, this new party was received with open arms by that faction now called Whigs, from their opposition to the government, being Conservative, and formerly denominated Tories from their support of the government, being revolutionary. Permanent danger to the Constitution

from a democratic party, is a feature of comparatively modern occurrence in British history. "The Commonwealth," it is true, was a triumph of this party; but it was no more than one of those ferocious plunges produced by resistance to the despotism which was reared on the ruins of the feudal system. The Crown was the only quarter from whence, during the greatest part of our history, danger seemed to threaten our Constitution. That, however, which originated in the necessity of preserving the liberty of the subject, ultimately converted liberty into license—more fatal to true liberty than even despotism itself. That danger to the liberty of the subject, which was in former ages produced by the conventional authority of an individual, has arisen in later times from the physical force of a multitude. It is obvious that the Conservative body of the empire must be equally opposed to both. From this period we find three parties in the nation. The Conservatives, resolved to uphold the principles of the Constitution in Church and State; the Radicals, detesting all institutions, and revolting against all authority and order; and the Liberals or modern Whigs, following the steps of the old Tories, actuated by love of power, and dislike to purity of religion, and indifferent in the choice of means for the gratifications of these feelings. Hence it is that we see this latter class noisy in denouncing corruption and favoritism when out of office, and shameless in their adoption when in power. Hence it is that we find them the patrons, at the same time, of superstition and infidelity, of popery and dissenterism; the zealous and untiring encouragers of every thing rotten in the state of every Denmark.

We are too frequently disposed to imagine that, in what are called abstract questions, men are actuated by the exercise of reason in their choice of a party. We would be much nearer to truth if we asserted that the general guide adopted by them on such occasions was passion or temper. For instance, the respectful, well educated but ardent character, as well as the strict and stern disciplinarian, are both *naturally* Conservatives; while the violent, the profligate, the uncontrollable, are as *naturally* Radicals; and

the cold, the heartless, the quiet libertine, the decorous latitudinarian, the calculating speculator, and the weak slave of popularity, congratulate themselves and each other on being "Liberals." We do not mean to say that all the members of these parties come under any one of the classes now stated. We merely state it as, we think, an incontrovertible fact, that such characters as we have described have a natural tendency to join these parties. Liberalism has an obvious tendency to gratify the pride of intellect in one mind, and to arm another against the unpleasant truths of religion; while Radicalism is equally fitted to gratify the envious hatred of superiority, and hostility to authority, so natural, not merely to men, but to those who once were angels.

We have before remarked, that the best way of ascertaining the true character of a political party, is to examine the state of things under which that party would voluntarily pile their arms, as no longer actively necessary; or in other words, that state which they fully approve as perfect. In some cases this is easily ascertained; but in others it is necessary to compare a series of sentiments and acts, in order to discover that ultimate goal of a party which its members would scarcely dare to avow, perhaps even to themselves. It is also to be remembered, that so great is the inconsistency of mankind that numbers soothe their consciences in supporting a party, by merely looking to the immediate measure, and wilfully closing their eyes to all future consequences. Men too frequently forget that every measure that is even introduced, whatever be its fate, directly or indirectly confers power, and upon some class of society who will probably use it to obtain more. It is then necessary to compare a series of acts and expressions of a party, in order to ascertain its ultimate object.

It is fortunate for the Conservative party that, having been already at a most eventful period of British history called forward to testify their principles in the most solemn manner, no difficulty can exist in establishing what those principles really are. One grand principle, with its necessary consequence in theory and practice, forms

the leading characteristic, and may, indeed, as we have elsewhere stated, be deemed the essential attribute, as well of the old Whig, as of the modern Conservative, viz. the acknowledgment of the direct government of the Almighty, as well over nations as individuals. The manifest consequences of this principle are, an uniform reference to His expressed will, and a primary attention to the interests of religion; and the natural results of these are high national honor, and inviolable national faith.

It has been said that all allusion to the will of the Deity has the appearance of cant, tends to smother argument, and is at best needless. This has been said by two classes; the one those whose designs, at variance with His law, dare not submit to such an ordeal; the other, those who have not moral courage to bear the ridicule of the former. We would ask these refined persons to look to the debates of former days, and tell us whether the calm, dignified, and statesmanlike speeches of the ancient Whigs, or the infidel vulgarity of our modern Humes and Roebucks, present the most tasteful and suitable model. And yet they will find that these departed leaders of the senate constantly referred their proposed measures to the only true standard of right and wrong; that they were so uncivilized as to be wholly ignorant of the doctrine of expediency; nay more, that they were repeatedly guilty of the bad taste of betraying that they were Christians; and yet, that in spite of all these solecisms against good taste and polished manners—in spite of all these pitiable weaknesses, they were, what the Almighty has pronounced that such statesmen shall be, and what our modern Laodiceans shall not be—successful. Yes; successful in the work of preserving an empire—successful in the mighty task of arousing a nation to appeal even to arms in defence of her Constitution—successful in the yet more difficult duty of preventing the nation when so aroused from, even in the slightest instance, transgressing the bounds of true moderation.

The true Conservative is he who is always at his post, ready to come forward and exert all his powers, moral and physical, in the defence of the

Constitution in Church and State, and who is actuated in doing so by a high and imperative sense of civil and religious duty.

We have already observed that the old Whigs, having taken upon them to defend the constitution, even at the expense of expelling the reigning family; certain persons in more modern times, imagining that opposition to the Crown was the essence of Whig principles, assumed to themselves the title of Whigs, and quoted the example of those distinguished men as justifying them in opposing the Crown, not when it was attacking, but when it was defending, the Constitution.

The Conservative party, then, are those, who, convinced that the constitution is, in its principles and details, eminently fitted to preserve the rights of all, by placing power only in the hands of those likely to use it for the enforcement of law, and maintenance of pure religion, steadily oppose all innovations in that constitution.

The Liberal party, as they call themselves, dissatisfied, from whatever motive, with the constitution, confounding liberty with power, mistaking toleration for encouragement, restricting their views of the rights of the subject to those agreeing with them in political sentiments, and confining their liberality to the rights and properties of their opponents, institute a series of attacks upon the various details of the constitution, in order to remove whatever is obnoxious to the prejudices or the designs of any of the endless varieties of religious or political dissent; wholly forgetting, or willfully closing their eyes to the fact, that while they are converting the liberty of some into license, and the equal rights of others into power and dominion, they are endangering and impairing the liberties and rights of the remainder,—nay of the whole.

The successful opposition of these men, in some instances, and their possession of power in others, introduced upon the stage a third party, who assumed to themselves the title of "Radical Reformers." Individuals of this class have always existed in every human society, but they never can, in any well-regulated or peaceful state of things, be permitted to form an avowed party, however small or insignifi-

cant. Any nation in which they are allowed to rear their crest, as a faction, is progressing more or less rapidly in the current of revolution.

The objects of this party may, in some degree, be collected from the name they have chosen, and may be simply stated to be, to unmake the whole frame of society from its very roots. Their favorite bond of union is the chimerical principle of the "natural equality of mankind;" a theory exceedingly agreeable to the evil propensities of our species, but which these gentry only apply to their superiors, while no class of society are so haughty as themselves towards those who are so unlucky as to be beneath them in rank. It is not necessary for us to occupy our pages with the refutation of this most absurd and long-since exploded doctrine. Suffice it to say, that not only no such state ever did exist; inasmuch as mankind, being the descendants of one common parent, only advanced from a paternal to a patriarchal, and from a patriarchal to a social, *inequality of rank*: but in fact no such state could possibly, for one hour, exist; for, were any number of human beings placed in such a state, the great inequality of their mental and bodily powers would almost instantly produce as great, and in a short time a much greater, variety of ranks than exist in any social system. This is, however, the favorite maxim of those who call themselves "Radicals;" and, as may be naturally supposed, leads to many most vital consequences. The most important of these is, perhaps, that though the Conservative is at rest when the constitution is free from danger, and the Liberal is comparatively quiet when in possession of the loaves and fishes of office, unless he feels that his tenure of them depends on the favour of the infidel and the papist; yet there is *no state* in which the Radical can voluntarily relinquish agitation; no state in which he could be a contented or a safe member of any society.

Thus, as the allegiance of nations as well as of individuals, to the direct government and expressed will of the Almighty, is the solid basis of true Conservatism, and the shuffling doctrine of temporary expediency, and submission to the errors of the major-

ity, are the favourite maxims of the Liberal; so, the Shibboleth of Radicalism is the notion of the natural equality of mankind.

It is obvious that a practice so universal among mankind as that of forming a social system, must have had some origin in reason and necessity. Now, the one simple source of this practice was the sense of the utter, hopeless, and irremediable misery which would result from being always subject to the attacks of those who considered every exertion of mind or body, every accession of property, every source of happiness, nay, even the respect paid to superior virtue, as a treasonable infringement of the "natural equality of mankind." To put down Radicalism is therefore the first end and object of every system of social order.

It is in vain to suppose that a Radical is only opposed to the British constitution in particular. He is really the enemy of all constitutions whatever. It is remarkable that he is also proportionably turbulent and dangerous in the more democratic forms of government; and not without reason, since those systems which, to a certain degree, acknowledge his existence and principles, have least right to prevent his interference. In a perfectly well-balanced system, the Radical is not permitted to show himself, and his existence is demonstrated only by those occasional violations of the laws, whether of God or man, which are caused by the more violent, vindictive, or envious passions. But when, by any means, the democratic portion of a constitution obtains more than its due weight or power, the Radical begins to put out his horns—to seek out his fellows—to assume method in his madness—to throw out sentiments and theories calculated to put a fair and plausible front upon his designs, and to mislead the unwary and attract the discontented. He soon forms a party; and, as any theories will find supporters, even among those whose rank and station should have taught them better; the party, by degrees, embraces many whose general moral character and respectable station confers upon it a fictitious worth, which its real principles and objects could not venture to claim.

We have been speaking, let it be observed, of the pure Radical party. We have already stated, that with respect to individuals, there exists every shade of opinion, and every variety of inconsistency between the thoroughbred Radical and the ultra Tory. But as it would be a hopeless task to enter into all the modes of self-deception by which men imagine that they can go a certain length in revolution, and yet stop exactly where they please, we shall confine ourselves to the three great divisions under which the political partizans in this country may be arranged.

Our moderate readers will exclaim against the word we have just used,—against classing Conservatives under the name of “political partizans.” They will loudly protest, “we are not partizans.” This is too frequently true; but we think that a little reflection will go far to satisfy them, that though it may be candid to confess this, yet few things are less a subject to be proud of. Solon had a law, the purport of which was, that every man who in disturbed times was not a partizan, should be deemed a traitor, and an enemy to the state. We have high authority for saying that, in cases where religion is concerned, “He that is not with us is against us.” But in fact, the assertion that they are not partizans is, strictly speaking, untrue; or rather, is only true in a very limited and narrow acceptation. It may be true, that where *only* the interests of society, the welfare of the nation, the safety of true religion and pure morality are concerned, they are not partizans; they look on with calm and philosophic indifference; or at best, are remarkable for their liberality and moderation: and that it is only when canvassing for an office for a relation, when betting on the horse or dog of a friend, discussing the skill of an actor, or the voice of a singer, arguing on the relative poetical rank of Scott and Byron, or the superior flavour of pink and white champagne,—debating whether an avenue should be led round a particular hillock, or over it, or whether such a bonnet will suit a certain gown, that they are partizans. In every thing trifling, contemptible, or wrong; in every thing vain, selfish, and personal; in every thing that only

refers to themselves, their passions, amusements, and follies, they, with a pretty blush and smile, confess that they are partizans. But, where the welfare of empires is at stake,—where the temporal and eternal happiness or misery of thousands, nay, of whole generations, lies quivering on the verge of the precipice,—there they indignantly disclaim the unfashionable title of “partizan;” and are content with moderately wishing success to the right side.

But no: we do them injustice: they do not mean to say that they have no preference for one party above another; they only mean to say, that they dislike the word “partizan:” that it implies violence, intemperance, and bigotry. We admit that the word is used in this sense; but it is clear that it has not, necessarily, any such meaning; and that it has been perverted to that sense by society. But why? The answer is simple. The object of the strongest reprehension of the worldling, and the most contemptuous compassion of the fashionable, is *zeal*. The only thing that can render it even tolerable in the eyes of the former is, that its object should be selfish; and in those of the latter, that it should be trifling. Hence it is, that the tide of society has run so high against the expression of a strong sense of right and wrong, and especially against the connexion of these with political contests, that every word which expresses activity in the service of a political party, has been persecuted into the vocabulary of the condemned; while the worldling and the fashionable, by common consent, select as its proper examples all those who have brought disgrace upon it by its abuse, and willfully shut their eyes against all the brilliant line of partizans, by whose fervent zeal, intrepid scorn of ridicule, and unwearied calls to action, nations have been awakened from their fatal torpor, in time to avert impending ruin.

But they will say that parties have always existed, and always prophesied immediate destruction to the state, if their views were not forthwith adopted. True: but on the other hand, these prophesied evils *have* frequently *happened*. The French fashionables were warned that they were in danger—and

they took snuff:—they were told that revolution was impending; that rapid changes were taking place in the frame of society, which were all drawing towards one fearful point; and they flirted with their fans and canes, and swore by their “last case of Eau de Cologne, which, by the way, was really genuine, for they had got it from a friend on the spot,” that these alarmists were sadly tiresome. A few weeks saw them torn from the arms of their families to the axe of the executioner: and their wives and daughters exposed to the ungoverned license of a demoniac rabble; and then dragged at the chariot-wheels of the goddess of Reason, to be relieved from temporal suffering by the bloody mercy of the guillotine. Again and again all the deepest horrors of revolution *have taken place*, regardless of the late and vain resistance of those who would not be aroused in time.

But there is one answer to this objection which will at least prove that, however it may excuse what is so falsely called moderation, in times when the constitution is only threatened; no such palliation can be pleaded *now*. They call on us to look back on the length of time during which danger has been threatened and has not come. We call on them to look back, and mark that what were once threats, have been latterly *acts*; and we ask them to compare the present with the past, and to say whether an hour now does not contain as much change, as much radical innovation, as an age did formerly. We ask them, is not this a time to awake? Is this a gradual progress which they may sleep through. Do not the present changes bear the same relation to those of former days that the fearful bounding of the rock down the face of the cliff does to the gentle progress with which the mountain stream had rolled it to the edge of the precipice.

In a word, we would call, as reason and as religion call, upon our fellow Protestants to consider that they are, that they ought to be, that they must be, partizans: and that the only thing they have to look to, is that their zeal be proportionate to the importance of the object to be attained. A partizan may be violent, uncharitable, or corrupt; but the apostles

themselves were partizans, unwearied, uncompromising, unsparing, partizans; while they loved mankind with the most fervent charity, they detested and laboured to destroy their errors with unyielding bigotry. Let our readers remember, that not less exertion is expected from them in the same cause; and that all the advantages of influence, example, wealth, and power are but talents committed to their charge, to be made use of in the service of the giver. We have already stated that pure conservatism acknowledged the direct connexion between politics and religion. It does not produce this connexion: it merely acknowledges and acts consistent with, an inseparable connexion which, whether acknowledged by men, or denied by them, has always, and will always exist. True; it is not agreeable or amusing to perhaps the best regulated minds to mix in politics; but let them beware of pronouncing that it is not a duty, because it is not agreeable. They will say it ruffles their minds and disturbs their tempers. This may be true; but it is not attributable to any thing beyond human infirmity. There is nothing impossible or even difficult in a man or woman, actuated by a pure sense of duty, directing their influence and exerting their talents in support of men and measures which they deem likely directly or indirectly to promote the cause of true religion, and yet not only preserving but greatly increasing, not their indolence, but their tranquillity of mind. And let them reflect what a glorious change would be effected in the tone and character of political parties and statesmen by the active and visible interference of such a body. We have long since stated our opinion that some such result will be effected by the present state of things: but we would ask our moderate friends, is it wise, honorable, or conscientious, to wait until the lash of terror forces them into activity? We would call on them to look at the mass of evil that is each day added to our national crimes: and we would implore them to consider well with themselves whether much more guilt will be imputed at the day of reckoning with the nations of the earth to those who were the agents and inventors of their crimes, than to those who had the

power to prevent them and neglected to use it; and do they think that the excuse that, they did nothing, because they could not do all, will be admitted in defence of those who saw the interests of truth, religion, and virtue endangered, and refused to contribute their mite of remonstrance and exertion to save them.

But to return to our subject, we have endeavoured to show that the true conservative is the supporter of the connexion of religious and political principles; the liberal, the advocate of the short-sighted rule, if such it can be called, of temporary expediency; and the radical, simply the opponent of political order and control.

We must notice one not unimportant distinction, however, to be observed, viz. that between Conservatism, and what is called at the present day, Toryism. The latter is especially applied, and perhaps with justice, to the support of a particular set of men. The former exclusively to that of a set of broad and general principles. This distinction may be fully illustrated by one instance. The passing of the Roman Catholic ascendancy bill was the act of Tories in defiance of the opposition of Conservatives.

Ere we conclude, we must notice one serious and practical distinction between the three great parties we have described. We have stated our conviction, and endeavoured to prove its justice, that Radicalism has a natural tendency to gratify the violent, proud, and envious passions of our nature; and that liberalism has an equal adaptation to secret hostility towards the uncompromising and earnest truths of religion as well as to the indulgence of libertinism, worldly-mindedness, selfishness, and dissipation. We address ourselves to professing Christians. We would ask them, do they believe that liberal indifference to error, or radical dislike of rank, superiority, and control, will be permitted to exist in a future state of happiness? Do they not believe, we speak in solemn seriousness, that the only feeling tolerated *there*, will be the purest Conservatism? We do not mean to say that men's state hereafter will be guided by their political conduct here; but we would ask, is not the use of this world to form habits of mind suited to the next? and

is it wise, or prudent, or safe, to cultivate habits of thinking here, which we must never for an instant recur to hereafter?

It will be said, in answer to this, that no analogy can be drawn, as we know that the government there will be perfect. We reply, that radical and liberal feelings *did* once exist among beings who knew that perfection as well as we shall hereafter do. In fine, Conservatism is allegiance, not to men, but to principles.

We would urge upon the serious consideration of our readers, that they can, under no possible state of things, be peaceable and contented Radicals; while at the same time it is impossible for them to continue Liberals beyond a certain point of innovation; and that consequently they have only to consider, if they are not already Conservatives, when they will become so. We would also remind our own friends that Conservatism is in its very nature an active character. That all who have anything to preserve will very soon be forced to become active Conservatives, is manifest from the aspect of the present times. But many will delay till they have lost a great deal, and suffered much; or at least till they have entailed upon themselves, and their friends and families, these losses and sufferings; before they will exert themselves sufficiently. Moreover, we cannot venture to define the point at which it may be altogether too late to awake.

We would address a few observations to our own Conservative countrymen; those who are in fact "the people of Ireland;" those who hold the rank, wealth, intellect, and property of this kingdom.

We have already noticed a distinction between what is called Toryism and real Conservatism. But nowhere is this distinction more clearly marked, or more important in its consequences, than in Ireland. Toryism rests content with keeping things as they were; with upholding the rights of property, the power of landlords, and obedience to the laws. In other words, it was a mere principle of resistance to innovation. This was exceedingly necessary; but it was very far from being sufficient. We candidly avow our opinion that the demagogues and revolutionists

have done the most essential service to this kingdom, and consequently to the empire at large, by scourging the Irish proprietary from mere passive Toryism into energetic and active Conservatism; in short, by terrifying them out of the notion that they are the only class of society who are not responsible for the use they make of their property, and who have no duties attached to their situation. There is no doubt that many abuses did, and do, exist; and that these abuses form the strongest weapon of the agitator. We do not mean that he brings them forward before the public; for it is not to what he calls "abuses" that we allude; but that he employs them to estrange the unhappy peasantry, who are his tools and victims from their natural protectors. The principal abuses to which we allude, and which are the natural consequences of the imaginary irresponsibility we have noticed, are absenteeism; the auctioning of farms to the highest bidder; and the preference of Roman Catholics as tradesmen, tenants, labourers, mechanics, and servants. The first not only impoverished the country, held out a premium to the tyranny of agents, deprived the people of their proper examples, and alienated their affections, but it prevented the gentry from being acquainted with the true state and wants of the country, and rendered them indifferent to evils which were not forced upon their daily observation. The second placed the soil in the hands of an unfortunate race, who, reared in a creed which sapped all sense of decency and comfort, and taught them in its stead a total disregard of their engagements, were willing to make extravagant offers for farms, under the double consideration, that they would seek less comfort than Protestants, and that, after scraping every thing possible from the land, they would run away and leave the agent to look for the rent as he best might, and to return the defalcation in his next letter to Paris or Naples, under the head of "losses by runaway tenants." It is in a great degree to the consequence of this unprincipled practice that we are to attribute the fact, that the Irish landlords are the most embarrassed body of the same rank in the empire. Nay, to such a weight have the incumbrances on their

estates accumulated as to draw the attention of the legislature to various plans for their liquidation, by funding or otherwise. By a curious mixture of vanity and covetousness they preferred the name and the chances of a large rent-roll irregularly paid, to the accurately certain receipt of a smaller. But this shameful practice brought its punishment in a yet more ruinous degree, by preventing the improvement, and even causing the deterioration, of their estates: so that at each fall of a lease the land was found in a worse and more impoverished condition than before. The result of this was, not a lowering of the rent-roll, for that their vanity could not brook, but the introduction of a yet more dishonest and destructive race of tenants. The whole worked together to the expulsion of the Protestant yeomanry, who would rather emigrate to a land where their industry would be rewarded, than promise a rent which they knew they could not pay.

Again; while this steady process was gradually banishing the Protestant from the occupation of the soil, another practice was expelling him from the towns. The gentry, affecting liberality, perhaps not relishing the open independent bearing of the Protestant, patronised the Roman Catholics as servants, tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers. This expelled much greater numbers than even the practice before mentioned: for we would remind our readers, that as the lowest ranks are much the most numerous, the discouragement of loyal subjects in the lowest stations must expatriate, or drive into the ranks of professing Popery, the greatest numbers. Indeed, so far had this practice extended, that a Romanist once declaring to ourselves that O'Connell would not stop till he did serious injury to his own party by turning the gentry against them, thus expressed the humiliating fact, "whereas formerly no gentleman would employ a Protestant if he could get a Catholic."

And so serious have been the consequences of this fact, that gentlemen now complain that they cannot get good Protestant servants. In other words, they have expatriated the race; for the sister kingdoms afford sufficient answer to the absurd supposition that

there is any thing in Protestantism calculated to prevent men from being good servants. Let them preserve, however, and pay the penalty of their own and their fathers' transgressions, by having for a while to choose among the few, perhaps worthless, individuals; and in a short time they will have an abundant supply of trustworthy Protestants to fill every department of society.

It is true that these practices are less frequent every day; and that the emigration of Protestants has been considerably checked in consequence. But much more must be done. The great moral and religious change that the exertions of a church purified by bitter persecution, and now perhaps containing the most exemplary, devoted, and pious body of men who have ever blessed a nation with their presence and example, have wrought in the private character of our gentry and in the tone of society, has given a serious blow to the hollow, heartless, libertine, liberalism of which we have been speaking. But the galling fire of the repeated treachery of individuals, has done much more than any other cause in rendering our gentry Conservatives.

To conclude, we have endeavoured to show the nature of Radicalism; its foundation in the bad passions of our nature; its restless character, of which, under all and every form of social order, agitation and disturbance are the inseparable essence. We have traced the origin of its power as a party, and the period at which it assumed the title; and we have urged upon the attention of our readers of every class that, as to appease such a party is impossible, to court them is unwise; and that as to tolerate is to encourage them, to control and put them down becomes a public duty; and we have laboured to impress upon our Tory friends, what we now once more repeat, that if they do not wish to be compelled to become Radicals, and embark on a boundless ocean of innovation, anarchy, and ruin, ebbing and flowing from the democracy of the "Poissardes" to the despotism of a Robespierre, they must convert their passive, defensive Toryism, into an active energetic spirit of Conservatism, manifesting itself in the steady application of their talents, influence, and wealth, to the protection of loyal subjects.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged by your inserting this note in your next number, to correct two errors with respect to Greek MSS., into which I fell by trusting too much to memory in the hurry of writing my "Remarks on the Second Set of Tables of the Covenant" in time for your publication of this day.

The very remarkable translation of the beginning of the verse, Deut. x. 2, *Και γράψης* (*i. e.* and thou shalt write,) does not appear in both the Vatican and Alexandrian MSS. but in the Vatican one alone. However, this MS., even by itself, is very high authority; indeed, I believe the highest single authority we have with respect to the original state of the Greek Version.

The name of Abraham appears in Gen. xiv. 20, in the Vatican printed edition of the Septuagint, but not in the Vatican MS. which wants the greater part of Genesis. But the deficiency has been supplied in the printed work from two other MSS. nearly as old as the Vatican one, and of which Bishop Walton gives the following character:—"Præter hunc codicem [*i. e.* Vaticanum] duobus aliis usi sunt, qui ad ejus vetustatem proximi accesserunt; uno Veneto ex bibliotheca Cardinalis Bessarionis, majoribus etiam literis scripto; altero ex Magna Græcia advecto, cujus cum Vaticano summus erat consensus, ita ut ille ex hoc tanquam archetypo descriptus esse videretur."—*Prolegomena*, p. 65.

Not only the Vatican, but the Complutensian edition also contains the name of the Patriarch in the verse in question.

I remain, sir, your very obedient servant,

CHAS. WM. WALL.

Trin. Coll., August 1st, 1836.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TIME.

AN ECLOGUE.

"Arcades ambo."

TIME—CHANGE—CUSTOM.

TIME.

How now, my children,—wherefore stand ye thus
Disturbing nations with loud colloquy ?

BOTH.

She speaketh folly : judge between us thou.

TIME.

I'm weary of your quarrels : Heaven is weary ;
Earth hath no rest from your perpetual brawls.
Even now, while ye contend, the Will supreme
Debates the end of this contentious world
With all its warring realms and striving factions :
Which with fierce uproar mar heaven's harmony ;
The solemn concord, that enchains the abyss
Beneath creation : in whose dreary void,
Suns with their starry hoets might else be lost.
For while the bond of order beautiful,
Holds all beside in one wide scheme of love ;
As if some hell-star had escaped the gulph,
Rushing with fierce noise and portentous aspect
Through the broad realms of day ; this mad world rolls
By angel sentries on Heaven's outer shore,
Heard with dismay.

CHANGE.

I prythee, peace, good father—
We are no longer infants to be hushed
By thine old nursery lullabies—we're grown
Too wise for dreams and visions ; shrewdly believing
Just what we see, no more.

CUSTOM.

Father, thou hearest
The same old harpy voice, that oft hath howled
Upon the eve of Ruin—proclaiming lies
Which ever go before an empire's fall.
'Tis true, her dupes are heedless of the Past,
And for experience substitute conjecture :
With wisdom's name she stamps base ignorance
To buy men's souls more cheaply. Thus she wins
The brainless many-mouthed—to repeat
Her new and strange proposals every hour—
If heard—still stranger follow : If denied
She rageth like a Bedlamite—nor ever
Can mortal have one hour unteased by Change.

CHANGE.

Why, all thou seest is change—birth, growth, decay,
And death, and reproduction. Even herself

With eye reverted, hurrieth down that stream,
Which, from the darkness of the future, rushes
Into the oblivion of the formless past—
The slave of Change. Whom blindly she derides
Prating prescriptive nonsense from old scrolls
And mummy cases : while with queenlike air
She wreathes her parchment countenance in scorn,
Because the young waves still push on the old,
Nor stay to list the babble of her age—
Words oft repeated, till they pass for things
Of meaning long bereft.

CUSTOM.

These words, O Father,
Are justice, order, and prescriptive right,
The truth of God—thy sanctioned usages,
The accumulated wisdom of experience,
The aggregate of maxims, morals, laws,
Tried rules and principles, which constitute
The very structure of the social state :
Thy work of ages, father. She would sweep
Enactments, rights, conventions, ancient landmarks,
In one vast wreck : And on the ruin build
The structure of some shallow theory,
A bubble blown from her own idle breath.

CHANGE.

She calls abuses sacred : And maintains
The fallacies of unenlightened ages.
The moss-grown dungeon and the noisome cell,
Whose air is reeking with the tears and sorrows
Of many generations ; the worn fetter—
The chartered usurpation. Such the toys,
The doting treasures of the Beldame's age—
Crimes, long-continued, pass with her for right ;
Moss, cobweb, rust, are sacred in her eyes ,
Oft repetition, truth.

CUSTOM.

Father, 'tis easy—
For those who love not and not understand
The settled fabric of the social state
—Beneath whose sheltering bulwarks man hath grown
To what he now deems wisdom—to find fault,
The imperfection of all human things ;
To point out errors, and then cry "pull down,"
Nor wait to think if they can build anew ;
Such is her boasted wisdom. Even now
While walking sadly, my accustomed rounds,
To guard the outworks of the ancient world ;
She burst upon me, with her smuttied face,
Her tattered cap awry—red arms akimbo,
Blood-thirsting eye, and meretricious throat,
That with seditious warwhoop urgeth on
Her yelping pack of bull-dogs.

CHANGE.

'Tis thy blindness
Creates these phantoms to thy reverend eyes,
Unused to the full day. Thus have I seen

The owl reel frightened from his mossy turret,
 And wheel blind circles in the laughing day,
 The scoff of all the woods : scared by small birds,
 Who, if 'twere night, had sated his foul maw.

TIME.

Pray keep some order. If ye will be heard
 Ye must observe decorum. Both are wrong,
 An usual consequence of childish contests.
 For youth is often apt to exaggerate
 One side of questions,—and not see the other.
 Thou Custom superstitiously opposed
 Even to improvement's name. Thou Change, the dupe
 Of every quack who cries the last state nostrum.
 Thou Custom art a courtier ; Change a clown,
 Who loves low company, and hates his betters.
 One stands stiff-laced with cloistered dignity ;
 The other staggers like some drunken sybil,
 Maudening the vulgar with strange oracles.
 One for the coin would venerate the rust,
 The other fling both rust and coin away.
 Thus for six thousand years ye've moved together
 With the harsh creak of some disordered wheel
 Whose adverse sides move contrary—though borne
 One self-same way by a superior power—
 Good engines—though blind guides.

CUSTOM.

Ancient king,

TIME.

What sayst thou, Custom ?

CHANGE.

She doth claim this world,
 With all that live thereon to be her slaves,
 She would rule mankind in this age of reason,
 With old Deucalion's sceptre, and cajole
 The offspring of some score of revolutions,
 Philosophers, projectors, spouting weavers,
 A race of shrewd and sceptical mechanics,
 With Pan's arcadian pipe.—At this I laugh,
 And for decorum's sake, advise the damsel,
 That she is rather on the shelf of years.

CUSTOM.

Most venerable monarch, father Time—

CHANGE.

Ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho ! !

CUSTOM.

Father, 'tis true
 That honor, knightly feeling, all high thoughts,
 Are spurned and scouted by this peddling age.
 Duped by the shallow creed, that seeks opinion
 In the untrained and mindless multitude,
 The head seeks counsel from the lower limbs,
 Which spurn it for its folly. So it is

That profligate and coward, thrice branded liar,
 All dyed with what were shame and foul reproach,
 When England's honour fenced her Georges' throne,—
 Fools that had shrunk to native nothingness
 At one charmed touch of Burke's philosophy,
 Or withered in the scorn of Chatham's son,—
 Now lord it o'er the nations. Is not this
 The same sad portent that has ever marked
 That fatal turn—from which the ebb of Fortune
 Hath left the dry sands bare and desolate,
 Where once were swarming cities—and sails met
 From all the winds of heaven.

CHANGE.

Thy error claims
 Compassion rather than reproach. New wakened
 From thy long nap, since that long-winded sage
 Gave signal to decamping senators,
 Or lulled them with his drowsy eloquence—
 Or that imperious minister thou namest
 O'erruled the throne with more imperial power.
 I pray thee, rub thine eyes and look abroad
 Upon the waking world. See what men do—
 Hear how they speak—take in the daily papers,
 And study the debates. I grant the wise
 Were once a thriving few, in College hall,
 Who read old books, and pondered knotty points,
 By help of grave authority. But now
 We've learned new wisdom from our friends in Paris—
 The morn of freedom and philanthropy—
 A touch more withering than thy Pitt's proud scorn—
 Hath touched each nation's fetters, and they fall.
 The world thou dreamest is not that which is ;
 The light of reason glimmers not, as erst,
 From Superstition's dimly lighted cloisters,
 Pale, visionary, and confined. Behold,
 With lettered hand, and spirit-moving power,
 The schoolmaster's abroad, and walks the byways,
 Showering, with liberal hand, a seed so rich,
 As never fell from old Triptolemus ;
 Pamphlet and penny journal, tract and speech,
 Replete with free and popular statesmanship,
 Fit for a monarchy of myriad heads,
 Where all give law to all—and each obeys
 The ruling whole.

CUSTOM.

Thy many-headed monster
 I grant the fitting harvest of such seed,
 More fatal than the dragon's teeth of old.

CHANGE.

Preserve thy taunts for opposition benches,
 Or corporate dinners—where gorged Academics,
 With drunken wisdom, shake their reverend heads,
 And utter sentences from some old book
 Of pedant learning ; or of maudlin wit,
 And rail at innovation—wondering
 How poor men should presume to think, or brains
 Act without aid from Paley or old Puffendorf,

With all their erudition stale—not dreaming
 The progress of the human intellect,
 In peaceful grandeur grown to giant power,
 Too vast for fetters—till young ignorance
 Is wiser than old knowledge. Even the meanest
 Who cheers sedition in the market place,
 Or gapes for wisdom from some barrel's end,
 Where frothy verbiage, windy ale succeeds,
 Is grown too keen-eyed to be duped by knaves,
 Who deem that years in studious attic spent
 Can fit a fool to rule this crafty world.
 I'll find a tailor's or a tinker's prentice,
 To mend the clauses of an act of parliament,
 While thou are nodding o'er old Littleton ;

Past is the reign of kingcraft—public freedom
 Sits on the throne—the bench—the church—the senate
 And laughs to scorn all old state mysteries :
 We cut thy Gordian knots, like Alexanders,
 Our seneschals and alehouse judges sit
 In Burke's or Bacon's chair.

CUSTOM.

So, hasten things—
 Night-flitting bat, hoarse raven, hooting owl,
 Hold their foul orgies in the mouldering pile,
 Which man hath once abandoned. If the spirits
 Of the illustrious dead may look from heaven
 Upon this troubled and inferior world,
 Alas how feel they to behold the temple,
 On whose vast structure—raised by toil and time—
 The genius—wisdom—virtue—mind of ages—
 On whose firm pillars to inscribe their names,
 Was immortality : By vilest hands
 Rocked in the madness of an hour to ruin !

CHANGE.

I prythee take some breath, and whine not so,
 Methinks thou meanest a funeral oration,
 On all this dust of old Philosophy—
 The saints of bygone creeds—sages of error—
 And patriots of an evil cause : whose swords,
 Tongues, pens, and lives were worn to guard and honor
 The tyranny of wealth and heraldry.

CUSTOM.

Behold her, hear her, mark her company,
 Judge thou if such a tongue and such a crew,
 Illfamed for crime of each atrocious dye,
 Be fitting rulers for a polished age,
 Or signs of a good cause—if such she boast.
 Deemest thou these men who find no truer echo
 Than from the dupes of their own oratory—
 The brute voice of a blinded multitude—
 Fit heads to remedy disordered states.
 Say, dreams the pert and flippant infidel,
 Elated in the confidence of error,
 And only wise by incredulity,
 To do what mortal mind hath never done,
 To separate and reconstruct the nice
 And complicated scheme of social life.

In days of yore, wise men would hesitate
 To abate even evils—

CHANGE.

Hear her, hear !!

TIME.

Keep order.

CUSTOM.

To abate even evils, lest some greater good,
Some unseen nerve, or latent artery,
Might feel the incautious hand. Thy test, O Time,
Was held to imply some vital principle,
Not to be rashly dealt with. Then, indeed,
Old Wisdom would as soon have torn asunder
The living man, to boil him young again
In foul Medea's parricidal cauldron,
As thus to murder and reanimate
The frame of time-built empire. But, alas,
Blind man's presumption would unfix the spheres,
If God, in wisdom had not made him feeble
As he is foolish. 'Twas ever thus—
This same old folly, which she deems new wisdom,
Hath shewed itself, as national strength decayed,
As sunk life's energies—the laws of being :
Then each foul taint and morbid principle
In nature's weakness, springs to deadly strength,
While she, untaught by past experience
Names the delirium of death-sickness, wisdom :
A hectic, health ;—decay, maturity.

CHANGE.

Life has not length for such fine allegories ;—
They but mislead us from the previous question.
Thou claimest precedence, as I understand,
By virtue of thy grave antiquity,
A slippered, lean, and spectacled old lady,
With tremulous hand, and shaking head ; who claims
To be the world's great-grandam—at the least
Not less than old Cybele, crowned with towers.
Know, then, this worn-out world of dust and rubbish,
While it was good for aught, was my work only,
With all its policies and institutions,
Inventions and discoveries, laws and customs.
Was it not I who tamed the wilderness,
Instructed, civilized, and from his woods
Led forth the hunter, bound with social bonds ?
Who first built houses ? Who bade temples rise,
Where thou wouldst have retained huts, caverns, dens,
In tangled thickets, and in hollow trees ?
Look on some tower of other times—thy home,
Whose black walls crumble in the suns and showers
Of many ages,—sad example yielding
How fleets the transient glory of the world.
There face of love or gladness, toil or care,
For centuries have left unvisited ;
Nor beams one record of humanity,
Save that which fancy conjures from the dust
To swell the herald's babbling pedantry.
Yet was this formless mass glorious with life ;
Its crowded halls and sounding corridors

Rechoed laughter and convivial cheer.
 Yon grey and silent arch received the tide
 Of many races of outpouring life,—
 The guest of love, the troop of summer friends,
 The known domestic group, the infant band :
 Its gay spires and its fretted pinnacles
 Bright in the evening air, gay welcome shone
 To the belated traveller. 'Twas then
 My glorious boast : 'tis now thy property.
 Ever an age too late to comprehend
 What I have cast aside.

CUSTOM.

Thou dost mistake
 The slow, sure-moving course of tendency,
 Which works by growth, not change—thy vain invention.
 The hunter of the wild, by thee reclaimed
 Is but the poet's fable. Thou hast oft
 Heaven's image, like Calypso, brutified,
 Race after race degrading, till thou peopled
 Thy deserts with an added race of brutes.
 Thine is the savage of the western woods ;
 The broad Pacific shows thy discipline,
 Thro' all its thousand isles preserving still
 The blight of degradation—thy sad work,
 Which all thy power hath not redeemed : thro' ages
 One mindless level keeping.*

CHANGE.

Hollo there !
 How old tongues gallop—if to name thee old
 Be not to wrong thy all too childish prattle.
 Say, if thy wisdom dives so deep, whence springs
 The social progress of the western world,
 Which thou wouldst fasten to thy elbow chair ?
 To hear thy glib and flippant tongue run on,
 One might suppose this age of gas and steam,
 Of chemists, engineers, economists—
 No further than the Saxon Heptarchy !

CUSTOM.

Not from the clamour false of impious men—
 The foul-tongued and false-hearted democrat—
 The crazed projector, or vague theorist—
 The riotous forum, or conspiring cell
 Improvement grows,—the fruit of enforced change :
 But from the root of silent-working causes,
 Developed in life's peaceful atmosphere ;
 Without the statist's aid, acquiring power,
 Broadening—aspiring as the branching tree
 Whose shoots, as they enlarge, send others forth,
 Accumulating shade, with fast encrease
 Each added season of unblighted growth.
 Thus rule and usage rise ; and still control
 By influence, which tacitly conforms

* The sense of this passage is fully developed, and satisfactorily enforced in Whately's *Lectures on Political Economy*, Lecture V. p. 108.—*Second Edition*. B. Fellows, London.

The thoughts of men : and modifies the law,
 Making the useless obsolete ; reducing
 The fierce enactment of a barbarous age
 Into dead letter—abrogating last.
 Look down the stream of centuries—compare
 Two dates with no great intervening time,
 And thou wilt see this still on-moving growth
 Beneath my guardian hand : from industry
 Increasing wealth, from wealth improving arts,
 The graces and humanities from both :
 Freedom from all. So far as public folly
 And private vice permit man to be free.

CHANGE.

'Midst all thy trite and prosing oratory
 Thou but evadest the truth, admitting not
 Extreme abuses, and corruptions, such
 As thy snail-pace may never remedy.—
 I recollect, six hundred years ago
 You uttered these same feeble common-places,
 When with new life I broke your leaden sleep
 Among the ruins of ancient Italy :
 So when I breathed that blast from Wittemberg,
 Which burst the unwholesome atmosphere of cells,
 Where Superstition feeds her owlish brood.

CUSTOM.

The darkness was thine own : the bonds thou brakedst
 Were of thy weaving, in the central ruin
 Of a crushed world.—Nor were the deeds you boast
 Thy proper work : not change but restoration,
 One from the temple, the other from the school,
 Cleared the vast rubbish of a falling empire :
 What Goth or Hun had blasted—or more fell,
 What human vices in a striving age
 Are sure to gain : even as the path of war
 Is tracked by plunder.

CHANGE.

I prythee, wilt thou say, thou silly one,
 That any age is free from thy abuses.

CUSTOM.

Man's life is mingled with the seeds of death,
 And all his vital functions feed disease.
 Hence needful Caution guides the healing art ;
 The empiric, thus, by violence expels
 Disease and health together. To redress
 One fancied grievance which must still recur,
 —For 'tis the imperfection of the natural order
 Thou namest abuse,—a thousand wrongs are done.
 Thou namest thyself the poor man's champion,
 But still the strife must end in usurpation,
 Whoever gains the field. For mortal passions,
 The springs of contest, will not see the line
 Where perfect justice lies. The same old vices,
 The same abuses must originate
 Whoever gives the law.

CHANGE.

If right I read

Thy quibbling candor, thou admittest the evil,
But wouldst not hear of any remedy.

CUSTOM.

I but affirm it—not a consequence
From thy rash deeds and circling theories,
Which, followed to their proper end, involve
The principle of constant revolution.
Thy troubled era's rise in bloodshed ever,
Then sink into collapse—collect corruption—
And break again into the same fierce round.
Even if thy evils are reduced to good
By my staid skill and strength-renewing care :
When the tired earth grows still, and weary mortals
Begin to taste the blessings of repose—
Their fathers idly bled for. Up thou startest
And callest thy demons to the field ; men's passions
The cry of malcontent, ambition's fever
Mad riot, and upstart democracy ;
The dregs of life, the lowest of the low
To burst with harpy hand and hobnailed hoof
On throne, tribunal, altar ; in blind fury
Destroying and destroyed : amid the wreck
And ruin they have made, soon expiating
Their deeds of murder with their own base blood,
At thy equivocating shrine : obtaining
The rest of death not sleep : bequeathing only
New battles to their children where they fought,
And for the self-same phantoms. Such, O Change,
Such are thy deeds—thy trophies waste and ruin ;
The ruined and blackened wall, the battlefield,
Proscription, and the scaffold, and the jail.
Till sick of thine own horrors thou art glad
To call some soldier despot to tread down
The demons of thy raising.

CHANGE.

Hast thou done ?

Is thy tongue tired with dotage—look abroad
On life and human deeds, and leave old stories—
Behold our weapons : not the spear and sword,
But civil contest in the peaceful sunshine
Of an enlightened age, when all appeal
Is made to public feeling.

CUSTOM.

Public feeling—

Is but a harp of numerous chords, on which
All airs are played, by those the readiest
Who touch the basest and most stormy strings :
Fear, superstition, appetite, revenge ;
Even as the wind breathes on it, fair or foul.

CHANGE.

Look on our deeds.

CUSTOM.

They are not all of evil—
 Being rightly used. In this the error lies,
 'Tis in construction, use, and combination,
 The true result of every act resides.
 'Tis not the enactment, but the power that guides it ;
 'Tis not the abstract reason but the intent.
 'Tis easy to find equitable reasons
 For striking off the fetters of the maniac
 Who can, with madman's plausibility,
 Bespeak fool's justice. Mortal mind must fail
 To tell how the most trivial circumstance
 May operate in the mass of combinations—
 The fine deep moving processes of life.

CHANGE.

How dar'est thou thus pronounce with shallow tongue
 A creed that but confesseth ignorance.

CUSTOM.

There is a method that deceiveth not.
 Mark well the actors, trace their deeds through life,
 See whence their principles arise; and follow
 Their sinuous course for years, through every change
 Consistent with themselves. See revolution
 Grow from its bloody cradle, and diffuse
 Its lurking spirit, in a thousand forms,
 Collecting knave and sophist, entering
 The body of each public discontent,
 Making a screen of each abuse, a weapon
 Of all complaint, seizing with dexterous aim
 Each fair pretext; combining truth with fiction
 Seizing school—court—religion all in turn,
 To trick its legions foul in garb of light.
 Look nearly—and behold one common sign ;

The fearful seal that stamps their lineage,
 The old *fool's maxim** stamp'd on every brow,
 In every act involved, and every reason.
 The sure and fatal portent ever seen,
 When heaven deserts a land, its light removing
 To other shores. What power may then avail
 To save our tottering structure from its fall ;
 The ocean empire, the delivering sword,
 The arbitress of striving states, the temple
 Of sacred Truth from all the world exiled ;
 The birthplace of a world, the abode of freedom,
 Wealth, peace, and national prosperity :
 All, all are vain ; nor may the glorious past
 Reprieve the guilty present from the last
 And common grave of empires.

CHANGE.

Thou hast filched
 This bombast from the end of some old ballad
 I answer not the song. But if aught

I seize the grain among thy bag of chaff,
Thou meanest to say thy foes are all impostors,
Knaves, hypocrites, and atheists.

CUSTOM.

Not so.
I bid thee mark the moving principle,
The spirit of the inner shrine,—unknown
To thousands who believe its oracles—
That by whatever good or ill pretext
Guides to one dark event that none foresee.

TIME.

Peace, fools, till doomsday ye might thus contend,
If ye can find no sounder arguments,
Each right, each wrong in part. Alike in turn
Grinding the same old strain of dissonance,
Renewing, breeding, or perpetuating
Abuses old or new. Both ignorant
That mortals are not destined to perfection.
Thou, Custom, if allowed would stop the world ;
Thou, Change, impel it on into the void—
Even as the balanced forces which retain
The planet in its path ; one toward the centre ;
One on the tangent line, preserving both
The line unsought by either, yet designed
By the one Power that made ye for one use
And guides ye to one end, that end where all
Must meet, their roads however different.

THE THREE WISHES.

Continued from page 178.

“ ‘ Follow me,’ said the physician.
“ With a hasty step we crossed the narrow space that lay between us and my house ; having entered and secured the outer door, he led on to an inner apartment. ‘ Captain,’ said he, ‘ you are not yet acquainted with your own resources ; from this apartment there is a free passage to the mountains ; it was built by the grandfather of king Malek, during a long siege which he sustained against the Tartars, and hath never since been used ; we may now save ourselves by means of it.’ While he was speaking he raised a square flag, and uncovered a black and steep descent, down narrow and unfinished stairs, which wound almost precipitously down into a darkness which the eye could not fathom. I knew that there was no other hope, yet the appearance of this horrid pit dismayed me mightily.

There was also somewhat about the manner and physiognomy of the Armenian which impressed invincible distrust. But I saw no alternative, and, as my father followed him coolly, I manned myself, and proceeded without demur.

“ We descended in silence, and slowly ; it tasked our whole attention to keep our footing, the steps were so far asunder and so precipitous, so slippery and incomplete, that I expected every moment to reach some point where they might altogether fail. To such a point, indeed, he came, but fortunately, as it seemed, the doctor here pulled out a coil of rope, which he immediately proceeded to make fast at one end to a strong iron hook, which seemed to have been placed there for the purpose. By means of this we let ourselves down about thirty feet, and dropping about ten more, we landed

in the centre of a vast gloomy cavern, feebly illumined by a beam of light, which came from a crevice on one side. I felt a momentary relief: our way seemed to slope gently from the other side of this dim cave, and to be not without some faint light from numerous fissures overhead, which shewed that it ran near the surface of the hill. 'Here,' said the Armenian, 'we must await the gloom of evening. Our way lies on the open hill-side; to escape, we must not be seen.'

"The two doctors sat down; they seemed in all things prepared, as if the least circumstance had been foreseen. The Armenian drew out a small wallet, from which he produced some cold fowls, and abundance of cakes and dried fruits, with some bottles of the choicest wine. 'We have work before us yet, my learned brother, and valiant captain, and cannot employ a few hours better than in fortifying our limbs and spirits with food and wine, which the wisdom of the sage King Solomon hath praised, as befitting our present need of comfort as well as courage.' So saying, he sat himself down, and fell to with vigour; we quickly followed his example.

"Having finished their meal, the two doctors filled their cups, and engaged in a learned conversation, to which, in despite of my anxiety, I listened with considerable interest. They talked for some time on the subject of life and death—of the connexion between the mind and body—and the possibility of animating an artificial, or reviving a dead body, and many questions of learned depth, which, as the Armenian observed, the wisest men of all nations have studied from the beginning of time, without adding much to their wisdom. 'For my part, learned Acmar,' said my father, 'no man has more devoted himself to the advancement of knowledge, than the unworthy member of our learned mystery who sits before you; and it has not fallen to the lot of many to be so fortunate in the experiments which they have made—to draw discoveries from the actual experience of pain and death.'

"'I applaud thy wisdom, my brother,' answered the Armenian gravely, 'experiment must, in the end, be the only chance of obtaining such knowledge of the subtle element of life, as

may be permitted by the destinies of science: nevertheless, I have not yet been able to discover any way into the other world, by which there is any reasonable certainty to find one's way back.'

"'True, learned brother,' replied my father, looking, I thought, with complacent consciousness of superiority—'true; yet to the reach of genius, truths appear and expedients present themselves, which mere learning and industry must, at their utmost heights and depths, fall short of.'

"'The Armenian's vanity seemed provoked at this demonstration of his brother's conceit; he threw back his head, and with an irritable side glance, answered—'Few, O wise Egyptian, have less desire, or if the truth were to be said, more just cause to boast than I; yet, I am not the quack to pretend that I have been able to try the sensations of death by personal experience, as I doubt not you have.'

"'Not on my own person,' exclaimed my father hastily, and in anger, 'your stupidity must surpass your modesty itself, if you do not admit that there are other ways than exposing oneself to unnecessary pain.'

"'I prythee be not angry, brother,' said the Armenian, 'but rather let me have the benefit of thy wisdom.'

"'I may hereafter impart to you some facts which I have not yet sufficiently observed,' replied my father, 'but at present it were well could we obtain a convenient subject for an experiment, of which I have been thinking of since yesterday.'

"'I have been similarly engaged,' said the Armenian, 'I have been reflecting on the importance of first ascertaining in what exact part of our bodies the spirit resides.'

"'I have myself devised a beautiful investigation, which cannot fail to settle that point,' said my father, 'and the first steps are already established to our hand. There is a punishment adopted by the Tartar kings, which limits our experiments to the upper and nobler parts of the body. In this beautiful and philosophic operation, a shawl is drawn with force round the waist, and when it is thus compressed within so small a space that you might span it with your hand, the operator, with a sharp scimitar, cuts the subject in two

at a blow; the century is instantly applied, and life is found to remain in the upper part, while the lower instantly falls dead. Now, this much being settled, the next point is by some further skilful dismemberments to ascertain the last and small portion within which the life of a man can be preserved.

"I thrilled with horrid sympathy. The Armenian glowed with pleased excitement. 'Brother,' said he, 'it is delightful to meet the master of his art, and it exhilarates more than this generous wine of schiraz, to interchange thought, and find coincidences of opinion in one of your rare knowledge. I have been meditating over the same experiment.'

"'I should be gratified, most discerning brother,' said my father, 'to know the result of your profound deliberations. I would'—

"'Cut off the head,' interrupted the excited Armenian.

"'Quite my opinion,' said my father.

"'The life will be found'—said the Armenian.

"'In the heart,' said my father, interrupting in his turn.

"'In the head,' said the Armenian.

"'I feel it here,' said my father, laying his hand upon his breast.

"'It stops when the head is off,' said the Armenian, eagerly.

"'When it stops, the head dies,' said my father bitterly.

"'That is the question,' said the Armenian, derisively.

"The argument here came to a stand. The two doctors had, in the heat of contest, drank all the wine; and, as it seemed now nearly dark, the Armenian pressed our departure. We passed on a little further.

"Having advanced about a hundred paces, we came to what might have been mistaken for the mouth of a cave; it opened over the edge of a steep, which, to my alarmed gaze, seemed to fall perpendicularly several hundred fathoms, into the darkness of the ravine which lay beneath, in the shadow of night. A little to the left, the light of fire and torch glimmered up, and faintly shewed the imperfect forms of objects far below. A faint twilight fell around the spot on which we stood. 'In the name of Allah let us descend,' said the Armenian, 'mind

your footing, brother—mind your footing, captain.' My flesh crept with fear—black space lay beneath me—below it, the unseen depth, the marble cliff; footing I saw none. 'I will go back,' said I. 'You cannot,' answered the Armenian, 'unless you can catch the rope by which we descended into the large cavern.' It was too true. While I hesitated, the two old men were some distance below me. With a sense of terror not to be described I committed myself to the frail footing of this descent. Your sovereign lordship may be surprised that I did not feel reassured by the confident advances of the two old men. But they were both light and active, as a pair of lean monkeys, while I was heavy, cumbersome, and though stronger than either, yet, inactive and clumsy in my movements. Nor was there in fact any difference in point of years, for though my own age was not much above twenty, yet that of the frame which I then occupied was at least three times that age. The various evil chances I had hitherto sustained, had also impressed me with a sense of some misadventure in every change. The horoscope of my destiny seemed laden with portents. And, with the eunuch's frame I acquired his temperament. Thus affected by my nature and position, your lordship's wisdom can easily penetrate the state of my feelings at that awful moment.

The genie looked sagacious as an elephant.

"With difficulty I descended a few feet, expecting at each step that a loose stone, or the failure of my convulsive grasp, would precipitate me through the empty darkness, upon some flinty crag far below. My heart was dead within me. To return was impossible; for, having deviated from the straight line, when I looked upward there was only to be seen a naked surface, the very sight of which was sickening to my stomach. The Armenian waited for me. 'Will you be all night, captain,' said he, 'why how clumsy you are.' A diabolical grin gave a sinister expression to his wizardlike physiognomy; and the gleam of his eye shewed a thrill through my breast. I felt—I know not how, as if I were the prey of a pair of fiends, without any power to escape: and piously resolved

that I would instantly leave them should I be so fortunate as to reach the valley alive. 'At present I felt it was essential to suppress the instinct which was enervating my frame; and it was possible to shake off the terrors which were crowding upon me. 'Learned doctor,' said I, drawing my breath between every syllable, 'this is a new way of travelling.'

'I hope you like it, valiant sir,' said he, with a laugh.

'It is rather slow.'

'Let go that stone, and your valour will travel fast enough.' I did my best to laugh, but only effected a hideous quaver, in which the chattering of my teeth was the chief sound.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the Armenian, 'how merry you are.'

'Doctor,' said I, 'have we far to go?'

'Not above two hundred fathoms—you are in a great hurry, I believe.'

'I am a little tired.'

'Never mind—you will not be so long!' The words had little meaning—the manner was frightfully significant. Unwilling to extract portentous meanings, and fully engrossed by one fear, I simply answered—'I only desire to reach the bottom of this fearful steep.'

'Perhaps, when there, you'll be right glad to get back.' So saying, he was seized with another uncontrollable fit of laughter, and again I answered with a convulsive laugh, which died within my throat as it rose.

'You are the gayest travelling companion I ever knew,' said the Armenian, 'and it is a pity that you are encumbered by that huge carcass.'

'I could not travel far without that, learned doctor.'

'You will soon travel far enough without it, brave captain.'

'What can he mean,' thought I, but resolving to keep up a fearless tone, I said, 'I know, learned doctor, that according to your notion of life, a man might die without his body.'

'You shall soon be wise enough, my boy, on that point,' said he, again breaking into a furious cackling.

'Brother,' said my father, breaking silence for the first time, 'I think it would be injudicious to throw away the opportunity without trying both ways together.'

'Nay, learned brother,' said the

Armenian, 'thy experiment hath been tried—let us now try mine.'

'Well, as you please, brother—there are, no doubt, a few more to be despatched, and we can easily procure another.'

'A new light broke upon my ideas: at this moment we had reached a projecting ridge, which ran downward; and while it much facilitated my descent, at the same time offered me the opportunity of taking a path separate from the two doctors, who were already some distance down. Hoping to escape, I now quickened my descent, and as the way became very easy, I soon cleared some hundred cubits with considerable rapidity. Surely, thought I, as I scrambled down I can easily escape along yonder thicket—the bitterness of death is past.' The thought had scarcely passed across my mind, when my foot entangling, while I was in rapid motion, I was tumbled forward, and came rolling down the steep. In my fall I came with some force upon the ground, but fearing that the noise might be heard by the old men, I leaped upon my feet without delay. My persecutors were quietly standing at my side. From the cavern, of which the ridge along which I had come down seemed to be the roof, a broad, clear, steady light fell upon the malignant eye and caustic smile of the Armenian.

'You are improved in speed,' he whispered, adding with a loud voice, 'the King of Georgia awaits you—pray, be quick.'

'I knocked the Armenian down, and darted towards the darker side of the place where we were. A precipitous rampart of stone rose straight up; darting across to the opposite side—I leaped into the arms of two stout sentinels, and was hurried into the cave, in the midst of which stood the young king, surrounded by his captains. An ill-suppressed laugh ran through the group—a sneer sat on the king's face.

'Said he, 'if you had a little patience, you would not so often miss your way—I would advise you to think twice before you choose next.'

'I now perceived that he knew my true history, and, as a last resource, I resolved to avail myself of the circumstance, and answered quickly:

"The next time, O King, I will be the King of Georgia.' King Malek turned pale. Said he to the Armenian, I cannot grant thy petition—the knave must be kept alive.

"My lord king,' said the Armenian, 'it cannot be—his fool's head has not wit to preserve his beastly carcase; besides, the Tartar King has sworn to destroy him, and to-morrow may place it in his power.'

"Let him be carried to my capital,' said the King, 'a dungeon fifty fathom under ground, will secure his worthless life.'

"O King,' said the Armenian, 'determined malice and cruel suffering may refuse to live.'

"What then is to be done—extricate me from this danger, and thou shalt be Vizier of Georgia, and master of ten cities,' said King Malek.

"O King,' said the Armenian, at the same time giving me a glance of the most significant malice, 'my worthy brother here and I have by our art discovered a new method of putting a criminal to death, by which the body is killed, and the spirit imprisoned and kept in any place your Majesty may choose to command.'

"The King's face glowed with delight; 'Let me have him in a small iron box, which may be contained in a small furnace.'

"The Armenian prostrated himself before the King: 'I honour thee for the sublime notion, and deeply I regret that our art, though powerful, does not go quite so far; but it is a settled fact, in experimental physic, that the head when severed from the body still continues to live; and by a device we have struck out, may be preserved so to an indefinite period.'

"Babour,' said the King to a tall African who stood behind him. The black came forward, his dark eye rolled upon me as he awaited the King's desire—it deprived me of the words I had meditated to utter:—'Follow the directions of this learned Armenian.'

"Cut off his head, Babour,' said the Armenian, 'and, my good fellow, with thy sharpest weapon, and best skill, and see that it does not fall.'

"I have,' answered I, 'a mortal contusion on the back of my head.'

"A loud laugh ran round as I said

these words. My heart, which knocked painfully at my ribs, became so suddenly still, that I scarcely noticed a slight pang which ran across the back of my neck. The grin of derision yet sat on the courtiers' faces, when I found myself hanging in the African's hand, so near the ground, that I guessed the truth—I was a severed head. Strange to say, I still felt as if my whole body was clinging to me; yet on looking round, I was shocked by the sickening and revolting sight of a headless trunk, which I knew. In a second I was in the Armenian's hand, which trembled with eager delight. My cruel enemy's eye was fixed in triumphant malice on mine. 'Are the arteries secure?' said he.

"All right,' said my father from behind me.

"He set me down; a huge and overpowering agony filled me, while a hissing and a crackling noise rose about my ears, and a hot steam of broiling meat about my nostrils and eyes.

"There, it is enough,' said my father's voice.

"I was now carried out by the Armenian. My father followed; and a black carried a torch before us. Going down a little slope on the left of the cavern, they entered another cave, and placed me on a flat stone, lying on my right ear. The coolness of the stone was delicious. The two old men sat, one on each side, and appeared to consider me attentively.

"Brother,' said the Armenian, 'is it alive or dead?'

"My father paused for a long time, with his forefinger pressed against the tip of his nose. Having placed me on his knee, he applied his finger to the forepart of my ear. At length he shook his head with much gravity.

"I doubt it, learned brother.'

"I resolved not to give them any satisfaction, so abstained from moving an eye.

"Brother,' said the Armenian thoughtfully, 'the face twitched perceptibly on the frying-pan.'

"The heat was too much,' said my father, 'we had better fly with all speed.'

"It may live,' said the Armenian.

"O brother, we may try that at leisure, when we are out of harm's way,' answered my father.

"Can we not swear to King Malek that he lives," said the Armenian.

"Brother, you forget—at this instant may the spirit of this head have seized on King Malek's heart and brain."

"Then," said the Armenian, "we have no time to lose."

The Armenian snatched me up, with a grasp that nearly tore my hair from the roots. Cautiously creeping up the steep over the cave, they went a considerable distance up the same precipice we had so recently descended; and I experienced no very pleasing sensation on finding myself on the dizzy scene of my late terrors, with nothing to support me but the lock of hair by which I hung in the Armenian's grasp. Presently they turned and began to descend in a different direction, and I could perceive that we were approaching a large thicket, at the base of the steep. A deep savage bark was heard, not very far in the wood; it was quickly answered from the opposite side.

"Brother, we are no better than dead men!" said my father.

"My sister lives beyond the marsh," said the Armenian, "let us push across."

"Is it safe footing?" said my father.

"It is for life!" said the Armenian.

On they went, up to the knees in the shaking fen; the cold water touched me on the raw wound, but this was nothing to my mental suffering. We came into some of those places where the stiff bulrush grows; here had I but the organ of respiration, I would have roared aloud, to the great satisfaction of my tormenters. As it was, I shut my eyes, and prayed Allah for the approach of the wolf. My prayer, O King of the Genie, was heard; the doctors were moving on with loud and splashing steps, which roused at every instant some marsh bird from the numerous pools around, or drove the wild drake, with clapping wing and loud clamour from the sedge. I, however, having my ear close to the ground, heard the pattering steps of some wild quadruped, come on our very trace.

"Brother," said my father, "thou hast lost thy way, we shall never cross this broad stream."

"We must retrace our steps," said the Armenian, turning round, then,

suddenly dropping his voice, "ha, see'st thou not something black yonder?"

"Yes," said my father, in a shuddering and hissing whisper, "it moves this way—what is it!—what can it be!"

"In the name of Allah, let us leap the stream—it is a prodigious wolf," said the Armenian. As he spoke, he flung me over. I fell among the tall, stiff reeds which sprung thickly from the edge of a deep pool. They bent under my weight, but yet continued to sustain me. I now saw the Armenian spring into the stream, and in another moment he had struggled across. My father's heart failed; he ran twenty ways. The black spot enlarged as it approached, into a vast black wolf. My father threw himself on the bank, and seemed as if endeavouring to shrink into himself. It was vain—the savage of the desert stood growling over his prey. I spare your lordship the harrowing recital of that cruel moment. The cry of savage hunger mingled fearfully with a frantic scream of animal terror coming from the human voice. The Armenian spent a few minutes in looking round for me in vain—but overcome by terror, he soon retreated. A moment more had sealed his doom: another gaunt monster mingled in the ghastly chorus, on the other side of the stream, and joined in a scene too horrible and too disgusting to be described. It was a night of horrors unutterable. Consciously an appalling object myself, I looked on all that is repulsive to our nature. Even death, for which I intensely longed, was before me, in a form too hideously revolting to be thought upon without the shrinking of every nerve.

The genie looked puzzled.

"The darkness became deeper. The horrid feast was ended, and the fearful brutes had slunk away to their dens. I was left alone to reflections darker than the gloom of night. What was I reduced to! A fearful remnant of humanity, without members, powers, functions, or appetites,—an object fearful to the living instincts of man—a ghastly head, severed from its trunk; and alive, though bereft of motion, in this haunt of every fierce and savage thing.—How long, too, might I thus endure. To die, to escape, I must

encounter some fearful fate. Some hideous jaw, alone, could set me free. To what, alas, had visionary ambition reduced me. While occupied with these thoughts, an imperfect slumber came to my relief. In dreams I was transported back to my haunts in the valley of the Nile. I was once more painless and free, seated by the peaceful poverty of my father's board: the quiet labour, the succeeding stroll in the calm, evening air,—the discontent, and the fascinating visions, exchanged, alas, for horrible realities,—all came with extraordinary distinctness, that approached reality. Many changes followed fast, as if the fleeting events of life were acted in some vast pantomime of destiny. The awful hall; the prison; the field of Teflis, alive with Georgian chivalry; the forest march; the battle-field; the fearful precipice. I started into a more terrific life. The sun stood on the horizon, and scattered lines of light interspersed with broad shadows, over the ridges of the rocky Caucasus, the wild forest, the broad flat plain, and the broken surface of the desolate morass in which I lay. The plain was covered with Tartar chivalry, and the light wreathes of early smoke arose from many a thousand fires. It was a gorgeous and a glittering scene. I cast my eye down upon the pool,—I saw a cadaverous and ghastly face,—a head,—alas, myself.

The old man blubbered as he went on. The genie seemed diverted hugely.

"As I lay grinning with dissevered lips, and hideous eye, that spoke of terror not to be uttered, the pool, breaking into little waves, dispelled the grisly shadow, and a duck and wild drake came quietly feeding from among the green reeds,—their plumage glowed with lovely variety of tints; in the lonely and wild luxuriance of savage nature. The sound of many wings, accompanied by a plaintive, wild note, swept by, and in an instant the pool was all alive with feathered riot. I almost forgot my fearful self in the beauty, the brilliancy, and frolic life of the brilliant little birds of the duck kind, that were darting, diving, and tossing up the water into foam beneath me, and all round. Of a sudden all became still,—all the little eyes grew troubled with alarm. I thought, at

first, that I was persecuted when I lay, but their eyes seemed looking on some other object. Suddenly the greater portion of the flock sprang upward from the pool with disordered wing,—a few stole in among the thickest cover of the sedge and reeds. The air around me was fanned by a heavy wing: the vulture of Caucasus, with harpy talon, grim beak, and ghastly head, hung three fathoms above me on the air. Looking round, like a winged fiend, the morning sunbeam shone reflected on the keen, cruel glance of his devouring, eager, and blood-thirsty eye: it fixed wistfully on some thing beyond the stream; yet something there deterred it. A low, hoarse growl arose,—my weight had sunk me too low among the rushes, and I could not see beyond the high bank.

"Suddenly, while I was yet thrilling through every nerve—the fierce eye transfixed me with its hungry gleam.—A slight expression of doubt or fear came over it, and instead of pouncing on me at once—the fierce bird rose upward, with a wave of its long wings—and began to wheel in slow circles around me. I was dreadfully frightened, as your lordship may believe—had I but a hand to wave, a foot to run, or a voice to speak my terror—Allah! what a scream I would have given! But full as I was of shrinking life, I lay motionless as a stone. Every circle brought the fierce creature nearer and nearer, until his wing just flapped upon the bullrushes above me. Twice the harpy talon dropped within a hair's breadth of my right eye—and the savage bird went past—the third time I felt my scalp gripped with a painful force; and in a moment I was raised high above the morass. It was a moment, fearful and sublime—as we ascended with inconceivable swiftness, the objects beneath shrunk into a map-like minuteness—and a cloud-like haze overshadowed the moor, the mountains, and the plain, over which helmet and spear shot up innumerable gleams and flashes, from the whirling squadrons of the Tartar cavalry. Having ascended to a dizzy height, my savage possessor uttered an exulting yell, so loud and piercing, that I nearly fainted with the pain and terror. For a moment it stood balanced on its vast pinions, and glanced round with its terrific eye.

Suddenly an expression of sudden alarm came upon its fierceness. Not far behind the heavy flap of mountain wings smote upon the thin air. Away we swept with arrowy speed—mountains, moon, and clouds swept by us, as we dashed through the aerial space. But in vain—our winged pursuers came on with savage yells, and gained at every stroke, upon our now snow-banked speed. I must (I fancy) have been a heavy head enough. We were now fully caught. My bearers tried to gain by rapid evolutions, what is lost in swiftness. I cannot describe the horror of that toasing—the mountains and the clouds, and the low-lying earth, spun in dizzy circles, or threw gigantic conglomerates, as we dived, and soared, and wheeled in all directions.

(To be continued.)

Such a chase no mortal ever heard of before. We were in the meantime turned back upon our course—until we were again over the field of arms. Many a fearful dip gave me the sensation of a fall—many an ear-splitting yell and stunning buffet I had to endure—many a fell and hungry snap from the large beak of each harpy-eyed pursuer. At last, one fell swoop extricated me from the vulture talon that upheld me—down, down, down I went for a second, with sublime slowness—then in the twinkling of an eye, I was dashed amid the white plumes of a warrior's helmet, with a force that took away my senses. The unutterable agonies of reanimation again came over me—

ATTRactions OF IRELAND.—NO. II.

SCENERY AND SOCIETY.

In a former number we have spoken of the physical formation of our island, and of the simple superficial characteristics which her surface may be expected to present. These characteristics constitute a great part of the attraction for the majority of those who either visit our shores from other countries, or move about exploring our scenery at home. But there are other attractions of a higher character—historical and poetic associations—social and national characteristics—and practical opportunities and suggestions—of the most pleasing interest to the speculative traveller, and of the most material importance to the man of enterprise and business.

In exhibiting to so many classes of men these various inducements to visit and survey our island, we are obliged to proceed upon a classification which may at first appear both arbitrary and insufficient; for in conducting the tourist round the country in our first part, we addressed ourselves to him almost solely in the character of an engineer. Far be it from us to presume that this is a character which we are qualified at all perfectly to support. A Colby, a Grifith, or a Bald, would smile at our

rough unscientific delineations; but *non omnis possumus omnes*—if we have succeeded in giving to ordinary readers such a picture of the face of the island, as eyes unused to the theodolite can take in and remember without much exertion, and perhaps with some pleasure, we have accomplished our end, and can gladly enter on the next division of our subject where we are more at home, and in which we will have more companions; but to which without the dry details of the commencing chapter we never could have attained with satisfaction.

We will now suppose our tourist, in addition to his qualifications as an engineer, endowed more or less with the eye of a painter, and the heart of a poet. For such a man all nature abounds with enjoyment; but no where, we venture to say, will that enjoyment be obtained by such a man more fully, more expeditiously, more cheaply, or more safely than in our own country—nay, at our own capital. Of all the northern capitals, Dublin indeed seems to us the best situated in this respect: for, while the city itself stands in a plain as rich and cultivated as high civilization can make it, a single day's

march will bring an active citizen where he may roam about the length of a summer morning, not only out of sight of the habitations of men but in full view of the eyrie and within hearing of the scream of the eagle. We know of no other capital, we have heard of none north of Lisbon with such an outlet (for that which is within a day's grasp is but an outlet) as the county of Wicklow. Every variety of natural beauty that a moderate man can desire, is here accessible at a wonderfully small cost of time and money, and with little or no labour. As to risk of violence, or insult, nay, of rudeness or even incivility, let this suffice, that, to be a stranger, is throughout all Ireland and at all times, a passport to the best offices of a naturally polite and hospitable people.—We could quote authorities for this assertion from every work that has appeared on the subject from the day of Twiss to those of Barrow; but the fact is so well known and so universally acknowledged, that to do so would be but waste of time. One instance, however, mentioned by the Angler, we cannot refrain from adducing. Travelling late from Kenmare to Bantry, he found a part of the road blocked up by a party of peasants engaged in a quarrel. Strange as it may appear, the English stranger had no sooner pronounced this "open Sesame," to their good will, than these intoxicated Kerry-men not only gave him free passage, but actually *left off fighting* for the sole purpose of escorting him in safety to his journey's end. But, to return to Dublin and its advantages. The lover of coast-scenery here, has but to walk into one of these flying hotels, that are constantly upon the wing, between the capital and Kingstown, and in fifteen minutes he steps from the eastern terminus of the railroad out upon the base of Killiney, where, half an hour's walk will place him on a promontory the rocky brow of which stoops three hundred feet to the surges of the open sea at its base. The lingerer by lakes and rivers has only to encounter a single morning's drive to enable him to float at ease above the haunts of the char in the clear bosom of Loch Dan, or to cast his line across the deepest pool of the Vartrey, the Avonmore, or the Liffey; while he who delights to expand his chest with vigorous inhala-


tions of the mountain air, may start from Nelson's pillar at sunrise, and breathe as pure an atmosphere as encircles the summit of Mangerton itself, on the head of Kippure, before persons keeping ordinary hours have sat down to breakfast. A citizen of Dublin driving in the Park, and looking southward across the long range of elms, which mark the line of the Grand Canal, sees the mountain we allude to, rising with a graceful swell on the right of that elevated chain, which forms so noble a background to this view from "the fifteen acres;" but the intervention of minor eminences in front, one of them crowned with that extraordinary stone-roofed hunting lodge, known as Caldbeck's folly, takes away materially from the apparent magnitude of the mountain, and leads persons who are in the habit of seeing the head of Kippure every day of their lives to hold up their hands in astonishment, when they are told that their old acquaintance stands 2527 feet above the level of the sea, an elevation very nearly equal to that of the farfamed supporter of the Devil's Punch Bowl. Such, however, so far as the measurement quoted by Mr. Weaver, can assure us, is the fact; and we have but to fancy the valley of Ballinascorney, occupied by a lake to get a skeleton representation of one boundary of Killarney. But a didactic article does not do justice either to the scenery of this district, or to the delightful emotions of a man such as we have imagined while enjoying it; and therefore we are glad to avail ourselves of the more vivid and more energetic style of a personal sketch, which comes luckily to our aid in giving such a picture as we could desire of this charming county. The writer, it will be seen, has some pretension to rank with that class for whom his sketches are intended. But, before commencing his details of the scenery, we would give a rough outline of the ground plan of his field of operation. This, to Irish readers, may seem unnecessary; but, without a clear idea of the general outline of a district, no reader can appreciate or enjoy local descriptions, and as this writing will shortly be in the hands of many to whom the geography of Wicklow is comparatively unknown, we consider what we are about to do no work of

supererogation. Four miles south from Dublin, upon the borders of Wicklow, extends a chain of mountains, averaging about 1400 feet in height—and stretching east and west about ten Irish miles. Two great roads, diverging from Dublin, cross the flanks of this mountain range; the one leading to Bray, and the town of Wicklow, lies along the eastern or seaward, the other leading to Blessington and Baltinglass along the western or inland, flank. Two other roads also diverging from the capital cross the same mountain chain, at about equal distances between these external lines; the one leading to Enniskerry by the Scalp, a remarkable gap in the eastern shoulder of the range; the other, the Military Road leading to Glencree, by the pass of Killikee, a slack on the western shoulder. These two latter roads, after crossing the summit ridge of elevation, no longer follow the direction of the external lines, but converging with a gradual inclination meet at Lara barracks, about the central point of the county of Wicklow; so that, if through this point, we draw a line east and west, we shall have that part of the county of Wicklow, lying south of the boundary line of the Dublin mountains divided into three triangles by these leading roads; or in other words, the lines of the leading roads of Wicklow immediately south of that county's northern boundary, exhibit pretty nearly the appearance of an inverted W, thus,

North
West  East
South

Here, to speak in familiar terms, the head or southern extremity of the down stroke upon the right, coincides with the town of Wicklow; the foot of the same with Bray; while a point at about one-third from the head of the adjoining hair-stroke, or light limb of the letter, gives the position of Roundwood, the usual head-quarters of tourists in this part of the country. The heavy stroke upon the left commences, as has been seen at Lara, two miles to the east of Glendaloch, and terminates at Kippure mountain, which occupies the angle of its junction with the adjoining hair-stroke, which latter line would thus terminate about Donard, a few miles north of Baltinglass. Nearly symmetrically with Kippure in the angle under Bray,

stands Sugarloaf, and at about a third of the way between, towards Sugarloaf, rises Djouce, over the lakes of Luglaw and Loch Dan, which latter sheet of water occupies very nearly the central point of the middle triangle. The Avonmore, rising from these two lakes, pursues its course south to Lara, where it is met by the Glenmacanass river, the course of which, from its source on the eastern flank of Thonagee mountain, coincides with the upper part of the down stroke on the left. If we would pursue the course of this river farther, we must make use of another W placed head to head with the first, thus,

North
West  East
South

where the foot or southern extremity of the right hand hairstroke will coincide with Arklow, and consequently the adjoining down stroke will very nearly exhibit the general course of the Avonmore, from Lara, at the top, to the meeting of the waters, about half-way down, and the Vale of Ovoca near the foot. The down stroke on the left passes through Lugnaquilla mountain, at a small distance from the cross at the top, and from Lugnaquilla to the Meeting of the Waters runs the Avonbeg through the valley of Glenmalur. At our central point at Lara is what may be called the Meeting of the Glens; first, the glen bringing down the waters of Loch Dan; secondly, Glenmacanass; thirdly, Glanefane, in the fork of which two latter glens rises Thonagee, and fourthly, Glendaloch, separated on the one side from Glanefane, by Coomaderry mountain, and on the other from Glenmalur by Lugdaff, and the range which backs Wicklow Gap. Of course accuracy cannot be looked for in this literal sort of mapping; but if the above points are at all clearly established in the reader's mind, he will have little difficulty in following a tourist through the details. For reference, Mr. Sydney Hall's map is the best; that executed by Neville, in 1760, although on a scale of two inches to the mile, is now antiquated, its latest corrections only coming down to 1789.

But it is time to start with our tourist, who, after walking from Bray by

the Dargle to Enniskerry, one hot summer day, in the latter end of last June; began to "cast his eyes wistfully upon Djouce, where he rose grandly over the rich foreground of the Powerscourt woods, and though ill prepared for walking, determined to come over his summit to Luggelaw." Writing for one intimate with the scenery of Powerscourt, he does not think it necessary to dwell on the enchanting prospect which opens on the eye as one comes out from the western end of the Dargle, but to those who may not be so well acquainted with its beauties we heartily recommend this spot as the sweetest study that the county can afford.—Lying on the green slope above the wicket through which you have emerged from the romantic ravine behind, you have before you the most perfect realisation of a rural vale that is to be found in all Ireland; an expanded sweep of lawns and woods; several miles in extent, gracefully spreading, rather than sloping, down to the windings of a clear gravelly river; a scene perfectly harmonious in all its parts,—undisfigured by anything ragged or austere, green, airy, and leafy, but far from monotonous; for every here and there it dips into patches of meadow that laugh in each sweep of sunshine, and continue to smile through the darker woods, even in the gloom of passing shadows. And this is but a foreground; behind rises in a grand concave the mountains that girdle in the glen of Balreagh, and stretch along the southern side, and round the head of Glencoe—all green and healthy to the summit, buttressed grey and purple by the distance and not one of the group under 2000 feet in height. And all this is attainable in two hours, and for one shilling! Such a vale is worth a hundred Dargles, beautiful as that leafy ravine confessedly is. Our tourist is of the same opinion. He had crossed from the Dargle to the left hand activity of the mountain above Powerscourt, where the Glencoreane coming down from Djouce, falls 800 feet from the mountain brow into the well-wooded park below.

"I took my road by the waterfall," he says; "for the wooded amphitheatre here is so magnificent in its proportions, and so rich in its details that I could not resist the temptation of again delighting my eyes with its well re-

membered loveliness. I know no finer amphitheatres. I have no gusto in comparison for the ravine or the wooded dell; give me scope and voice, expansion—a sweep of hills, a hanging girdle of forest, an area of open park scenery, where one can bask himself in the unobstructed air, as at Powerscourt. My purpose was to ascend by the path to the left of the fall—the fall itself I had almost forgotten to mention—it was a tremendous streak—a mere drive on the mountain's beard—but still a feature of great interest, from the evidences of the part it had played in the winter's snow, exhibited as they unequivocally are on the bare rock around, and in the chaotic channel below. Instead of going round by the left, however, I was like many other individuals more adventurous than discreet, beguiled into taking the right hand path, which, at first ascending gradually among banks and stones, wiles the traveller by degrees from steep to steeper, until if he do not turn in time, he will find that to turn at all is dangerous if not impracticable, and that his only chance of safety lies in climbing on—for of about one third of the height the chances are twenty to one that he will lose the faint traces of the pathway; or rather the detached steps worn in the face of the bank by the feet of former climbers, and as sure as he does I will answer for it, that he will gain the top—if he will gain it at all—a wiser and in the literal sense of the word, a lighter man; for independent of the solid flesh which he will involuntarily part with, he will be both willing and glad, ere long to throw away his shoes, and if he happen on a particularly difficult part of the ascent he will be delighted to part with shoes, and hat, and neckcloth, and coat itself. Whether it was that I happened on a worse route, or that the whole face of the bank is equally precipitous I cannot say, but I never had so severe a climb in my life. I had read of a poor fellow breaking his neck by a fall from the same spot—he had missed the pathway—in fact, I doubt whether for the upper two-thirds of the ascent there is a pathway at all—like myself, and when he could neither go back nor forward without imminent danger, he

but when still his shoes and stockings and shirt were empty; but, alas! they had hardly reached the bottom when he came down himself and was dashed to pieces. "Canst," thought I, as I began to look back with some slight misgiving into the gulf below, "I won't take off the boots at all events: it would be curious." Bless your heart! if you had seen me, two minutes after, stuffing them into my campachets, and hearing them vouch my waist with my handkerchief, digging my nails into the rock, tearing off the brittle moss from the face of the rock in search of sufficient inequality in the firm stone below to afford a resting place for the extreme edge of my foot, grasping the knots of cut-glass regardless of the wounds they inflicted on my hands, and happy to find before that I might tread safe among its prickles, while as ever you have seen them in ruin down from your eaves after the first heat of a summer shower has alighted, were the drops from my brows, patter, patter—oh, what I would have given for some kind hand to cut away my skirts with their oppressive burden at that moment! At length I reached the top, panting, exhausted, with the thoughts of death just removed from before my eyes. I threw myself down among the fern, and did not move a limb for nearly half an hour. I then picked the thorns from my feet, and burning with thirst turned my footsteps towards the river; not to drink—I knew the danger of tasting the running bog water—but to plunge myself up to the chin in the first pool I could find deep enough in the Gloristoreane. Considerably refreshed by my bath, I now turned my face to Djouce where he rose above the source of the southern feeder of the little river. An easier ascent would have been attained by holding along the shoulder of either of the lateral eminences that form the valley of the brook, but in that case I would have missed the fountain head which was now the great object of my solicitude; so, striking my line of march along the lower slope direct for the apparent termination of the little river's channel in the hollow of the hill ahead, I pushed forward for my mark as eagerly as ever did a wanderer in the desert for an oasis. I was doomed to disappointment: when I gained the head of the rivulet's channel, I found

all the upper and superficial springs dried up, and had retreated above a hundred feet before I could gain the true well head in a little green gap below. There I found the fountain, a clear bowl about the size of one's hat among the moss and rushes, all round it an easy verdant meadow—but I laid myself down with my breast on a stopping stone which I had brought from a little distance, and in an instant was up to my ears in the vital element.

Beckers and bowls, I'm told, of wood,
For quaffing water are counted good;
They give a smack on your watery falls
Like drinking after antichecks:

but of all drinking cups and of all reliques for drinking, give me an unsophisticated pull at the soft-kipped bowl of the Gloristoreane, after a climb up the face of the waterfall bank at Powerscourt. I must have sucked in fresh marrow for every bone, and fresh blood for every vein, in my body: I read a new man; I was as fresh as a daisy—I had four or five hundred feet of the mountain to climb, but I felt as if I could go up it at a hop, step, and jump to the top of the cairn: I looked upon the waterfall bank as a bagatelle, and presently found myself on the top of Djouce, having done the work incontinently, and almost unconsciously. The view is very fine—more varied than from any other point in Wicklow—for Djouce stands half-way between the cultivation of the vales of Enniskerry and Newtown-Mount-Kennedy, and the desolation of the country traversed by the military road. On the one side you look down into the valley of the waterfall which the lawns and woods of Powerscourt and the Bangle, or across the open and well cultivated country that slopes south from the base of the great Sugar-loaf; and on the other you see ridge behind ridge of bleak and rocky mountains;—in the first rank, Carrigeen Duff and Carriganathounagh, with the gorge of Luggelaw, and a glimpse of Loeh Dan between; in the second distance, Kippure, Mullaghlovaune, Thonelagee, and Coomaderry, ranging from end to end about twenty miles; while Lugduff and the other hills between Glendaloch and Glenmalur, backed by the aerial outline of Croghan Mora and Luquaquilla, bring up the rear in misty grandeur on the south. More immediately around

you, as you look towards the sea, are the summits of the War-Hill and the other mountains of the Glencree range on the left. Great Sugar-loaf seen in his full proportions, a magnificent object rises in front, while the dark heathery slope of Slieve Buck leading the eye down to the smoke of Roundwood, solicits your descent to the hospitable plain on your right. The tints of the landscape were beyond measure or expression beautiful. Autumn may be the season for seeing forest scenery to most advantage, but June is the month for mountain prospects. The corn fields are then just of the hue of emeralds, and the red earth of the potatoes crossed by the colouring of the young crop, makes a charming purple: then the moist atmosphere invests the rocks with tints of pink and violet, and the waters under the deep blue of summer skies are all cerulean, while distance blends and harmonizes, and the serial perspective distinguishes and fixes the whole. After feasting my eyes on the prospect for about half an hour, and resolving to visit Thonelagee, which I saw was not only the highest but the most central eminence of the waste district on the south-west, I lay down, and, on the mountain's lonely van, 2400 feet above the level of the sea, fell fast asleep. When I awoke, the sun was considerably lower, although to judge by my dreams I could not have indulged in a long repose—for I had slept so sound as not to dream at all. Luggelaw was at my feet, and I descended full of agreeable excitement and secure of fresh pleasure. So soon as I had got low enough to have a full view of the lake which had been hidden by its depth from the top of the mountain, I kept my level, and skirting the brow of the descent, held my course for the slack* of Slieve-Buck. I need not describe the scene that lay beneath my feet. Seen from above or from below Luggelaw, is ever beautiful, and when I turned my steps once more towards Roundwood, it was with a heart as full of gratification as on the first day I ever spent in these fairy precincts. I reached Roundwood about seven, and having dined luxuriously on

rashers and eggs, and fortified myself with a sound night's rest, started next morning after an early breakfast for the top of Thonelagee.

Thonelagee is the most central of the Wicklow mountains. It stands about midway between Kippure, on the north, and Lugnaquilla on the south, and slopes down on the one side into Wicklow Gap, at the head of Glenanafane, and on the other into Glenmacanass. Glenmacanass (the glen of the son of the waterfall) runs nearly parallel with the valley between Loch Dan and Lara, on the other or western side of Carrignathaunagh. Carrignathaunagh is a fine pasturable ridge, with a rocky summit; he faces Thonelagee across the intervening glen with a bold brow of heather, but with cheeks as smooth as the greenest herbage can make them; while Thonelagee stands rough and ready, with Loch Ouler under his arm, and half-a-dozen torrents coursing down his sides, as if prepared, on the slightest provocation, to sweep him clean out of his sunshine. I ascended Carrignathaunagh from the lower end of Loch Dan; and traversing his central sheep-walk, which is a delightful sweep of pasture, came out over Glenmacanass, about half way between Lara, at the foot, and the waterfall at the head of the glen. I am surprised that Glenmacanass is not more visited. It is the most beautifully *formed* of all the Wicklow glens; about six miles in length, and towards the upper end scooped out from between the hills in the most graceful of curves. It is not a ravine; its sides do not rush together to a point in the bottom; they sweep down with the curve of an inverted bell, and are all of the loveliest green, save where the rock is either bared by torrents, or breaks out in boulders through the short sweet pasture. A clear full river winds at its will through the centre, after shooting over a sheet of rock about a hundred and fifty feet high at the upper end. This is the finest fall to be seen at this season east of Pool-a-phooka; it has about four times the body of water that trickles into Powerscourt, and it is

**Slack*; a north country term which I use, for want of a more received expression, to signify a dip in the flank of a hill.

quite accessible the whole way up. Although at the loss of a good deal of ground, I could not resist the invitation of the green holms below the fall; so I descended, to regain my lost elevation by climbing up by the side of the cascade. About half way up I came upon a beautiful natural bath; an excavation about twelve feet long, by three in breadth, and two to six in depth; into the farther end of which the water falls from one stage of its descent, to gush out in a shallow sheet over the lower lip of the basin, to its next. Here, about a hundred feet from the top of the fall above, and about half that height over the level of the glen below, I took my bath; not a shower bath—for the continually falling pebbles make all such experiments highly dangerous in any cascade of considerable height—but a cool salubrious plunge in the safe end of the granite slipper, with a view, as I lay, of the whole length of my mountain chamber, Carrignathaunagh, my curtain, on the one hand, and Thonelagee, my sunblind, on the other; while as I were through the open door of the lower end of Glenmacanass, I could see the tops of the hills outside, with a shoulder of Croghan Mora himself in the distance. "Here I bathe in state," cried I, in an extacy, "with Loch Ouler for my reservoir, and the Glenmacanass river to furnish me with a constant supply of the fresh element; but the worst of it is, that if a waterspout should burst on Thonelagee, I would never be able to turn the stop-cock; and, ha!—here's a considerable suction over the brim, where the tail race runs off"—it whipped my leg over the edge like lightning, as I spoke; for I had advanced my foot somewhat beyond the sphere of safety, just to try the strength of the current; and so, perceiving that a very slight increase of the body of water, in the fall, would float me like a cork, into the gulf below, I scrambled to my clothes and dressed myself without more glorification. What need of words? I took the side of Thonelagee at a killing pace, (for it is as rough as hags, and quags, and erags, and snaggs, can make it—a horrid heavy piece of ground as ever man travelled;) and long before I came in sight of Loch Ouler, I was fairly blown, and fain to pitch

myself headlong into half-a-dozen easy chairs of heather, in succession. Having recovered my wind, and got a good pull at the spring-head of a little feeder of the waterfall, I set my face once more against the hill, and ploughing my way through bog and heather, after a heavy heat, surmounted the rough ground and gained the shore of the loch. Loch Ouler is truly as condemned a looking piece of water as a melancholy man need wish to see. It lies in the hollow of an elbow-like projection immediately under the head of Thonelagee. The mountain towers up over its farther shore in a grand pyramidal amphitheatre; for it looks as if the hollow had once been a crater, of which only that side which now forms the summit of Thonelagee, had been left standing. Peat bogs surround it on the other side, cut up into a frightful net-work of winter water-courses, which lay bare the white rock in every direction. The bones of sheep which had foundered in these natural traps, were bleaching in more than one black pit as I passed. A shudder came over me when I thought of the place in winter. I turned from its gloomy waters and lacerated shores—for nothing else can express the savage way in which the elements have torn the soil to pieces—and, taking my course over that shoulder of the summit which slopes down to the right, I wound my laborious way to the top by tacks across the round and grassy swell that forms the whole back of the mountain. I first rose from under the banks that restrain the waters of Loch Ouler, into a view of the wild tract of country traversed by the military road, which I could see winding its white thread through the dark desolate moors, for ten miles towards the north; next—across the brown sweep of bog that stretches westward from the back of Thonelagee, rose the huge rampart of Mullagh-louvaune, with its bastions of Carrignathooka and Ballyknockan, all raked with driving clouds and scowling through the intervening sunshine; but a great projection of the hill, very nearly of equal altitude with its summit, still rose between me and the prospect on the west and south. At length I topped it, and involuntarily I threw out my hands, and shouted with

admiration. There was Wicklow Gap at my feet, spreading out into an extended valley which again expanded into the fertile plains of Kildare; and down the centre of it, the King's-river, the fountain-head of which was within a stone's throw of where I stood, lay gleaming in reaches of silver light almost the whole way to Blessington; while, as if delighted with his reflection in the waters, the sun had kept that quarter of the sky clear from the clouds that now were gathering, in black battalia, along the whole southern horizon; and the only object to break the continuous prospect, over this sunny vista of the central plain of Ireland, was an occasional detachment of vapours from the main body, as they dashed across, in silvery brigades, to join their misty outposts, on the top of Mullaghlovane. Rounding the hill still farther south, I could not but feel that "in the scowl of heaven my face grew dark as I was walking;" for blacker and heavier the clouds were gathering each moment, and as I came in sight of the hills beyond the range of Coomaderry, I just caught a glimpse of the shoulder of Luganquilla, before he wrapped himself in storms for the remainder of the day; so, round I ran to snatch a view of Loch Nahanagan before the mists should come down; and presently I beheld it across the brow of the hill before me, seemingly a perfect oval cradled in the rough embrace of dark Coomaderry, and so near that one might fling a pebble into its bosom. Indeed, advance a few steps further and you will find that the gulf of Glenanafane intervenes; not to speak of a mile of moor beyond the opening of the glen. There now, beyond Coomaderry, just under the edge of the cloud, and over the cliffs of Loch Nahanagan, is the head of Glendaloch; and here, beneath us, as we wind still farther round the hill, are the mines of Luganure, distinguished on the side of Coomaderry by their white piles of waste workings. Between these and this green eminence upon the left, Glenanafane winds down to the Meeting of the Glens at Lara; and yonder, turning still, right shoulder forward, we see the rugged top of Carriemacrailly

beyond the flank of our old acquaintance and neighbour, the surnamed Na-Thamagh; on the other side of Glenmacanass; and now, once more, still turning northward, here beneath our feet indeed, for the brow on which we stand is very precipitous, lies another acquaintance, Loch Ouler; but our old and ugly friend has got a new, if not a handsome face, and now exhibits her fair proportions as on a map, a perfect heart, the point at the remote extremity, the indentation that marks the lobes just under us; and there, right on a line with the lake's outlet, high over the intervening mags of Carrigeen, is Djowee, a respectable fellow enough in the horizon, I promise you, but not within three hundred feet as high as the ground we now stand on; for Thonalagee is 2,700 feet above the sea. I had now enjoyed my panorama, in the whole scope of which I could not distinguish a human habitation, with the exception of a cabin or two under the mines, and the clouds beginning to give me an occasional sweep with their trains, as they sailed past in their airy plumes, and vapouring court dresses, I thought it time to descend, which I did through Glenanafane, often stopping to enjoy the glorious scene that preceded the sunset. Twilight overtook me as I came in sight of Glendaloch, and with feelings sublimed by the animation of the morning, and softened by the solemn and tender associations of the evening scene, I gained the road at Lara, and walked in a pleasant reverie by Annamoe to my headquarters at Healy's, which I gained at nine o'clock, a weary and a hungry man; but, on that account, all the happier.

The *Ins Album* furnished me with half an hour's entertainment after supper. With the usual proportion of trash to be found in such miscellanies, there were several contributions of considerable merit. I extracted half a dozen, from which I now select the following."

[Of the half-dozen pieces selected by our tourist, we give but two; partly on account of the necessities of space, and partly because the remainder are of a character rather inconsistent with the general tenor of this article.]

I.

(Fella, an' feet in diem divise—vise.)

Full fifty miles two days have borne
My weary limbs e'er mountains bleak ;
Now with faint knees and feet e'erworn,
And grateful heart my couch I seek.

Ovoca's vale no more I'll see,
Nor Glendaloch's dark beetling sides,
But memory oft shall paint for me
Romantic spots that distance hides.

I go to struggle for a name
Mid London's smoke and law's annoy,
But, sink or swim, today's the same,
A day to think of still with joy.

II.

The mountain traversed, and the river passed,
Here we have gained our quiet inn at last :
Good cheer, good humour, and a blazing fire,
(Oh, what on earth can mortal more desire ?)
Our hearts inspirit with a social glow
Still kindling higher as the cups sink low,
We pledge to friends and sweethearts e'er we go !
Oh ! many an hour may come, and tedious day
When far from Erin we shall wend our way
Thro' distant climes, on many a lonely shore,
Wild wastes around us and long leagues before ;
Yet come what will—where'er on fortune's gale
We drift or ride, with torn or easy sail—
The thought is sweet that we can still command
Such recollections of our native land !
For where's the land from pole to torrid zone
Can give its exiles memories like our own ?
Fresh streams, green valleys, dewy meads and brakes,
Blue mountain tops, and cool translucent lakes ;
Such, when on swampy waste, or forest drear,
We close our wearied eyes, shall ye appear
Fair visions of the lov'd land far away,
Where, oh ! so oft the pleasant summer day
We've spent with maidens mild, and friendly men,
On daisied meadow or in shadowy glen,
In sportive freaks, in converse frank and kind,
Or sweet communion with the softer mind.
Days dear to memory ! as ye rise I trace
A tenderer interest in each sacred place ;
Here where the turnstile opens on the road
My mother's last ' God bless you ! ' was bestowed ;
There, where the elms their leafy cloisters weave,
I with dear George, last wandered late at eve ;
And, deep within this aromatic grove
My sweetest Janet own'd her maiden love.
My heart thus stored with sacred scenes of bliss,
Soy, may I sometimes think of spots like this ?
Yes ; blameless recollect it : 'twere a sin
Not sometimes to recall the whitewashed inn

Where simple fare and unluxurious ease.
 Induced an hour's so pleasing thoughts as these.
 What say you, Matthew?—by his breathing deep,
 And awful nods, I judge my friend asleep :
 What say you, Matthew?—shall we not sometimes
 Remember Roundwood in our forest rhymes?
 " God bless the place : I never till to-day
 " Slept upon deal board in so sound a way !"
 Cries Matthew, starting, with a vacant air,
 From unsought slumbers on uneasy chair :
 " Remember Roundwood ? why I've had a dream
 " Predestined for your question it would seem :
 " I dreamt that, sitting by the embers red
 " Of a Canadian camp fire, William said,
 " Here's timber plenty, if we had it there,
 " To make all Ireland Dargle, and to spare ;
 " If our old landlord had but half this pine
 " Before his door 'twould be a signal sign—
 " Ah, Roundwood !" cried we all ; " Heaven grant our pray'r,
 " Once more to spend a mirthful evening there !"

Though an Inn Album is the last place from which a man would accept poetic inspiration, yet I found a host of sympathies awakened by these lines. The effect was, that I sat up till near midnight throwing into verse a simple incident that had once befallen myself in the same neighbourhood.

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

The shades of eve had crossed the glen,
 That frowns o'er infant Avonmore,
 When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
 We stopped before a cottage door.

" God save all here," my comrade cries,
 And rattles on the raised latch-pin,
 " God save you kindly," quick replies
 A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter ; from the wheel she starts,
 A rosy girl with soft black eyes ;
 Her fluttering court'sy takes our hearts,
 Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
 For, all the way to Glenmalure,
 Her mother had that morning gone
 And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
 The shame that startled virgins feel,
 Could make the generous girl forget
 Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us in a beechen bowl,
 Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme,
 Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
 Of butter—it gilds all my rhyme !

And, while we ate the grateful food,
 (With weary limbs on bench reclined,)
 Considerate and discreet, she stood
 Apart, and listened to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
 From breast to breast spontaneous ran
 The mutual thought—we stood and pledged
 THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

"The milk we drink is not more pure,
 Sweet Mary—bless those budding charms!
 Than your own generous heart, I'm sure,
 Nor whiter than the breast it warms!"

She turned and gazed, unused to hear
 Such language in that homely glen;
 But, Mary, you have nought to fear,
 Though smiled on by two stranger men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
 Your virgin pride by word or sign;
 Nor need a painful blush disarm
 My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel
 The words we spoke were free from guile;
 She stooped, she blushed—she fixed her wheel,—
 'Tis all in vain—she can't but smile!

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
 Her modest face I see it yet—
 And though I lived a hundred years
 Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure, that, despite her heart,
 Fills all her downcast eyes with light,
 The lips reluctantly apart,
 The white teeth struggling into sight,

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek,—
 The rosy cheek that wont be still!—
 Oh who could blame what flatterers speak,
 Did smiles like this reward their skill?

For such another smile, I vow,
 Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
 I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
 And walk to Luggelaw again!

Just as I was retiring to rest my ears
 were agreeably saluted by the voice of
 a friend calling for admittance. Heartily
 tired of my own company, you may be
 sure I was delighted to find that he
 and two other strapping fellows of the
 same calibre, were bound for Glenma-
 lure next morning. It was at once
 agreed that I should join the party,

and accordingly next morning at five,
 we started by Loch Dan for the
 Churches. It was a lovely morning,
 and though I had seen Glendaloch so
 often before, I now saw a thousand
 new beauties. The lakes ruffled by
 the fresh morning air, were as blue as
 sapphire; the rocks in the clear atmos-
 phere rose majestically near; every

leaf was glistening with dew, the woods quite quivering with song; and oh, the verdure of the green sward! the gurgle and gush and musical clamour of the running waters! the verdurous coolness of the ravine with its glimmering pools and snowy cascades, and crossing and dancing shafts of sunshine under the breezy canopy of leaves! and then when we had emerged from the thickets of Poolanass, and had got out upon the open side of Derrybawn, between which and Lugduff our way lay into Glenmalure—oh! then, the exulting sense of freedom, the limbs spontaneous play, the lungs that crow like chanticleer, the animation and the expansion and the rapture! Who can walk the heather without feeling this, and more than this? Who that can walk the heather on such a hill as Derrybawn, and that in one day's march from care and Dublin, would not sometimes feel his heart enlarge with such sensations? With difficulty we could restrain ourselves from squandering our strength in boyish gambols—we were all full of the spirit of the mountain air! The road we took is worth setting down for the sake of those who would wish to cross from the lakes to Glenmalure, without the disagreeable necessity of returning to Lara to get upon the highway. Ascend the right bank of Poolanass, by the path that leads to a cottage near the fork of the stream: having crossed the nearer of the two rivulets, pursue the right bank of the other for about half a mile farther; then cross over by a track that winds through the immense extent of heather clothing the slope of the opposite hill: you are now upon the side of Derrybawn, and pursuing your course by the right of a patch of bog, distinguished by its turf clumps, cross the ridge before you, which belongs to the flank of Lugduff, and you will find yourself on the descent to the military road, which may be seen winding across the opposite side of the mountain hollow at your feet, to enter Glenmalure at the slack above Drumgoff. Before you descend, look around and feast your eyes upon the extent of sheep-walk. Here you see thousands of acres of mountain pasture unbroken by rock or morass, an amphitheatre of green banks three or four miles in circuit, sloping down in a continuous green

sward, twelve or fifteen hundred feet on every side, into a little wooded valley, through which you descend to the road that leads you to your journey's end.

The slack of Drumgoff is by no means the most impressive avenue to Glenmalure; but if the visitor has walked before breakfast from Roundwood, by the course I have laid down, he will by this time keep a much more anxious look out for the smoke of Wiseman's inn, than even for the spray of the Ess waterfall itself. Wiseman's inn is now Currell's inn, and a very comfortable and pretty spot it is, and has withal a notable good housekeeper in its new landlady. While breakfast was preparing, we bathed in a pretty pool in the stream behind the house, for the waters of the Avonbeg which flow before it are somewhat tainted with the drainings of the lead mines; these have given a melancholy appearance to the river, for all its golden sands look quite blue in consequence; but the brawling tributary above Currell's, has both pure waters and shady banks, and one can immerse one's self in the gush of as pretty a little cataract as could be desired in at least twenty places within a stone's throw of the back door. What need of words? Bath and breakfast over, we deposited our stocks, vests, and suspenders on the table and marched out through sunshine cheerily for the top of Lugnaquilla. I need not describe Glenmalure—but if you insist on it—an idea—no more. Imagine the Scalp forty times as long, and about four times as deep, and about thrice as wide, then spread a beautiful breadth of nature's best carpeting along the bottom, and tumble in the Avonbeg by a handsome cascade at the upper end. Now give your work a twist or two for the windings of the valley, and set it between two mountain ranges each twice as high as it is deep, and you have a neat model of Glenmalure. The road we took to Lugnaquilla is by much the best. Crossing the Avonbeg by the stepping-stones opposite the lower lead works of Ballinacinchoge, we ascended the south bank of the glen by the zig-zag road on the right of the cascade that here comes down from Kelly's Lough, a lonely sheet of water, deep set in the remote breast of the moun-

tain above. This is the steepest part of the ascent; you rise some three hundred feet by eight or nine tacks across the face of the bank, or precipice—call it what you will—with the sun on your head, if you go, as you must do, early in the day, and with no great chance of being cooled by the breeze which mostly sets in from the south-west. But with the better half of a summer's day before him, one can take his time and beguile the steep of most of its laboriousness. And now having gained the top of the bank, one begins to discover the proportions of the scene. The steep which from below seemed to be the whole side of the mountain, now turns out to be no more than its footstool. Glenmalure, to form which you would have thought half an hour ago that all the hills in the county had laid their heads together, now appears no more than the ditch of the main ramparts coming into view; but it is a ditch with a counterscarp of six to eight hundred feet, and on its glacis the thunder plants its heaviest batteries without deserting its proper position in the clouds. And now the breast of mountain begins to expand before us as we rise over the sloping table-land that immediately backs the descent into Glenmalure, and one begins to perceive that at about two miles a-head there is a *cul de sac* formed by two projecting spurs of the massive flank of Lugnaquilla, which rises in front. In the bowl of this hollow lies Kelly's Loch, but one does not come in sight of it till at a considerable elevation on one of the lateral ridges. The course to pursue now, is, set your face for the point where the outline of the mountain back ground cuts the slope on your right, so that, holding an even ascent along the lateral inclivity, you may come out upon the level of the next table-land above; for if you topp'd the nearer ridge at once, you would have another descent and a corresponding climb before you could attain your mark, whereas the climber's maxim must always be, to lose no foot of gained ground. Standing on the shoulder of the hill above Kelly's Loch, one is several miles back or south of Glenmalure, and topping the main ridge on which this hill abuts, the summit of Lugnaquilla is at length seen rising over the smooth and grassy back of mountain which leads up by a

gradual ascent to the very top of the final elevation.

And now, we are on an elevated neck of land, from which we can look down on either hand on a gradually developing prospect. To the right the range of Lugduff, overtopped by the distant Thonolagee, rises above the depths of Glenmalure, which lies hidden in the hollow between; to the left the descent is much more precipitous, and all the elevation which we have been gaining, by our long and tiresome journey from Drumgoff, is seen at a single glance down this side of the hill, where the mountain stoops at once from its highest altitude to the bottom of the semicircular hollow of Aughavanagh, a "prison" on the south side, the bottom of which is of about the same elevation, with the level of Glenmalure, upon the north. This neck of mountain, stretching west from the back of Kelly's Loch, immediately abuts on the central mass of Lugnaquilla, which is seen upon the left like a loftier and more precipitous continuation of the amphitheatre of Aughavanagh, while a similar neck, running towards Glenmalure upon the right, encloses another prison, to the north of the central summit, of which I will hereafter speak more at large. Over the break of Aughavanagh the prospect now extends southward as we rise, till presently the dim outline of Mount Leinster and Blackstairs begins to be discernible on the horizon; and now, on looking back past the shoulder of Croghan Mora, the woods above Ovoca may be distinguished hanging on the brow of Cronebawn. There, too, you can follow the course of the Aughrim, or Darragh river from where it rises beneath your feet, almost to its confluence with the Avonmore, at the second Meeting of the Waters; and yonder—but hark! the scream of an eagle! and there, sweeping out of the gulf on motionless pinions, as if cast upward by an eddy of the air, he and his mate scaling the stairs of heaven!—the splendid creatures—the royal birds! But see; they cease to mount; one circling sweep has borne them into sight of their eyrie under the western cliffs of Imail, and from their place in the middle arch of the sky, they stoop together down the horizon with

the straight-launched directness and impetuosity of aerolites. They are gone, and the mountain top is bare before us. On we press with the Alpine tread of men who feel themselves free denizens of the eagle's domain, and in another minute the plains of Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare, burst on our raptured eyes beyond the last ascent. Except where the violence of the elements has here and there stripped away the turf covering of the rock, the whole summit is like a race-course. And here we stand 3,070 feet above the level of the channel. Northward, now, behold the whole roll of the mountainous sea that lies tossed in billowy ridges from beneath your feet, to where its farthest swell rises over the pleasant plains of Dublin; a scope of thirty miles from north to south, by ten to fifteen from east to west, which presents to the eye of the spectator, from this point, neither house nor tree, but range behind range of mountain summits; some brown with heath, some grey with their bleached crests of scattered rock; some, with their grassy summits, rolling unwieldy and green; but all tinted with shades of the same aerial azure which the clear atmosphere imparts to each distance in just gradation. In the centre of this vast assemblage Thonelagee stands preeminent, and Djouce, upon their eastern outskirts shows boldly against the sky. The peak of Sugarloaf is just seen over the flank of Comaderry; and turning eastward you can trace the line of the sea beyond the site of the Devil's Glen, and on either side of Carrickmacreilly, till the peak of Croghan intervenes and conducts the eye along a succession of southerly eminences into the dim distance of the county Wexford. Blackstairs and Leinster here take up the mountain outline, till wandering over the plains of south-western Wicklow, the spectator—still wheeling left shoulder forward—finds his view intercepted by the neighbouring mass of Cadeen, a grand conical mountain, at a distance of about five miles due west of our station. North of Cadeen the vista again opens, and down the centre of the valley between this fine hill on the left, and Slieve Gadoe on the right, the Slaney is seen winding its bright and tranquil way to Donard. Slieve Gadoe is posted on

the south-western extremity of this great group with which we commenced; and so closes our circular panorama from the top of Lugnaquilla. But the top of a mountain so massive as this, commands only the more distant prospect; you must coast its lower declivities to become acquainted with the scenery of its own sides. Thus the basin of the Slaney, which from the cairn that marks the centre of our view, appeared an open vale spread broadly out between the sides of gently sloping elevations, will be found, on descending the north-western shoulder of Lugnaquilla, to contract itself at a distance of about two miles below, into a glen of the boldest proportions, which penetrates the very heart of the mountain, and terminates in a stupendous amphitheatre at your feet. This is the glen of Imail, the deepest, the boldest and most grandly proportioned excavation in Wicklow. The whole side of Lugnaquilla is scooped out to form it to the depth of fully a thousand feet, a magnificent green bowl—green amid all its precipitousness—and beautiful though overspread with ruin—indeed a perfect mountain hollow on the noblest scale. I have spoken of another excavation on the right as we ascended; this is separated from the glen of Imail by a grassy neck of mountain, precisely similar to that by which we reached the top, and crossing this from the magnificent scene we have just quitted, another spectacle equally grand in its own way, opens on the view. We have now encompassed the entire mountain, and are looking eastward by north, in a direction contrary to that in which we saw the eagles. Before us and below us is a bowl-formed excavation, not so deep as the Glen of Imail, but more expanded and more circular, for its rim is perfect for fully two-thirds of its circumference. But right in front an opening is broken out from top to bottom of the rocky masses on either side; this opening is of the form of a horse-shoe inverted, and corresponds symmetrically with the outline of the bowl within. Seen through this gap a ridge of mountain extends across the whole background; its tipper outline is waved and overtopped by other summits; but all under the line of its

low, that forms as it were the chord of the arched gap through which it is viewed; its side is one sheer and continuous precipice. The gulf between this background and the gap is Glenmalur; but the elevation of the middle distance is too great to afford a view of its whole depth. Such are the outlines; but to fill up the sketch at all adequately is impossible—thus far however I may venture. Picture the whole surface of the hollow in front, torn to pieces as far as storms and torrents can cut up the peaty covering of the rock. I cannot find words to convey any adequate idea of the stripped and mangled appearance of this spot; it looks as if the ploughshare of desolation had been driven through it and across it. It is all one checker work of black peat and white granite. A shaggy, ragged stream scrambles down the centre, and, as if glad to quit its forlorn prison, leaps out through the middle of the gap and vanishes in the depths beyond. Now, round this horrible hollow imagine the level sweep of mountain-summits clothed with an almost continuous carpet of verdure; you are up to the ankles, where you stand, in grass. The whole mountain brow, from one buttress of the gap to the other, is green; below this, the first precipitous descent is gray with granite debris; at the bottom the waste circular area is, as I have said. Now, past the vista of the gap so often mentioned, let in a flood of light from the sun, fast verging towards the western horizon, upon Glenmalur—tint all the wall of rock that stretches across the back ground with a faint bleish pink—and embrown the mountainhead above with the sombre hues of evening—let the top of Thonelagee be seen blue in the distance, overlooking all, and you will have made some steps to realize a picture such as I hardly expect to find similar materials for elsewhere. This is the third and last prison of Lugnaquilla, and it is now high time to leave the mountain; for the sun is low on the west, and we have still a toilsome march to the fall at the head of Glenmalur, by which we purpose to descend. The descent over Table mountain we found a heavy piece of

work; and it was not till half-past seven that we found ourselves again at Mr. Currell's door, which we had left at half-past eleven in the morning. Another dip gave us an opportunity of dressing for dinner, which we enjoyed with a ferocious rapture, and, after an hour's agreeable stroll about the doors and garden, sought our couches by half-past nine. Our next day's march was by the head of Glendaloch, over Coomaderry by Loch Nahanagan, across Thonelagee, with a dip *en passant* in Loch Ouler, the waters of which, notwithstanding their melancholy aspect, I found pretty clear and refreshing; then by the military road to Glencree, where we dined; and so on to Rathfarnham in the cool of the evening, near which we hid our weary and dusty persons in the friendly covert of a car, that brought us free from further fatigue or disagreeable observation into Dublin.

I need not travel twice over the same ground; although the society of those whom I was fortunate enough to have for my companions made every foot of the way as delightful as its full charms of novelty had rendered a portion of it to me on my solitary visit two days before. I would only say, that between the heads of Glenmalur and Glendaloch is some scenery of a very grand character, which I would heartily recommend all lovers of naked nature to walk over. There is a secondary valley on the south side of Glendaloch, between the back of the cliff of Kevin's bed, and the rise of Lugduff mountain behind; in the cliff at the head of this glen, under Barnagoneen, an eagle has his eyrie. He was fledging his eaglets as we crossed the brow above; and I can imagine no better adjunct for the foreground of such a view as we here enjoyed, than the royal bird poised before us in mid air, fifteen hundred feet above the lakes which we looked down into as on a map.

Again I congratulate myself on residing in Dublin, where such enjoyment may be had at so cheap a cost of time and money; for the labour I count a boon; and, therefore, my friend, you may look to see me break my headstall shortly again—

* Like wanton courser that, with reins unbound,
Breaks from the stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pampered and proud he seeks the wonted tides,
And bathes in height of blood his shining sides,
His head now freed he tosses to the skies,
His mane dishevelled o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs enjoyment on the distant plain,
And springs exulting to his fields again."

It is not our purpose to give a detailed description, either in our own words or by quotation of the whole of this county; we would only add, that the road to Balinglass crosses the Liffey where that river goes 150 feet at two bounds into the black chasm of Poolaphooka; and that on the coast road to Wicklow, are many beautiful and some magnificent scenes. The Devil's Glen in particular is perhaps the grandest specimen of the wooded ravine to be met in Ireland; and Dunran hard by is a spot of great and various beauty. We repeat we know no capital with such facilities for the enjoyment of delightful scenery. Of all the places we have so far particularized, there is not one that may not be visited within a day, and from many of them the same day suffices to bring the visitor back again to Dublin. But it is not on the Wicklow side alone that such facilities for enjoyment present themselves. Lucan, Leixlip, Howth, Malahide—these are all delightful resorts in the immediate vicinity of our capital.

But there is a higher species of local attraction with which Ireland abounds, and which we must not pass unnoticed. We mean the interest which particular spots derive from historical or poetic association. Poetically classic ground does not, alas, occur with us, as on the shores consecrated by a Shakespeare and a Scott. The spots are in comparison very rare, where the traveller can stop and say, "Here is the locality of such a chapter or of such a scene. This rock, that ruin, yonder glen, are the very objects on which the memory of the poet dwelt while realizing these passages which have now given them as it were a new existence." Such spots are to be sought for in Ireland at great distances and in few numbers. On the remote borders of Tyrone and Monaghan, one may indeed recognize the peaceful pastoral scenery of Tubber Derg, or huply identify the field in

which the Poor Scholar threw up his spade that morning when he resolved to go forth on the world a noble beggar in the name of God and all the muses. On the banks of the Slaney we may shudder with the houseless fugitives of '98, or climb the heights above Enniscorthy in search of the desolated hearth of Sanna-gow. From the shores of the sea-like Shannon we may fancy the black deeds of the Collegians again acting before our eyes; and ranging through the kingdom of Connaught we will ever and anon find ourselves arrested by local realizations of the richest passages of My Life; but what are these in comparison with the ennobling associations of such localities in Great Britain? we need not say how utterly—nothing. But here lies our consolation, and from this we derive a hope that makes us satisfied in our present inferiority. If we are poorer in achievements, we are richer in materials. We have the authority of Sir Walter Scott for saying that the county of Cork alone abounds in more unwrought romance than all Scotland. Ireland is at the present moment the richest mine of historical and romantic material in Europe. It is not in coarse burlesques on national humour, nor in frivolous representations of passing events or characters however vivid, that justice is to be done to such materials. A Hume, a Dugdale, and a Scott, would have here enough to do to exhaust even the now accessible portion of the mine. It is in such a country that the man of really solid acquirements will find local associations most agreeable. They have not yet lost their freshness; they are only a few who can enjoy them; there is the charm of an almost independent discovery attached to each. The Rock of Cashel, to a man of respectable historical attainments, is one of the most intensely interesting scenes in the united kingdom. Such a man among the comparatively humble ruins of Holy-cross,

will enjoy more of the genius of the place than under the fretted aisles of Melrose itself. To a contemplative and philosophic spirit, there is not, perhaps, in Europe, a more congenial spot than the desert grave-yards of Clonmacnoise, where still stand, some of them in dilapidation and some of them in ruin, the nine churches "built by the kings and petty princes of these parts for their places of sepulture; who, although at perpetual wars in their lives, were contented to lie here peaceably in death." The roads travelled by Patrick are still in being; the bells handled by him may still be touched and listened to—the same tones that rung in the ears of pagan princes still sounding the advent of the gospel to our own! From the palace of Aileagh and the cell of Columbkil at Derry, to the walls of Limerick and Kilmallock, and the towers of Waterford and Hook—from Glendaloch to Loch Derg, and from Ianicatha to Downpatrick, length and breadth ways, the island is full of touching recollections and inspiring hopes. Here it was that King Brian defeated the Danes; there the Norman conquerors first set foot on Irish soil. In that wood prince Hal received knighthood from the sword of the ill-fated Richard; in yonder castle he lay imprisoned. There is the scene of an exploit of Raleigh—here are memorials of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney. What shall we say of the Kildares, the Desmonds, the O'Neills, the Ormonds? or how shall we restrain ourselves if we attempt to do but passing justice to the memories of our other warriors and patriots, the lights of succeeding days, summoned up as they are by heroic monuments in almost every field? We must leave the subject rather than treat it inadequately, and return to Dublin.

As a headquarters for the general tourist, the situation of Dublin can scarcely be imagined more convenient, and this not only for our own island, but for all that is best worth seeing in Great Britain. A single day will suffice to carry the tourist from his hotel in Dublin, to the borders of Kilmarnock, at Cork; or of Connemara, at Galway; or of Loch Erne, at Enniskillen; or of the district of the Causeway at Belfast; of South or North Wales, at Bristol or Holyhead; or of

Cumberland and Westmorland, at Liverpool; or of the Highlands of Scotland, if the wind be favourable, at Glasgow:—points which could not all be embraced from either of the other two capitals in less than four times the same time. Liverpool is the most central town in the united kingdom, considering the two islands at large; but, considered with reference to attractions for travel, Dublin is not only the most central but the most commanding, and with regard to Liverpool by much the more eligible as a place of residence; for, in addition to the local advantages which we have stated, the capital of Ireland possesses a population among the better classes of which society puts on a character that must render it highly attractive to every man who can appreciate the freshness and heartiness of its spirit; and this brings us to our second part, in which we propose to consider the social attractions of our island for the more philosophic and speculative traveller.

And first, with regard to society in the other two capitals. Perfect correctness is the characteristic of everything above the lower section of the middle rank in London—a degree of elegance, of order, and of repose so exquisite, that to improve upon such a model of the externals of society, would seem almost impossible; it is the perfection of propriety—luxurious without dissipation—correct without austerity—a system complete in all its parts, and nowhere redundant. But where we have nothing to improve, does not the sameness of perfection itself become sometimes irksome? or rather, do we not enjoy with double zest the occasional experience of a less artificial state of society? Certainly we do; but this we should rather be disposed to consider an additional advantage, as qualifying us for so much the more gratification; so that on the whole, in considering the structure of good society in London, or among the aristocracy of Great Britain at large, and of Ireland in great part, we can find nothing to quarrel with, unless it be insisted on that those who have the happiness to move in it once, should never consent to move in any other.

Good society in Edinburgh is, for its extent, more intellectual, but less

elegant, less easy, and much less luxurious, than in the metropolis. There is a severity and chitiness about the appearance both of the place and of the people; but it is a chaste and stately severity, and a chitiness which dwells only round the exterior; still we cannot say of society in Edinburgh, that it possesses enough either of warmth or of cheerfulness, to do justice to its superiority in other respects. Edinburgh has long held an intellectual pre-eminence; but that advantage is daily becoming less—not that the efforts of Scottish genius are slackening, or that the quality of these efforts has deteriorated, but in consequence of the rapid advances daily made in intellectual and literary pursuits on our own side of the channel. This progressive tendency to an equalization in the loftiest characteristic of society with these distinguished neighbours, is a source of great and daily increasing pride; for if, while so far behind in the race of mental advancement as we lately were, we could, from the mere charm of a natural sprightliness and good humour, compete so successfully as we have always done with Scotchmen and Englishmen, in gaining the goodwill of all who have visited our shores, what may we not expect when we shall have attained that equality, not to speak of superiority, in science and in literature, which now seems almost inevitably within our grasp?

But let us speak of ourselves as we are, not as we hope to be. Dublin is, generally speaking, still inferior in the proprieties of perfectly refined life to the English, and in the distinctions of a high mental cultivation in society at large, to the Scotch metropolis. But just as the Irish landscape differs from the British, so does Irish society from that of England and Scotland, and what we want in cultivation, we more than make up for by a vividness and freshness of character, as morally remarkable in social intercourse as are the brighter hues of our leaves and grasses, physically evident in the contemplation of our landscape. But this peculiar charm of Dublin society is not left to make its favourable impression alone: it is sustained and strengthened in its operation by the aids of a very considerable degree of luxury. "There is in Dublin," says Inglis, "all the ma-

terial for the enjoyments of society: excellent houses, handsome furniture and appointments; a sufficiency of domestics; good taste; and a will to make all these subservient to the pleasures of intercourse, and the virtue of hospitality"—"for its size, it is a handsomer city than London"—"a stranger will be struck even less by the architectural beauty of the city than by other kinds of splendour; I allude," he says, "to the indulgences of luxury, and the apparent proofs of wealth that are every where thrust upon the eye. The numerous private vehicles that fill the streets, and even blockade many of them; the magnificent shops for the sale of articles of luxury and taste—at the doors of (some of) which, in Grafton-street, I have counted upwards of twenty handsome equipages;—and in certain quarters of the city, the number of splendid houses, and legions of liveried servants." True, there is some inconsistency in our Irish splendour; the cattle in our equipages are rarely found so sleek as to outshine the glittering carriages they draw; the steps of our magnificent mansions are not occupied solely by well-fed loitering domestics; the splendid squares of plate glass that adorn our leading streets of business, exhibit frequent intimations of the sheriff's sale; the crowd of walking gentlemen too often usurps the deserted thoroughfares of trade; and many a rack-rented tenant is straggling and starving, and many a mortgage-laden landlord and his family are pining in secret, under unsuspected difficulties, to support that appearance of wealth, and careless splendour, which is, alas, in many instances, so melancholy and so fallacious. It is true, we are too often improvident, sometimes extravagant, and perhaps in a few cases both poor and proud; and now, having said the worst of ourselves that our bitterest enemies could wish us, let us turn again to the bright side of the picture.

A stranger arriving in Dublin, and taken to a meeting of one of our learned societies, is invariably surprised at the number of distinguished, nay, of illustrious men, whom he finds assembled. Enter that respectable, stone-basemented mansion, opposite the Provost's house, in Grafton-street. You ascend, by an unpretending stair,

to a plain room, of respectable proportions, adorned with a few good portraits. A number of gentlemen are assembled in triple forms round a large table, in the centre: at the upper end presides a venerable-looking person, with a gilded mace before him. This is a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy. The Provost of the University presides. His son, the distinguished Humphry Lloyd, sits near him. That animated individual with the eager eye and broad forehead, who is reading the formula from the demonstrating board is Sir William Hamilton, the illustrious mathematician and astronomer. This intelligent-looking personage, whose countenance combines so much gravity and liveliness, is the Archbishop of Dublin. There is Petrie—he with the Grecian brow, long hair, and dark complexion,—the accomplished antiquary; and there is Pim, the introducer of railroads into Ireland. Here sits the scientific Portlock, with Apjohn, our leading chemist; and this is Stokes, the great physician of the lungs. Step, next morning, into one of our great bookselling establishments, and you will probably be struck with a group of very tall and fine-looking men. These are, perhaps, the two O'Sullivans; Mortimer standing somewhat lower than his brother,—and Otway, the learned and literary divine and topographer. But who are these who have just entered; one with a light step, huge frame, sharp Irish features, and columnar forehead; the other lower in stature, of a paler complexion, large-featured, with the absent aspect of a man of learning? They are, Carleton, author of the "Traits and Stories of the Peasantry," and Anster, the translator of Faust. Numbers of others we could enumerate, to be met in our

streets daily, whose scientific or literary labours have rendered them the idols of their own society, but whose names, hitherto kept back, although their works have long delighted the public, are still unknown to strangers, and therefore unfit for introduction here. But we can, with the confidence of certainty, predict, that in a very short time, those who visit our metropolis, with a wish to become acquainted with our distinguished men, will have to provide themselves with a considerably greater number of cards than such a circle might, at first sight, and at present, appear to require.

But although our capital possesses such attractions for the lover of society,—plays, parks, balls, soirees, musical entertainments, and unbounded welcome,—yet, the man who takes delight in speculating on the peculiarities of national manners, and the tendencies of national mind, will find in Dublin the least part of his entertainment; for we are here as little Irish as we can; and our manners are characteristic only where we fall in coming up to the British standard. Our genius and disposition, it is true, cannot be completely, if at all, harmonized; so that the observant visitor must feel himself under any circumstances, among a peculiar people. But to see the state of Irish society at large; to ascertain what we are good for, and what we are likely to become, to extend the bounds of our observation to a new family of mankind, and speculate upon one more ingredient in the combination of human intellects, it is requisite for the philosophic observer to mingle freely and extensively with the rural population of the country, and among them we propose to conduct him in our next Number.

JANE SINCLAIR; OR, THE FAWN OF SPRINGVALE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

If there be one object in life that stirs the current of human feeling more sadly than another, it is a young and lovely woman, whose intellect has been blighted by the treachery of him on whose heart, as on a shrine, she offered up the incense of her first affection. Such a being not only draws around her our tenderest and most delicate sympathies, but fills us with that mournful impression of early desolation, resembling so much the spirit of melancholy romance that arises from one of those sad and gloomy breezes which sweeps unexpectedly over the sleeping surface of a summer lake, or moans with a tone of wail and sorrow through the green foliage of the wood under whose cooling shade we sink into our noon-day dream. Madness is at all times a thing of fearful mystery, but when it puts itself forth in a female gifted with youth and beauty, the pathos it causes becomes too refined for the grossness of ordinary sorrow—almost transcends our notion of the real, and assumes that wild interest which invests it with the dim and visionary light of the ideal. Such a malady constitutes the very romance of affliction, and gives to the fair sufferer rather the appearance of an angel fallen without guilt, than that of a being moulded for mortal purposes. Who ever could look upon such a beautiful ruin without feeling the heart sink, and the mind overshadowed with a solemn darkness, as if conscious of witnessing the still and awful gloom of that disastrous eclipse of reason, which, alas! is so often doomed never, never to pass away.

It is difficult to account for the mingled reverence, and terror, and pity with which we look upon the insane, and it is equally strange that in this case we approach the temple of the mind with deeper homage, when we know that the divinity has passed out of it. It must be from a conviction of this that uncivilized nations venerate deranged persons as inspired,

and in some instances go so far, I believe, as even to pay them divine worship.

The principle, however, is in our nature: that for which our sympathy is deep and unbroken never fails to secure our compassion and respect, and ultimately to excite a still higher class of our moral feelings.

These preliminary observations were suggested to me by the fate of the beautiful but unfortunate girl, the melancholy events of whose life I am about to communicate. I feel, indeed, that in relating them, I undertake a task that would require a pen of unexampled power and delicacy. But it is probable that if I remain silent upon a history at once so true, and so full of sorrow, no other person equally intimate with its incidents will ever give them to the world. I cannot presume to detail unhappy Jane's calamity with the pathos due to a woe so singularly deep and delicate, or to describe that faithful attachment which gave her once laughing and ruby lips the white smile of a maniac's misery. This I cannot do; for who, alas, could ever hope to invest a dispensation so dark as her's with that rich tone of poetic beauty which threw its wild graces about her madness? For my part, I consider the subject not only as difficult, but sacred, and approach it on both accounts with devotion, and fear, and trembling. I need scarcely inform the reader that the names and localities are, for obvious reasons, fictitious, but I may be permitted to add that the incidents are substantially correct and authentic.

Jane Sinclair was the third and youngest daughter of a dissenting clergyman, in one of the most interesting counties in the north of Ireland. Her father was remarkable for that cheerful simplicity of character which is so frequently joined to a high order of intellect, and an affectionate warmth of heart. To a well tempered zeal in the cause of faith and morals, he added

a practical habit of charity, both in word and deed, such as endeared him to all classes, but especially to those whose humble condition in life gave them the strongest claim upon his virtues, both as a man and a pastor. Difficult, indeed, would it be to find a minister of the gospel, whose practices and precept corresponded with such beautiful fitness, nor one who, in the midst of his own domestic circle, threw such calm lustre around him as a husband and a father. A temper grave but sweet, wit playful and innocent, and tenderness that kept his spirit benignant to error without any compromise of duty, were the lights which bound all hearts to him. Seldom have I known a Christian clergyman who exhibited in his own life so much of the unaffected character of apostolic holiness, nor one of whom it might be said with so much truth, that "he walked in all the commandments of the Lord blameless."

His family, which consisted of his wife, one son, and three daughters, had, as might be expected, imbibed a deep sense of that religion, the serene beauty of which shone so steadily along their father's path of life. Mrs. Sinclair had been well educated, and in her husband's conversation and society found further opportunity of improving, not only her intellect, but her heart. Though respectably descended, she could not claim relationship with what may be emphatically termed the *gentry* of the country; but she could with that class so prevalent in the north of Ireland, which ranks in birth only one grade beneath them. I say in birth;—for in all the decencies of life, in the unostentatious bounties of benevolence, in moral purity, domestic harmony, and a conscientious observance of religion, both in the comeliness of its forms, and the cheerful freedom of its spirit, this class ranks immeasurably above every other which Irish society presents. They who compose it are not sufficiently wealthy to relax those pursuits of honourable industry which constitute them, as a people, the ornament of our nation; nor does their good sense and decent pride permit them to follow the dictates of a mean ambition, by struggling to reach that false elevation, which is so much beneath them in all the virtues that grace life, as it is

above them in the dazzling dissipation which renders the violation or neglect of its best duties a matter of fashionable etiquette, or the shameful privilege of high birth. To this respectable and independent class did the immediate relations of Mrs. Sinclair belong; and, as might be expected, she failed not to bring all its virtues to her husband's heart and household—there to soothe him by their influence, to draw fresh energy from their mutual intercourse, and to shape the habits of their family into that perception of self-respect and decent propriety, which in domestic duty, dress, and general conduct, uniformly results from a fine sense of moral feeling, blended with high religious principle.

This, indeed, is the class whose example has diffused that spirit of keen intelligence and enterprise throughout the north which makes the name of an Ulster manufacturer or merchant a synonyme for integrity and honour. From it is derived the creditable love of independence which operates upon the manners of the people and the physical soil of the country so obviously, that the *natural* appearance of the one may be considered as an appropriate exponent of the *moral* condition of the other. Aided by the genius of a practical and impressive creed, whose simple grandeur gives elevation and dignity to its followers;—this class it is which, by affording employment, counsel, and example to many of the lower classes, brings peace and comfort to those who inhabit the white cottages and warm farmsteads of the north, and lights up its cultivated landscapes, its broad champaigns, and peaceful vales, into an aspect so smiling, that even the very soil seems to proclaim and partake of the happiness of its inhabitants. Indeed, few spots in the north could afford the spectator a better opportunity of verifying our observations as to the mild beauty of the country, than the residence of the amiable clergyman whose unhappy child's fate has furnished us with the affecting circumstances we are about to lay before the reader.

Springvale House, Mr. Sinclair's residence, was situated on an eminence that commanded a full view of the sloping valley from which it had its name. Along this vale, winding to-

wards the house in a northern direction, ran a beautiful tributary stream, accompanied for near two miles in its progress by a small but well constructed road, which indeed had rather the character of a green lane than a public way, being but very little of a thoroughfare. Nothing could surpass this delightful vale in the soft and serene character of its scenery. Its sides, partially wooded, and cultivated with surpassing taste, were not so precipitous as to render habitation in its bosom inconvenient. They sloped up gradually and gracefully on each side, presenting to the eye a number of snow-white residences, each standing upon the brow of some slight table or undulation, and surrounded by grounds sufficiently spacious to allow of green lawns, ornamental plantations, and gardens, together with a due proportion of land for cultivation and pasture. From Mr. Sinclair's house the silver beads of this fine stream gave exquisite peeps to the spectator as they wound out of the wood which here and there clothed its banks, occasionally dipping into the water. On the left, attached to the glebe-house of the Protestant pastor of the parish, the eye rested upon a pond smooth as a mirror, except where an occasional swan, as it floated onwards without any apparent effort, left here and there a slight quivering ripple behind it. Farther down, springing from between two clumps of trees, might be seen the span of a light and elegant arch, from under which the river gently wound away to the right; and beyond this, on the left, about a hundred yards from the bank, rose up the slender spire of the parish church, out of the bosom of the old beeches that overshadowed it, and threw a solemn gloom upon the peaceful graveyard at its side. About two hundred yards again to the right, in a little green shelving dell, beneath the house, stood Mr. Sinclair's modest white meeting-house, with a large ash tree hanging over each gable, and a row of poplars behind it. The valley at the opposite extremity opened upon a landscape bright and picturesque, dotted with those white residences which give that peculiar character of warmth and comfort for which the northern landscapes are so remarkable. Indeed, the eye could scarcely

rest upon a richer expanse of country than lay stretched out before it; nor can we omit to notice the singularly unique and beautiful effect produced by the numerous bleach-grounds that shone at various degrees of distance, and contrasted so sweetly with the surface of a land deeply and delightfully verdant.

In the far distance rose the sharp outlines of a lofty mountain, whose green and sloping base melted into the "sun-silvered" expanse of the sea, on the smooth bosom of which the eye could snatch brilliant glimpses of the snow-white sails that sparkled at a distance as they fell under the beams of the noonday sun. The landscape was indeed beautiful in itself, but still rendered more so by the delicate aerial tints which lay on every object, and touched the whole into a mellow and more exquisite expression.

Such was the happy valley in which this peaceful family resided; each and all enjoying that tranquillity which sheds its calm contentment over the unassuming spirits of those who are ignorant of the crimes that flow from the selfishness and ambition of busy life. To them, the fresh breezes of morning, as they rustled through the living foliage, and stirred the modest flowers of their pleasant path, were fraught with an enjoyment which bound their hearts to every object around them, because to each of them these objects were the sources of habitual gratification. On them the drowsy stillness of evening descended with tender serenity, as the valley shone in the radiance of the sinking sun; and by them was held that sweet and rapturous communion with nature, which, as it springs earliest in the affections, so does it linger about the heart when all the other loves and enmities of life are forgotten. Who is there, indeed, whose spirit does not tremble with tenderness, on looking back upon the scenes of his early life? And, alas! alas! how few are there of those that are long conversant with the world, who can take such a retrospect without feeling their hearts weighed down by sorrow, and the force of associations too mournful to be uttered in words. The bitter consciousness that we can be youthful no more, and that the golden hours of our innocence have passed away

far over, throws a melancholy darkness over the south, and sends it back again to retreat in the imaginary light of our early time, the scenes where that innocence had been our playmate. Let no man deny that groves, and meadows, and green fields, and winding streams, and all the other charms of rural imagery, unconsciously but surely give to the human heart a deep perception of that graceful creed which is beautifully tasted the religion of nature. They give purity and strength to feeling, and through the imagination, which owes so much of its power to their impressions, they raise our sentiments until we feel them kindled into union with the lustre of a holier light than even that which leads our steps to God through the beauty of his own works. For this reason it is, that all imaginative affections are much stronger in the country than in the town. Love in the one place is not only freer from the coarseness of passion, but incomparably more seductive to the heart, and more voluptuous in its conception of the ideal beauty with which it invests the object of its attachment. Nor is this surprising. In the country its various associations are essentially impressive and poetical. Moonlight—evening—the still glen—the river side—the flowery hawthorn—the bower—the crystal well—not forgetting the melody of the woodland songsters—are all calculated to make the heart and fancy surrender themselves to the blandishments of a passion that is surrounded by objects so sweetly linked to their earliest sympathies. But this is not all. In rural life, neither the heart nor eye is distracted by the claims of rival beauty, when challenging, in the various graces of many, that admiration which might be bestowed on one alone, did not each successive impression efface that which went before it. In the country, therefore, in spring meadows, among summer groves, and beneath autumnal skies, most certainly does the passion of love sink deepest into the human heart, and pass into the greatest extremes of happiness or pain. Here is where it may be seen, cheek to cheek, now in all the shivering ecstasies of intense rapture, or again moping carelessly along, with pale brow and flashing eye, sometimes writhing in the agony of undying attachment, or chanting its

and lay of hope and love in a spirit of fearful happiness more affecting than either misery or despair.

Every thing was beautiful in the history of unhappy Jane Sinclair's melancholy fate. The evening of the incident to which the fair girl's misery might eventually be traced was one of the most calm and balmy that could be witnessed even during the leafy month of June. With the exception of Mrs. Sinclair, the whole family had gone out to saunter leisurely by the river side; the father between his two eldest daughters, and Jane, then sixteen; sometimes chatting to her brother William, and sometimes fondling a white dove, which she had petted and trained with such success, that it was then amenable to almost every light injunction she laid upon it. It sat on her shoulder, which, indeed, was its usual seat, would peck her cheek, cover as if with a sense of happiness in her bosom, and put its bill to her lips, from which it was usually fed, either to demand some sweet reward for its obedience, or to express its attachment by a profession of innocent carresses. The evening, as we said, was fine; not a cloud could be seen, except a pile of feathery flakes that hung far up at the western gate of heaven; the stillness was profound; no breathing, even of the gentlest zephyr, could be felt; the river beside them, which was here pretty deep, seemed motionless; not a leaf of the trees stirred; the very aspens were still as if they had been marble; and the whole air was warm and fragrant. Although the sun wanted more than an hour of setting, yet from the bottom of the vale they could perceive the broad shafts of light which shot from his mild disk through the snowy clouds we have mentioned, like bars of lambent radiance, almost palpable to the touch. Yet, although this delightful silence was so profound, the heart could perceive, beneath its stillest depths, that voiceless harmony of progressing life, which, like the music of a dream, can reach the soul independently of the senses, and pour upon it a sublime sense of natural inspiration.

Something like this appears to have been felt by the group we have alluded to. Mr. Sinclair, after standing for a moment on the banks of the river, and raising his eyes to the solemn splen-

dour of the declining sun, looked earnestly around him, and then out upon the glowing landscape that stretched beyond the valley, after which, with a spirit of high enthusiasm, he exclaimed, catching at the same time the fire and grandeur of the poet's noble conception—

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame—

Thus wondrous fair—thyself how wondrous
then—

To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works.

There was something singularly impressive in the burst of piety which the hour and the place drew from this venerable pastor, as indeed there was in the whole group, as they listened in the attitude of deep attention to his words. Mr. Sinclair was a tall, fine looking old man, whose white flowing locks fell down on each side of his neck. His figure appeared to fine advantage, as, standing a little in front of his children, he pointed with his raised arm to the setting sun; behind him stood his two eldest girls, the countenance of one turned with an expression of awe and admiration towards the west; that of the other fixed with mingled reverence and affection on her father. William stood near Jane, and looked out thoughtfully towards the sea, while Jane herself, light and young and beautiful, stood with a hushed face, in the act of giving a pat of gentle rebuke to the snow-white dove on her bosom. At length they resumed their walk, and the conversation took a lighter turn. The girls left their father's side, and strolled in many directions through the meadow. Sometimes they pulled wild flowers, if marked by more than ordinary beauty, or gathered the wild mint and meadow-sweet to perfume their daisy; or culled the flowery woodbine to shed its delicate fragrance through their sleeping-rooms. In fact, all their habits and amusements were pastoral, and simple, and elegant. Jane accompanied them as they strolled about, but was principally engaged with her pet, which flew, in capricious but graceful circles over her head, and occasionally shot off into the air, sweeping in mimic flight behind a green knoll, or a clump of trees, completely out of her sight; after which it would again return, and folding its snowy pinions, drop affectionately upon her shoulder, or rest her bosom. In this manner they proceeded for some time, when the dove again sped off across the river, the bank of which was wooded on the other side. Jane followed the beautiful creature with a sparkling eye, and saw it wheeling to return, when immediately the report of a gun was heard from the trees directly beneath it, and the next moment it faltered in its flight, sank, and with feeble wing, struggled to reach the object of its affection. This, however, was beyond its strength. After sinking gradually towards the earth, it had power only to reach the middle of the river, into the deepest part of which it fell, and there lay fluttering upon the stream.

The report of the gun, and the fate of the pigeon, brought the personages of our little drama with hurrying steps to the edge of the river. One scream of surprise and distress proceeded from the lips of its fair young mistress, after which she wrung her hands, and wept and sobbed like one in absolute despair.

"Oh, dear William," she exclaimed, "can you not rescue it? Oh, save it—save it; if it sinks I will never see it more. Oh, papa, who could be so cruel, so heartless, as to injure a creature so beautiful and inoffensive!"

"I know not, my dear Jane; but cruel and heartless must the man be that could perpetrate a piece of such wanton mischief. I should rather think it is some idle boy who knows not that it is tame."

"William, dear William, can you not save it," she inquired again of her brother; "if it is doomed to die, let it die with me; but, alas! now it must sink, and I will never see it more;" and the affectionate girl continued to weep bitterly.

"Indeed, my dear Jane, I never regretted my ignorance of swimming so much as I do this moment. The truth is, I cannot swim a stroke, otherwise I would save poor little Ariel for your sake."

"Don't take it so much to heart, my dear child," said her father; "it is certainly a distressing incident, but, at the same time, your grief, girl, is too excessive; it is violent, and you know it ought not to be violent for the death of a favourite bird."

"Oh, papa, who can look upon its

struggles for life, and not feel deeply ; remember it was mine, and think of its attachment to me. It has not only the pain of its wound to suffer, but to struggle with an element against which it feels a natural antipathy, and with which the gentle creature is this moment contending for its life."

There was, indeed, something very painful and affecting in the situation of the beautiful wounded dove. Even Mr. Sinclair himself, in witnessing its unavailing struggles, felt as much ; nor were the other two girls unaffected any more than Jane herself. Their eyes became filled with tears, and Maria, the eldest, said, "It is better, Jane, to return home. Poor mute creature! the view of its sufferings is, indeed, very painful."

Just then a tall, slender youth, apparently about eighteen, came out of the trees on the other bank of the river, but on seeing Mr. Sinclair and his family, he paused, and appeared to feel somewhat embarrassed. It was evident that he had seen the bird wounded, and followed the course of its flight, without suspecting that it was tame, or that there was any person near to claim it. The distress of the females, however, especially of its mistress, immediately satisfied him that it was their's, and he was about to withdraw into the wood again, when the situation of poor Ariel caught his eye. He instantly took off his hat, flung it across the river, and plunging in, swam towards the dove, which was now nearly exhausted. A few strokes brought him to the spot, on reaching which, he caught the bird in one hand, held it above the water, and, with the other, swam down towards a slope in the bank a few yards below the spot where the party stood. Having gained the bank, he approached them, but was met half way by Jane, whose eyes, now sparkling through her tears, spoke her gratitude in language much more eloquent than any her tongue could utter.

The youth first examined the bird, with a view to ascertain where it had been wounded, and immediately placed it with much gentleness in the eager hands of its mistress.

"It will not die, I should think, in consequence of the wound," he observed, "which, though pretty severe, has left the wing unbroken. The body,

at all events, is safe. With care it may recover."

William then handed him his hat and Mr. Sinclair having thanked him for an act of such humanity, insisted that he should go home with them, in order to procure a change of apparel. At first he declined this offer, but, after a little persuasion, he yielded with something of shyness and hesitation : accordingly, without loss of time, they all reached the house together.

Having, with some difficulty, been prevailed on to take a glass of cordial, he immediately withdrew to William's apartment, for the purpose of changing his dress. William, however, now observed that he got pale, and that in a few minutes afterwards his teeth began to chatter, whilst he shivered excessively.

"You had better lose no time in putting these dry clothes on," said he ; "I am rather inclined to think bathing does not agree with you, that is, if I am to judge by your present paleness and trembling."

"No," said the youth, "it is a pleasure which, for the last two years I have been forbidden. I feel very chilly, indeed, and you will excuse me for declining the use of your clothes. I must return home forthwith."

Young Sinclair, however, would not hear of this. After considerable pains he prevailed on him to change his dress, but no argument could induce him to stop a moment longer than until this was effected.

The family, on his entering the drawing room to take his leave, were surprised at a determination so sudden and unexpected, but when Mr. Sinclair noticed his extreme paleness, he suspected that he had got ill, and that it might not be delicate to press him.

"Before you leave us," said the good clergyman, "will you not permit us to know the name of the young gentleman to whom my daughter is indebted for the rescue of her dove?"

"We are as yet but strangers in the neighbourhood," replied the youth : "my father's name is Osborne. We have not been more than three days in Mr. Williams's residence, which, together with the whole of the property annexed to it, my father has purchased."

"I am aware, I am aware : then you will be a permanent neighbour of ours,"

said Mr. Sinclair; "and believe me, my dear boy, we shall always be happy to see you at Springvale; nor shall we soon forget the generous act which first brought us acquainted."

Whilst this short dialogue lasted, two or three shy sidelong glances passed between him and Jane. So extremely modest was the young man that, from an apprehension lest these glances might have been noticed, his pale face became lit up with a faint blush, in which state of confusion he took his leave.

Conversation was not resumed among the Sinclairs for some minutes after his departure, each, in fact, having been engaged in reflecting upon the surpassing beauty of his face, and the uncommon symmetry of his slender but elegant person. Their impression, indeed, was rather that of wonder than of mere admiration. The tall youth, who had just left them seemed, in fact, an incarnation of the beautiful itself—a visionary creation, in which was embodied the ideal spirit of youth, intellect, and grace. His face shone with that rosy light of life's prime which only glows on the human countenance during the brief period that intervenes between the years of the thoughtless boy and those of the confirmed man: and whilst his white brow beamed with intellect, it was easy to perceive that the fire of deep feeling and high-wrought enthusiasm broke out in timid flashes from his dark eye. His modesty, too, by tempering the full lustre of his beauty, gave to it a character of that graceful diffidence, which above all others makes the deepest impression upon a female heart.

"Well, I do think," said William Sinclair, "that young Osborne is decidedly the finest boy I ever saw—the most perfect in beauty and figure—and yet we have not seen him to advantage."

"I think, although I regretted to see him so, that he looked better after he got pale," said Maria; "his features, though colourless, were cut like marble."

"I hope his health may not be injured by what has occurred," observed the second; "he appeared ill."

"That, Agnes, is more to the point," said Mr. Sinclair; "I fear the boy is by no means well; and I am apprehensive, from the deep carnation of his

cheek, and his subsequent paleness, that he carries within him the seeds of early dissolution. He is too delicate, almost too ethereal for earth."

"If he becomes an angel," said William, smiling, "with a very slight change, he will put some of them out of countenance."

"William," said the father, "never, while you live, attempt to be witty at the expense of what is sacred or solemn; such jests harden the heart of him who utters them, and sink his character, not only as a Christian, but as a gentleman."

"I beg your pardon, father—I was wrong—but I spoke heedlessly."

"I know you did, Billy; but in future avoid it. Well, Jane, how is your bird?"

"I think it is better, papa; but one can form no opinion so soon."

"Go, show it to your mamma—she is the best doctor among us—follow her advice, and no doubt she will add its cure to the other triumphs of her skill."

"Jane is fretting too much about it," observed Agnes: "why, Jane, you are just now as pale as young Osborne himself."

This observation turned the eyes of the family upon her; but scarcely had her sister uttered the words when the young creature's countenance became the colour of crimson, so deeply, and with such evident confusion did she blush. Indeed she felt conscious of this, for she rose, with the wounded dove lying gently between her hands and bosom, and passed, without speaking, out of the room.

"Don't you think, papa," observed Miss Sinclair, "that there is a striking resemblance between young Osborne and Jane? I could not help remarking it."

"There decidedly is, Maria, now that you mention it," said William.

The father paused a little, as if to consider the matter, and then added with a smile—

"It is very singular, Mary; but indeed I think there is—both in the style of their features and their figure."

"Osborne is too handsome for a man," observed Agnes; "yet, after all, one can hardly say so, his face, though fine, is not feminine."

"Beauty, my children!—alas, what is it? Often—too often, a fearful, a

last gift. It is born with us, and not of our own merit; yet we are vain enough to be proud of it. It is, at best, a flower that soon fades—a light that soon passes away. Oh! what is it when contrasted with those high principles whose beauty is immortal, which brighten by age, and know neither change nor decay. There is Jane—my poor child—she is indeed very beautiful and graceful, yet I often fear that her beauty, joined as it is to an overwrought sensibility, may, before her life closes, occasion much sorrow either to herself or others.”

“She is all affection,” said William.

“She is all love, all tenderness, all goodness; and may the grace of her Almighty Father keep her from the wail and woe which too often accompany the path of beauty in this life of vicissitude and trial.”

A tear of affection for his beautiful child stood in the old man's eyes as he raised them to heaven, and the loving hearts of his family burned with tenderness towards this their youngest and best beloved sister.

The sun had now gone down, and, after a short pause, the old man desired William to summon the other members of the household to prayers. The evening worship being concluded, the youngsters walked in the lawn before the door until darkness began to set in, after which they retired to their respective apartments for the night.

Sweet and light be your slumbers, O ye that are peaceful and good—sweet be your slumbers on this night so calm and beautiful; for, alas! there is one among you into whose innocent bosom has stolen that destroying spirit which will yet pale her fair cheek, and wring many a bitter tear from the eyes that love to look upon her. Her early sorrows have commenced this night, and for what mysterious purpose who can divine?—but, alas, alas, her fate is sealed—the fawn of Springvale is stricken, and even now carries in her young heart a wound that will never close.

Osborne's father, who had succeeded to an estate of one thousand per annum, was the eldest son of a gentleman whose habits were badly calculated to improve the remnant of property which ancestral extravagance had left him.

Ere many years the fragment which

came into his possession dwindled into a fraction of its former value, and he found himself with a wife and four children—two sons and two daughters—struggling on a pittance of two hundred a-year. This, to a man possessing the feelings and education of a gentleman, amounted to something like retributive justice upon his prodigality. His conflict with poverty, however, (for to him it might be termed such,) was fortunately not of long duration. A younger brother who, finding that he must fight his own battle in life, had embraced the profession of medicine, very seasonably died, and Osborne's father succeeded to a sum of twelve thousand pounds in the funds, and an income in landed property of seven hundred per annum. He now felt himself more independent than he had ever been, and with this advantage, that his bitter experience of a heartless world had completely cured him of all tendency to extravagance. And now he would have enjoyed as much happiness as is the usual lot of man, were it not that the shadow of death fell upon his house, and cast its cold blight upon his children. Ere three years had elapsed he saw his eldest daughter fade out of life, and in less than two more his eldest son was laid beside her in the same grave. Decline, the poetry of death, in its deadly beauty came upon them, and whilst it sang its song of life and hope to their hearts, treacherously withdrew them to darkness and the worm.

Osborne's feelings were those of thoughtlessness and extravagance; but he had never been either a libertine or a profligate, although the world forbore not when it found him humbled in his poverty, to bring such charges against him. In truth, he was full of kindness, and no parent ever loved his children with deeper or more devoted affection. The death of his noble son and beautiful girl brought down his spirit to the most mournful depths of affliction. Still he had two left, and, as it happened, the most beautiful, and more than equally possessed his affections. To them was gradually transferred that melancholy love which the heart of the sorrowing father had carried into the grave of the departed; and alas, it appeared as if it had come back to those who lived loaded with the malady of the dead. The health of

the surviving boy became delicate, and by the advice of his physician, who pronounced the air in which they lived unfavourable.—Osborne, on hearing that Mr. Williams, a distant relation, was about to dispose of his house and grounds, immediately became the purchaser. The situation, which had a southern aspect, was dry and healthy, the air pure and genial, and, according to the best medical opinions, highly beneficial to persons of a consumptive habit.

For two years before this—that is, since his brother's death—the health of young Osborne had been watched with all the tender vigilance of affection. A regimen in diet, study, and exercise, had been prescribed for him by his physician, the regulations of which he was by no means to transgress. In fact, his parents lived under a sleepless dread of losing him which kept their hearts expanded with that inexpressible and burning love which none but a parent so circumstanced can ever feel. Alas! notwithstanding the promise of life which early years usually hold out, there was much to justify them in this their sad and gloomy apprehension. Woeful was the uncertainty which they felt in discriminating between the natural bloom of youth and the beauty of that fatal malady which they dreaded. His tall slender frame, his transparent cheek, so touching, so unearthly in the fairness of its expression; the delicacy of his whole organization, both mental and physical—all, all, with the terror of decline in their hearts, spoke as much of despair as of hope, and placed the life and death of their beloved boy in an equal poise.

But, independently of his extraordinary personal advantages, all his dispositions were so gentle and affectionate, that it was not in human nature to entertain a harsh feeling towards him. Although modest and shrinking, even to diffidence, he possessed a mind full of intellect and enthusiasm: his imagination, too, overflowed with creative power, and sought the dreamy solitudes of noon, that it might, far from the bustle of life, shadow forth those images of beauty which come thickly only upon those whose hearts are most susceptible of its forms. Many a time has he sat alone upon the brow of a rock or hill, watching the clouds of hea-

ven, or gazing on the setting sun, or communing with the thousand aspects of nature in a thousand moods, his young spirit relaxed into that elysian reverie which, beyond all other kinds of intellectual enjoyment, is the most seductive to a youth of poetic temperament.

There were, indeed, in Osborne's case too many of those light and scarcely perceptible tokens which might be traced, if not to a habit of decline, at least to a more than ordinary delicacy of constitution. The short cough, produced by the slightest damp, or the least breath of ungenial air—the varying cheek, now rich as purple, and again pale as a star of heaven—the unsteady pulse, and the nervous sense of uneasiness without a cause—all these might be symptoms of incipient decay, or proofs of those fine impulses which are generally associated with quick sensibility and genius. Still they existed; at one time oppressing the hearts of his parents with fear, and again exalting them with pride. The boy was consequently enjoined to avoid all violent exercise, to keep out of currents, while heated to drink nothing cold, and above all things never to indulge in the amusement of cold bathing.

Such were the circumstances under which Osborne first appeared to the reader, who may now understand the extent of his alarm on feeling himself so suddenly and seriously affected by his generosity in rescuing the wounded dove. His mere illness on this occasion was a matter of much less anxiety to himself than the alarm which he knew it would occasion his parents and his sister. On his reaching home he mentioned the incident which occurred, admitted that he had been rather warm on going into the water, and immediately went to bed. Medical aid was forthwith procured, and although the physician assured them that there appeared nothing serious in his immediate state, yet was his father's house a house of wail and sorrow.

The next day the Sinclairs, having heard in reply to their enquiries through the servant who had been sent home with his apparel, that he was ill, the worthy clergyman lost no time in paying his parents a visit on the occasion. In this he expressed his regret, and that also of his whole family, that

any circumstance relating to them should have been the means, even accidentally, of affecting the young gentleman's health. It was not, however, until he dwelt upon the occurrence in terms of approbation, and placed the boy's conduct in a generous light, that he was enabled to appreciate the depth and tenderness of their affection for him. The mother's tears flowed in silence on hearing this fresh proof of his amiable spirit, and the father, with a foreboding heart, related to Mr. Sinclair the substance of that which we have detailed to the reader.

Such was the incident which brought these two families acquainted, and ultimately ripened their intimacy into friendship.

Much sympathy was felt for young Osborne by the other members of Mr. Sinclair's household, especially as his modest and unobtrusive deportment, joined to his extraordinary beauty, had made so singularly favourable an impression upon them. Nor was the history of that insidious malady, which had already been so fatal to his sister and brother, calculated to lessen the interest which his first appearance had excited. There was one young heart among them which sank, as if the weight of death had come over it, on hearing this melancholy account of him whose image was now for ever the star of her fate, whether for happiness or sorrow. From the moment their eyes had met in those few shrinking but flashing glances by which the spirit of love conveys its own secret, she felt the first painful transports of the new affection, and retired to solitude with the arrow that struck her so deeply yet quivering in her bosom.

The case of our fair girl differed widely from that of many young persons, in whose heart the passion of love lurks unknown for a time, throwing its roseate shadows of delight and melancholy over their peace, whilst they themselves feel unable in the beginning to develop those strange sensations which take away from their pillows the unbroken slumber of early life.

Jane from the moment her eyes rested on Osborne felt and was conscious of feeling the influence of a youth so transcendently fascinating. Her love broke not forth gradually like the trembling light that brightens

into the purple flush of morning, neither was it fated to sink calm and untroubled like the crimson tints that die only when the veil of night, like the darkness of death, wraps them in its shadow. Alas no, it sprang from her heart in all the noonday strength of maturity—a full-grown passion, incapable of self restraint, and conscious only of the wild and novel delight arising from its own indulgence. Night and day that graceful form hovered before her, encircled in the halo of her young imagination, with a lustre that sparkled beyond the light of human beauty. We know that the eye when it looks steadily upon a cloudless sun, is incapable for some time afterwards of seeing any other object distinctly; and that in whatever direction it turns that bright image floats incessantly before it—nor will be removed even although the eye itself is closed against its radiance. So was it with Jane. Asleep or awake, in society or in solitude, the vision with which her soul held communion never for a moment withdrew from before her, until at length her very heart became sick, and her fancy entranced, by the excess of her youthful and unrestrained attachment. She could not despair, she could scarcely doubt; for on thinking of the blushing glances so rapidly stolen at herself, and of the dark brilliant eye from whence they came, she knew that the soul of him she loved spoke to her in a language that was mutually understood. These impressions, it is true, were felt in her moments of ecstasy, but then came, notwithstanding this confidence, other moments when maidenly timidity took the crown of rejoicing off her head, and darkened her youthful brow with that uncertainty, which, while it depresses hope, renders the object that is loved a thousand times dearer to the heart.

To others, at the present stage of her affection, she appeared more silent than usual, and evidently fond of solitude, a trait which they had not observed in her before. But these were slight symptoms of what she felt; for alas, the day was soon to come that was to overshadow their hearts for ever—when never, never more were they and she, in the light of their own innocence, to sing like the morning

stars together, or to lay their untroubled heads in the slumbers of the happy.

More than a month had now elapsed since the first appearance of Osborne as one of the *dramatis personæ* of our narrative. A slight fever, attended with less effect upon the lungs than his parents anticipated, had passed off, and he was once more able to go abroad and take exercise in the open air. The two families were now in the habit of visiting each other almost daily ; and what tended more and more to draw closer the bonds of good feeling between them, was the fact of the Osbornes being members of the same creed, and attendants at Mr. Sinclair's place of worship. Jane, while Charles Osborne was yet ill, had felt a childish diminution of affection for her convalescent dove, whilst at the same time something whispered to her that it possessed a stronger interest in her heart than it had ever done before. This may seem a paradox to such of our readers as have never been in love ; but it is not at all irreconcilable to the analagous and often conflicting states of feeling produced by that strange and mysterious passion. The innocent girl was wont, as frequently as she could without exciting notice, to steal away to the garden, or the fields, or the river side, accompanied by her mute companion, to which with pouting caresses she would address a series of rebukes for having been the means of occasioning the illness of him she loved.

"Alas, Ariel, little do you know, sweet bird, what anxiety you have caused your mistress—if *he* dies I shall never love you more? Yes, coo, and flatter—but I do not care for you ; no, that kiss wont satisfy me until he is recovered—then I shall be friends with you, and you shall be my own Ariel again."

She would then pat it petulantly ; and the beautiful creature would sink its head, and slightly expand its wings, as if conscious that there was a change of mood in her affection.

But again the innocent remorse of her girlish heart would flow forth in terms of tenderness and endearment ; again would she pat and cherish it ; and with the artless caprice of childhood exclaim—

"No, my own Ariel, the fault was not yours ; come, I shall love you—and I will not be angry again ; even if you were not good I would love you for *his* sake. You are now dearer to me a thousand times than you ever were ; but alas ! Ariel, I am sick, I am sick, and no longer happy. Where is my lightness of heart, my sweet bird, and where, oh where is the joy I used to feel?"

Even this admission, which in the midst of solitude could reach no other human ear, would startle the bashful creature into alarm ; and whilst her cheek became alternately pale and crimson at such an avowal thus uttered aloud, she would wipe away the tears that arose to her eyes whenever the depths of her affection were stirred by those pensive broodings which gave its sweetest charm to youthful love.

In thus seeking solitude, it is not to be imagined that our young heroine was drawn thither by a love of contemplating nature in those fresher aspects which present themselves in the stillness of her remote recesses. She sought not for their own sakes the shades of the grove, the murmuring cascade, nor the voice of the hidden rivulet that occasionally stole out from its leafy cover, and ran in music towards the ampler stream of the valley. No, no ; over *her* heart and eye the spirit of their beauty passed idly and unfelt. All of external life that she had been wont to love and admire gave her pleasure no more. The natural harbours of woodbine, the fairy dells, and the wild flowers that peeped in unknown sweetness about the hedges, the fairy fingers, the blue-bells, the cowslips, with many others of her fragrant and graceful favorites, all, all, charmed her, alas, no more. Nor at home, where every voice was tenderness, and every word affection, did there exist in her stricken heart that buoyant sense of enjoyment which had made her youth like the music of a brook, where every thing that broke the smoothness of its current only turned it into melody. The morning and evening prayer—the hymn of her sister voices—their simple spirit of tranquil devotion—and the touching solemnity of her father, worshipping God upon the altar of his own heart—all, all, this, alas—alas, charmed her no more. Oh, no—no ;

many motives conspired to send her into solitude, that she might in the sanctity of unrequited nature cherish her affection for the youth whose image was ever, ever before her. At home such was the timid delicacy of her love, that she felt as if its indulgence even in the stillest depths of her own heart, was disturbed by the conversation of her kindred, and the familiar habits of domestic life. Her father's, her brother's, and her sister's voices, produced in her a feeling of latent shame, which, when she supposed for a moment that they could guess her attachment, filled her with anxiety and confusion. She experienced besides a sense of uneasiness on reflecting that she practised, for the first time in their presence, a dissimulation so much at variance with the opinion she knew they entertained of her habitual candour. It was, in fact, the first secret she had ever concealed from them; and now the suppression of it in her own bosom, made her feel as if she had withdrawn that confidence which was due to the love they bore her. This was what kept her so much in her own room, or sent her abroad to avoid all that had a tendency to repress the indulgence of an attachment that had left in her heart a capacity for no other enjoyment. But in solitude she was far from every thing that could disturb those dreams in which the tranquillity of nature never failed to entrance her. There was where the mysterious spirit that raises the soul above the impulses of animal life, mingled with her being, and poured upon her affection the elemental purity of that original love which in the beginning preceded human guilt.

It is, indeed, far from the contamination of society—in the stillness of solitude when the sentiment of love comes abroad before its passion, that the heart can be said to idealize the object of its devotion, and to forget that its indulgence can ever be associated with error. This is, truly, the angelic love of youth and innocence; and such was the nature of that which the beautiful girl felt. Indeed, her clay was so divinely tempered, that the veil which covered her pure and ethereal spirit, almost permitted the light within to be visible, and exhibited the workings of a soul that struggled to reach the

object whose communion with itself seemed to constitute the sole end of its existence.

The evening on which Jane and Charles Osborne met for the first time, unaccompanied by their friends, was one of those to which the power of neither pen nor pencil can do justice. The sun was slowly sinking among a pile of those soft crimson clouds, behind which fancy is so apt to picture to itself the regions of calm delight that are inhabited by the happy spirits of the blest; the sycamore and hawthorn were yet musical with the hum of bees, busy in securing their evening burthen for the hive. Myriads of winged insects were sporting in the sunbeams; the melancholy plaint of the ring-dove came out sweetly from the trees, mingled with the songs of other birds, and the still sweeter voice of some happy groups of children at play in the distance. The light of the hour, in its subdued but golden tone, fell with singular clearness upon all nature, giving to it that tranquil beauty which makes every thing the eye rests upon glide with quiet rapture into the heart. The moth butterflies were fluttering over the meadows, and from the low stretches of softer green rose the thickly-growing grass-stalks, having their slender ears bent with the mellow burthen of wild honey—that ambrosial feast for the lips of innocence and childhood. It was, indeed, an evening when love would bring forth its sweetest memories, and dream itself into those ecstasies of tenderness that flow from the mingled sensations of sadness and delight.

It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to see on this earth a young creature, whose youth and beauty, and slender grace of person gave her more the appearance of some visionary spirit, too exquisitely ideal for human life. Indeed, she seemed to be tinted with the hues of heaven, and never did a mortal being exist in such fine and harmonious keeping with the scene in which she moved. So light and sylph-like was her figure, though tall, that the eye almost feared she would dissolve from before it, and leave nothing to gaze at but the earth on which she trod. Yet was there still apparent in her, something that preserved, with singular power, the delightful reality

that she was of humanity, and subject to all those softer influences that breathe their music so sweetly over the chords of the human heart. The delicate bloom of her cheek, shaded away as it was, until it melted into the light that sparkled from her complexion—the snowy forehead, the flashing eye, in which sat the very soul of love—the lips, blushing of sweets—her whole person breathing the warmth of youth, and feeling, and so characteristic in the easiness of its motions of that gracile flexibility that has never been known to exist separated from the power of receiving varied and profound emotions—all this told the spectator, too truly, that the lovely being before him was not of another sphere, but one of the most delightful that ever appeared in this.

But hush !—here is a strain of music ! Oh ! what lips breathe forth that gush of touching melody which flows in such linked sweetness from the flute of an unseen performer ? How soft, how gentle, but oh, how very mournful are the notes ! Alas ! they are steeped in sorrow, and melt away in the plaintive cadences of despair, until they mingle with silence. Surely, surely, they come from one whose heart has been brought low by the ruined hopes of an unrequited passion. Yes, fair girl, thou at least dost so interpret them ; but why this sympathy in one so young ? Why is thy bright eye dewy with tears for the imaginary sorrows of another ?—And again—but hah!—why that flash of delight and terror ?—that sudden suffusion of red over thy face and neck—and, even now, that paleness like death ! Thy heart, thy heart !—why does it throb, and why do thy knees totter ? Alas ! it is even so ; he, the Endymion of thy dreams, as beautiful as even thou thyself in thy purple dawn of womanhood,—he from whom thou now shrinkest, yet whom thou darest not to meet, is approaching, and bears in his very beauty the charm that will darken thy destiny.

The appearance of Osborne, unaccompanied, taught this young creature to know the full extent of his influence over her. Delight, terror, and utter confusion of thought and feeling, seized upon her the moment he became visible. She wished herself at home, but had not power to go ; she blushed, she

trembled, and, in the tumult of the moment, lost all presence of mind and self-possession. He had come from behind a hedge, on the path-way along which she walked, and was consequently approaching her, so that it was evident they must meet. On seeing her he ceased to play, paused a moment, and, were it not that it might appear cold, and rather remarkable, he, too, would have retraced his steps homewards. In truth, both felt equally confused and equally agitated ; for, although such an interview had been, for some time previously, the dearest wish of their hearts, yet would they both almost have felt relieved, had they had an opportunity of then escaping it. Their first words were uttered in a low, hesitating voice, amid pauses occasioned by the necessity of collecting their scattered thoughts, and with countenances deeply blushing from a consciousness of what they felt. Osborne turned back, mechanically, and accompanied her in her walk. After this there was a silence for some time, for neither had courage to renew the conversation.—At length Osborne, in a faltering voice, addressed her.

"Your dove," said he, "is quite recovered, I presume."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it is perfectly well again."

"It is an exceedingly beautiful bird, and remarkably docile."

"I have had little difficulty in training it," she returned, and then added, very timidly, "it is also very affectionate."

The youth's eyes sparkled, as if he were about to indulge in some observation suggested by her reply, but, fearing to give it expression, he paused again ; in a few minutes, however, he added—

"I think there is nothing that gives one so perfect an idea of purity and innocence as a snow-white dove, unless I except a young and beautiful girl, such as"—

He glanced at her as he spoke, and their eyes met, but in less than a moment they were withdrawn, and cast upon the earth.

"And of meekness and holiness too," she observed, after a little.

"True ; but perhaps I ought to make another exception," he added, alluding to the term by which she herself was then generally known. As

he spoke, his voice expressed considerable hesitation.

"Another exception," she answered, enquiringly, "it would be difficult, I think, to find any other emblem of innocence so appropriate as a dove."

"Is not a *Fawn* still more so," he replied, "it is so gentle, and meek, and its motions are so full of grace and timidity, and beauty. Indeed I do not wonder, when an individual of your sex resembles it in the qualities I have mentioned, that the name is sometimes applied to her."

The tell-tale cheek of the girl blushed a recognition of the compliment implied in the words, and, after a short silence, she said, in a tone that was any thing but indifferent, and with a view of changing the conversation—

"I hope you are quite recovered from your illness."

"With the exception of a very slight cough, I am," he replied.

"I think," she observed, "that you look somewhat paler than you did."

"That paleness does not proceed from indisposition, but from a far different"—he paused again, and looked evidently abashed. In the course of a minute, however, he added, "yes, I know I am pale, but not because I am unwell, for my health is nearly, if not altogether, restored, but because I am unhappy."

"Strange," said Jane, "to see one unhappy at your years."

"I think I know my own character and disposition well," he replied; "my temperament is naturally a melancholy one; the frame of my mind is like that of my body, very delicate, and capable of being affected by a thousand slight influences which pass over hearts of a stronger mould, without ever being felt. Life to me, I know, will be productive of much pain, and much enjoyment, while its tenure lasts, but that, indeed, will not be long. My sands are measured, for I feel a presentiment, a mournful and prophetic impression, that I am doomed to go down into an early grave."

The tone of passionate enthusiasm which pervaded these words, uttered as they were in a voice wherein pathos and melody were equally blended, appeared to be almost too much for a creature whose sympathy in all his moods and feelings was then so deep

and congenial. She felt some difficulty in repressing her tears, and said, in a voice which no effort could keep firm,

"You ought not to indulge in those gloomy forebodings; you should struggle against them, otherwise they will distress your mind, and injure your health."

"Oh, you do not know," he proceeded, his eyes sparkling with that light which is so often the beacon of death—"you do not know the fatal fascination by which a mind, set to the sorrows of a melancholy temperament, is charmed out of its strength. But no matter how dark may be my dreams—there is one light for ever upon them—one image ever, ever before me—one figure of grace and beauty—oh, how could I deny myself the contemplation of a vision that pours into my soul a portion of itself, and effaces every other object but an entrancing sense of its own presence. I cannot, I cannot—it bears me away into a happiness that is full of sadness—where I indulge alone, without knowing why, in "my feast of tears"—happy! happy! so I think, and so I feel; yet why is my heart sunk, and why are all my visions filled with death and the grave?"

"Oh, do not talk so frequently of death," replied the beautiful girl, "surely you need not fear it for a long while. This morbid tone of mind will pass away when you grow into better health and strength."

"Is not this hour calm?" said he, flashing his dark eyes full upon her, "see how beautiful the sun sinks in the west;—alas! so I should wish to die—as calm, and the moral lustre of my life as radiant."

"And so you shall," said Jane, in a voice full of that delightful spirit of consolation which, proceeding from such lips, breathes the most affecting power of sympathy, "so you shall, but like him, not until after the close of a long and well-spent life."

"That—that," said he, "was only a passing thought. Yes, the hour is calm, but even in such stillness, do you not observe that the aspen there to our left, this moment quivers to the breezes which we cannot feel, and by which not a leaf of any other tree about us is stirred—such I know myself to be, an aspen among men, stirred into joy or sorrow, whilst the hearts of

others are at rest. Oh, how can my foretaste of life be either bright or cheerful, for when I am capable of being moved by the very breathings of passion, what must I not feel in the blast, and in the storm—even now, even now!"—The boy, here overcome by the force of his own melancholy enthusiasm, paused abruptly, and Jane, after several attempts to speak, at last said, in a voice scarcely audible—

"Is not *hope* always better than despair?"

Osborne instantly fixed his eyes upon her, and saw, that although her's were bent upon the earth, her face had become overspread with a deep blush. While he looked she raised them, but after a single glance, at once quick and timid, she withdrew them again, a still deeper blush mantling upon her cheek. He now felt a sudden thrill of rapture fall upon his heart, and rush, almost like a suffocating sensation, to his throat; his being became for a moment raised to an ecstasy too intense for the power of description to pourtray, and, were it not for the fear which ever accompanies the disclosure of, first and youthful love, the tears of exulting delight would have streamed down his cheeks.

Both had reached a little fairy dell of vivid green, concealed by trees on every side, and in the middle of which rose a large yew, around whose trunk had been built a seat of natural turf, whereon those who strolled about the grounds might rest, when heated or fatigued by exercise or the sun. Here the girl sat down.

A change had now come over both. The gloom of the boy's temperament was gone, and his spirit caught its mood from that of his companion. Each at the moment breathed the low, anxious, and tender timidity of love, in its purest character. The souls of both vibrated to each other, and felt depressed with that sweetest emotion which derives all its power from the consciousness that its participation is mutual. Osborne spoke low, and his voice trembled; the girl was silent, but her bosom panted, and her frame shook from head to foot. At length Osborne spoke.

"I sometimes sit here alone, and amuse myself with my flute; but of

late—of late—I can bear no music that is not melancholy."

"I, too, prefer mournful—mournful music," replied Jane. "That was a touching air you played just now."

Osborne put the flute to his lips, and commenced playing over again the air she had praised; but, on glancing at the fair girl, he perceived her eyes fixed upon him with a look of such deep and devoted passion as utterly overcame him. Her eyes, as before, were immediately withdrawn, but there dwelt again upon her burning cheek such a consciousness of her love as could not, for a moment, be mistaken. In fact she betrayed all the confused symptoms of one who felt that the state of her heart had been discovered. Osborne, ceased playing; for such was his agitation that he scarcely knew what he thought or did.

"I cannot go on," said he, in a voice which equally betrayed the state of his heart; "I cannot play:" and at the same time he seated himself beside her.

Jane rose as he spoke, and in a broken voice, full of an expression like distress, said hastily:

"It is time I should go;—I am,—I am too long out."

Osborne caught her hand, and in words that burned with the deep and melting contagion of his passion, said simply:

"Do not go:—oh do not *yet* go!"

She looked full upon him, and perceived that as he spoke his face became deadly pale, as if her words were to seal his happiness or misery.

"Oh do not leave me now," he pleaded; "do not go, and my life may yet be happy."

"I must," she replied, with great difficulty; "I cannot stay: I do not wish you to be unhappy;" and whilst saying this, the tears that ran in silence down her cheeks proved too clearly how dear his happiness must ever be to her.

Osborne's arm glided round her waist, and she resumed her seat,—or rather tottered into it.

"You are in tears," he exclaimed. "Oh could it be true! Is it not, my beloved girl? It is—it is—*love*! Oh surely, surely it must—it must!"

She sobbed aloud once or twice;

and, as he kissed her unresisting lips, she murmured out, "It is ; it is ; I love you."

Oh life ! how dark and unfathomable are thy mysteries ! And why is it that thou permittest the course of true love, like this, so seldom to run smooth, when so many who, uniting through the impulses of sordid passion, sink into a state of obtuse indifference, over which the lights and shadows that touch thee into thy finest perceptions of enjoyment pass in vain.

It is a singular fact, but no less true than singular, that since the world began there never was known any instance of an anxiety, on the part of youthful lovers, to prolong to an immoderate extent, the scene in which the first mutual avowal of their passion takes place. The excitement is too profound, and the waste of those delicate spirits, which are expended in such interviews, is much too great to permit the soul to bear such an excess of happiness long. Independently of this, there is associated with it an ultimate enjoyment, for which the lovers immediately fly to solitude ; there, in the certainty of waking bliss, to think over and over again of all that has occurred between them, and to luxuriate in the conviction, that at length the heart has not another wish, but sinks into the solitary charm which expands it with such a sense of rapturous and exulting delight.

The interview between our lovers was, consequently, not long. The secret of their hearts being now known, each felt anxious to retire, and to look with a miser's ecstasy upon the delicious hoard which the scene we have just described had created. Jane did not reach home until the evening devotions of the family were over, and this was the first time she had ever, to their knowledge, been absent from them before. Borne away by the force of what had just occurred, she was proceeding up to her own room, after reaching home, when Mr. Sinclair, who had remarked her absence, desired that she should be called into the drawing-room.

"It is the first neglect," he observed, "of a necessary duty, and it would be wrong in me to let it pass without at least pointing it out to the dear child

as an error, and knowing from her own lips why it has happened."

Terror and alarm, like what might be supposed to arise from the detection of secret guilt, seized upon the young creature so violently that she had hardly strength to enter the drawing-room without support : her face became the image of death, and her whole frame tottered and trembled visibly.

"Jane, my dear, why were you absent from prayers this evening ?" inquired her father, with his usual mildness of manner.

This question, to one who had never yet been, in the slightest instance, guilty of falsehood, was indeed a terrible one ; and especially to a girl so extremely timid as was this his best beloved daughter.

"Papa," she at last replied, "I was out walking ;" but as she spoke, there was that in her voice and manner which betrayed the guilt of an insincere reply.

"I know, my dear, you were ; but although you have frequently been out walking, yet I do not remember that you ever stayed away from our evening worship before. Why is this ?"

Her father's question was repeated in vain. She hung her head and returned no answer. She tried to speak, but from her parched lips not a word could proceed. She felt as if all the family that moment were conscious of the occurrence between her and her lover ; and if the wish could have relieved her, she would almost have wished to die, so much did she shrink abashed in their presence.

"Tell me, my daughter," proceeded her father, more seriously, "has your absence been occasioned by anything that you are ashamed or afraid to mention ? From me, Jane, you ought to have no secrets ;—you are yet too young to think away from your father's heart and from your mother's also ;—speak candidly, my child,—speak candidly,—I expect it."

As he uttered the last words, the head of their beautiful flower sank upon her bosom, and in a moment she lay insensible upon the sofa on which she had been sitting.

This was a shock for which neither the father nor the family were pre-

pared. William flew to her,—all of them crowded about her, and scarcely had he raised that face so pale, but now so mournfully beautiful in its insensibility, when her mother and sisters burst into tears and wailings, for they feared at the moment that their beloved one must have been previously seized with sudden illness, and was then either taken, or about to be taken from their eyes for ever. By the coolness of her father, however, they were directed how to restore her, in which, after a lapse of not less than ten minutes, they succeeded.

When she recovered, her mother folded her in her arms, and her sisters embraced her with tenderness and tears. Her father then gently caught her hand in his, and said with much affection :

"Jane, my child, you are ill. Why not have told us so?"

The beautiful girl knelt before him for a moment, but again rose up, and hiding her head in his bosom, exclaimed—weeping—

"Papa, bless me, oh, bless me, and forgive me."

"I do ; I do ;" said the old man ; and as he spoke a few large tears trickled down his cheeks, and fell upon her golden locks.

And now, reader, if you have tears to shed, have a good stock ready for next month ; we are much mistaken or we shall make you weep like a melting icicle over the sorrows of our Fawn of Springvale.

GOETHE.*

If the question were proposed, what German writer has produced, during the last century, the greatest effect on English literature, it is probable that there would not be one dissentient voice, among those competent to give any answer to the question. The first work of Scott's was a translation of Goetz of the Iron Hand. In the Lay of the Last Minstrel, some of the happiest passages were but an echo of Goethe's poetry—and in his latest romances, the great poet of Scotland continued to exhibit his admiration of the German "artist," by imitating—alas, imperfectly—some of his brilliant and fantastic conceptions. Byron, in his earlier and more powerful works, caught inspiration from Goethe—not only the plan of particular works—which is but evidence of what we would state—but every record that we have with respect to his feelings towards his great contemporary, proves that his veneration for him amounted almost to idolatry. Shelly is more likely to be remembered by his noble translations from Goethe, than by his original writings—for his power seems to have been power of language,

more than of thought. He died in earliest manhood, and to have constructed a language so peculiar as his, was to have done more than any other writer who has died "without his fame," has accomplished ; but to give the high praise claimed for Shelley's poetry, is to do wrong to the greater spirits of our time. More permanent has been the effect of the illustrious German poet's writings, in so far as it aided in forming the mind of Wordsworth. This could not be easily exhibited, without leading us into discussions into which we should not wish at present to tempt our readers ; but we may state as a curious proof of the fact, that the greater part of Dr. Eckerman's essay on the poetry of Goethe, might almost seem to be transcribed from an English admirer of Wordsworth, describing the peculiarities of his genius.

The old age of Goethe was past under the shade of laurels, planted in his youth. He died in 1832, and for sixty years before had enjoyed an increasing reputation. For the last few years of his life, he superintended the publication of a new edition of his

* Goethe and his contemporaries. By Sarah Austin. 3 vols. London. 1836.
Etudes de Goethe. Par. x. Marmier. Paris. 1835.

works, in which edition every part that we have examined is greatly altered from the form in which it first appeared. The *Wanderjahre*—the most perfect of his writings—is by these changes rendered almost a new work; with such rashness do those writers abuse the credulity of the public, who at random describe this great poet as never making any alteration in a published work. The great advantage has been given to him, as to Scott, of himself deciding the form in which to place his collected works before the age which is to pass judgment on them, when the voice of flattery is silent, and the generations for which they were first written have past away. Before Goethe's death, there were those who wished to break the idol of Germany, and the efforts then commenced have been since earnestly repeated. Heine has, in the French and German journals, with great liveliness and some power of sarcasm, assailed him. The very acknowledgment of his superiority is one of those things which, if the spell is once disturbed, a nation is not unlikely to reproach itself with, and to resent. The very perfection of his works—making the reader too distinctly conscious of their effect upon the mind—influencing thoughts and feelings, instead of blending with them, has its tendency to give something of an alien aspect to a power to which vanity forbids us to yield, and which yet cannot be denied without some offence to truth. The powers to which we cannot subject ourselves seem for that very reason to be regarded as inimical—and from this and other causes, it should not greatly surprise us if the popularity of Goethe for a while declines. That such decline should be more than temporary, is, we think, impossible.

The life of Goethe is itself an important study. To assist us in this, by far the most useful book which we have yet seen is Mrs. Austin's "Characteristics of Goethe," of which we intend to give some account. The English translation of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* is wholly worthless—not

a single sentence representing or approaching a representation of the meaning of the original. Why is not this—one of the most entertaining and attractive books in any language—translated?—if nobody else tries it, we must venture on it ourselves.

The volumes before us consist chiefly of a selection from works published in Germany, in the year after Goethe's death. Notes of greater value than the original works from which she translates, have been added by Mrs. Austin; and we are anxious to express again, as we have already done in this journal,* and elsewhere, that to the student of German literature there is not in our language a work of the same value as the "Characteristics." In the work, the only defect is the total absence of arrangement. A more ambitious work would have been more successful; and the same materials woven into a connected narrative of Goethe's life, would have commanded universal attention, while to the student its value would be in nothing diminished. The desultory nature of the work is thus explained by Mrs. Austin. She at first had no other intention than that of translating Falk's *Recollections of Goethe*. A few notes were then added, and the thought afterwards suggested itself, that as the works alluded to by Falk were but little known in this country, a few extracts would not be unacceptable. This led to translations from Goethe's various productions. Some friends in England and in Germany supplied further illustrative matter; and in this way we have, instead of a pamphlet of a hundred pages or so, three closely printed volumes of "Goethiana." The book is exceedingly pleasant, and to us, from the accident of our studies, wholly indispensable. We review it that others may have share in our enjoyment. We ought to add, that of the several works, German and French, which form the materials of Mrs. Austin's, we have only seen Falk in the original. The fidelity of Mrs. Austin's translation is deserving of all praise—its only fault is, that the style is too German. There is one

* Article on Schiller—January, 1836. By the author of this paper. As some of the views in these articles differ from those expressed in the "Anthologia Germanica," it is fit to state that the series of papers so named is by a different writer.

omission, which, though it is justified by the unimportance of Falk's criticisms, yet is fit to mention to the reader. Falk has at considerable length given a tedious analysis and commentary on one of Goethe's poems, and we own that after reading it, we cannot think that Falk was the kind of person with whom Goethe could have conversed with any feeling of respect. If then the reader be disappointed by the broken and interrupted character of the dialogues here recorded, we have a right to remember, first, that Goethe could scarcely have been in his most genial moods, when in conversation with Falk; and next, that Falk pretty often misunderstood what he endeavoured to record; and, thirdly, that in all probability, much was forgotten by him that would have illustrated what he remembered. Falk, however, was one who idolized Goethe—who owed all to him—having by his means altogether, risen to respectable station and income. He was born at Dantzic, in 1770. His father, a poor wig-maker, could scarcely afford him the means of instruction in reading and writing, and when the boy grew up, he required his services in the management of his business. His love for books, and the poverty of his family, were such that he was often known to pass nights reading under the lamps in the open streets—a trying experiment in that severe climate. He threatened his father to run away, and go to sea, and took some steps to put his threats into execution. He at length, by some means or other, contrived to enter the gymnasium at Dantzic—and after studying there for six years, he went to Halle, where he studied under Wolff, Forster, &c. In 1798, he left Halle, and sought a livelihood at Weimar, where, when the French marched through it, after the battle of Jena, he had an opportunity of rendering essential service to the town of Weimar, which was rewarded by an appointment to an official situation and a salary. Falk lost four children in one month by typhus. The desolate father found his heart softened by affliction, and he derived comfort in his sufferings from founding an institution for orphan children. In 1813, he laid the foundation of the institution, and in 1824, he had sent out from it about two hundred and fifty appren-

tices who had been instructed in useful trades as journeymen. Some of the boys studied at the University; others became schoolmasters, shopkeepers, artists: the girls, in most instances, went into service. The institution originated similar ones at Jena, Erfurt, Berlin, &c.

Falk was a German, and therefore an author—for what German is there that does not write? Wieland was good natured enough to praise his satires. Of his poems, *Prometheus* is spoken of as a drama of great power. He published novels, and he was usefully engaged in translations from French and English works. Such was the Boswell whom Fortune placed near the person of Goethe for many years. He was a diligent note-taker; he reckoned upon surviving Goethe, and publishing his notes of the conversations in which he was a party. "It is ill waiting for dead men's shoes," says the proverb, and Goethe was the longer liver. Of Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics*, Falk's work, with her illustrative notes, forms one half; the latter part of her second volume contains the substance of a speech delivered by Von Müller, Chancellor of Weimar, at a meeting of the Academy of Useful Sciences, soon after Goethe's death. Its chief value is the spirit in which it defends Goethe from the accusation of indifference to the interests of society—which accusation seems to have originated in his refusing to move with the movement party, and his distrust of any real advance in good except the gradual one arising from the improvement of existing institutions. The third volume contains notes on Goethe from the Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève, said to be from the pen of Monsieur Soret, a nephew of the late Monsieur Dumont, and who now is tutor to the young princes of Weimar. To this are added some rather tedious panegyrics on the Duke and Duchess of Weimar, delivered by Von Müller, in his official capacity—a minute account of a festival given for Goethe in November, 1825, called in imitation of the German family festivals on the fiftieth anniversary of marriage, his "golden jubilee-day." is given from a book published at the time. Extracts from the *Conversations-Lexicon* on the character of Goethe, complete the work. These manifold sources supply Mrs. Austin

with a good deal of valuable criticism, and some pleasant anecdotes. But in eulogy there is somewhat of sameness, and all the writers from whom she translates are eulogists. Among the notes, are some reviews written by Goethe in a cordial spirit of admiration and affectionate reverence. We have, in a former number, exhibited the paternal love with which he regarded Schiller. We shall, on some future occasion, quote from his reviews of Wieland and Voss. We, however, in the first instance, take our selections from Falk—

"It has often been remarked, that great and eminent men receive from their mothers, even before they see the light, half the mental dispositions and other peculiarities of character by which they are afterwards distinguished.

"Thus in Goethe's character we find a most sensitive shrinking from all intense impressions; which by every means, and under every circumstance of his life, he sought to ward off from himself. We find the same peculiarity in his mother, as we shall see from the following curious and characteristic traits. They were related to me by a female friend who was extremely intimate with her in Frankfurt.

"Goethe's mother, whenever she hired a servant, used to make the following condition:—'You are not to tell me of anything horrible, afflicting, or agitating, whether it happen in my own house, in the town, or in the neighbourhood. I desire, once for all, that I may hear nothing of the kind. If it concerns me, I shall know of it soon enough; if it does not concern me, I have nothing whatever to do with it. Even if there should be a fire in the street in which I live I am not to know of it till it is absolutely necessary that I should.'

"In the year 1805, when Goethe was dangerously ill at Weimar, not a single person, of all those who frequented his mother's house, ventured to speak to her on the subject. It was not till long afterwards, when he was perfectly recovered, that she voluntarily entered on it, and said to one of her friends, 'I knew it all, but I never said anything; I never would say what a dangerous state Wolfgang was in; but now you may speak;—now he is better. God, and his good constitution have carried him through.—Now we can talk again about Wolfgang, without my feeling a stab in my heart every time I hear his name.'

"This same friend added, 'Had Goethe died at that time, most likely none of us would have dared to mention the event in his mother's house; at least only with great caution, or when invited to it by herself; for, as I have already remarked, either from some peculiar constitution of her mind, or from principle, or perhaps from both combined, she invariably shunned all violent emotions and impressions, whenever it was possible to do so.'

"At the bottom of a letter which Goethe received from his mother when she was in her seventy-third year, somebody wrote—'Such should God have made all mankind.'

"His mother was of a cheerful temper, and quick joyous senses, such as are frequently born amid the vineyards and sunny hills of the Rhine; and as she was considerably less advanced in years than her husband, she took every thing more lightly and pleasantly than he did. She sometimes said, in her sportive way, alluding to her having been married so young, and a mother at sixteen or seventeen, 'My Wolfgang and I have always gone on very well together? the reason is, we are both young, and not so far asunder in age as Wolfgang and his father.'—FALK, *Chapter I.*

Some of our observations on the peculiar genius of Goethe, in our paper on Schiller, are confirmed by the following passage—

"Goethe, by his very nature, cannot, must not, will not, set a single step which may compel him to quit the territory of experience, on which he has so firmly and so happily planted his foot, and taken root for more than half a century.

"All conclusions, observations, doctrines, opinions, articles of faith, have value in his eyes only in so far as they connect themselves with this territory, which he has so fortunately conquered. The blue horizon beyond it, which man is wont to paint to himself in such beautiful colours, troubled him little; indeed he shunned it, knowing, as he did, that it is the abode of all brain-woven fantasies, and that all the phantoms of dim and gloomy superstition (which he hated) held their throne there.

"He listened with patient, nay grateful, attention to all attempts to substantiate the Possible, whether good or bad, such as it presents itself in all directions within the limits of experience.

"Even virtue, laboriously and painfully acquired, was distasteful to him. I

might almost affirm, that a faulty but vigorous character, if it had any real native qualities as its basis, was regarded by him with more indulgence and respect than one which at no moment of its existence is genuine; which is incessantly under the most unamiable constraint, and consequently imposes a painful constraint on others. 'Oh,' said he, sighing, on such occasions, 'if they had but the heart to commit some absurdity! That would be something,—and they would at least be restored to their own natural soil, free from all hypocrisy and acting. Wherever that is the case, one may entertain the cheering hope that something will spring from the germ of good which nature implants in every individual; but on the ground that they are now upon, nothing can grow.'—FALK, Chapter 2.

We refer to the volume for an interesting account of a conversation of Goethe's on the occasion of Wieland's death. It is too long to extract, and impossible to abridge. We have room but for a sentence or two.

"On the day of Wieland's funeral, of which I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter, I remarked such a solemn tone in Goethe's whole manner, as we were seldom accustomed to see in him. There was something so softened, I might almost say so melancholy, about him; his eyes frequently glistened; even his voice, his manner of speaking, were different from what was usual.

"Our departed friend was naturally the principal subject of our conversation. Without deviating greatly from its current, I asked him on one occasion, when he spoke of the continuance of existence after death, as a thing of course, 'And what do you think is at this moment the occupation of Wieland's soul?'

"'Nothing petty, nothing unworthy, nothing out of keeping with that moral greatness which he all his life sustained,' was the reply.

"'But not to be misunderstood; as we have entered on this subject, I must go somewhat deeper into it.

"'It is something to have passed a life of eighty years in unblemished dignity and honour; it is something to have attained to that pitch of refined wit, of tender elegant thought, which predomi-

nated so delightfully in Wieland's soul; it is something to have possessed that industry, that iron persistency and perseverance in which he surpassed us all.'

"Would not you willingly assign him a place near his Cicero, with whom he busied himself so cheerfully up to the time of his death?"

"Don't interrupt me, when I am trying to give to the course of my ideas a perfect and calm development. *The destruction of such high powers of soul is a thing that never, and, under no circumstances, can even come into question.** Nature is not such a prodigal spendthrift of her capital. Wieland's soul is one of Nature's treasures; a perfect jewel. What adds to this is, that his long life had increased, not diminished, these noble intellectual endowments.

* * * * *

"In one of our former conversations, I called man the first dialogue that nature held with God. I have not the least doubt that this dialogue may, in other planets, be kept up in a language far higher, deeper, and more significant. At present we are deficient in a thousand of the requisite kinds of knowledge. The very first that is wanting to us is self-knowledge; after this come all the others. Strictly considered, I can know nothing of God but what the very limited horizon of sensible perceptions on this planet affords ground for; and that, on all points, is little enough. Hereby, however, it is by no means asserted, that, by this limitation of our observations on outward nature, limits are likewise set to our Faith. On the contrary, the case may easily be, that by the immediateness of divine feeling in us, Knowledge must necessarily appear as a patchwork; especially on a plane which, wrenched out of its connection with the sun, leaves imperfect all observation, which therefore receives its full completion by Faith alone.† I have already taken occasion to remark in the "*Farbenlehre*," that there are primary phenomena, which, in their god-like simplicity, we ought not to distrust and disparage by useless enquiries, but leave to Reason and to Faith. Let us endeavour to press forward courageously from both sides, only let us keep the boundaries which sever them rigidly distinct. Let us not attempt to demonstrate what cannot be demon-

* These words are thus distinguished in the original.—Trans.

† This passage is so marked in the original.—Trans.

strated! Sooner or later, we shall otherwise make our miserable deficiencies more glaring to posterity by our so-called works of knowledge. Where Knowledge is full and satisfactory, indeed, we stand not in need of Faith; but where Knowledge falls short, or appears inadequate, we must not contest with Faith its rights. *As soon as we set out from the principle that Knowledge and Faith are not given to destroy each other, but to supply each other's deficiencies, we shall come near to an accurate estimate of the Right.*'

"It was late today when I quitted Goethe. He kissed my forehead at parting, contrary to his custom. I was going down stairs in the dark, but he would not permit me, and held me fast by the arm, till he rang for some one to light me out. At the door he warned me again to take care of myself, and to be on my guard against the raw night air. Never, before nor after, did I see Goethe in a softer mood than at the time of Wieland's death."—FALK, Chapter 4.

A serious interruption of Goethe's habitual placidity of temper is recorded by Falk. The immediate occasion of vexation was that some actor had sent in his resignation on the evening of a performance, and interrupted all Goethe's arrangements, who, we should have said, was the director of the theatre at Weimar. The original dispute is not worth recording—nor need we pursue the winding of the stream of conversation till it advanced to the point at which Goethe complained of the ingratitude of the generation for which he was labouring. "Posterity more just," began the complimentary Counsellor Falk; but we must let him tell the story himself—

"'Posterity, more just,'—I began; but Goethe, without waiting to hear what I was going to say, interrupted me with unusual rapidity and vehemence, 'I will not hear anything of the matter; neither of the public, nor of posterity, nor of the justice, as you call it, which it is hereafter to award to my efforts. I hate my 'Taage,' just because people say that it 'will go down to posterity;' I hate 'Iphigenie;' in a word, I hate every

thing of mine that pleases the public. I know that it belongs to the day, and the day to it; but I tell you, once for all, I will not live for the day. This is the very reason why I will have nothing to do with that Kotzebue, because I am fully determined never to waste an hour on any man who I know does not belong to me and I to him.

"'Aye, indeed—if I could but manage to write a work—but I am too old for that—that would make the Germans hate and revile me heartily for the next fifty or hundred years, and say nothing but evil of me from one end of the country to the other,—that would delight me inexpressibly! It must be a glorious work that could produce such an effect, on a public of so utterly phlegmatic a temper as ours. There is some character in hatred; and if we did but make a beginning, and show some depth and force of character, be it in what it would, we should be half way towards becoming a people. "They do not like me," (*Sie mögen mich nicht*)^{*} the flat, lifeless, insipid world! Neither do I "like" them (*Ich mag sie auch nicht*). I have never been able to content them. If, indeed, my Walpurgis sack should be opened after my death, and all the Stygian tormenting spirits, till then imprisoned, be let loose to plague others as they have plagued me;—or if people should chance to stumble on that passage in the continuation of Faust, in which the devil himself finds mercy and pardon with God;—that, I think, they would not forgive me in a hurry.

"Yet even the clever Madame de Stael was greatly scandalized that I kept the devil in such good humour, in the presence of God the Father. She insisted upon it that he ought to be more grim and spiteful. What will she say if she sees him promoted a step higher—nay, perhaps, meets him in heaven?"

"'Pardon me,' interrupted I, 'you spoke just now of a Walpurgis sack. This is the first word I ever heard fall from your lips on the subject. May I know what that is?"

"'The Walpurgis sack,' answered Goethe, assuming the stern solemnity of an infernal judge, 'is a sort of infernal pocket, case, bag, or whatever you like to

* *Mögen* is the infinitive mood of the cognate of our imperfect verb *may*. *Ich mag*, I may. The Germans use it to express the least intense volition or inclination. For instance, at table, will you take fish? *Ich dank, ich mag es nicht.*—*Transl.*

call it, originally destined for the reception of certain poems which had a near connection with the witch scenes in *Faust*, if not with *Blockberg* itself. As often happens, its destination expanded itself; just as hell had at first but one apartment, but afterwards had limbo and purgatory added to it as wings. Every bit of paper that falls into my *Walpurgis sack* falls into hell; and out of hell, as you know, is no deliverance. Nay, if I were to take it into my head (and I am not ill inclined for it today) to seize myself by the forelock, and throw myself into the *Walpurgis sack*,—by my faith, what's in is in, and can never get out; even were it my own self. So rigorous, I would have you know, am I about my *Walpurgis sack*, and the infernal constitution I have granted to it. In it burns an unquenchable purifying fire, which, when it seizes its prey, spares neither friend nor foe. I, at least, would not advise any body to go very near it. I am afraid of it myself."—*FALK*, Chapter 5.

An amusing passage is given, in which Goethe discusses the pretensions of the Schlegels, and Tieck, and Novalis. What is most remarkable in it, is its great resemblance to a passage of Byron which is quoted by Mrs. Austin. We wish we had room for it—a line or two is all we can afford.

"The German republic of letters is now as busy a scene as the Roman empire in its decline, when every body wanted to govern, and nobody knew at last who was really emperor. Almost all our great men live in exile; and every impudent suttler may become emperor whenever he can gain the good will of the soldiery, or acquire any other sort of influence.

"A few emperors more or less is a matter not to be thought of in such times. There were once thirty emperors ruling together in the Roman empire. Why should we have fewer chiefs in our learned state? Wieland and Schiller are already formally dethroned. How long my old imperial mantle will continue to hang on my shoulders, it is not easy to predict; I do not know myself. I am determined, however, if it should come to that, to show the world that my heart is not set upon crown and sceptre, and that I can bear my dethronement with patience: for truly no man can escape his fate.

"But what were we talking of just now? Oh, of emperors! Good. No-

valis, however, was none; though in time he might have become one, as well as other people. Pity that he died so young, and moreover that he conformed to the taste of his age, and turned Catholic. Already, as the newspapers assure us, young damsels and students make pilgrimage in troops to his grave, and strew flowers over it with lavish hands. That is what I call a promising beginning, and one which leaves good hope of future results.

"As I read but few newspapers, I always beg such of my friends as are at hand to give me notice whenever any important event of this kind—a canonization, or the like—takes place. I, for my part, am content that people should say all imaginable harm of me during my life-time, after my death, they will be the more likely to leave me in peace, as all the matter of defamation will have been exhausted before-hand, so that little or nothing will remain to be said.

"Tieck was emperor, too, for a time, but it did not last long; he was soon deposed. They said there was something too Tituslike in his temper; he was too mild and good natured. In the present state of things, the empire requires a rigorous sway, and what may be called a sort of barbaric grandeur.

"Next came the reign of the Schlegels. Things now went on better. August William Schlegel, the first, and Friedrich, the second, of the name, both ruled with becoming severity. Not a day passed in which some one was not sent into exile, or in which a few executions did not take place. Perfectly right! Such rulers have from time immemorial been immense favorites with the people.

"A little while ago, a young beginner somewhere represented Friedrich Schlegel as a German Hercules, who went about with his club, and smote whatever stood in his way, to the death. For this meritorious deed, the aforesaid valorous emperor raised the young gentleman to the rank of a noble, and, without further preliminary, declared him one of the heroes of German literature. His diploma is made out; you may rest assured of it; I have seen it with my own eyes. Grants, domains, whole articles in reviews and magazines, written by intimate friends, are given without stint. Enemies are to be secretly kept out of the way; their writings are to be discreetly laid aside, and not produced at all.

"As we have a very patient public in

Germany, a public that never ventures to read a book till it has been reviewed, this affair is not badly contrived.

"The best thing in the whole business is the uncertainty; e. g. a man goes to bed at night well and as happy as an emperor; in the morning he wakes, and finds, to his great astonishment that the crown is gone from his head. I must confess this is a sad mischance. However, the head in as far as the emperor had any, sits still safely in its place; and that I regard as so much sheer gain. What an ugly thing it is, in comparison, to read of the old emperors who were throttled by dozens, and thrown into the Tiber! For my own part, though I may be dispossessed of throne and sceptre, I really look to die quietly in my bed, here, on the shores of the Rhine.

"To return to the concerns of our empire, and especially of emperors. Another young poet in Jena has died too soon." Emperor, to be sure, he could not become; but the post of prime minister, lord high chamberlain, or something of the kind, he might have attained to. The literary friends of this young man, indeed, assured us, in the public prints, that his sonnets would long survive him; I have not enquired into the matter since, and therefore cannot tell whether this prediction has been fulfilled, or how the whole affair stands.

"When I was young, I remember indeed to have heard sensible men say, that a single masterly poet or painter was often the growth of a century; but those times are long past. Our young men know how to manage matters better; and leap from one thing to another, according to the fashion of the time, so that it does one's heart good to see them.

"Their labour is not to be before their age, to embody the whole age in themselves; and when that does not succeed to their heart's content, they are immeasurably dissatisfied, and abuse the vulgarity of the public, which, in its sweet innocence, is delighted with everything.

"I had a visit lately from a young man who was just from Heidelberg; I think he could not be much above nineteen. He assured me, in perfect earnest, that his opinions were all made up; and that, as he knew what he was about, he was determined henceforward to read as little as possible, and to endeavour to

develop his views of human life, unaided by his own observations on society, without suffering himself to be diverted or hindered by the talk, the books, or the pamphlets of others. That's a glorious beginning! When a man starts from zero, his progress must needs be striking!"

"Thus playfully was Goethe wont to reprove the follies of the age. We shall hereafter see more of such humorous traits and pranks of his, but of a more practical kind."—FALK, Chapter 5.

A striking account is given of the battle of Jena, and is one of the most interesting things in Falk's book. We cannot now linger on it, or advert to it, further than as illustrates to Goethe's character. We fear that our readers will think we have spoken too slightly of Falk, at the outset of this article.—The scene which we transcribe is well told:

"On this occasion, Goethe displayed so noble and beautiful a personal attachment to the Grand Duke, that I should have it on my conscience if I failed to give to the German public this leaf of the biography of its greatest poet.

It frequently happened, when I visited Goethe, that the eventful circumstances of the time were discussed by us. On the occasion I allude to, I was visiting Goethe in his garden, after my return from Erfurt, and the conversation fell on the burdens and oppressions of the French government. I read to him the facts I had learned at Erfurt, point by point, exactly in the same state as they were afterwards laid before the duke.

"It was alleged, among other things, that the Duke of Weimar had lent four thousand thalers to General Blücher, whose hostility to the French was notorious, and who, after his defeat at Lübeck, had retired with his officers to Hamburg, where they were in the greatest difficulties. It was likewise universally known that a Prussian officer, Captain von Ende (now governor of Köln) had been raised to the post of Grand Marshal to the Grand Duchess. Now it was not to be denied, that the placing of so many Prussian officers, who were notoriously disaffected, in the civil as well as the military service, was very unsatisfactory to France.—The emperor, it was said, would hardly

acquiesce in, or endure, the formation of a tacit conspiracy against him in the very centre of the Rhenish confederation.— Even for the post of tutor to his son, Prince Bernard, the duke had selected a *ci-devant* Prussian officer, Herr von Rühl (afterwards general in the Prussian service). Herr von Müffling, too, also an officer, and son of the Prussian general of the same name (now on the Prussian general staff) had been appointed president of one of the courts of justice in Weimar, with a large salary. It was notorious that the duke was on terms of strict personal intimacy with him; such connections could, of course, answer no other end than to nourish that concealed rancour against France, which was inveterate enough without it. It appeared that every means were industriously sought to irritate and call forth anew the anger of the emperor, who had already had enough to forget on the part of Weimar. The conduct of the duke was, at all events, imprudent in the highest degree, even supposing him to be guiltless of evil designs. As an instance of this, he, accompanied by Herr von Müffling, had visited the duke of Brunswick, the deadly foe of France, on his march to Brunswick, after the battle of Lubeck.

"Goethe heard me in silence up to this point. His eyes now flashed with fire, and he exclaimed, 'Enough! What would they have then, these Frenchmen? Are they human? Why do they exact the utterly inhuman? What has the duke done, that is not worthy of all praise and honour? Since when, is it a crime for a man to remain true to his old friends and comrades in misfortune? Is then the memory of a high-minded man so utterly nothing in their eyes? Why do they require from the duke to obliterate all the noblest recollections of his life—the seven years' war—the memory of Frederick the Great, his uncle—all that is great, and glorious, and venerable in the former condition of Germany, in which he took an active part, and for which he, at last, set crown and sceptre on the die? Do they expect that he is to wipe out all this, as with a wet sponge, from the tablets of his memory, like an ill-reckoned sum, because it pleases his new master?"

"Does your empire of yesterday, then, already stand so immovably steadfast that you are exempt from all, even the slightest fear of participating in the changes of human things? Formed by nature to be a calm and impartial spectator of events,

even I am exasperated when I see men required to perform the impossible. That the duke assists wounded Prussian officers, robbed of their pay, that he lent the lion-hearted Blücher four thousand *thalers* after the battle of Lubeck,—that is what you call a conspiracy!—that seems to you a fit subject for reproach and accusation!"

"Let us suppose the case, that to-day or to-morrow misfortune befall your grand army;—what would a general or field-marshal be worth in the emperor's eyes, who would act precisely as our duke has acted under these circumstances! I tell you the duke *shall* act as he acts! He *must* act so! He would do great injustice if ever he acted otherwise! Yes,—and even were he thus to lose country and subjects, crown and sceptre, like his ancestor the unfortunate John, yet must he not deviate one hand's breadth from this noble manner of thinking, and from that which the duty of a man and a prince prescribes in such an emergency."

"Misfortune! what is misfortune? This is a misfortune;—that a prince should be compelled to endure such things from foreigners. And if it came to the same pass with him as formerly with his ancestor Duke John; if his ruin were certain and irretrievable, let not that dismay us: we will take our staff in our hands and accompany our master in his adversity, as old Lucas Kranach did; we will never forsake him. The women and children, when they meet us in the villages, will cast down their eyes, and weep, and say one to another, 'That is old Goethe and the former duke of Weimar, whom the French emperor drove from his throne because he was so true to his friends in misfortune; because he visited his uncle, the duke of Brunswick, on his death-bed; because he would not let his old comrades and brothers-in-arms starve!'"

"At this, the tears rolled in streams down his cheeks. After a pause, having recovered himself a little, he continued, 'I will sing for bread! I will turn strolling ballad-singer, and put our misfortunes into verse! I will wander into every village, and into every school, wherever the name of Goethe is known; I will sing the dishonor of Germany, and the children shall learn the song of our shame till they are men; and thus shall they sing my master upon his throne again and your's off his!'"

"Yes, mock at all laws—through them at last shall you be brought to shame!"

Come on, Frenchman! Here, or nowhere, is the place to grapple with you! If you seek to root out this feeling from German hearts, or to tread it under foot, (which comes to the same thing) you will soon be under the feet of this very people.

"You see, I tremble hand and foot! It is long since I was so moved."—FALE, Chapter 6.

We omit any mention of the conversations on Kleist and Lessing; of the former we do not know enough to feel any interest in the discussion, and to speak of the latter, in such space as now remains to us, is impossible. We pass on to further extracts.

"The reign of the young duke of Weimar was a glorious time for Weimar, and for the whole of Germany. Men of genius thronged from east and west to this modern seat of the muses; thinking that they too, like Goethe, Herder, and Wieland, should find an asylum. Bertuch, the father, who was treasurer to the duke, used in after times to speak with great glee of a singular head in the accounts which he had to submit in those days. It consisted almost entirely of breeches, waistcoats, shoes, and stockings for German literati, who came wandering within Weimar's gates slenderly provided with those articles. The duke's youthful gaiety and Goethe's drollery contrived to create many a diverting scene out of these materials.

"About this period it was that Lenz, an early and original friend of Goethe's, came to Weimar. It happened that the duke and Goethe were absent. He alighted at the 'Erbprinz' inn, where he soon learned that there was to be a *bal paré* the same evening at court.

"*Bal paré* and *bal masqué* were to poor Lenz's ears one and the same thing; for his whole soul was German, and he hated the French language as the deadly and besetting sin of the higher classes in Germany. I will be at this, whatever it is, thought he, I shall want nothing but a black domino and a mask. He accordingly sent the waiter for these articles.

The man stared at him with some astonishment, but obeyed the strange gentleman's order. At the appointed hour, Lenz actually went to court in this dress. The amazement of the company may be conceived, when suddenly a black domino and mask made its appearance amid the gay and brilliant dresses of the dancers. Lenz, however, did not, in the least degree, perceive what an extraordinary part he was playing. On the contrary, he walked about with the utmost confidence and composure among the spectators, and asked one of the most distinguished young ladies in the room to dance. The lady, however, as might be expected, begged first to know the "name and character," as porters call it, of the person who addressed her; and on his replying, "I am Lenz," she, hearing a name so little indicative of equality of rank, refused with equal brevity; or, in technical language, "she regretted," &c. &c.

"Fortunately, just as the *embarras* had reached its height, Goethe appeared. He immediately recognized, spite of the domino, his long-expected, old, and eccentric friend. He sent for Lenz to the gallery adjoining the ball-room, and after the first joyful welcome, he exclaimed, 'But tell me, what the devil put it in your head to make your appearance at court wholly uninvited, and in such a garb too?'

"'Invited or uninvited,' said Lenz, who had not quite got over the mortification of his rejection, 'what does that signify? it is a *bal masqué*—there, I think, every body is free to enter.'

"'What do you mean, *bal masqué*?' replied Goethe; 'it is a *bal paré*, you child, who can't distinguish one thing from another!'

"'Well, *bal paré*, or *bal masqué*, as you please,' growled Lenz, 'what do I care for your pack of hair-breadth distinctions, and all your cursed French chatter? For my part, I am in as great a fever every time I hear a word of *Welsh* as a Turkey cock* (*welscher Hahn*) at the sight of scarlet. If your ears are washed with purer holy water than mine,

* "*Welsh* most commonly signifies Italian; but, in strictness, it includes French and all the cognate languages. The words Gael, Gaul, Gallic, Wales, Wallis, &c. are all of the same family, varying in form, according as they were applied by their Roman, or by their Teutonic conquerors, to different tribes of Kelta. The germanic English, of course, denoted by it the Gauls or Welsh, with whom they were more immediately in contact—the Britons; the Germans of the mainland, French, Italians, Spaniards, &c.—*Transl.*"

thank God for it; but once for all, I beg you not to plague me with any of your court jargon, unless you wish me to strap up my bundle again and be off. If, indeed, they had but any thing of a language that they could speak out like men,—short, clear, and intelligible like ours; but they snuffle through their noses like a bagpipe, and no honest German can be a bit the wiser for all the quantity of stuff they send forth."

"Goethe and Wieland (whom Lenz looked upon as half a Frenchman, on account of his great partiality to French literature) endeavoured by every means in their power to pacify their exasperated friend. They quitted the court shortly after, but not without carrying away matter for a joyous and intellectual evening's entertainment."—FALK, Chapter 7.

The amusements at the Court of Weimar are exceedingly well described. Late in the evening, Bertuch, in his office of chamberlain, or *maître de plaisir*, would receive orders to have the sumpter-waggon ready, for that the court would start early in the morning for the forest. Falk tells, with delight, of the bustle of preparation; pots and pans in requisition. In the ducal kitchens there was such a stewing, and boiling, and roasting; such a slaughter of capons, pigeons, and fowls of all sorts. "Wherever your eye glanced," says the *Legationsrath*, "you saw bustle and activity." Late as it was, the ponds of the Ilm must yield their fish, the forest its partridges, and the cellars their choicest and most generous wines.

Dramatic amusements were frequently a part of the day's diversion. Trees, groves, meadows, and brooks, formed the stage—"a sylvan scene." The traces and boundaries of these forest-theatres are still pointed out at Etterburgh. On the Ilm, at the point where the river makes a beautiful bend round the shore, a regular theatre was constructed. For one of the plays acted there, the Gipsy Boy was written.

We transcribe the song, and a very imperfect imitation of it, which we long ago attempted as a lullaby for a restless child.

Im Nebelgeriesel, im tiefen Schnee,
Im wilden Wald, in der Winternacht,
Ich hörte der Wölfe Hungergeheul,
Ich hörte der Eulen Geschrei:

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Wito hu !

Ich schoss einmal eine Katz'am Zaun,
Der Anne, der Hex', ihre schwarze liebe
Katz' ;
Da kamen des Nachts sieben Wehrwölfe
zu mir,
Waren sieben sieben Weiber vom Dorf.

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Wito hu !

Ich kannte sie all', ich kannte sie wohl
Die Anne, die Ursel, die Kät'h',
Die Liese, die Barbe, die Ev', die Beth ;
Sie heulten im Kreiske mich an.

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Wito hu !

Da nannt' ich sie alle bei Namen laut :
Was willst du, Anne? was willst du
Beth?

Da rüttelten sie sich, da schüttelten sie
sich
Und liefen und heulten daron.

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Wito hu !

In foggy drizzle, in deep snow white,
In the wild wood wide, in the winter
night,
I heard the hooting of the owls,
And I heard the wolves and their hungry
howls,

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Wito hu !

And once I shot a cat in the ditch
Anne's big black cat, the wicked witch,
On the night of that day, Seven war-wolves
grey Came eyeing their prey,
All eyeing me, all hunger-driven,
Eyeing their prey, Seven war-wolves
grey,
Seven hags of the village were the Seven.

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Wito hu !

I knew them all and each, I guess,
There was Anne, and Ursula, and Beas,
Lizzy and Barbara, Sue, and Kate,
And they circled me round and howled
with hate.

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Wito hu !

And I named their names, for my heart
 was stont;
 What ails thee, Anne? what is Bess
 about?
 And they shook in fright, and they fled
 in fear,
 And skudded away with howlings drear.

Wille wau wau wau!

Wille wo wo wo!

Wito hu!

The anecdotes given by Falk are fragmentary and unconnected; we transcribe one of Klinger:—

“Klinger as is well known, was Goethe’s countryman. A friend of mine, with whom I was once talking about him, his writings, his residence in Weimar, and his departure for Petersburg, where he was made General, told me that one morning Klinger went to Goethe, took a large packet of manuscript out of his pocket, and began to read aloud. Goethe bore it for a time, but at length he sprang from his seat exclaiming, ‘What cursed stuff is this you have been writing again? The devil may bear it if he can!’ and ran away. This, however, did not in the least degree disconcert Klinger, nor disturb his equanimity; he rose quietly, put his manuscript in his pocket, and merely said, ‘curious! this is the second man with whom this has happened to me today!’ Wieland declared that if it had been his case he should have found it difficult to preserve such composure. Goethe replied ‘so should I. But the very thing proves Klinger to have been born to be a General is that he has such confounded coolness and assurance. I have often predicted it in former times.’

“Shortly after Goethe had written his *Werther*,’ said the venerable Gleim to me one day, ‘I came to Weimar, and wished to know him. I had brought with me the last Göttingen *Musen-Almanack* as a literary novelty, and read here and there a piece to the company in which I was passing the evening. While I was reading, a young man, booted and spurred, in a short green shooting jacket thrown open, had come in and mingled with my audience. I had scarcely remarked his entrance. He sat down opposite to me, and listened very attentively. I scarcely knew what there was about him that struck me particularly, except a pair of brilliant black Italian eyes. But it was decreed that I should know more of him.

“During a short pause, in which some

gentlemen and ladies were discussing the merits of the pieces I had read, lauding some and censuring others, the gallant young sportsman (for such I took him to be) arose from his chair, and bowing with a most courteous and ingratiating air to me, offered to relieve me from time to time in reading aloud, lest I should be tired. I could do no less than accept so polite an offer, and immediately handed him the book. But oh! Apollo and all ye Muses,—not forgetting the Graces,—what was I then to hear! At first, indeed, things went on smoothly enough.

‘Die Zephyr’n lauchten

Die Bäche rauschten

Die Sonne

Verbretet ihre Licht mit Wonne.’

The somewhat more solid substantial fare of Voss, Leopold, Stolberg, and Bürger, too, were delivered in such a manner that no one had any reason to complain.

“All at once, however, it was as if some wild and wanton devil had taken possession of the young reader, and I thought I saw the Wild Huntsman bodily before me. He read poems that had no existence in the *Almanack*; he broke out into all possible modes and dialects. Hexameters, iambics, doggerel verses, one after another, or blended in strange confusion, came tumbling out in torrents.

“What wild and humorous fantasies did he not combine that evening! Amidst them, came such noble magnificent thoughts, thrown in, detached and fitting, that the authors to whom he ascribed them must have thanked God on their knees if they had fallen upon their desks.

“As soon as the joke was discovered, a universal merriment spread through the room. He put every body present out of countenance in one way or another. Even my Mæcenasship, which I had always regarded it as a sort of duty to exercise towards young authors, poets, and artists, had its turn. Though he praised it highly on the one side, he did not forget to insinuate, on the other, that I claimed a sort of property in the individuals to whom I had afforded support and countenance. In a little fable composed extempore in doggerel verses, he likened me, wittily enough, to a worthy and most enduring turkey-hen, that sits on a great heap of eggs of her own and other people’s, and hatches them with infinite patience; but to whom it sometimes happens to have a chalk egg put under her instead of a real one; a trick at which she takes no offence.

"That is either Goethe or the devil," cried I to Wieland, who sat opposite to me at the table. 'Both,' replied he; 'he has the devil in him again today; and then he is like a wanton colt that flings out before and behind, and you do well not to go too near him.'

"Gleim used to dwell with uncommon glee on this *escapade* of Goethe's, as did Wieland, from whose mouth I heard and collected the chief features of the story, as I have just related it."—FALE, Chapter 8.

We have in a former paper in this journal, given extracts from Von Müller's Oration on the death of Goethe; the most interesting part of which is his account of the relations between him and Schiller. The great variety of Goethe's studies is more dwelt on by Von Müller than Falk; and the anxiety with which he avoided the troubled element of politics as unsafe ground for art. His own journals, however, exhibit this part of his character more fully than any commentaries; the following is a note written in 1795:—"Reichard (the composer) had thrown himself with violence and fierceness into the revolution. I, however, beholding as with my eyes the dreadful uncontrollable consequences of events thus forcibly let loose, and espying through the distance, a secret similar impulse in my fatherland, held, once for all, fast on existing institutions; at the amendment, vivification, and direction, of which towards the rational and the intelligible. I have consciously and unconsciously worked all my life; and neither could nor would disguise this way of thinking." In his review of Voss's *Life and Writings* the same feeling is very strongly expressed. Von Müller's account of the coldness with which Goethe at first heard of anything unfamiliar to him, will go far to account for the unfavorable way in which he sometimes impressed strangers.

"It was indeed generally his way, whenever any thing new and remarkable presented itself to his notice, to receive it with extreme, though silent, attention: for a time he appeared cold and indifferent, but as soon as he had a clear perception of its nature and bearings, he would either eagerly seize upon it, pursue it and interweave it in the web of his thoughts

and actions, or repugn it with energy, or at the least, obstinately ignore it.

"I may venture to affirm, that his interest in all that was praiseworthy and useful in inventions, manufactures, technical art, or physical science, instead of declining, increased with his increasing years.

"Bold undertakings, like the tunnel under the Thames, or the Lake Erie canal, had an irresistible charm for him, and he could not rest till, by means of accurate drawings, plans, and descriptions, he had obtained the most distinct conception possible of the object, its difficulties, and the means and appliances by which those difficulties were to be subdued.

"The search for rock salt which our Glenk, with the divination and persistency of genius, set on foot in various directions around us, invited his attention anew to the recesses of the earth and the most difficult geological problems; and the enterprize, spirit, and perseverance of the man, excited such lively sympathy in his mind, that he greeted the first piece of rock salt from the salt-works of Stutterheim, in Weimar, with that admirable poem which, while it celebrates the conquest of science and art over the hostile Kobolds and Gnomes, is itself the triumph of the poet over the most unpromising and intractable materials.

"He took great and manifold interest in the missionary reports from Halle,—as he did, indeed, in all endeavours to diffuse higher feelings of morality by religious means; and, if his nearest friends were sometimes surprised at finding him engaged in the study of the theological writings of Daub, Kreutzer, Paulus, Murheineke, Röhr, or even poring over the folios of the fathers of the Church, his admirers will perhaps be still more so, when they learn, that, at the time of the jubilee of the reformation, he was most intently busied on an historical cantata on Luther and the Reformation, a complete sketch of which, in all its parts, was found among his papers.

"I still remember the *naïf* wonder of a worthy French clergyman from Paris, who thought he was visiting a great poet merely, when Goethe, in the course of conversation, unexpectedly unrolled before him the whole ecclesiastical history of France during the last three centuries, drawn in grand and masterly outlines, and illumined with the lightning-flashes of his remarks.

"With the same interest with which he listened to the description of the battle

of Trafalgar in all its minutest details, which a British naval officer gave him at his request, did he attend to the several sketches or plans (which must by no means be omitted to be laid before him) of every new project for improvements at home—whether it were a road, a church, a school, or only a gateway.”—*Von Miller*.

We have left ourselves but little room for extracts from Monsieur Soret. Our selections are made chiefly with the view of exhibiting the true answer to be given to such attacks as those of Heine and Menzel; which we think have proceeded from imperfect acquaintance with the character of this great man.

“Goethe has been accused of excessive susceptibility to criticism. It is important to correct this false impression. There never was a man of genius who displayed more modesty, more docility to counsel, than the great man whose loss we deplore. He attached, it is true, considerable value to the homage addressed to him, to the multiplied proofs of admiration which he received from all quarters; but he scarcely ever spoke of them, even to his most intimate friends; or if he did, it was in a tone so natural, so unaffected, that it was evidently the expression of contentment, and not of pride.

“He detested, with an energy which might seem like violence, criticisms dictated by malice, envy, or absurdity. It was not because they were directed against himself, but because they were intrinsically bad; for his indignation was just as great when they fell upon another victim. Besides, he never complained of them openly; he punished his detractors by silence—a moderation which offended self-love does not always observe. As to criticism inspired by friendship, or laid before him in a becoming manner, the persons who had intimate access to him have had abundant proofs that he received it with the greatest pleasure, and with a surprising docility, even when it ventured to touch his highest literary claims;—he was irritable only on scientific points.”—*Soret*.

Of Goethe's critics the best is Varnhagen Von Ense; and we omit or defer the publication to some future time, of much of that we have written, in order to make room for a few sentences which we think place in a truer light than any thing that we have else-

where met, the leading idea of Goethe's productions, and render intelligible the strange forms in which he would sometimes mask himself.

“What has been said of Shakespeare—that he stood on the confines of two eras of the world—is equally applicable to Goethe. His life and writings unquestionably belong to a division or section of time which may be properly characterized as the age of decay and destruction, as opposed to creation and construction. The latter half of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, may be regarded as the crisis of a period which events had long prepared. Whatever may be the general results, it is certain that private life was filled with the deepest sufferings, shaken by the storm, and often utterly wrecked.

“It was the province of Poetry to seize this picture of life, and to preserve it embodied in eternal forms, faithful and vivid.

“The whole product of Goethe's imagination is scarcely any thing else than the picture of the convulsions of a world divided against itself; and if on the one hand he softens the harsh features of this division by the magic and the grace of his genius as an artist; if by the force of the spirit of truth that was in him he depicted all that existed, recognized its claims to exist, and thus reconciled and harmonized the jarring elements, he was compelled by this same spirit of truth to drag many a contradiction that had lain concealed, out of its dark abode, and to place it in a sharp and distinct light.

“In this position—in this task—of the poet, lies the answer to all the absurd demands and reproaches which narrow minds, impatient of all they cannot understand, have made and will make on the score of morality. Morality, however, in its loftiest form, inheres in all his works, even where it seems most wanting to their dim eyes.

“For the breaking up and dissolution of the old forms of society, which, long diseased and baneful, had sought to bind fresh life to their own death, and the new unfolding forms which had as yet no sanction—these are the elements which Poetry must of necessity deal with at such an epoch. Hence the mass of contemporaries may indeed admire the poet, but are incapable of fully understanding him; they will blame his views and his intentions; but a future age infallibly does him justice, and recognizes that,

amid all the perils of the heart, and aberrations of the mind, the Artist remained innocent and virtuous; amid all the excesses of sensuality, chaste and pure; like the spiritual teacher who shuns not to trace out every fault and backsliding, to call each by its true name and quality, nor to plunge down into the depths of night to rescue the soul which he brings back to the light of day. No otherwise does the Poet, in so far as he really is one; he can cease to be moral only where he ceases to be a poet.

"Early was Goethe aware of the perplexity and confusion of a world at variance with itself, in the midst of which he was born and grew to manhood. The first works of his genius, *Werther*, *Goetz*, *Faust*, *Stella*, betray the agitation of an inward life impatiently struggling with the forms imposed by the outer world; which can neither conform to them nor be circumscribed by them, and yet utterly wants the new forms in which it might freely expand and be at peace. This struggle, a ceaseless, ever-recurring; fundamental theme, shows itself in all the succeeding works of Goethe in the most varied and the loftiest forms.

"That in our age man is born not into a free natural state, but into an artificial world, intersected and divided in all directions by boundary lines; long appropriated, and cumbered by successive heaps of dead matter, deaf or hostile to the claims of intellect or of character; that the new forms of existence are yet without any firm footing, entangled in an artificial inextricable web, in which the better part too often is destroyed or languishes; this insight was peculiar to the author of *Werther*. But here despair stands fixed, and finds no other outlet than what self-destruction offers. In his later works comfort and healing are found. In *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister* this tendency comes clearly to light. Here, for the Spiritual, victory is achieved; the Rebellious is brought back to allegiance; the Severed is reconciled. There, for the Earthly, new forms of existence are suggested, calculated to render it tranquil, satisfied from within and from without.

"The Poet, in whose mid life occurred the mighty event of the French Revolution, which toils and struggles in, or against, the same opposing or hostile matter with himself, only with the most violent and frightful weapons, stands directly opposed to it, inasmuch as the only means he would employ for the solution of the great problem laid before the

world were culture, insight, benevolence. If he took up arms at all, it would be against that very revolutionary force, which is hateful to him under every form, precisely because it advances its cause only by destruction. But progress in living development of mind; the ennobling and refining of all existing institutions; the purifying and harmonizing of the world, were the objects of his unintermitted and fervent zeal; and the forward glance he loved to cast into an improved and improving future, severed him for ever from those mischievous dreamers who stubbornly look back to an inapplicable past as the blessing we must strive to regain. He would fain keep a hold on the Actual, knit the New securely to it, and give to them conjointly a just direction.

"He values the Permanent, but he knows how to trace it even in the midst of change; he recognizes motion as the true element of humanity, and principle of the universe.

"All this is clearly expressed in the *Wanderjahre*, and a comprehensive view of a new order of things is drawn in firm though not rigid characters, with poetical freedom.

"This book is not to be regarded as a mere sport of imagination. The poet has transferred all the serious difficulties of Reality into his fiction; and it is in the grandest sense a didactic work. The necessities of daily life take their rank by the side of the highest elevation of mind; Christianity works in the form of mild piety; education spreads out her establishments, powerful and all-comprehensive; the taste for Art, richly bestowed on individuals, becomes an universal advantage; the mechanical arts and trades, led by wise arrangements from their destructive rivalry, take their station without fear by the side of the higher arts, certain of receiving from them due honour and appreciation; natural disposition and capacity determine and ennoble every occupation. The false and incongruous position of women disappears before rightly assorted marriages, which bring together unequal classes. They are exalted into free ministers of a religion of love and beneficence."—*Von Ense*.

We do not think of anything like a biography of Goethe. Our single purpose is a review of the volumes before us accompanied with such remarks as they naturally suggest. Of Goethe's works the most remarkable

peculiarity is that the incidents of his own life appear to have been his chief subjects, or rather the only sources of his inspiration. The very names of the characters in his works of fiction are those of his earliest associates. The character of Gretchen, Goethe's first love, is painted in almost the same colours as the Margaret of his drama. The cabalistical studies in which he supposes his solitary student engaged, were the favorite amusement of his own boyhood; the fierce contests between the two natures* contending for the possession of the inner man, were contests which shook his own frame, and a sentence from St. Paul, whose writings were a favorite study of his in early life, might have formed a more appropriate introduction to his wonderful poem than the startling prologue in heaven. Werther was no more than an exhibition in words of a state of being through which he had himself passed—which he regarded as a disease; and he tells us that he sought relief and a cure for this disease, by throwing it to the surface instead of letting it prey on the vital powers within. This renders the study of Goethe's autobiography necessary to the full understanding of any of his works. The prodigious effect upon the public mind occasioned by the appearance of Werther, had soon its natural reaction; Goethe and the public became within a year or two wearied with the everlasting commentaries, and interpretations, and panegyrics and malignant criticisms of every body, competent and incompetent. He himself conceived a disgust for the work, and avoided all conversation about it. We are not surprised at this; but there was one dialogue on

the subject which we regret has not been preserved. At the time of the conference of Erfurt, Napoleon had an interview with Goethe, and made some critical remarks on Werther. The author of one of the memoirs in Mrs. Austin's third volume mentions that Talleyrand preserved notes of the conversation. These have not, so far as we are aware, been published. Goethe's notes of the conversation have been found, but are only slight and hasty memoranda.

It is worth mentioning that all Goethe's genial productions in literature were worked out in periods of tranquillity. When his mind suffered under trials, his resource was abstruse study, and he devoted himself exclusively to science. We mention the fact, because Coleridge so often alludes, with painful distinctness, to his giving himself up to metaphysical studies, to dull, if possible, the sense of pain.

"But now afflictions bow me to the earth,
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
But, oh, each visitation
Suspends what Nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of imagination—
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient all I can,
And haply by abstruse research to steal,
From my own nature, all the natural man;
This was my sole resource—my only plan—
Till that which suits a part, infects the whole,
And almost is become the habit of my soul."

We had thought to have given some extracts from Goethe's reviews, of

* "In my breast

Alas! two souls have taken their abode
And each is struggling there for mastery!
One to the world and the world's sensual pleasures
Clings closely with scarce separable organs;
And one is struggling to redeem itself,
And rise from the entanglements of earth—
Still feels its true home is not here—still longs
And strives—and would with violence regain
The fields, its own by birthright—realms of light
And joy, where—Man in vain would disbelieve
The instincts of his nature that confirm
The loved tradition,—dwell our sires of old."

ANSTEN'S FAUSTUS.

Wieland, and Voss, and Herder. In a future number we purpose to give some account of Marmier's *Etudes de Goethe*, and we shall then have the opportunity of saying a few words on parts of his character which for the present we leave unexamined. We must, however, notwithstanding the length to which this article has already run, allow Mrs. Austin to state the effect upon her own mind of the materials with which she has supplied us for judging of Goethe.

"The materials now submitted to the English reader, suffice to show that quality which struck all who approached his person, and must strike all who study his works; his universality. By this it is not meant that he acquired or produced a number of things; that distinction he would share with many—with Voltaire for instance; yet no man is less entitled to the praise of many-sidedness than Voltaire; for whether in prose or verse, history or fiction, we are certain of meeting the same trains of associations, opinions, and prejudices throughout his works.

"But Goethe had the singular faculty of divesting himself of intellectual identity—of becoming that which he contemplated or described—of feeling the sensations, of thinking the thoughts, of other beings. To be able to follow him in his infinitely excursive travels into every region of the Actual and the Possible—to consider all the questions that most interest and agitate mankind with perfect *indifferency* (using the word in Locke's sense)—requires an imagination as mobile, a temper as impartial, an understanding as large as his. Where are they to be found? To most men (particularly in a country where the divisions of class and sect are so strongly marked as in England) it would be just as possible to transform themselves bodily into the outward form of another. To them every writer necessarily appears intent on attacking or defending, openly or covertly, the opinions, actions, or characters of some party. But, it cannot be too often repeated, Goethe was *not* a partisan. He observed and described. And his power of identifying himself with every state or mode of human existence was not at all confined to those aspects it has already exhibited. His imagination could present him with new situations, new influences, and new results, with equal truth and vivacity. Of this I might suggest many examples.

"It is a total mistake to confound these speculations on possible changes in the

forms of society, with arguments in their favour.

"That he was indifferent to the progress of human improvement, and the sum of human happiness, as some have affirmed, appears to me incredible. It is difficult to conceive what motive could have induced a man laden with years and honours, and secure in affluence, to persevere in labours like his to the last hour of life. Indifferent to many of the questions that are most fiercely debated, he might,—nay rather he *must*—be, for his wide and prophetic glance pierced far beyond the strife of the hour. To those who required of him to join in it, he might well reply,

"Mortale est quod queris opus; mihi fama perennalis
Queritur:—"

and not only perennial fame, but, as its inseparable concomitant, perennial usefulness—usefulness which will be recognized by grateful generations long after the waves which today agitate the ocean of life shall have subsided and given place to others;—or, if that may ever be, to calm. Maxims of the most profound, earnest, and enlarged humanity; benign indulgence for frailty: schemes and hopes of improvement; exhortations to labour for the good of mankind, are thickly scattered through his works: are we then justified in accusing him of apathy and selfishness because he had a dread of violent political convulsions; a distrust of the efficacy of abrupt changes in the mechanism of government.

"It was not, surely, that he was indifferent to the welfare of mankind, but that he thought it a pernicious illusion to look for healing to sources whence he was persuaded healing could never come. His labours for the improvement of the human race were unwearied, calm and systematic. But if the political neutrality he obstinately observed subjected him to the vehement denunciations of many of his countrymen, it will probably be still more revolting to English readers. It is, however, unreasonable to expect the same earnestness and vehemence in support of any cause or system from a man who sees it with all its limitations and possible attendant evils, as from one who can perceive nothing but its advantages. The same clear, serene, far-reaching glance which enabled him to discern 'the soul of goodness in things evil,' and thence inclined him to tolerance and indulgence, revealed to him the evil that lurks amid the greatest apparent good, and thus moderated his expectations and tempered his zeal."

LETTERS FROM AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

LETTER I ADDRESSED TO THE PROTESTANT PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND.

In which the Irish Protestant explains his reason for writing,—and tells, by way of introduction, some plain truths.

GENTLEMEN,—I am about to write to you on the state of affairs in Ireland, and the policy pursued towards it.

I do not think that I need any other apology for thus addressing you, than that I am about to write on matters of the gravest moment to the interests of the reformed faith. Unless your character be much better than you deserve, you love that faith as well as any people in Europe; and many of you would be ready to shed your heart's blood in its defence. I presume upon your attachment to it to hope that you will give me your earnest attention, while I offer to you a few plain suggestions of common sense, as to the state of the Protestant religion in a country, in which you feel, I am assured, the liveliest interest.

I will begin by frankly telling you, that I look upon the policy now pursued towards Ireland as having no other end—not to say aim—than the utter extirpation of Protestantism out of it, and the setting up of Popery, in a complete and undisputed ascendancy. This I say, in all good faith, to be the inmost conviction of my mind; and I am satisfied that if you will lend me your attention, I will make it plain to you, not only that my conviction is well-founded, but that actually a very considerable progress has been made towards the accomplishment of this result.

But it may not be impertinent to my purpose, to explain how it is that I come at all to address you. I have already stated my belief in your attachment to the doctrines and the principles of Protestantism,—I have never, unhappily, been in your country, but I have heard from many, both of my countrymen and yours, of the character of your people, that you are sincere and hearty lovers of the principles of the Reformation; and I cannot believe that you, who cherish those principles at home, can be really desirous of depressing them in Ireland; and yet I grieve to say, that the conduct and votes of the great major-

ity of your representatives in parliament are calculated to discourage Protestantism here, and to support the most arbitrary and tyrannical pretensions of the Church of Rome. I cannot, of course, believe that these gentlemen act contrary to the feelings and wishes of their constituents, and I therefore must suppose, that you tacitly acquiesce in the policy which they support.

I have sometimes pondered on this matter in my own thoughts, and I could never reconcile it to myself how a people who read their Bible, as I have heard you do, and who prove, in their whole demeanour their love for its principles, could make common cause with those who in this country oppose it, and persecute its readers. The only solution I could think of was, that you did not know the effects of the policy which is, at this present, pursued towards us by our rulers. And I could not help often regretting within myself, that the most Protestant and religious people in Europe should, through a want of acquaintance with the real state of affairs, be lending a powerful assistance to those who are every day coming nearer to banishing the Protestant religion out of Ireland.

And when my mind was put upon reflections of this kind, it was sometimes suggested to me, I do not think altogether by self-conceit,—that I could desire no better occupation for the little leisure I have from the business by which I live, than to employ myself in giving you a short account of the real state of Ireland,—and to explain to you the sad state into which Protestantism here is falling, and the great arrogance and height into which its enemies are raised,—so that indeed the whole island is too narrow to hold the insolence of some of them: and I thought that if you could learn the way in which Protestantism is cast down and depressed, you would no longer give your countenance to the policy which has reduced it to so low an ebb. But,

upon further thought, I feared that the task was one not fit to be undertaken by a plain man like myself. For, although, thank God, I have been never looked upon as deficient in some natural ability, and have been enabled, by education, somewhat to improve whatever little talent may have been bestowed upon me,—I make no doubt that you will perceive that I can make no pretension to elegance of style, or to practise in writings of this nature.

But I will candidly tell you what put me just now upon addressing you.—I lately had the good fortune to fall in with a gentleman from your capital city—a man of excellent judgment, and of sound principles, and an honest and a warm heart,—although at first I could not but think him a little cold in his manner, as indeed are most of your nation I have met. But, on a nearer inspection, I found his coldness was all on the outside, and a great intimacy sprung up between us, which I hope will not easily be broken off.

Our talk naturally turned upon the state of affairs in Ireland, and he told me that his opinions were greatly changed since he came to see with his own eyes how things were managed here: and when I asked in what respect lay the change, he replied that when he was in Scotland, he always believed that the Protestants of Ireland were oppressors of the Catholics; whereupon I could not help laughing, to think how far his notion had wandered from the truth; and yet, indeed, there was bitterness in my laugh,—such bitterness as I suppose an Israelite might have felt when making bricks without straw, if any one had told him that it was believed that his people spent their time in cruelly entreating the Egyptians.

Before, however, this gentleman left Ireland, he was persuaded of the direct contrary of what he had believed before he came to it. And here I would observe, that if there be any one in your parts who is afflicted with the disease which some people call by a strange conceit "*liberality*," and if I were to act as his physician in this dangerous and pestilent malady, I would, after the fashion of some doctors, recommend for him nothing beyond sea sickness and a change of air,—and I am sure that a

voyage to us, and a residence of a few weeks in this country will, unless the disease proceed from some original malformation of the heart, effect a speedy and effectual cure.

But to return. It fell out in conversation with your countryman, that I mentioned to him what had some time before come into my thoughts about giving your people a short account of the real state of affairs here in Ireland, and he encouraged me very heartily to the project; and when I told him candidly, that not being practised as a writer, or bred to much learning, I feared lest I might, by the uncouthness of my address, rather injure than serve the cause I had in hand, he told me that you were not a people to be taken in by fine words—as he was pleased to say we Irish were—but that you had a natural shrewdness that made you look more to the natural reason, and fitness of a statement, than to the propriety of the wording—and that if I could but bring before you good matter, you would not be put off from it by any fault of the manner in which it might be conveyed—which observation of his gave me no small encouragement to go on; for to tell the truth, I think I generally have soundness of reasoning in my arguments, however little I may be able to set them off by point of language, or brilliancy of wit—so that I might be the less embarrassed in writing to a people who were accustomed to look to the kernel rather than the shell. Besides, I knew that God is often pleased to make use of the weakest instruments—and, at most, my feeble attempt might set some one of more ability upon the same track—so I determined, with God's help, to put my thoughts upon paper; and having been put by a friend upon the trial, I found that the publishers of our only Irish Magazine would kindly give my letters to the world—the only difficulty I apprehended, that of finding a mode of printing that would not impose charges too great for my moderate means, was thus altogether removed.

I shall make no further preface, except just to remark, that I cannot hope to compress, within one, two, or perhaps even three letters, all that I may have to say upon this subject. Indeed, I would prefer writing many short

letters to a few long. I have remarked that most people dislike long treatises in print, and I shall endeavour only to lay before you at one time, as much as you may have leisure fully to examine.

Once for all then, my object and anxiety in all my letters is, that every one of you Protestants of Scotland should understand fully and entirely the state of affairs in Ireland—and when you so understand them, I am satisfied to say, not a word by way of appeal to your feelings, but simply bid you in the name of God, to exercise the political power which the constitution may have given you, as your duty to your God and your religion demands.

In this my first letter to you, I hope to do little more than make my acquaintance with you. I will then, by way of introduction, state to you some plain truths. Without meaning a play upon the word, I am sure the telling of these is the best introduction to honest men—it will certainly be the best preface to all that I have to say.

I need not, of course, tell you, that the population of Ireland is divided between the professors of Protestantism and the adherents of Popery. The Roman Catholics—for I do not wish to call them Papists, as I am told they take offence at that name, and it is none of my wish to give any body offence where it can be avoided—the Roman Catholics are by much the more numerous. Taking the population of the whole island, I make no doubt that there are three of them for one Protestant. This may not be the exact proportion, but it is near it. I am very sure that there are not four, or even three and a half to one.

But here I must tell you that there are many points connected with the distribution of the population between the two creeds, which it is very important to bear in mind, although I cannot now enlarge upon them. You must not imagine that the Protestants and Roman Catholics are distributed in equal proportions over every part of the island. The northern counties, those nearest to you, are inhabited principally by Protestants—some of the southern and western are almost exclusively Popish; and I must just in passing remark, that those districts where Protestantism prevails are as quiet, and

peaceable, and as prosperous as any part either of your country or of England, and that those places where there are few or no Protestants, are filled with every kind of violence and crime.

Nor are you to suppose that the distribution takes place in regular proportions through all grades and classes of society, so that you might calculate that as there are three Roman Catholics for one Protestant, there should be three Roman Catholic barristers or country gentlemen, or physicians, or merchants, for one Protestant of the same class. No such thing. In all the upper and educated classes of society, there is an immense preponderance of Protestants. In the very lowest grade, and in those immediately above it, the others have an overwhelming majority. Scarcely any of the gentry belong to the church of Rome, and in all the businesses and occupations in which we generally look for the respectability and intelligence of the community to be found, there are, comparatively speaking, very, very few of that persuasion.

The great mass of the Roman Catholics are brought up in an intense hatred to Protestantism, and in a slavish submission to the will of their clergy. I make no doubt that political feeling contributes largely to the first; for, unhappily, they regard the Protestants as the foreign conquerors of the island; and although many of the Roman Catholics themselves are of English descent, and many, on the other hand, of the original Irish are Protestants—yet this is altogether lost sight of, and the universal feeling among the lower orders of Roman Catholics, is that they are the native owners, and rightful proprietors of the soil, and that all Protestants, whether in the character of landlords or tenants, are intruders upon their just and hereditary rights.

I need not point out to you what a deal of evil must be wrought by so absurd and mischievous a notion—when it has got hold of the minds of a large proportion of an easily excited population. Your own common sense will shew you to what a state of things it must necessarily give rise—and I regret to say that in their addresses to the people, the clergy lend but too much countenance to this notion—and they constantly impress upon their minds a

hope which, indeed, unless through the mercy of God, some change be made in the plan pursued, seems very likely to be realized—that the island will become exclusively Roman Catholic again.

The influence of the clergy over the people is immense. Indeed you have only to remember the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, to form yourselves a tolerably adequate notion of its extent. They look up to the priest as one whom they constantly see to create his God, and one to whom they must reveal every secret thought of their heart—but this is not all, for he has the power of life or death, and at their departure from this world, has the power of insuring them eternal happiness, or, by denying them the rites of the church, consigning them to everlasting perdition. A Roman Catholic of the lower order in Ireland, looks upon his damnation as certain, if he should happen to die without partaking of the ceremonies prescribed by the rules of his church. And the priests exercise an arbitrary power of withholding at their discretion, these rites; by which means they have established in Ireland, a tyranny for themselves unexampled in the annals either of ecclesiastical or civil despotism.

In political matters they use this engine of power with terrible effect—for they say, and certainly not without reason, that the exercise of the franchise is a part of the moral duty of its possessor—and, as by the tenets of their religion—they allow to the laity no liberty of determining for themselves—but constitute the church or the clergy, as the judges of all that relates to matters of conscience—they naturally enough, upon their principles, claim the regulation of the political conduct of their flocks—and it is a common thing for them to refuse the rites of their church to those that vote at an election contrary to their directions; a sentence which I have already explained, the superstitious people regard as one of eternal damnation.

Such is the influence which they derive from the superstitions of the people. But this is backed and perpetuated by another species of tyranny, which, though it be the child and offspring of the other—ministers dutifully enough to its support—I need not tell you that

the genius of popery has been in all ages and countries of a persecuting character—and in Ireland it has not proved itself unworthy of the Church of the inquisition. If a member of his flock, by any means or other—gives offence to his priest—if, for instance, he is known to possess a Bible, or to dare to think upon religious matters for himself—the priest denounces him to his congregation from the altar, and the effect of this instantly is, that all the Roman Catholics of his district, refuse to hold any communication with him as a man visibly under the displeasure of God; by which, if he be a man in business it is ten to one but he is utterly ruined. And this is not all—if he continue obstinate, in most parts of Ireland, he is almost certain of having his house burned over his head, or being himself stoned to death, or otherwise savagely destroyed.

Such things as I tell you of happen in Ireland very frequently—as frequently as there are persons of hardihood enough to provoke the vengeance of so terrible a power. And it is by these means that Popery has maintained itself in Ireland. The first symptoms of heresy which a man shews, he is avoided by all his neighbours, and persecuted by every species of annoyance; and if he is firm enough not to yield to this, the matter is very soon ended by his being knocked on the head—which, indeed, is a very light matter among us—for I believe that there never were a people among whom there was such utter recklessness of human life as among the peasantry of the Popish districts of Ireland.

These are the means by which the power of the priests is kept up—and by which they enjoy a dominion over the people as absolute as the human mind can well conceive. In Popish districts, no man can set himself to resist their tyranny, except at the peril of his life—and they wield at their pleasure, the consciences, and direct the conduct of the great mass of the Roman Catholic population of Ireland.

It is of course to be expected that the priesthood will use all their power to establish a Roman Catholic ascendancy in Ireland; and to this point all their exertions are directed. And you may be perfectly assured of this, that under whatever disguise they may cloak

their pretext, and by whatever fine words they may attempt to impose upon you, the real and the only end at which they are aiming, is to restore their church to that supremacy from which the glorious exertions of your fathers and our fathers dashed it down.

I promised that my letter should be a short one, and perhaps it is time for me to bring it to a close. I pray you, however, as you love your religion, to weigh the little that I have said, and perhaps in that little there may be much that is new to you—but which may yet deserve your serious consideration. I have but entered on the subject of the enormous power of the popish priesthood; and I have not touched at all upon the question of the enormous revenues which they draw from the people. But in all your calculations and reasonings about the state of this unhappy country, bear in mind both the extent of that power and the means by which it is maintained: and above all things, regard the man who talks of the mass of the Roman Catholics of Ireland as free agents, either as an arrant impostor, or as utterly ignorant of the real state of things; for most of them are so bound by superstition that they regard it as incurring certain damnation to question any thing that their priest directs them, and those who have understanding sufficient to rise above this terror, are kept in check by one more unquestionable and substantial; for as soon as an unhappy Roman Catholic becomes the object of the terrible denunciation from the altar, he is cut off from all the benefits of society, and is an object of aversion to those with whom he has been brought up; and if he holds out against this tremendous pressure he may think himself happy indeed if even a few months pass over his head without his falling in with some one who will think he does God service in putting him quietly out of the way.

The members of parliament who are returned on the popish interest in Ireland, are returned by the influence of the priests; and it needs no great sagacity to infer that they are sent there to serve the designs of those who send them. Now it is an admitted fact, that the ministry yield to the wishes of those members in the mode of governing Ireland; and the result is just such as we might expect, that Ireland is now governed in the very way most adapted for the establishment of a popish ascendancy.

This, with the blessing of God, I will show you clearly in my subsequent letters; and if I succeed in making plain to you, that the course of the present policy of our rulers tends directly to the establishment of a popish ascendancy; and if you do not rouse yourselves throughout the length and breadth of your country to insist upon that policy being changed, then all I can say is, that you are as degenerate a race of poltroons as ever cast disgrace upon the memory of illustrious ancestors—you are no more like the countrymen of Knox than the Pope is like St. Peter; and if you look on with indifference while popery is reared into a hideous supremacy over your brethren in Ireland, I could almost find in my heart to wish for you that it might be your own turn next to know the galling bitterness of its chain.

But I believe in my soul that you will acquit yourselves like Protestants and like Scotchmen; and that when the whole case between us—the Protestants of Ireland and our oppressors—is laid before you, neither pope, or priest, or devil will be able to turn you from siding with the cause of Protestantism and truth,

And may "God defend the right."

I have the honour to be, gentlemen,
your very obedient servant,

AN IRISH PROTESTANT.

Youghal, August 17th, 1836.



THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XLVI.

OCTOBER, 1836.

VOL. VIII.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. VII.

JAMES, EARL OF CHARLEMONT.—PART I.

THE excellent nobleman, whose life we now propose to present to our readers, has very peculiar claims upon the biographer of Irish worthies. He was more distinguished by his worth than by his talents, by his taste, than by his genius; and was placed by circumstances in a position in which, with abilities of no very uncommon kind, he was enabled to act a very distinguished part upon the stage of public affairs in Ireland.

James, Earl of Charlemont, was descended from the ancient family of Caulfield, which appears, Mr. Hardy observes, to have been settled in Oxfordshire many centuries previously to the reign of Elizabeth. Sir Toby distinguished himself, towards the close of that reign, by deeds of arms in the low countries; and, in the succeeding reign, came to Ireland, where, for his notable services, he was created Baron of Charlemont, on the 22nd of December, 1620. The settlements and the confiscations which took place about that period, enabled him to acquire ample grants of land in Armagh and elsewhere; and the new Baron must be considered one of the numerous English proprietors, whose possessions were conferred upon them for the purpose of carrying into effect the wise policy of the sagacious Monarch whose reign was chiefly signalized by his measures for the pacification of Ireland.

That these measures were, in many instances, arbitrary and tyrannical, to a degree that would now provoke loud and indignant reclamation, must be

admitted even by those who may fairly contend that they were not, by any means, uncongenial with the spirit of an age when prerogative notions ran very high, nor altogether without a justification in the peculiar circumstances of this country. But, that they were admirably calculated, in the long run, to settle and tranquillize it; and that they actually have, on more occasions than one, served to maintain British influence, when it must have been otherwise overthrown, will scarcely be denied by any who bestow a calm attention upon the state of Ulster, as compared with the other provinces, and the various instances in which the British colonists constituted the only body upon whom the British government could securely rely for defeating the machinations of rebellion, and confounding the devices of foreign or domestic treason. Ireland was, in fact, regarded by foreign powers as the most vulnerable point of the British dominions, while it was harassed by the feuds of conflicting barbarians; and the hostility which the bulk of the people evinced to the principles of the reformation, which had never been presented to them but under an aspect calculated to provoke not merely a sectarian but a national antipathy, gave a foreign ecclesiastical potentate such a controlling influence over the religious feelings of the bulk of the population, as enabled him, at will, to disturb the repose of the empire. It was to guard against the dangers arising from these various causes that James adopted the prudent

policy of garrisoning the country with a colony of English settlers, whose superior civilization might serve to improve the habits of the native inhabitants, while their interests, as well as their religious and political principles were an effectual guarantee for the maintenance of British connexion. And the family of the Caulfields, from whom the subject of the present sketch was descended, long continued to merit the approbation of the English government, by the steady fidelity with which, in the worst of times, they persevered in their allegiance.

William, the fifth baron, was created a viscount in 1665. He was known by the venerable epithet of the *good* Lord Charlemont; a title of which he might well be more proud than of his augmented honours, as it was not conferred upon him because of any contrast between him and a predecessor, who might have been called the *bad* Lord Charlemont, but was the spontaneous tribute of a grateful people, who were desirous of thus affectionately marking their sense of the generous amiability of his nature. James, of whom we now write, was the second son of the third Viscount Charlemont, and Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Bernard, of Castle Bernard, in the county of Cork. He was born on the 18th of August, 1728; and, his eldest brother, William, having died young, he succeeded to the family honours, upon the death of his father, in 1784, at the early age of six years.

It does not appear that he ever enjoyed the advantages of a public school; but he was liberally supplied with careful and competent preceptors. The Rev. Mr. Skelton, an able and a pious clergyman, who has left behind him sermons which entitle him to no mean place amongst the orthodox divines of the church of England, was his first instructor, and if the young nobleman was not by him, made minutely acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity, he was at least imbued with a respect for religion which never left him in after life. Skelton was succeeded in his office by others, who contributed their full share to the development of his youthful powers; but by far the most efficient of these was Mr. Murphy, the editor of that edition of Lucian which was in our day, and, we believe, still is, part of the entrance

course for our University. We have a lively remembrance of the sly gravity of the editor, who enjoyed as well as understood his author well; and if the doctrine of a metempsychosis were generally received, could have readily believed that the soul of Lucian had passed into the body of the amiable humorist who presented this amusing edition of his dialogues to the world. He was induced to take up his residence in the family of Lord Charlemont, whose progress in classical learning was greatly aided by his assiduous attention, and who studied under him with an intensity which is said to have impaired his sight. Mr. Murphy, afterwards accompanied him upon his travels, where he was well qualified to appreciate the works of art, and the objects of classical interest which came in his way; and his noble pupil, who must have derived much advantage as well from his taste as from his knowledge, never ceased to speak of him, and to feel towards him, with unmixed generosity and affection.

Lord Charlemont set out upon his travels in the autumn of 1746, and was a witness in Holland of the revolution which terminated in the establishment of the Prince of Orange as stadtholder. He then passed some time in the English camp, where he was received with much attention by William, Duke of Cumberland; but, as improvement, and not amusement, was his leading object, he had the good sense and firmness speedily to betake himself from this scene of military festivity and pomp, and to go directly to the academy at Turin, where he passed a whole year, occasionally making excursions into other parts of Italy. He here became acquainted with some distinguished political and literary characters, with whom he afterwards maintained a friendly correspondence. The Marquis St. Germain, afterwards ambassador to France, was his particular friend, as was also the Compe Perron; but the individual by whose notice he was most flattered, was David Hume, the celebrated historian. This distinguished man was greatly taken by the frankness and cordiality of the young nobleman, and the ardent thirst of knowledge which he displayed, while so many born to rank and affluence, were wasting time, and health, and

money, in idle and frivolous dissipation. Hume, accordingly, was desirous of inspiring him with the sentiments and opinions which he himself entertained, and might, unfortunately, have succeeded, had not his young friend been strongly fortified, both in head and heart, against the insidious assaults of infidelity. But his own account of the matter is so interesting, that it would be injustice both to him and Mr. Hume not to present it in his own words :

“ The celebrated David Hume, whose character is so deservedly high in the literary world, and whose works, both as a philosopher and as an historian, are so wonderfully replete with genius and entertainment, was, when I was at Turin, secretary to Sir John Sinclair, plenipotentiary from the court of Great Britain to his Sardinian majesty. He had then lately published those philosophical essays which have done so much mischief to mankind, by contributing to loosen the sacred bonds by which alone man can be restrained from rushing to his own destruction, and which are so intimately necessary to our nature, that a propensity to be bound by them was apparently instilled into the human mind, by the all-wise Creator, as a balance against those passions which, though perhaps necessary as incitements to activity, must, without such control, inevitably have hurried us to our ruin. The world, however, unconscious of its danger, had greedily swallowed the bait; the essays were received with applause, read with delight, and their admired author was already, by public opinion, placed at the head of the dangerous school of sceptic philosophy.

“ With this extraordinary man I was intimately acquainted. He had kindly distinguished me from among a number of young men, who were then at the academy, and appeared so warmly attached to me, that it was apparent he not only intended to honour me with his friendship, but to bestow on me what was, in his opinion, the first of all favours and benefits, by making me his convert and disciple.

“ Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiology were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skilful in that science, pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind, in the unmeaning features of his visage. His

face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman, than of a refined philosopher. His speech, in English, was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent, and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom, most certainly, never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old, he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing an uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained bands. Sinclair was a lieutenant-general, and was sent to the courts of Vienna and Turin, as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was, therefore, thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet.

“ Having thus given an account of his exterior, it is but fair that I should state my good opinion of his character. Of all the philosophers of his sect, none, I believe, ever joined more real benevolence to its mischievous principles than my friend Hume. His love to mankind was universal and vehement; and there was no service he would not cheerfully have done to his fellow creatures, excepting only that of suffering them to save their souls in their own way. He was tender-hearted, friendly, and charitable in the extreme, as will appear from a fact, which I have from good authority. When a member of the University of Edinburgh, and in great want of money, having little or no paternal fortune, and the collegiate stipend being very inconsiderable, he had procured, through the interest of some friend, an office in the university, which was worth about forty pounds a-year. On the day when he had received this good news, and just when he had got into his possession the patent, or grant entitling him to his office, he was visited by his friend Blacklock, the poet, who is much better known by his poverty and blindness, than by his genius. This poor man began a long descant on his misery, bewailing his want of sight, his large family of children, and his utter inability to provide for them, or

even to procure for them the necessaries of life. Hume, unable to bear his complaints, and destitute of money to assist him, ran instantly to his desk, took out the grant, and presented it to his miserable friend, who received it with exultation, and whose name was soon after, by Hume's interest, inserted instead of his own. After such a relation, it is needless that I should say any more of his genuine philanthropy, and generous beneficence; but the difficulty will now occur, how a man, endowed with such qualities, could possibly consent to become the agent of so much mischief, as undoubtedly has been done to mankind by his writings; and this difficulty can only be solved by having recourse to that universal passion, which has, I fear, a much more general influence over all our actions than we are willing to confess. Pride, or vanity, joined to a sceptical turn of mind, and to an education which, though learned, rather sipped knowledge than drank it, was, probably, the ultimate cause of this singular phenomenon; and the desire of being placed at the head of a sect, whose tenets controverted and contradicted all received opinions, was too strong to be resisted by a man, whose genius enabled him to find plausible arguments, sufficient to persuade both himself and many others, that his own opinions were true. A philosophical knight-errant was the dragon he had vowed to vanquish, and he was careless, or thoughtless, of the consequences which might ensue from the achievement of the adventure to which he had pledged himself. He once professed himself the admirer of a young, most beautiful, and accomplished lady, at Turin, who only laughed at his passion. One day he addressed her in the usual common-place strain, that he was *abimé, anéanti*. '*Oh! pour anéanti,*' replied the lady, '*ce n'est en effet qu'une opération très naturelle de votre Système.*' Hume will be mentioned afterwards in the course of these memoirs, as Lord Charlemont often met him in England, and always preserved an intimacy with him."

On the 27th of October, 1743, he left Turin, on his way to Rome, by Boulogne. He spent the winter in Rome and Naples, and in the subsequent April sailed from Leghorn, on a voyage to Constantinople and the East. The companions of his voyage were, Mr. Francis Pierpont Burton (afterwards Lord Conyngham,) Mr. Scott,

Mr. Dalton, and Mr. Murphy. On the 6th of May, 1749, he thus writes:

"We approached the city of Messina, having securely passed the poetical dangers of Scylla and Charybdis. We were exceedingly struck with the beauty and magnificence of this city, when viewed from the sea. The sun was newly risen, and richly illuminated a splendid theatre of palaces, occupying the space of a full mile, which is regularly built round one-half of that beautiful and extensive basin of clear and unraffled water, which forms a harbour at all times commodious and safe. Between the magnificent crescent, or semicircle, and the water, is a level space, at least one hundred feet in breadth, bounded on one side by the buildings, and on the other, by a handsome parapet of hewn stone, opening regularly into several wharfs for the convenience of landing. The palaces are all exactly similar, and the governor's palace, a building of considerable extent and grandeur, stands alone at one extremity. The entrance into the city, which extends itself behind this superb quay, is through noble and spacious arches, placed at proper and regular intervals, and forming a most striking part of the general plan. Opposite to the quay, and near the entrance into the port, stands the citadel, a fortress of considerable strength, and massive magnificence, which with the castle of St. Salvatore, another strong fortification in view, adds greatly to the beauty of the prospect.

"A boat was now sent alongside of our ship to inform us, that till we had passed a proper examination by the officers of health, appointed for that purpose, we must not enter the city; and a naked and uninhabited part of the beach, at a considerable distance, was pointed out to us, where alone we could be permitted to land. In obedience to these directions, getting into our boats, we rowed on shore, and here we were detained above three hours, before any one came near us. At length the officers approached, keeping however, a due distance, and examined us respecting the port from whence we had taken our departure, which being found to be Leghorn, a place perfectly unsuspected of contagion, they began to be a little more familiar. Our bills of health were now produced, and found to be perfect, and we were desired to enter a sort of house, or square cottage, erected for the purpose of further examination. As soon as we had all crowded into this

wretched inclosure, a bar of wood was put across the door, at about three feet in height from the floor, and we were ordered to shew our health and agility by leaping over this bar—a feat which was easily and merrily performed by all of us, Burton only excepted, whose corpulent unwieldiness was ill-adapted to the exercise of leaping, and had well-nigh prevented his getting practised. After several ineffectual trials, and some oaths, his efforts were, at length, attended with success, and we now proceeded to the last probation, being ordered to strike ourselves violently on our groins, and on the insertion of our shoulders, being the parts of the body which are liable to pestilential tumours. Here also my friend Burton was not a little embarrassed; for, though perfectly free from the plague, and, at that time, from any other disorder, his groin was by no means in a situation to bear any rough treatment.

“Such was our whimsical probation, which, as may easily be imagined, afforded us no small entertainment. But our merriment was of short duration, giving way, as soon as we had entered the city, to ideas of a nature opposite indeed. Here every thing we saw induced us not only to excuse, but to applaud that caution, which had detained us so long, and given us so much trouble. Every object too plainly indicated the miseries which had been lately felt. This noble city, not long since one of the finest in the world, and the pride of Sicily, was now the seat of ruin and desolation! Scarcely a passenger in the street, where games had covered the pavement; and the Jews that were to be seen, wretches in whose pale countenances were clearly to be traced sickness, famine, despair, and sometimes guilt and violence; the shops shut up, and only here and there a miserable stall open for vending some necessary, but trifling commodities. The noble palaces, heretofore seats of triumph and festivity, were now involved in silence and desolation, stripped of their inhabitants, presenting to the saddened mind the shocking idea of the final wreck of mortal beauty, when the animating soul is fled.”

During this voyage he visited some of the Greek islands, Smyrna, and the Dardanelles, Tenedos, and other places of note, carefully examining every thing of interest and curiosity, and procuring drawings of the principal reliques of Grecian architecture which have survived the ravages of time, and still

continue the wonders of the world. The temple of Thescus, in particular, struck him as being a *chef d'œuvre* of that noble art. “It alone,” he observes, in his journal, merits a voyage to Greece. It is probable that his lordship's mind was imbued, during this voyage, with that passionate love of the arts, which ever after distinguished him through life, and which contributed not a little to promote their advancement in Ireland; and we cannot but wish that such papers as he has left behind, illustrative of what he then saw and felt, were submitted by his descendants to competent revision, and presented fully to the public. We now know them only by such scraps as make it impossible for us not to wish to know them more at large; and the influence which he is known to have exerted at a subsequent period over almost every department of taste in the country of his birth, renders every thing relating to the early formation of his own mind, an object of national interest to the people of Ireland.

In his voyage from Alexandria to Athens, he touched at Rhodes, to which he afterwards paid a second visit; and it was on his way from this place to Malta that he encountered a storm of the most terrific kind, of which he has left us the following animated description:

“After a few days of tolerable, though dark and threatening weather, we were overtaken, on the 20th of January, by one of the most violent hurricanes that ever was known in those seas. The storm, which was at south-east, the most dangerous of all winds in the Mediterranean, dreaded by sailors under the name of *Levanter*, began about noon, and continued all day, gradually increasing. Whilst we had daylight to assist, and to comfort us, we put ourselves before the wind, and bore away with what little sail we could carry. Night came on, and the storm redoubled. Ignorant in what part of the sea we then were, for the darkness of the weather had for some days past prevented us from taking any observation, we guessed, as in cases of this kind we are always prompt to guess, the worst, that we were driving up the Adriatic, the sea of all others most feared by mariners; and therefore, dreading the consequence of a lee-shore, destitute of harbours, and afraid any longer to leave ourselves at the disposal of the wind, we

put the helm about, and lay to, under our courses double reefed. Now was but the beginning of horror. The tempest raged with tenfold fury. The gloom of night was unnaturally horrid. The scudding clouds at times divided, affording faint and transient gleams of brassy light, far more dreadful than the deepest darkness. The waves rose mountain high; and to me, who, supported in the gangway, stood gazing at the magnificent ruin, the whole ocean appeared in flames, through which the vessel ploughed her desperate way, sometimes perched on the giddy brow of the stupendous accumulation, and again plunging precipitate into the flaming abyss. The motion was now grown so violent, that I could no longer support it, and I was unwillingly preparing to go down into the cabin, when a squall of wind, to the fury of which the settled tempest became a calm, laid the ship down almost on her side, and broke three out of her five main shrouds. The cannon broke loose, and, together with all our loading, and a great part of the ballast, rushed at once to the lee-side of the vessel with such a horrible crash, that the ship seemed to have burst in pieces. If the whole globe should, by sudden explosion, be rent asunder, I question whether the shock would be greater to each individual, than what was now felt in our little world. Every heart quaked with fear, and horror appeared in every countenance. Nor, even after the immediate shock was over, did the consequences seem less terrible. The ship, weighed down by the shifting of her ballast, &c. was unable to right herself, and lay, gunwale under water, at the mercy of the billows, which seemed, every instant, ready to devour her. Our captain now, a brave and experienced seaman, addressed the sailors in words to this effect: 'My lads, you see the situation to which we are reduced. The vessel is old, and not much to be depended on. If we should spring our mainmast, she would, undoubtedly, go to pieces, and that must be the consequence of another such squall. I know of no resource, but to make fast the buoy rope to the mast-head, which, being belayed at the ship's side, may serve as a false shroud, and may possibly preserve the mast. I well know the difficulty of the attempt. To go aloft in such a situation is more than I can venture to order. I am an old sailor, and fear to attempt it. But it is our only means of safety, and if there be a fellow among you, brave enough'—Here he was instantly interrupted by Tom Sillers, (I

never shall forget his name,) who stood next to him. This truly, and I may add philosophically, brave fellow, taking from his cheek the plug of tobacco, cried out, 'by G—, master, if we must die, 'tis better to die by doing something.' His words accompanied his action, he was presently at the mast-head—the buoy-rope was made fast, and the mast belayed; and thus, by the astonishing bravery and activity of one man, that danger, which seemed imminent, was at least postponed. Such are British sailors!

"We now retired to our beds, dreading the worst, yet not without hope; when, after about an hour's horrid uncertainty, the captain entered our cabin, and told us, that he feared all was over. That, though at sea from his infancy, he had never seen such a night. That the ship indeed might possibly ride it out; yet, that he would recommend it to us to prepare for the worst. How this sentence was felt may be easily judged. A dead silence ensued, which lasted for some minutes, but was finally broken by my friend Frank Burton, who lay next bed to me. 'Well,' exclaimed he, and I fear, with an oath, 'this is fine indeed! Here have I been pampering this great body of mine, for more than twenty years, and all to be a prey to some cursed shark, and be damned to him.' The unexpected oddity of such an exclamation at such a time, the profound seriousness, and consequent comicalness, with which it was uttered, together with the character and figure of the man, for Frank was a bon vivant, almost as conspicuous for size and corpulence, as for the excellent temper of his mind, were motives of mirth too strong to be resisted, and, in the midst of our fears, we burst out into a loud laugh. Neither let this incident, this comic outbreak in our tragedy, appear unnatural. Nature and Shakespeare, both inform us, that character will prevail in the midst of distress.

"Our merriment, however, was but of short duration; and now the ship-carpenter entered our cabin. This fellow, who was an excellent seaman, had been a great favourite of our's, and consequently was our friend. 'Masters,' said he, 'the captain has, I find, been with you. But never fear—the ship is a tight one—I have examined her thoroughly. There is not an inch in her carcass with which I am unacquainted. She is strong and good. There is, indeed, one rotten plank, and that a principal one—let that hold, and we are all safe.' This consolation, as may easily be guessed, was not exactly fitted to

relieve us; forgetful of the strength and tightness of the vessel, our minds, as may be supposed, ran on the rotten plank. In this situation we passed the tedious night; shut up in a noisome and agitated dungeon, the gloom of which was made visible by the dim twinkling of a swinging lamp, and which had but too much the semblance of a tomb already prepared for us. Scarcely able, with all our strength, to keep ourselves in our beds; and bruised in every part of our bodies, by our continued efforts, and by the violence of the agitation; wet by the sea-water, which dashed in through every crevice, and gave us a melancholy foretaste of the final wetting which we expected and dreaded; we seemed cut off from all hope but that of a speedy period to our lives and tortures; yet still we hoped—the principle of religion was active in our souls, and despair fled before it. Woe to the wretch who, in such a situation, is destitute of this comfort! Our prayers were heard: day at length appeared: the sun arose: the storm abated: soon we were able to quit our dungeon. The tempest now subsided into a steady gale, and no effect remained but that uneasy swell—the certain consequence of a violent storm. Still, however, our situation was disagreeable: our shattered vessel still lay with her gunwale close to the water's edge; and utterly ignorant where we were, we knew not what course to steer, or where to seek protection.

"A man was now sent up to the mast-head to discover land; a second, a third went aloft; still no land was to be seen. At length, one cried out from above in a voice which seemed to us, indeed, from heaven, that he saw land! The captain himself went up, and verified the discovery. Land there was directly before us, and we were hastening towards it; gradually it grew more and more visible, and we could now discern it from the deck; but what was our joy, when we found that this land was the identical island of Malta, the end and purpose of our voyage. It is impossible to describe our feelings: I shall not attempt it. All happiness is more or less perfect, as it is more or less contrasted by misery; and here was a sudden transition from fear to hope, from danger to security, from misery to joy, from impending death to life!"

This is, assuredly, the production of no ordinary mind, and proves abundantly that had Lord C. devoted himself to composition, there are many departments of writing in which he might

have excelled. But his destination was, rather to quicken and animate others by his patronage and encouragement, than to guide them by his example. He forgot personal distinction in his desire of national advancement, and while he was tenderly solicitous for the reputation of others, by whose senatorial or literary exertions, the weal or the glory of the country might be promoted, he was comparatively indifferent about his own, and seemed, indeed, to think, that he was himself as nothing, except as far as he was instrumental in their advancement.

It was during his passage through France that he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Baron Montesquieu, which nothing but a more lengthened life on the part of that illustrious person prevented ripening into perfect friendship. He was travelling with Mr. (afterwards) Lord Elliot, and the manner in which he and the Baron became acquainted, we shall suffer him to tell in his own words.

"Arrived at Bordeaux, our first enquiry was concerning the principal object of our journey; but how great was our disappointment, when we found that he had left the city, and was gone to reside at a country seat, four or five hours distant. To leave our longing unsatisfied was truly mortifying to us; and yet what could be done? At length, after a long deliberation, we determined to strike a bold stroke; and, getting the better of all timidity, perhaps propriety, we sat down and wrote a joint letter, in which we candidly told the president our reasons for visiting Bordeaux, our sad disappointment, our eager wishes for the honour of his acquaintance, which, as English subjects, we most particularly desired; concluding by begging pardon for our presumption, and leave to wait on him at his villa. Neither did we languish long for an answer; it quickly arrived, in every respect as we would have wished, and consisted of modest acknowledgments for the honour we did him, assertions of the high esteem in which he held our country, and the most hearty, and pressing invitation to come to him as soon as our occasions would permit. The first appointment with a favourite mistress could not have rendered our night more restless; and the next morning we set out so early that we arrived at his villa before he was risen. The servant shewed us into his library,

where the first object of curiosity that presented itself was a table, at which he had apparently been reading the night before, a book lying upon it open, turned down, and a lamp extinguished. Eager to know the nocturnal studies of this great philosopher, we immediately flew to the book; it was a volume of Ovid's works, containing his elegies, and open at one of the most gallant poems of that master of love. Before we could overcome our surprise, it was greatly increased by the entrance of the president, whose appearance and manner was totally opposite to the idea which we had formed to ourselves of him. Instead of a grave, austere philosopher, whose presence might strike with awe such boys as we were, the person who now addressed us was a gay, polite, sprightly Frenchman; who, after a thousand genteel compliments, and a thousand thanks for the honour we had done him, desired to know whether we would not breakfast, and, upon our declining the offer, having already eaten at an inn not far from the house, 'Come then,' says he, 'let us walk; the day is fine, and I long to show you my villa, as I have endeavoured to form it according to the English taste, and to cultivate and dress it in the English manner.' Following him into the farm, we soon arrived at the skirts of a beautiful wood, cut into walks, and paved round, the entrance to which was barricaded with a moveable bar, about three feet high, fastened with a padlock. 'Come,' said he, searching in his pocket, 'it is not worth our while to wait for the key; you, I am sure, can leap as well as I can, and this bar shall not stop me.' So saying, he ran at the bar, and fairly jumped over it, while we followed him with amazement, though not without delight, to see the philosopher likely to become our playfellow. This behaviour had exactly the effect which he meant it should have. He had observed our awkward timidity at his first accosting us, and was determined to rid us of it: all that awe with which, notwithstanding his appearance, his character had inspired us, and that consequent bashfulness which it must have occasioned, was now taken off; his age and awful character disappeared; and our conversation was just as free and easy as if we had been his equals in years, as in every other respectable qualification. Our discourse now turned on matters of taste and learning. He asked us the extent of our travels, and, as I had visited the Levant, he fixed himself particularly on me, and enquired into several circumstances relative to the countries where I

had been, in many of which I had the good fortune to satisfy him. He lamented his own fate, which had prevented his seeing those curious regions, and descanted with great ability on the advantages and pleasures of travel. 'However,' said he, 'I, too, have been a traveller, and have seen the country in the world which is most worthy our curiosity—I mean England. He then gave us an account of his abode there, the many civilities he had received, and the delight he felt in thinking of the time he had spent there. 'However,' continued he, 'though there is no country under heaven which produced so many great and shining characters as England, it must be confessed, that it also produces many singular ones, which renders it the more worthy our curiosity, and indeed, the more entertaining. You are, I suppose, too young to have known the Duke of Montagu: that was one of the most extraordinary characters I ever met with; endowed with the most excellent sense, his singularity knew no bounds. Only think, at my first acquaintance with him, having invited me to his country seat, before I had leisure to get into any sort of intimacy, he practised on me that whimsical trick which undoubtedly you have either experienced, or heard of; under the idea of playing the play of an introduction of ambassadors, he soused me over head and ears into a tub of cold water. I thought it odd, to be sure, but a traveller, as you well know, must take the world as it goes, and, indeed, his great goodness to me, and his incomparable understanding, far overpaid me for all the inconveniences of my ducking. Liberty, however, is the glorious cause! that it is which gives human nature fair play, and allows every singularity to show itself, and which for one less agreeable oddity it may bring to light, gives to the world ten thousand great and useful examples.'

"With this, and a great deal more conversation, every word of which I would wish to remember, we finished our walk, and having viewed every part of the villa, which was, as he had told us, altogether imitated from the English style of gardening, we returned to the house, were shewn into the drawing-room, and were most politely received by Madame La Baronne, and her daughter. Madame de Montesquieu was an heiress of the reformed religion, which she still continued to profess. She was an elderly woman, and, apparently, had never been handsome. Mademoiselle was a sprightly, affable, good-humoured girl, rather plain, but at

the same time, pleasing; these, with the president's secretary, whom we afterwards found to be an Irishman, formed our society. The secretary spoke nothing but French, and had it been possible that Elliot and I, in our private conversation, could have uttered any thing to the disadvantage of our hosts, we might have been disagreeably trapped by our ignorance of his country, but nothing of that kind could possibly happen; every thing we said was to the praise of the president, and the politeness shewn to us by his family. Our dinner was plain and plentiful; and when, after having dined, we made an offer to depart, the president insisted upon our stay; nor did he suffer us to leave him for three days, during which time his conversation was as sprightly, as instructive, and as entertaining as possible. At length we took our leave, and returned to Bordeaux, whither we were escorted by the secretary; who now, to our great surprise, spoke English, and declared himself my countryman."

He afterwards met him in Paris, where the sprightly Baron was the gayest of the gay. The affable and captivating manners of this debonair philosopher are thus described by this most amiable, but judicious and discriminating observer :

"I have frequently met him in company with ladies, and have been as often astonished at the politeness, the gallantry, and sprightliness of his behaviour. In a word, the most accomplished, the most refined *petit-maitre* of Paris could not have been more amusing, from the liveliness of his chat, nor could have been more inexhaustible in that sort of discourse which is best suited to women, than this venerable philosopher of seventy years old. But at this time we shall not be surprised when we reflect, that the profound author of *L'Esprit des Loix*, was also author of the *Persian Letters*, and of the truly gallant *Temple de Gnide*.

"He had, however, to a great degree, though not among women, one quality which is not uncommon with abstracted men, I mean absence of mind. I remember dining in company with him at our ambassador's, Lord Albemarle, where during the time of dinner, being engaged in a warm dispute, he gave away to the servant, who stood behind him, seven clean plates, supposing that he had used them all. But this was only in the heat of controversy, and when he was actuated by that lively and impetuous earnestness,

to which, though it never carried him beyond the bounds of good breeding, he was as liable as any man I ever knew. At all other times he was perfectly collected, nor did he ever seem to think of any thing out of the scope of the present conversation.

"In the course of our conversations, Ireland and its interests, have often been the topic; and, upon these occasions, I have always found him an advocate for an union between that country and England. 'Were I an Irishman,' said he, 'I should certainly wish for it; and, as a general lover of liberty, I sincerely desire it; and for this plain reason, that an inferior country, connected with one much her superior in force, can never be certain of the permanent enjoyment of constitutional freedom, unless she has, by her representatives, a proportional share in the legislature of the superior kingdom.'

"A few days before I left Paris to return home, this great man fell sick, and, though I did not imagine, from the nature of his complaint, that it was likely to be fatal, I quitted him, however, with the utmost regret, and with that sort of foreboding which sometimes precedes misfortunes. Scarcely was I arrived in England, when I received a letter from one whom I had desired to send me the most particular accounts of him, communicating to me the melancholy news of his death, and assuring me, what I never doubted, that he had died as he lived, like a real philosopher; and what is more, with true Christian resignation. What his real sentiments, with regard to religion, were, I cannot exactly say. He certainly was not a Papist; but I have no reason to believe that he was not a Christian: in all our conversations, which were perfectly free, I never heard him utter the slightest hint, the least word, which savoured of profaneness; but, on the contrary, whenever it came in his way to mention Christianity, he always spoke of its doctrine and of its precepts with the utmost respect and reverence; so that, did I not know that he had too much wisdom and goodness to wish to depreciate the ruling religion, from his general manner of expressing himself, I should make no scruple freely to declare him a perfect Christian. At his death the priests, as usual, tormented him, and he bore their exhortations with the greatest patience, good humour, and decency; till at length fatigued by their obstinate and tiresome pertinacity, he told them that he was much obliged for their comfort, but that, having now a very short time to live,

he wished to have those few minutes to himself, as he had lived long enough to know how to die. A day or two before his death, an unlucky circumstance happened, by which the world has sustained an irreparable loss. He had written the history of Louis the Eleventh, including the transactions of Europe during the very important and interesting period of that prince's reign. The work was long and laborious, and some, who had seen parts of it, have assured me, that it was superior even to his other writings. Recollecting that he had two manuscripts of it, one of them perfect, and the other extremely mutilated, and fearing that this imperfect copy might fall into the hands of some ignorant and avaricious bookseller, he gave his valet de chambre the key of his escrutoir, and desired him to burn that manuscript which he described to him. The unlucky valet burned the fair copy, and left that from which it was impossible to print.

"There is nothing more uncommon than to see, in the same man, the most ardent glow of genius, the utmost liveliness of fancy, united with the highest degree of assiduity and of laboriousness. The powers of the mind seem in this to resemble those of the body. The nice and ingenious hand of the oculist was never made to heave the sledge, or to till the ground. In Montesquieu, however, both these talents were eminently conspicuous. No man ever possessed a more lively, a more fanciful genius. No man was ever more laborious. His '*Esprit des Loix*' is, perhaps the result of more reading than any treatise ever yet composed. M. de Secondat, son to the president, has now in his possession forty folio volumes in his father's hand-writing, which are nothing more than the common-place books, from whence this admirable work was extracted. Montesquieu, indeed, seems to have possessed the difficult art of contracting matter into a small compass, without rendering it obscure, more perfectly than any man who ever wrote. His '*Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*' is a rare instance of this talent; a book in which there is more matter than was ever before crammed together in so small a space. One circumstance, with regard to this last-mentioned treatise has often struck me, as a sort of criterion by which to judge of the materialness of a book. The index contains nearly as many pages as the work itself."

But the time came when it was necessary for him to think of returning

home. He had now seen as much of the world as most young noblemen at his time of life, and had profited as much by his converse with the works of art, and the men of genius in the various countries which he visited, as most of those who go abroad to study with a view to their future subsistence. Having arrived in London, where he remained for a short time to enjoy the society of some select and distinguished friends, he bent his steps towards Ireland, where he was no doubt cordially received by his happy and admiring relatives, but where he found few of the attractions which rendered his sojourn in foreign countries so delightful.

Had he placed his summum bonum in the pleasures of the chase, or the convivialities of the festive board, he might have been well contented with the society into which he could now have access; or had it been his object to trade upon his parliamentary influence, and make it subservient to his family interest, or his personal consideration, he might, no doubt, have largely profited by the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. But his taste was too refined for the one, and his heart was too sound for the other. From the very first hour that he started into public life, this virtuous nobleman seems to have considered himself as invested with wealth and power only for the good of his country; nor could he have been called into political being at a period when influence and abilities such as he possessed might have been more largely instrumental to the well-being of Ireland.

At his return, in 1755, the state of the country was such as naturally to elicit a different species of patriotism from that by which his family had been previously distinguished. Formerly it had been the object of the English party, the colonists, to avail themselves of the power of England for the purpose of keeping down the insurgent Irish. The papal influence was that which was chiefly dreaded, and this had been completely prostrated by the penal laws. The Protestant party were enabled to convert the Popish party into slaves; but in so doing, they themselves lost almost every vestige of constitutional liberty; and, by the time

they could securely behold the Papists humbled in the dust before them, and stripped of all political power, they began to perceive that they themselves were left in possession of but the shadow of a parliament, and that, if political security had been attained, it had been attained at the expense of national independence.

By a recent enactment, passed in the sixth of George the First, the power of final jurisdiction was taken from the Irish House of Lords. There was no mutiny bill to limit the power of the army, no habeas corpus act to protect the liberty of the subject, no independence of judges to secure a dignified impartiality in the administration of the laws, and, as the members of the House of Commons were the nominees of some half-dozen great proprietors, and held their seats during the life of the sovereign, there could have been, on their part, but little necessity for attending to the wants or wishes of the people. Nor, even were they so disposed, was it in the power of that assembly to *originate* any thing for the benefit of Ireland. A power was exercised under Poynings' law, not only by the Irish, but by the English privy council, of suppressing or modifying every legislative measure which had for its object to effect any alteration in the existing laws; and thus the parliament was reduced to something little better than a constitutional fiction, in which the forms of free discussion were preserved, while, by the privilege claimed and exercised by the executive in the sister country, all power of direct legislation was practically superseded.

Had the measure of a legislative union been proposed and carried at this period, it would have, obviously, conferred upon this country important constitutional advantages, and must have been regarded, by all thinking people, as a *promotion* of Ireland, from a state of inferiority and vassalage, to a full participation in all the privileges of imperial legislation. When we consider the great men who appeared in Ireland during the last half of the eighteenth century, we cannot doubt that they would have fully vindicated for themselves that claim to attention and respect which would have insured their efficiency, for

all national purposes, in a British parliament; and the necessity for considering every question that presented itself, with reference to general, not local interests, could scarcely have failed to enlarge the views of our representatives, and to abate that intensity of peculiarly Irish feeling which militated so fatally against the well-being of the empire. But, the critically happy time, or, what the alchemists used to call the moment of projection, at which, by a single stroke of policy, the countries might have been indissolubly welded together, was suffered to elapse, and the measure of union, as it is called, did take place—not until the energies of the country had been suffered to develop themselves in the achievement of legislative independence, and under circumstances which rendered it not only extremely revolting to the moral sense, but, as mortifying as it might, at a previous period, have been gratifying to the national feelings of the people. What the result may yet be, Heaven only knows. The great changes which have, of late years, taken place in the constitution, by enlarging the power of the democracy, and reducing the influence of the executive, render it impossible to calculate upon a continuance of that steady government by which the prosperity of the country might best be promoted, and this great empire, with all its colonies and dependencies, may, at any moment, be the victim of hasty and intemperate legislation. It is to be feared that the agitator has now obtained a *purchase* against our monarchical institutions, by means of which he may, with his little finger, do more harm, than the united energies of the wise and the well-meaning can do good; and an explosion may, at any moment, take place, by which the monarchy may be shattered into fragments, and drifted down the current of a bloody revolution. But we must not anticipate or digress. Our business is, at present, with Ireland in 1755, and Lord Charlemont.

There is no occasion to dwell, at any length, upon the contest between Primate Stone and Mr. Boyle, the occasion of which must be known to most of our readers. It arose out of a surplus of £200,000, which remained

in the Irish Exchequer, after all legal engagements were discharged; a claim for the disposal of which by the crown was resisted by the Irish parliament. The matter was not so important in itself, as in its consequences, for, in the end, the crown prevailed, and a king's letter drew, at once, all the money out of the treasury;—but the same letter evoked a national spirit, which was not to be easily appeased; and the British minister began to feel serious alarm at the turbulent and refractory temper which began to be evinced by the previously submissive and accommodating Commons of Ireland.

In this struggle Primate Stone sided with the government, and Mr. Boyle headed what was called the patriotic party. The latter, although defeated in the present instance, was yet far too formidable not to make it very desirable to win him back again to the support of administration; and the question upon which he took his stand, was far too popular not to give him a great advantage, in a contest with a Whig ministry, respecting one of the most cherished principles of the House of Commons. The abstract right of the English parliament to tax Ireland was then, and long after, as strenuously maintained, as its invidious exercise was studiously avoided; and the government, no doubt, judiciously conceived that the present was not a season when it could be revived and acted upon, without giving rise to heart-burnings and jealousies, which might be, to say the least, most inconvenient. It was, therefore, resolved, in the English cabinet, to hold out the olive branch to Mr. Boyle, and to make him feel that his interest should not suffer by a discontinuance of those factious proceedings by which, as the courtiers maintained, he disturbed the peace of the kingdom. It was with this view that Lord Hartington was appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, and he lost no time in negotiating a reconciliation between the political rivals. The ceremonial of this delicate business was chiefly intrusted to Lord Charlemont, who had the satisfaction of seeing these veteran statesmen acknowledge the efficacy of his conciliatory interposition, and unite again in the support of administration. But he did not know, until

all was over, that there were secret articles in the negotiation, without which it is but too probable that all his blandishments would have been unavailing. These were, that the primate should have his due share of power, though not at that time, yet at no distant period; and, that Mr. Boyle should be raised to the rank of an earl, with a pension, for thirty-one years, of £3000 a-year. "And this," Lord Charlemont observes, in one of his private letters, "is the first instance that occurred to me, among many thousand to which I was afterwards witness, that the mask of patriotism is often assumed to disguise self-interest or ambition; and that the paths of violent opposition are too frequently trod as the nearest and surest road to office and emolument. But," he justly adds, "these instances of political profligacy should no more make us distrust the existence of public virtue, than the hypocrisy which is sometimes found amongst pretended Christians should cause us to distrust the existence or the efficacy of true religion." He might, indeed, have further added, that, in both cases, they furnish a kind of indirect evidence in favour of that virtue and that truth, the semblance of which is so imposing; for we may be sure that there would be no *shadow*, if there was no *substance*; and the *appearance* would not be so frequently assumed, if the *reality* could be very gravely disputed.

This was, probably, the most courtly period of Lord Charlemont's life. He greatly esteemed the distinguished nobleman at the head of the Irish government, and he may be said in a great degree to have enjoyed the respect and the confidence of administration. Of the benign dispositions of Lord Hartington towards Ireland, he was fully convinced, and it was his anxious wish that these should not be thwarted by any factious opposition to his counsels. But this amiable and pure-minded nobleman never sought for himself or his family any personal advantage. He supported government now, as he opposed it on other occasions, from a clear conviction that, by so doing, he was best advancing the interests of his country; and although he would have been well entitled to lay claim to many of the good things

at the disposal of the minister, we believe we are borne out in saying, that a cornetcy of dragoons, the unsolicited gift of the Lord Lieutenant to his brother, who had chosen the military life, was the only substantial token of acknowledgment by which, at that, or any subsequent period, he would suffer his services to be requited. This abstinence was the more remarkable at a time when jobbing of every kind was carried to the greatest excess, and when a disinterested politician was so rare that the existence of such a phenomenon might well be doubted; and the reader will, perhaps, agree with us in thinking that it was carried to an almost romantic excess, when we tell him that, on more than one occasion, Lord Charlemont had been put to very considerable expense, for the purpose of maintaining his interest in parliament.

But not even when he trusted most in the government, was his confidence so implicit as altogether to forbid distrust; nor was he, at any time, of opinion, that a vigorous and a watchful opposition could be safely dispensed with in Ireland. He thought it more necessary here than even in England, where it was the life and soul of public spirit, and where, without it, there would have been but little hope of the continued existence of popular liberty; because we had to contend against not merely the encroaching disposition of the British government, but the commercial jealousy of the British people, which frequently compelled the minister not only to withhold the good which he would willingly do us, but to do us the evil which he would willingly avoid. The remedy for this, Lord Charlemont considered, was only to be found in the national spirit of the people, as expressed by their representatives in parliament; and faint and feeble as that was, at the period of which we now write, he lived to nurse it to a maturity which made the British minister tremble, when he himself, it may be, began to be somewhat apprehensive, that there was but little compati-

bility between British connexion and Irish independence.

The degrading statute of the sixth of George the First, which had annihilated the final jurisdiction of the Irish House of Lords, was the object of his earliest abhorrence; and he had determined, even at his outset in public life, when he must have stood almost alone, that, if engaged in any lawsuit, the decision of which might have been unfavourable to him, or even by a fictitious one, he would bring the question again, by an appeal, before the House of Lords. A severe fit of illness prevented a project which could have had, at such a time, but one result; for, as he afterwards discovered, the House of Lords, composed as it was of men "*ad servitutum parati*," would not have entertained his suit; and "*his efforts*," as Mr. Hardy observes, "*instead of removing, would have established the usurpation.*" The time, too, fought against him. "*Neither Grattan nor Flood*," as his lordship said, speaking on this subject, "*was then in parliament, nor, if they were, would parliament have encouraged them. My splendid but boyish scheme, therefore, fell to the ground.*" It may be recorded, however, as an early indication of that patriotic spirit which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until it became through life his ruling passion, and never suffered him to rest until he witnessed the complete independence of the parliament of Ireland.

Lord Hartington, who became Duke of Devonshire, by the death of his father, during his viceroyalty, was succeeded by the Duke of Bedford, under whom Primate Stone seems to have resumed much of his former influence, to the manifest dissatisfaction of many, and of Lord Charlemont amongst the rest, who were earnestly bent upon the regeneration of Ireland. The rising spirit of the Commons appeared in a dispute with the Irish executive, respecting the transmission of some obnoxious resolutions* to the king, expressive of the grave apprehensions

* These resolutions were passed in 1757. They were as follows:—

"That the pensions and salaries placed on the civil establishment of Ireland since the 23d of March, 1755, amounted to the annual sum of £23,108; that several of such pensions were granted for long and unusual terms, and several to persons not

which the Commons entertained at the enormous increase of pensions and salaries on the civil establishment. His excellency's answer was, "that he could not suddenly determine whether it would be proper to transmit them or not;" an answer which only provoked a stout rejoinder; adjourning all orders of the house, until more full satisfaction was given; a proceeding alike novel and startling to those by whom that assembly was used to be managed at their will, and by which the minister was speedily alarmed into a compliance with their imperative solicitations.

It was during this administration that Thurot's invasion took place, which, contemptible as it was, (consisting only of three frigates and about six hundred men,) might have done much mischief, had it not been for a disagreement amongst the commanders. Thurot's plan was, to make directly for Belfast, and surprise that large, opulent, and commercial town, before the inhabitants could be prepared to make any effectual resistance. To this Monsieur de Flobert demurred, maintaining that it would be against all military rules to leave behind them, untaken, such a *fortified* place as Carrickfergus. Thurot adhered to his common-sense view of the matter; while his competitor invoked the manes of Vauban, and by a display of strategic learning, (never more misplaced,) succeeded in convincing the council of war that Carrickfergus must be occupied, before any ulterior operations were undertaken. Thus, the capital of the North of Ireland was left unscathed, and time was afforded to the country to rally, and make head against the audacious invaders. Lord Charlemont, as Governor of Armagh, immediately waited on the Lord Lieutenant, to receive his commands, and proceeded directly to Belfast, which he found as well defended as time and circumstances would admit, and the inhabitants full of that undaunted resolution, and that steady courage, by which the Protestants of Ulster have always been distinguished. "The appearance," he

himself writes, "of the peasantry, who had thronged to its defence, many of whom were my own tenants, was singular and formidable. They were drawn up in regular bodies, each with its own chosen officers, and formed in martial array; some few with old firelocks, but the greater number armed with what is called in Scotland a Loughaber axe,—a scythe fixed longitudinally to the end of a long pole,—a desperate weapon, and which they would have made a desperate use of. Thousands were assembled in a small circuit; but these thousands were so thoroughly impressed with the necessity of regularity, that the town was perfectly undisturbed by tumult, by riot, or even by drunkenness."

The French soon saw that there was no hope for them in that quarter; and they hastily re-embarked, after they had effected their landing in Carrickfergus, leaving behind them Flobert and some of his officers wounded, who experienced from Lord Charlemont much humane attention. Indeed his arrival might be said to be less for the defence of the town, than for their protection, as, in their peculiar circumstances, his influence was necessary to restrain an exasperated people. But he was greatly struck by the spirit evinced by the peasantry, and the suddenness with which they were transformed into soldiers. And this was, perhaps, the first occasion which gave him an adequate idea of the military resources which this country possessed against foreign or domestic enemies.

The Whiteboy insurrection followed close upon the French invasion; and there was much reason to believe that it was stirred up by foreign interference, and only part of a general plan for the injury of the British empire, of which Ireland was well understood to be, even at that time, the vulnerable heel. Its close connexion, in point of time, with Thurot's expedition, (which was only a fragment of the greater fleet, under Conflans, which the victory of Lord Howe, and the fury of the elements had combined to defeat and to scatter,) and the *admitted fact* that

resident in the kingdom; that granting so much of the public revenue in pensions, was an improvident disposition of the revenue, an injury to the crown, and detrimental to the kingdom."

French money was found in the country to an extent that could not be accounted for by the regular course of trade, not to mention that French emissaries, who were known, we believe, by the appellation of *Wild Geese*, were secretly at work amongst the peasantry, give very considerable countenance to the opinion that the outbreak of the Whiteboys was but symptomatic of a more dangerous, extensive, and deeply-rooted conspiracy, which rose far above the low level to which it seemed confined, and embraced a large numerical majority of the population. Lord Charlemont himself admits, that "during the progress of these insurrections, a very considerable number of French crowns were received at the custom-house, *which could not have been the result of trade, since little or no specie is imported from France, in exchange for our commodities, and, more especially, since they were all of them new crowns, of the same date, and coined after any possible importation could be made by the course of commerce.*"

It is, also, very true that there were local oppressions which called for redress, and which might well afford some plausible justification to tumultuous risings. It is not, by any means, our design to defend, or even to palliate, the system by which, in Lord Charlemont's words, "farms of enormous extent were let, by their rapacious and indolent proprietors, to monopolizing land-jobbers, by whom small portions of them were again let and re-let to intermediate oppressors, and, by them, subdivided, for five times their value, among the wretched starvers upon potatoes and water."

All this may be very true; and might have served, no doubt, to prepare the people for the representations of the emissaries by whom they were deluded. But, that French gold and French influence were largely employed in inflaming national discontent, and that the *religious principle* was brought strongly to bear upon the civil and political condition of the country, in order that insurrection *within* might cooperate with invasion *without*, cannot now be reasonably denied by any one who candidly ex-

amines this period of the history of Ireland. It was one of those portentous combinations, not unusual in our singular history, for the defeat of which the pious reader will recognize an unspeakable debt of gratitude to that overruling Providence by whom, on so many occasions, we have been so graciously defended.

At the accession of George the Second, Lord Halifax was appointed viceroy. His secretary was Mr. Gerard Hamilton, a man made remarkable not merely by the brilliancy of his powers of elocution, as evinced in a single speech, but by the determined pertinacity of his silence on subsequent occasions, occasioned, it is supposed, by a dread, lest, by any other effort, he might impair his senatorial reputation. This was a whimsical, if not a despicable, peculiarity, in any one who possessed ability sufficient to take a leading part in public affairs. And our most charitable opinion of this singular personage is, that he was a kind of political man milliner, who might be supposed, in times of quiet, to act a part of ostentatious idleness, as a mere circumstance of state, but who was altogether unequal to the weighty business of government, when the repose of nations was disturbed by the explosion of novel principles which portended revolution. He was accompanied by Edmund Burke as his private secretary, who soon separated from him in disgust at his overbearing arrogance and innate meanness. Our illustrious countryman, in resigning his office, sent to him, (that he might be quit of every appearance of obligation to such a man,) an assignment of a pension which had been conferred upon him, as a small compensation for his labours and services; and this Hamilton had the baseness to accept, and pocketed the pension, for his own use, for the remainder of his life. We have with some reluctance exposed this miserable pretender; but it was necessary to exhibit him in his proper character, as he was one of the ephemerides who enjoyed no little consideration in his day, and who has been, by the annalists of that period, to whom the above-mentioned circumstances were wholly un-

known,* somewhat extravagantly commended.

Mr Hardy, Lord Charlemont's biographer, mentions, that Mr. Burke was indebted for his introduction to Hamilton to his Lordship, and recounts it as one of the instances in which Lord Charlemont befriended rising merit. The value of his patronage in that particular instance has now been seen; and our respect for both his head and heart impels us to add, that, had he known Hamilton as we now know him, that polisher of periods would have enjoyed but little of his friendship, and would never have been afforded by him an opportunity of insulting and injuring as he did, one of the brightest ornaments of Ireland.

This was the period, about 1760, when Flood was first introduced into parliament. Lord Charlemont assiduously cultivated his acquaintance; and between him and Mr. Flood a remarkable degree of friendly intimacy subsisted for many years. Of Flood's extraordinary powers he was an intense admirer; and although that great man could not be said to have inspired him with his love for his country, yet he was, in a great measure, the regulator of the course upon which he had resolved to enter, in order to enable it to take its rank amongst the nations of Europe.

Until Flood arose to agitate the senate by his energetic and spirit-stirring eloquence, Lord Charlemont could have had little hope that any thing great could be accomplished for the prosperity and independence of his native land. But when he observed the dismay which that intrepid senator was able to scatter amongst the ranks of the treasury, and hung upon his magical accents, he deemed nothing impossible to efforts such as his, and entertained sanguine hopes that the tyranny of a rapacious oligarchy, who battered, like vultures, upon the vitals of the country, would, in a short time, wither before them. He

saw the versatility of his powers, in his frequent encounters with the vivacity and adroitness of Hutchinson,† the copious information, and the solid sense of Cox, the wit and the classical elegance of Andrews,‡ the legal learning, the parliamentary experience, the imperturbable temper, and the weighty reasoning of Tisdal,|| the high authority and the statesman-like views of the veteran, Anthony Malone; and it was not unreasonable to suppose, that one who could, at that early period, sustain himself in debate so as to be formidable to antagonists such as these, must, in no long time, make his importance felt in the Irish parliament. Flood, moreover, was distinguished by a remarkable tenacity of purpose, which never suffered him to be diverted, by any temporary discomfiture, from the prosecution of any important object upon which he had strongly fixed his mind, and often enabled him to gather the means of future success from present disappointment. This Lord Charlemont clearly saw; and he could not, therefore, avoid entertaining good hopes that the views and principles which his distinguished friend, thus ably and perseveringly advocated, would, ultimately, obtain a complete ascendancy over the dark and miserable policy, which gave Ireland more the appearance of an ill-governed slave colony, than a country enjoying a separate legislature, and entitled to be regarded as a co-ordinate member of the British empire.

The following incident, which we give in the words of Mr. Hardy, could not have occurred without producing a serious effect upon Lord Charlemont's mind, for no man ever was more keenly sensitive to the national honour—

"It happened that at the time Lord Halifax was appointed Chief Governor of Ireland, Lord Charlemont was in London, where he resided constantly, when the Irish Parliament was not sitting. An event took place at this period, which,

* The cause of the breach between Mr. Burke and Mr. Gerard Hamilton was not publicly known, until the very recent publication of Mr. Flood's correspondence. It is there very fully related by Mr. Burke himself, in a letter to the last named gentleman, which was intended for his private perusal alone, and the publication of which he could never have anticipated.

† John Hely Hutchinson.

‡ One of the Commissioners of Revenue.
§ Solicitor General.

though seemingly unimportant at first, involved, as Lord Charlemont conceived, to a certain degree, the honour of Ireland, as the prerogatives of its nobility must always be connected with the national rank and character. The Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh had been happily chosen as the consort of his Majesty, and was daily expected in London. A number of the Irish Peeresses was there just at that time, and as a matter of course, they were prepared to walk in the procession at the royal nuptials; when a short time before the Queen landed, the Duchess of Bedford received orders to acquaint them, that they were not to walk, or form any part of the ceremonial whatever! That they were most justly mortified at such an uncourtly, and unexpected mandate, even the most rugged philosopher must allow. To bid fair ladies "lay their costly robes aside," on such an occasion; to exclude the noblewomen of Ireland from sharing in the honours of an august ceremony, which equally interested both nations, was exposing them to ridicule, and Ireland, whose Peeresses they were, to contempt and degradation. They applied, therefore, to Lord Charlemont, to interest himself in their behalf, and vindicate the rights and privileges of the Irish Peerage. Too young then, and too well bred at any period of his life, not to obey the commands of ladies, had any thing been wanting to ensure such obedience, their bright eyes, of course, rained influence, and decided him as to the business. So forth he issued, their proclaimed and adventurous champion. To such of the nobility as were then in town he immediately addressed himself; but, alas! his chivalrous ardour was most miserably, or rather not at all, seconded. That, from long habitude, depressed, and neglected, they should cease to feel as patriots, or even for their own body, was nothing extraordinary; but that, as Irish gentlemen, they should not feel, when the rights of ladies, and their own countrywomen too, or the wives of their countrymen, were concerned, is passing strange. Whether they did not choose to give offence, or whether any of them might unfortunately have recollected, that some of their predecessors had been once maliciously told, that they could not expect to walk at any royal procession, except a funeral, as they would then be in their proper station, as Irishmen, and might *howl* as much as they pleased; but, in short, they declined all interference, all tilts, and joustings whatever on the occasion, and

left Lord Charlemont to enter the lists alone. Such is servitude! Let Irish ladies, therefore, (as, to do them justice, they are ever most patriotically inclined) always exert their just influence in preventing their lords from deviating from political rectitude; as this instance alone must prove, that slaves are unworthy their regards, and that those who are timid, and negligent of the best rights, or any rights of Ireland, will be equally supine, equally neglectful, of theirs.

"At last, however, Lord Charlemont found one nobleman, Lord Middleton, whom this piteous torpor did not reach. He attended Lord Charlemont to Bushy Park, (the residence of the Earl of Halifax) and stated the matter to his Lordship. The Viceroy met their wishes with a politeness equal to their own, and immediately waited on his Majesty, to whom he humbly submitted this claim of the Irish ladies. His Majesty's answer, as might be expected, was most gracious and condescending. But the note of Lord Halifax, which stated the King's benignity as it deserved, stated also, that a council was ordered to be summoned next day, before whom precedents, to establish the claim, should be laid; and Lord Charlemont was, to his great astonishment and distress, ordered to furnish such precedents. A young nobleman of fashion is generally not very conversant with the herald's office; precedents, and all the solemn records of similar pageantries, were "terra incognita" to him. The time drew near; his embarrassment was extreme. To desert the women he could not think of; but how to produce these tremendous precedents, he knew not. At last Lord Egmont came into his recollection. That nobleman, whom he had long known, could, he was well convinced, give him notable assistance.—Early the next morn was the grave Earl of Egmont's bedchamber besieged by Lord Charlemont; when, after a thousand apologies, (Lord Egmont was not out of bed,) he stated his errand. Never were errand or communication more acceptable. Lord Egmont had, as is well known, excellent talents, and well adapted to the discharge of the highest public duties; but they embraced a variety of objects; and in the genealogy of several British, or Irish families, he was as particularly conversant, as Atticus is stated to have been in that of the great Roman houses, the Marcelli, the Claudii, and others. His heraldic knowledge was also singularly minute and circumstantial;

and, on points of precedence, or adjusting the slow and solemn steps of exalted personages, at public ceremonials, neither Mowbray, nor Lancaster Herald, Blue Mantle, or Rouge Dragon, could venture to approach his Lordship.

"He entered immediately into the subject, panegyricized Lord Charlemont for the part he had taken, and added, that he hoped he might without vanity say, that he was as fit a person as his Lordship could apply to, as he had written an essay, or book, on the rights of the Irish Peerage. He arose, furnished Lord Charlemont with the desired precedents, which, as the council met early, were transmitted to Lord Halifax, most miserably, and ill-favourably written.

"It will be scarcely credited, but it is most strictly true, that the claim was not only opposed, but even with virulence. The old Lord Delaware was furious against it. Lords Halifax and Talbot were for it. Such were the debates, and so balanced were the parties, that the council broke up, and decided nothing. Lord Egmont's precedents could not, in truth, be set aside; but the pertinacity of some Lords was invincible. At last his Majesty most generously put an end to the unworthy contest, and issued his order, that at the ensuing ceremonial, the Irish nobility should walk according to their respective ranks; that is, Irish Marquises, or Earls, after British Marquises, and so on.

"Lord Charlemont, disgusted at the opposition to a claim so reasonable, resolved, as far as in him lay, that it should be above all cavil in future, and by his interference, several Irish nobility of every rank walked, and their names were inserted in the ceremonial. This business made a great noise in London; and, whilst it was depending, Lady Hervey, to whom Lord Charlemont had the honour of being known, as all the celebrated men of rank and talents in London or Paris then were, assured him, that Lord Bute conversed with her frequently on the claim which had been instituted; that he considered it as perfectly well-founded, and highly applauded Lord Charlemont's conduct throughout the whole of the negotiation. Some propositions, but rather indistinct, were then made by the minister to Lord Charlemont, as to the Irish nobility walking at the ensuing coronation; they underwent some discussion, but were afterwards dropped. This contest, according to Lord Charlemont, clearly evinced the propensity of some English

statesmen, in those days, to dispute the rights of Ireland in every instance, even in comparatively unimportant matters. The recollection of it was never effaced from his mind, and had some influence on his parliamentary conduct at a subsequent period."

With this part of his conduct, his fair countrywomen could not fail to be well pleased; and Lord Charlemont's was a heart which felt no small pleasure at the consciousness of their esteem and admiration. But the times required other services, and he was soon engaged in exerting his magisterial authority in suppressing the heart-of-oak disturbances which broke out about this period (1768) in the north of Ireland. His conduct on this occasion exhibited a mixture of mildness and decision, of forbearance and firmness, which was, perhaps, better than any thing else, calculated to accomplish his object. The insurgents were dissenters, or Church of England men; and they had been excited to a breach of the laws, by encroachments upon commonage, excessive grand jury taxation, and exorbitancy in the exaction of tithe. Their object was more to frighten than to injure those whom they deemed their persecutors; and Lord Charlemont remarks that they never disgraced themselves by the sanguinary atrocities which were but too common in the south of Ireland.

"Whim," observes Mr. Hardy, "and a propensity to jokes and jibes, predominate among the lower Irish on all occasions. They obliged Dr. Clarke, a respectable clergyman, who was the first to exact more than he was entitled to in tithes, to go on the top of his own coach, and they drew him through various parts of the country. Infinite were the hisses and scurril jests, as the doctor passed along; for it is to be observed that, though they insulted several gentlemen, erected gallowses, and menaced ineffable perdition to all their enemies, no violent cruelty was exercised, nor, as Lord Charlemont said, was a single life lost, or any person maimed in the county of Armagh; a species of conduct totally opposite to that of the southern insurgents."

This difference his Lordship did not ascribe to a difference of religion, but to that cause which always makes a rebellion of slaves more bloody than an insurrection of freemen. But he did

not know popery as we know it, and as it might have since been known to any man of candour and of observation, or he would not have hesitated to admit that the spirit of the Inquisition largely mixed itself in the proceedings of the southern insurgents. They were, taken as individuals, quite as well cultivated, and a kindlier and better-natured race, than those of the north. They were, unquestionably, humbled in condition, having been deprived of political power, but, to assert that they were brought down to the condition of negroes, is a monstrous exaggeration, which, however pardonable as a rhetorical artifice, is wholly unjustifiable when intended as a plain, historical account of the manners and habits of the people. We cannot, therefore, ascribe the more atrocious character of their insurrectionary proceedings to any thing but the detestation in which they were taught to hold the persons of heretics, whom they regarded as the enemies both of God and man, and considered that they were doing a righteous work when they were employed in their extermination. This is a subject to which we unwillingly advert in the present series; as we would gladly avoid every thing like politics or polemics in those sketches in which it is more our object to appear as Irishmen, than as partizans. But to this part of Lord Charlemont's history, we could not allude without presenting his opinions; and where these appear erroneous, as to us they do in the present instance, it is the duty of the biographer respectfully to say so. God knows it is not our wish to lean heavily upon the failings of a people whom we love in our heart of hearts, whose virtues are all their own, and whose vices may be all resolved into the accidents of their political condition, and an erroneous religious persuasion. We will add, that Ireland will never be great, glorious, and free, until it is completely emancipated from the thralldom of Romish superstition.

By the prompt assistance which government afforded, Lord Charlemont was speedily enabled to quiet that part of the country, for the well-being of which he was chiefly responsible. The insurgents in Armagh, were very soon reduced to obedience. Upon his arrival in Newry, his friends endeavoured

to dissuade him from proceeding further, without a strong military escort. This he resolutely declined. He could not bring himself to believe that in his own county any such escort was necessary; and having waited just sufficient to ascertain that the designs of the Oak Boys were not very hostile, and that they entertained no ill will personally to him, he set out attended by only two of his friends. When he approached Armagh, he found that it was necessary to pass under a gallows as he entered the city. The gallows, the Oak Boys asserted, was not erected to show any indignity to him, but to do especial honour to their friend Justice Robinson. Lord Charlemont's presence quieted the apprehension of many in the town, and his judicious conduct, aided by the promptitude and firmness of Primate Stone, who at that time acted as Lord Deputy, very soon restored quiet to that disturbed part of Ireland, and that without a single shot, or the execution of a single individual.

In a few months after this took place, the Duke of Northumberland arrived as the Irish Viceroy. He was commissioned by the British cabinet to express to Lord Charlemont the thanks of government for his recent services, and to confer upon him an Earldom, which, the Duke said, only waited his acceptance. The offer, his Excellency observed, proceeded directly from the King himself, and any declension of it on his part might probably be construed into disrespect; this was said because it was perceived that Lord Charlemont had some hesitation in accepting of it,—a hesitation arising from an apprehension that the proffered dignity might compromise his independence. But pressed as it was now upon him, it was impossible for him any longer to decline, and in signifying his acquiescence in the suggestion of the Viceroy, he simply observed, "that in accepting this mark of his Majesty's goodness, the Lord Lieutenant must permit him to make a positive stipulation, without which he wished that things might go no farther. The stipulation was, that this advancement of rank should in no wise be considered as influencing his parliamentary conduct, which was to remain as unrestricted as if the offer had never been made." To this the Duke readily acceded, observ-

ing that "nothing of the sort was ever in contemplation.*" He added, that he could claim no merit whatsoever in the matter, being simply the instrument of the King's order, and hoped that Lord Charlemont would permit him, as an old friend, to testify his respect, by pointing out some mode in which he could oblige him. This, Lord Charlemont, with many thanks, at first declined; but, upon being repeatedly pressed, and not wishing to appear insensible to his Excellency's kindness, he begged to be appointed as trustee of the linen board, a situation attended with no emolument, and to which, as his estates lay in the linen counties, he seemed to have a sort of natural claim. "Your Lordship has asked no favour," said the Lord Lieutenant; "and of course, you will be appointed whenever a vacancy takes place;" a promise which, like other court promises, was not more observed than was convenient.

A very few days passed over his head before he had an opportunity of proving his independence. On the 21st of December, 1763, he not only voted, but protested against the treaty

of Paris, although the ambassadors on both sides, the Duke of Bedford, and the Duc de Nivernois, were his personal friends. This was the first time he appeared as a protestor; and from that moment all prospect of court favour was at an end. We do not mention this for the purpose of casting any censure on government, because they did not promote an active political opponent; but it surely illustrates the purity of this young nobleman's political conduct, whom the most tempting prospects of power or emolument could not, for a single moment, divert from a course of virtuous independence.

In 1764, the Duke of Northumberland went to England, leaving the government in the hands of Primate Stone, the Earl of Shannon, and Mr. Ponsonby, then Speaker. The two first great rivals died in the course of the year, and within nine days of each other. They were both men of extraordinary powers, and managed the affairs of Ireland for very many years, with an almost absolute authority.—The representation of the country seemed to be entirely in their hands, as without the aid of one or the other,

* His patent, as Earl of Charlemont, had, as usual, been laid before the Lord Chancellor (Bowes.) In the preamble it was stated, that this advancement in rank had been conferred, unsolicited in any way whatever. To this the Chancellor objected, as contrary to all usage, and struck the words unsolicited, &c. out of the preamble. Lord Charlemont said, that though it was no doubt contrary to precedent, it was exactly consonant to the truth; that he owed his earldom entirely to the benignity of his Sovereign; and respect to his Majesty alone prevented him from declining even then the earldom; but that he would, as he had a right to do, annex an engrossed testimonial to his patent, specifying the manner in which it was granted.—This he neglected to do for several years, till the same reason which made him hesitate as to his acceptance of a higher title, namely, an unwarrantable and unseemly profusion of the honours of the peerage of Ireland, seemed, in his opinion, to recur again, and to forbid any longer delay of the testimonial. The circumstances to which that instrument alludes have been already detailed; the conclusion of it, therefore, seems the only part which it is necessary now to give to the reader. "This circumstance, (the gracious offer of the earldom from his Majesty, not his ministers,) added to the consideration of the great difference between honours voluntarily bestowed, and those extorted by solicitation, purchased by the infamy of a bribe, or basely and dearly earned by the mean and wicked drudgery of political servitude, induced me to think my compliance proper, and even necessary. I have only to add, that, whereas, from the impossibility of finding reasons in any sort to justify many of the late creations, I thought it incumbent on me to revive this ancient and honourable usage; declining, however, to allow the reasons alleged for this my advancement to be inserted in the preamble to the patent, from a consciousness that the services by me performed were too inconsiderable to be recorded; and rather chusing to mention the merits of the first Peer of my family, and the remarkable circumstance of an *Earldom* having been intended for my ancestor, so early as the reign of James the First.

CHARLEMONT.

but few candidates could have obtained admission into parliament.—They thus divided the government between them, and almost every place of honour and emolument in the gift of the crown was at their absolute disposal, and employed by them, with unsparing prodigality, in securing and augmenting that influence upon which they relied for the continuance of their power. Their dispute respecting the appropriation of the surplus revenue has been already noticed. On this occasion, Lord Shannon assumed the patriot, and strutted his little hour upon the political stage in that character, to the no small edification of the people at large. Lord Charlemont, as has been seen, was employed to negotiate a reconciliation, which he accomplished, much to the satisfaction of all parties, and received an early lesson of the hollowness of popular professions, and the manner in which the grossest self-interest will frequently masquerade itself in the disguise of a zeal for the public service. But although Lord Shannon's efforts tended to and terminated in family aggrandisement, not so the spirit which he had called forth. That possessed a native vigour which enabled it to survive abandonment; and although it was at first seen but as a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, yet it continued slowly but gradually to increase, and enlarged and deepened until the horizon was overcast by its shadow, and it burst in thunder upon the heads of a terrified and unprincipled administration. But we must not anticipate. By the death of Primate Stone, a serious blow was given to British influence in the Irish government; and but few suspected when Lord Shannon was no more, that he had been the unconscious sponsor of Irish independence.

Lord Charlemont, having taken his seat as Earl, in the month of January 1764, visited London, where he interested himself in matters much more congenial to his elegant and cultivated mind. The Dilettanti society, composed of the principal nobility and gentry of these kingdoms, and of which Lord Charlemont was, of course, a member, were then in active operation; and it was determined to appropriate a sum of £2000, for the purpose of sending qualified persons to some parts of

the east, in order to collect information, and make observations relative to the ancient state of those countries, and such monuments of antiquity as then survived. Lord Charlemont had the high honour paid him of being placed at the head of the committee, which had the superintendence of this praiseworthy project: and he justified the choice by the taste and the skill which he evinced in his selection of the individuals by whom the objects of the society were to be accomplished. Dr. Chandler, a fellow of Magdalen College, accompanied by Mr. Revett, an eminent architect, and Mr. Pons, a young painter of great merit, were sent into Asia, with every aid and direction which could be afforded at that time; and the result was, upon their return, the publication of the *Tonian Antiquities*, and Dr. Chandler's *Travels in Asia Minor*, which, even at the present day, are not without considerable value in the eyes of all lovers of the arts, and, notwithstanding all that has since been written upon the same subjects, can scarcely, as yet, be said to be superseded.

With Johnson, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Topham Beauclerk, he maintained a strict and cordial intimacy. The last named gentleman, he, in a most peculiar manner, esteemed and loved; and indeed Mr. Beauclerk seems, from all the accounts which we have of him, and from the opinion which may be formed from his own letters, to have been a person well calculated to receive an almost general admiration. He was one of the very few upon whom Johnson lavished his choicest regards; and his death made way for Boswell, who, had he lived, would, in all probability, not have enjoyed the affection and the confidence of the great lexicographer to the extent that he afterwards did, and which has enabled him to give the world one of the most entertaining books in the English language. Mr. Beauclerk, to the most perfect good breeding, united a knowledge of letters and a love of pleasure, which rendered him universally engaging. With the grave he could be grave, and with the gay he could be gay; and his gravity could be so relieved by wit, and his gaiety rendered so becoming by decorum, that the most

serious could, at one time, be delighted by his good sense, and the most thoughtless, at another, feel an unconscious respect for the master of the revels, even while he was himself the inspiring spirit of frolic and dissipation. The lights and shades of his character seem to have been beautifully calculated for effect, and serve to exemplify, in a striking manner, the strength and the weakness of human nature. He could, at times, when he was in the vein, moralize with a touching eloquence, so as to draw forth the plaudits of the great moralist of the age; but the next moment he might be found in scenes of vice, where not merely morality, but sobriety was put to flight, and where, if he appeared "*totus teres atque rotundus*," it must also be admitted that he admirably sustained the character of "*porcus de grege Epicuri*." He was, in fact, a finished specimen of the natural man, and was all that good parts, with polish and education, *could* make him, without the aid of true religion.

Whenever Lord Charlemont visited London, he never failed to interest himself in the debates which took place in the houses of parliament, nor lost an opportunity of promoting the interests of his native land. These, indeed, were not, at that period, many, as the most ardent patriots in England regarded with jealousy any efforts of the Irish legislature for its own emancipation. Still, by keeping up his acquaintance with the leading Whigs, and making them distinctly acquainted with the rising spirit of the people of Ireland, he may be said to have prepared the way for the concessions, which at no distant period took place, and created a party, by whom the efforts

of his friends at home were very favourably regarded.

In 1766, he again met with his old friend David Hume, and his notices of the sceptical philosopher are interesting and instructive. Hume had, at this time, formed that acquaintance with Rousseau, which has made such a noise, and in which plain good sense and practical benevolence contended so unsuccessfully with an eccentric vanity, a morbid sensibility, and an insane speculative philanthropy. The ~~man~~ who has hatched a duckling, and sees it for the first time take the water, could not have exhibited more visible uneasiness than Hume discovered, when Rousseau's restless propensities began to manifest themselves, and he was taken up, as it were, into that congenial element of fantasy and extravagance in which he lived, and moved, and had his being. Lord Charlemont observed, that as long as he was followed in London, and admired for the singularity of his Armenian dress, he was contented and happy; but as soon as he was suffered to go about unattended and unobserved, from that moment he became querulous and discontented, and seemed to fancy that the whole world was in a conspiracy against him. And yet he exemplified in a striking manner, that "there is some soul of goodness in things evil." Lord Charlemont, one day congratulating Hume upon his new acquaintance, particularly as he supposed their sentiments were nearly similar, the latter observed, "Why no, man; in that you are mistaken; Rousseau is not what you think him; *he has a hankering after the Bible*; and, indeed, is little better than a Christian, in a way of his own."

THE CURIOUS AND INSTRUCTIVE HISTORY OF LORD POPE; OR, THE BAD HOUSE
IN THE IRISH ROW.

CHAP. I.

The Story of Lord Pope, and how he came to be banished to the Irish Row.

I must needs commence this history with some account of the gentleman who is to be the principal figure in it; this is no other than the celebrated Mr.—or, as he called himself,—Lord Pope. By this latter name, indeed, he is generally known, and by that name, therefore, I shall call him.—I am not about to write a full account of his life; which, indeed, if it were done faithfully would, I fear, make a book not fit to be read generally; but it is my purpose only to write down some strange passages in his history, connected with the trouble and annoyance he gave in a certain town, the name of which I need not mention.

At the time at which my story commences, he was an old man: he had lived a hard life, and suffered a little by it both in his constitution and his estate. But still, the old fellow was, for his years, tolerably hale and hearty—and you could not find his match for cunning and knavery in a whole country side; and all his life, it was remarked, he had about him a set of chaps that did no discredit, in these qualities, to their master's choice.

I am told that he was a very respectable and portly-looking old man; with (when he thought fit to put them on) the manners and bearing of a gentleman. He was somewhat eccentric in his habits,—used to wear a huge scarlet mantle, and a cap not unlike a fool's cap upon his head; and it was remarked always, that he would fall into the strangest fancies imaginable: but whether this was real, or only put on to serve some purpose of his own, many persons questioned, and the latter was generally thought the more probable supposition of the two.

He was said to be of a very respectable family: indeed he was constantly bragging of the antiquity of his house; and he had a genealogical tree, by which he said he could trace his pedigree back for eighteen hundred years. Some people however said, that this was all brag, as many of the con-

necting links of the pedigree were of a character that was not very creditable to his descent. To speak plainly, it was very broadly hinted, that the bar sinister should appear several times in his scutcheon.

He said, too, that he had documents in his possession, by which he could prove that his people, in ancient times, had been princes; and that he, as their descendant, was entitled to the honors of a sovereign prince, and to great dominions and estates,—he claimed, indeed, almost the whole country as his own. He said that the grant had been originally made to an ancestor of his, one Peter Pope, who was the first of the family, and was, I believe, a very decent and virtuous poor fisherman; and, to do the old fellow justice, he was not ashamed of his ancestors' origin, but, in memory of it, he had a fish engraved upon his arms as his crest. But the most curious part of all was, that he would permit no one to see the original title-deed except the officers of his own household; and he alleged that this was the condition upon which it had been given to him. He was fond enough, however, of showing an immense mass of huge, rusty folios, in which he said there were confirmations of the original grant made to him by successive parliaments and councils; and this, he said, was quite sufficient to satisfy any reasonable mind, as he was bound not to show the original deed. But it so happened that these folios contained nothing but the records of courts leet, which he himself and his ancestors had summoned, under the alleged authority of the suppressed grant; these, therefore, lawyers generally thought, could not help him much in making out his title, and many persons suspected that the whole story was little better than a cheat; for it appeared strange enough that a man should receive a patent for dignities and estates upon the express condition that he should not show it to any one.

However, the old fellow persisted in keeping the patent locked up in a great big iron safe, under three huge keys—and certain it is, that at one time he had seized possession of most of the town. He fixed himself, there, in a very splendid and great establishment, and his pomp and grandeur altogether outvalled that of the mayor. He laid claim, too, to many tolls and customs from the inhabitants, which he alleged were given him by his patent; and this was not all, but he claimed exemption, both for himself and his servants, from the authority of the mayor, and he set up courts in his own name, in which he tried, himself, all manner of actions in which any of his servants were concerned with the towns-people; and he brought into these courts, and punished as he thought proper, all persons who dared in any way to question his authority, or ask ever so humbly to see the patent under which he professed to act.

I would weary out your patience if I were to tell you of all the strange pranks that he played, and all the devices that he invented for getting money of the towns-people. A terrible wicked liver he was when he was in his glory. It was said that he kept his house constantly full of bad characters of both sexes; and it was a matter of common notoriety that he and his servants practised all kinds of debauchery,—indeed the fellows made no attempts to conceal it; but the mayor was afraid to interfere, and once or twice, when he attempted it, he got the worst of it, which only made Lord Pope more insolent than ever; and so matters went on getting worse and worse.

It happened at last, that in an evil day for himself, he took into his service a stiff fellow of the name of Martin. This Martin and Lord Pope had some dispute or other. Martin's enemies say that it was on account of a girl, that Lord Pope had locked up in his harem for life, who broke out of it, and ran off with Martin, which extremely incensed the old fellow. But I believe that the truth was, that it was about some bills of exchange on a foreign country, which Lord Pope had forged, and was circulating through the country as good value,—and Martin refusing to have any hand in such

an imposition, a quarrel arose upon the matter. But whatever account be given of the origin of the difference, certain it is that a great dispute arose between them, and the old fellow handled Martin very roughly; but Martin was up to him in every way, and so he determined to be even with him; and having got the patent out of the safe, he made off with it; and not only this, but the mischievous rogue had copies of it made out, and posted up on the market-cross. And sure enough it was a strange discovery; for now the whole murder was out, for not one word was in the patent of what Pope pretended; but, instead of a grant of dignities and estates to Pope, it was a charter of freedom, directed to the inhabitants of the whole country; and the only concern that Peter Pope had with it was, that he was one of twelve men who were witnesses of its execution, and were to take it and promulgate it to the people. Honest Peter himself executed his commission faithfully enough, and never thought of turning it to his own account; but some of his successors, who had more cunning and less honesty, having got hold of it, locked it up, as I have told you, and established all kinds of monstrous fictions, which they pretended they found in it.

You may be sure that the publication of the charter made a wonderful noise and stir in the town, and the mayor had hard enough work to keep the peace; for all the town was full of persons calling for vengeance on Pope. But two or three of the most daring of the townsmen went boldly up to the old fellow's gate, and dragging him out of his house, they brought him before the mayor, and charged him with obtaining money under false pretences.

The old chap fell into a great passion for a while, and bullied and blustered at a terrible rate,—and he damned the mayor and the town altogether; indeed I am told that his curses were most terrible to listen to; and I have heard some of them repeated, which I could not think fit for a Christian man to put in a book;—the best word he had for the mayor was, “—eternally damn your soul, for an old usurper.” And he told him he would have him murdered by his own beadies, and he would raise the

town upon him ; and his demeanour was altogether more like a madman than a Christian ; and when he was shown the copy of the patent that was published, he took it up with a tongs, and put it into a fire that was burning in the mayor's office, and said that he would not pollute his hands touching it ; and used many other outrageous actions and expressions of the same sort.

But the mayor, who, to say the truth, was very glad to have his old enemy in his power, was not to be frightened by his curses or his violence, so he very quietly locked him up until he could get the town council together. So next day, when they met, the prisoner was brought before them, and when the evidence had been heard, and he was asked for his defence against the charge, the only answer he made was, to fall to cursing after a tremendous fashion : his curses of the day before were nothing at all to what he now poured out of him upon every one of the town-council ; and the only reply he would give the accusations made against him was a volley of the most frightful oaths that ever human being invented ; so when the town clerk asked him civilly enough if he had any thing to say in his defence, he damned and cursed him at a most furious rate ; and he would roar out like a wild bull, " The devil broil your soul to all eternity, and a hundred years after." " H—ll fire burn up the whole of you, especially that old rascal the mayor." " The d—ll broil you, on a gridiron of your own bones, for mutton chops for his breakfast ;" and then he would run over the names of all the angels and saints in the calendar, and call on them to take them all to perdition : and many other most venomous and heathenish curses, which made the council wonder how ever they could come into his head, they were so unlike the curses of any Christian man,—but this was all the kind of talk they could get from him ; and they, not considering this a sufficient defence, ordered him to be banished out of the town, and not to attempt to show his face in it again ; and his estates, which he had unjustly seized, were ordered to be brought to the hammer, and all his servants to be banished with him.

So poor Pope being thus banished, ran off as hard as he could ; and I'm told that it was a curious sight to see him waddling along through the streets, and all the people running after him with besoms and dishcloths, and laughing at the old fellow, and every one casting up to him some of his evil doings. However, he made his escape into an obscure corner of the town called the Irish Row.

This Irish Row was not, as you might think from its name, a single file of houses ; it was a good large quarter of the town, separated from the rest by a creek or little bay which ran up between them, over which, by the way, there was afterwards thrown a bridge. This Irish Row was a strange place ; it was inhabited, for the most part, by a very wild set of people, except indeed those who had come from the other, or the English quarter of the town, to settle in it. It was said to be the best air in the whole neighbourhood ; but, notwithstanding this, and that it had a fine and pleasant aspect, it was very little improved. The inhabitants were a strange set, and the authority of the mayor and corporation was but little respected among them ; and they lived in a great degree after a barbarous fashion, in dirty lanes and hovels.—To this place Lord Pope came, and he got some of the people about him, and he, all panting with the race he had out of the other part of the town, and looking pitiable enough with the bruises he had got in the chase,—and as the people of the Row were said to be a soft-hearted people, the cunning old boy began by making a poor mouth of it to some of them, and told them how he had been inhumanly treated, and all his property, which had been given to him by the great patent, taken from him ;—and here again he fell to damning and cursing the mayor, which pleased the fellows he was talking to, because there was an old grudge among them against the mayor. But, when he saw that, after all, they were rather slow to espouse his quarrel, he gives the wink to one of his servants, who, taking the sign, began to harangue the people, and tell the greasy vagabonds about him what great things his master would do for them, when he got his rights,—why there wouldn't be one of them but would be riding in

his coach at the least. So this kind of talk went down wonderfully well with them, and they took in old Pope among them, and swore that all the

mayors in the town shouldn't interfere with his lordship,—for so he made them call him.

CHAP. II.

The History of Lord Pope's conduct in the Irish Row,—the Public-house he set up,—the liquor he sold, and the madness it wrought in the people of the Row.

When first he got himself settled in the Irish Row, he made some attempts to get back again into his old quarters; but not finding any hope of success in that way, he began to keep himself tolerably quiet.

He got up, however, an establishment as like his old one as his present poverty would let him. He made the people call him, "my lord;" and he told them that he was still the rightful owner of the whole town; which the poor devils believed, and thought that when he would get back his rights they would all be living in great splendour.

There were a good many respectable inhabitants in this part of the town, who, of course, kept a very jealous eye upon Pope; but the old fellow was too cunning to provoke them at once. But what should he do, after a little while, but set up a public-house without license. But this, too, was taken no notice of; for all persons thought the excise-laws very hard, and indeed very soon after they were altogether repealed.

But this public-house soon turned out to be a great nuisance. The old fellow took to his old courses, or worse than ever; because all his vices now had something of a low vulgarity about them. His tap-room was frequented by the very lowest vagabonds of the Row, and in fact it was little better than a common disorderly house, where drinking, gambling, and other very improper work went on; and there could be no doubt that several plots were hatched there against the authority of the mayor.

The gambling-table which he kept turned out a profitable speculation; for most of the persons who went to it were sure to be cheated out of whatever little money they had, at a game called Purgatory, which the old fellow himself had invented, and at which he

or his set were always sure to win. Besides this, they carried on a profitable trade in selling beads and trinkets, and even bottles of water, which they passed off as of great value, to the ignorant people of the Row.

From this time out there was no such thing as peace and quietness in the Row. Not a night passed over without some riot or outrage; and the riot could always be traced to have its origin, in some way or other, connected with Pope's house; for, among the other tricks that were practised there, you must know, was that of selling to the people that went in to drink, some fiery stuff, the effect of which was, to inflame them to the most terrible degree of madness, so that they used to sally out, dressed in white shirts, and pull down houses, and knock down any of the peaceable inhabitants that they met, and commit all kinds of outrageous excesses.

Lord Pope himself used, now and then when questioned about it, profess to disapprove greatly of those riotous proceedings; but somehow or other it happened, that there never was an outrage committed in the Row but these concerned in it had been drinking in his house. It was said and thought by many that his object was, to possess himself again of all his old property in the town, and that they said that he had regularly trained bands, of the worst characters, who had the chief hand in all the violence that was done, and that by-and-by, he would set up his claim at the head of these fellows, for all his property that had been sold. This much was certainly true, that frequently some of the officers of his household,—for, as I have said, the old fellow kept up all the pomp of a regular establishment,—would parade through the Row, attended by the very fellows that were so notorious for being concerned in the riots; and these

chaps could not have had greater pride, or demeaned themselves with greater insolence if they had been the servants of a king : and you never could meet one of them but he would be talking of the greatness or the goodness of Lord Pope, and perhaps let fall a hint how happy the Row would be if he were its master.

The worst thing about the old fellow, was his selling the people this mad-denying potion, which he passed off to them for good wholesome liquor ; and to the drinking of this by the common people, all the disorders of the Row were owing. Many people thought that it was some kind of magician's potion, and that the old fellow had dealings with the devil. Certain it is, that those who drank it became perfectly outrageous, and their madness always took the turn of an excess of zeal for Lord Pope, and a desire to batter out the brains of every one who would not submit to his authority.

This might be ten or fifteen years after the old fellow had been banished to the Row, and in this time all the rest of the town had grown to a very wonderful degree of prosperity, but the Row was as wretched a place as ever. The housekeepers in it who had lodgings to let, could get no one to come and live in them, because they were afraid of Lord Pope's drunken risters ; and no wonder, for they were every day getting worse and worse, and beating and bruising every one that vexed them, and there was no getting either law or justice against them.

Some persons who thought that it might tend to draw them away from Lord Pope, if they could see the real copy of the patent, got a number of them printed and sent through the Row ; but this only made matters worse—for although some of the people seemed well enough inclined to read them, Lord Pope got terribly frightened, and so he issued a proclamation, damning every one, for this you know was his fashion, that would presume to keep a copy in his house, and threatening that he would sell no liquor to those who had. This threat had a wonderful effect—for so fond were the foolish people of the liquor he sold them, that they thought they could not live without it. He told them that

the knowledge of making it was given to his master, Peter Pope, along with the grant of the estates, and that no one but himself knew how to distil it—so his threat had some effect ; but along with this he took more efficient means, for he sent out his servants with horsewhips to take the copies of the patent by force from those that had them, and fresh quantities of the liquor having been served out, a mob took and murdered one or two of the people that were hawking the copies of the patent through the Row, and so the matter was put a stop to for the present.

So matters every day came to a greater pitch of disorder in the Row. No person's property or life was safe in it, unless he joined in league with Lord Pope and his men—they now refused to pay the toll which had been collected by the authority of the mayor ; and not only this, but they threatened to stone to death any one that would pay them. There was nothing now but constant riot—property in that quarter became worth nothing, for when it was offered at ever so low a price, no one could be found to buy it. And the well-disposed people who lived there had no pleasure in their lives.

But indeed no words could give you any idea of the miserable state to which the Row was reduced by the pranks of this Lord Pope and his servants. This liquor of his fairly took away all sense and discretion from those who drank it, so that they committed follies, and went on with antics, such as no rational people ever practised, and it wrought a madness which affected them in different ways. Sometimes you would see one of them stop short, and go down on his knees in the middle of the dirtiest gutter he could find, and fall to thumping his breast with all his might. Other times you would see some of them take a fit for days, and they would taste nothing but what would barely keep the life in them ; and sometimes they would take a dislike to some particular kind of food, and would, when they saw it, get into convulsions almost like a mad dog when he sees water. You would see them sometimes walking about with peas in their shoes until they became dog lame ; some of them would be talking to per-

sons that had been dead and buried ever so long—as you have seen mad people sometimes do; others of them, when they would see an image or a picture, would roar out as if the very life was frightened out of them, and fall to begging of the picture to come and help them; others of them would have all kinds of curious figures hung about their neck, and necklaces of beads, just as if they were women. Sometimes one of them would pick out a place full of the sharpest stones, and pulling up his breeches, move along over it on his bare knees, until he would cover the stones with his blood; and many other extraordinary fancies for tormenting themselves they commonly indulged in.

You would see commonly the servants of Lord Pope going through the Row, carrying the little board upon which they played the game of purgatory; and it was wonderful to see how as soon as ever one of these poor people could scrape up a sixpence, he would be off either to buy liquor or to play at purgatory—although there never yet was one of them won at it, but though coin after coin was swept into the pocket of the fellow who carried the board, there was some insatiation over them, that they could not avoid putting down.

The violence and outrageousness which the drinking of this liquor pro-

duced in them, I have already told you; and when you add to this, the melancholy and drivelling, fully which it occasioned, you cannot well conceive a more pitiable state than that to which it brought them. I ought not to forget to mention, what, perhaps, was the strangest part of all, that, notwithstanding the ill character which Lord Pope's house bore, they used to let their wives and daughters frequent freely; and I have been told what at first I could hardly believe, that not only this, but that they would let them go off alone with Lord Pope's servants into some of the chambers, of which there were many, of the tap-room, where they would bolt the door, and remain for some time. And neither the women themselves, nor their male relations, appeared to think there was anything strange or improper in this.

All this seemed to lend countenance to the notion, that Lord Pope's liquor was a magical potion, by drinking which the people were bewitched of the devil. But the worst of all their madness was the dreadful fury that seized them at times, so that they thought as little of killing a man as they would a brute beast; and matters were every day worse and worse, so that many of the peaceable inhabitants of that quarter packed up their all, and left their homes in a fright.

CHAP. III.

Some further account of the proceedings in the Row—of Lord Pope's servants, Murrian and Hall—the story of Guy the Apothecary—and the strange proceedings in the Town Council.

I ought not to omit some account of Lord Pope's servants, and of the strange and outlandish names that he gave them. The old fellow was constantly talking about his great estates in a foreign country, and he used to make a show of appointing his servants to places of great trust, and authority, and high dignity, in his foreign principalities; so one of the common fellows that he had taken into his service out of some wretched hovel in the Row, he would make Lord High Steward of his estate at Timbuctoo; and another that never in his life had a good coat on his back, he would dub Chief Inspector of his lands in the

Oronooko; and another fellow he would appoint Grand Sultan of his harem at dear knows where; and if you could only see these chaps how proud they were of their mock titles, and how the poor people of the Row were made my Lord thus. Indeed the Mayor had issued a proclamation, in which he strictly forbid this outlandish fashion; but Lord Pope's servants cared very little for the Mayor or his proclamation, and you would see my Lord Grand Sultan holding his head as high as if he was Emperor of the world, or his Grace of Timbuctoo marching along as stately as if he were one of the nobles of the land, ay, and far more

laughably; and, after all, it was no wonder, for Lord Pope filled their heads with such foolish notions—and you may think what it was for chaps that had been, some of them, begging about the streets, to be made all at once Grand Sultans, and High Stewards, and the like.

Another fashion was that he fastened on their names which he took out of the Scriptures; and it was queer enough that two of them should be called after two of the plagues of Egypt—for the names that were borne by two of his principal servants were Murrain and Hail, or, as they styled themselves, my Lord Murrain, and my Lord Hail. Lord Murrain was a quiet enough kind of a man, although some people said that he was the deeper for being quiet, but he was in appearance at least, a well-disposed, peaceable kind of body; but as for Lord Hail, you would not find the like of him in a day's journey. He was a terrible man for blustering and bullying, and he was almost a match for his master at the cursing, so that people used to say that there never came the Hail but there was the thunder too. If he saw any thing that displeased him, he would set to and scold and damn in the middle of the streets, as if the whole town belonged to him; and at the time when, as I said before, some good folk made an attempt to give the people the copies of the real patent, he went out through all the lanes and streets, and he cursed most dreadfully, and his imprecations on the poor fellows that were hawking about the patent were fearful, such as there is no need to repeat. And he bid the people to sharpen pitchforks, and when any of the hawkers came to them with a copy of the patent, to run them through the body; and so they did to one or two of them, and when some people talked of trying Lord Hail for murder, he snapped his fingers at them and cursed them again.

But when matters had now come to such a pass that the state of affairs was no longer tolerable, many persons began to think that it would be better at once to give Lord Pope and all his servants pensions from the funds of the corporation, and that this might keep them quiet—others, however, said that this would be a very curious thing, and a dangerous precedent, to pay people for being knaves and disturbers of the

peace. But the matter was put an end to by Lord Pope himself, and his servants. Lord Hail swore that not one of them would touch a shilling from the damned rascally corporation that had displaced their good old master, and that they made more by selling their liquor and by their game of purgatory, than all the corporation could give them; and indeed one of his inferior servants, who hinted that a pension would be a good thing, was instantly dismissed and kicked out of the house, and nearly trampled to death.

About this time the respectable inhabitants of the Row met together seriously to consult what they should do, and it was debated whether they should not leave the place altogether, because it was impossible to live in it, and give it up to Lord Pope and his gang. This meeting, however, was not unknown to Lord Pope; and what should the old fellow do, but send out his servants through the Row to tell the people that the gentlemen were met together, and were laying a plot to murder them; and the poor devils, being quite besotted by the liquor they were drinking, believed the story, and a dreadful riot was raised.

The others, however, resolved, that before they would leave their homes, as too many had already done, they would appeal to the corporation to protect them, and to establish some kind of order in the Row, and they were advised to bring an indictment against Lord Pope for keeping a disorderly house, and for breeding riots and disturbances in the town; and they made no doubt that when the whole matter was laid before the corporation, they would take some means of abating the nuisance of Lord Pope's house, or at least they would put a guard opposite to it to prevent the dreadful riots that were every night endangering the lives of the inhabitants.

So they drew up the indictment as carefully as they could; and they prepared their evidence to support the charge; and indeed there could be no lack of this; for there was not one in the Row but knew that it was brought to a desperate state by the artifices of Lord Pope and his men, and as to his keeping a disorderly house, why one had only to look at it to see that—for it was a fine large house, and might

have been made a great place for business of every kind—but there it was now with the windows all broken and the panes stuffed with old rags; and out of the upper windows there hung long poles covered over with nasty clothes—as is usually the case in houses of that description. And indeed it had every mark of the ill behaviour of its inmates, and of those that frequented it—for it would puzzle you to find a house that was better built and situated for every purpose of business, so that it was a crying shame to see how it was made a wreck and a ruin by the riotous proceedings of those that had got possession of it.

Great hopes of course were entertained from the laying of the indictment before the corporation, that some check would be given to the proceedings by which the whole Row was made a bear-garden; but about this time there fell out a curious circumstance, which I must needs, as it comes in the way of my history, relate.

I have had so many occasions to refer to the liquor which was sold at Lord Pope's house, that none of my readers can be unacquainted with its character. It was quite manifest that it was endued with some maddening qualities, so that those who used it for any time lost all sense and discretion, and became little better than brute beasts, as was indeed but too manifest in the case of the people of the Row; but as the making of it was carried on in the strictest secrecy, no persons knew of what ingredients it was composed, and many, as I have said already, believed that it got its mischievous properties direct from the devil.

However, about this time, an apothecary who lived in the Row, and who had a turn for chemistry,—and what is said to be rare among apothecaries, knew something of it—made or thought he had made a discovery about it. It was said that he found some of Pope's men at work under ground, with a great big cauldron distilling the liquor; or at least that he had got by some means or other their still-house manual—giving them directions for the making of the liquor. To this manual Lord Murrain's name was put; but, it was obscure and not very easy to be understood. However this apothecary, whose name was Guy, set

himself to decipher the directions, and many people afterwards thought that he had made the whole thing out, and he got a glass of the liquor to analyse it, and he said that he found the ingredients to be just such as he had made out by the help of the still-house manual; and sure enough they were the vilest collection of stuffs that ever were swallowed—a mixture of all kinds of damnable and poisonous drugs—a concoction of old ointments that had been rotting for hundreds of years, and plaisters and pill-boxes, and blisters taken off old sores—first boiled, then all put in a pot and distilled, and seasoned with some poisonous herbs and French flies, and bulls' horns brought from Rome, and the offals of Kerry cows, so that it was no wonder the liquor that was made from it should poison a whole town. Besides this, too, there was a large quantity of strong Hollands added to it, medicated in some peculiar way, when it was distilled—at least of some kind of Dutch liquor which was made up at a town called Louvain, and imported in great quantities for the special use of Lord Pope and his servants. Guy certainly showed an invoice of two thousand hogsheads of this stuff, consigned to Lord Murrain, and this was the most filthy and deleterious stuff you could conceive, indeed the very smell of it was enough to turn one's stomach.

So Guy, thinking that he had the whole secret, went off straight to the other side of the town, with the still-house manual signed by Lord Murrain; and he made a wonderful noise about the damnable stuff that Lord Pope and his men were brewing; and you may be sure it was no small astonishment to the people to think of such an infernal potion being made up; and indeed there were many persons who could not bring themselves to believe that any such thing could be done in any Christian country; but others thought that Guy had proved it all plain enough, and the whole business made no small commotion.

Lord Pope began now to stir himself a little—some time before this, he had taken care to make some friends for himself in the corporation of the town; for he foresaw that his doings must needs come before them; and so now he made Murrain write a quiet and very fair spoken-letter, which he

got printed in the town journal, in which he said that all that Guy said of them was false—that they brewed none but good and wholesome liquor; and that they had made affidavits to this effect at the custom-house before now; and that Guy was a man who had some spite at them, and wanted to prevent poor persecuted men from turning an honest penny by selling the people a drop of drink. As for the matter of the invoice, he said there was no doubt the Dutch liquor was mixed with some most poisonous and filthy stuff—but surely no one could suspect decent men like themselves of selling that—there was a great deal of good wholesome Hollands that were most useful in brewing in it; and before they used it they were very careful to separate everything that was nasty or hurtful, and it would be a sin that all the good stuff should be lost on account of the things with which it was mixed. But Hail was not quite so soft upon the matter; for some of the aldermen of the town having said something about the villainy of Lord Pope's servants, he either out of pride or folly, would not do like Murrain, and accommodate his tone and manner to their altered condition, but fell to bullying and abusing the alderman just as if it was old times with them again; and this too in the English quarter of the town; but it was wonderful how much the spirit of the towns-people had fallen off, when they put up with his insolence.

However, Guy persisted in saying that he had given a right account of their mode of distilling the drink, and there are many persons to this day who think that he did. Of the effects of the potion, however, it was distilled, no one could doubt, because they saw the wretched condition of the poor creatures that were in the habit of drinking it; and it was curious to remark, in passing through the Row, if you saw a house with the thatch all torn off, and great dirty puddle before the door, and three or four half-starved children squatting themselves down naked in it, you might be sure that the owner of the house was one that drank at Lord Pope's, and when you saw a nice clean whitewashed cottage with a little garden before the door, and most likely a little linen or yarn bleaching on the grass, you might give a hundred to

one that the owner of that never went near his tap-room.

But this business of Guy's is a kind of episode to my main story. The indictment against Lord Pope, for keeping an improper house was laid before the corporation—and counsel and witnesses for the prosecution attended before the common council, who were first to consider of it. Now, I have already said that Lord Pope had managed to get some friends on the council—so when the matter came before them, and the business was about to be opened as usual, one of his friends stood up and he said that it would be well done to ask some of his servants if there was any truth in the things laid in the indictment. The prosecutors said this was a strange way of proceeding; but they were bid hold their tongue, and Lords Murrain and Hail were called in and asked if they and their master had done what was alleged. So you may be sure that they denied it all. So then one of the councillors made a speech, the purport of which was, that they had no reason to doubt the words of these gentlemen—that the corporation should not meddle in such disputes, and that it was plain it was only a party business got up by some of Pope's rivals in trade, to injure his custom, and that the prosecutors ought to be quite ashamed of themselves to bring such a charge, and breed ill-will between the inhabitants of the Row, that ought to live peaceably together.

You may be sure the prosecutors were a little astonished at this—the more so, when they saw that the common council were disposed to be of the same mind with the speaker; however, they ventured, very submissively, to say, that they had evidence to support any charge they had made—"To the d——l with you and your evidence," says another, "hav'n't these two good Lords denied all you say—you ought to be ashamed of yourselves—have you nothing to do at home—that you must come here slandering your neighbours, and exhibiting your infernal want of charity? Be off home with you—are't you ashamed to bring such charges against two respectable looking gentlemen," pointing to Lords Murrain and Hail, who were standing with a grin upon their faces, and portly looking fellows enough, in sooth they were.

"Dang me," said another, "but it is these chaps and the like of them that are the cause of all the disturbance in the Row—with their damned folly about the liquor; who cares what liquor the people drink—let them drink what they like. Be off out of this, you varlets—and do you hear, have no more meetings or consultations about what you'll do; no more plottings together against Lord Pope, or by all that's good, the corporation will make dogsmeat of you. Be off home, and live in peace with your neighbours, ye unchristian dogs."

This, and much more than this, was the best language they heard from the common council, and whenever they spoke of the evidence they had, they were told that the corporation knew it was all lies—and so they went back to

the Row greatly astonished you may be sure, at the reception they had met with.

But what do you think the council should do after they were gone, but instantly pass a resolution that Lord Pope should be got in the commission of the peace for the town, and be given the appointment of all the constables and watchmen in the Irish Row.

But this could not be done without getting the consent of the board of aldermen—and they refused to agree to any such thing, upon which the common council called their worships all kinds of bad names, and so the matter ended for the present. But the history of what followed these proceedings in the Row, and the account of the behaviour of Lord Pope and his men, I must reserve for another chapter.

LITERARY REMAINS OF HAZLITT.*

THIS is not as instructive nor as entertaining a book as it might have easily been made, and as the subject almost demanded. The biographical sketch is slender—gives a few dates and names, but adds nothing whatever to our means of judging of the man whose life it professes to relate. This is the more inexcusable, as his own works furnish continual references to the circumstances of his life, and as it seems impossible that there should not be still living numbers, whose aid would not have been refused in supplying such information as a valuable memoir requires. The meagreness of the sketch is sought to be justified by a theory that it is unimportant to the public to be made acquainted with the details of Hazlitt's engagements with magazines and newspapers—that the true history of his life is that of "the progress and development of his understanding, as nurtured and swayed by his affections." Be it so;—yet, to understand this progress, some account of his intimacies ought to have been given;—some account, too, of the class of engagements from which his support was derived, and how far they assisted or interrupted the growth of his moral

being, would have interested the public, and been valued by those who, like Hazlitt, are thrown upon the precarious resources of literature for subsistence. There is no necessity, and therefore no fitness in bringing the details of domestic life before the public eye; and yet we think that his various engagements with reviews, and magazines, and newspapers—his contracts and his quarrels with booksellers, would be an instructive exhibition. To many the picture of such struggles would suggest salutary warnings. To none could it be without interest. The expectation of such a narrative was our motive for ordering the book. To know the circumstances under which Hazlitt's several essays were written, would have given the essays themselves a new interest; as, however, in Mr. Litton Bulwer's "Thoughts on the Genius of Hazlitt," a complete edition of his works is promised, the omission of which we complain in the present publication will probably be supplied.

Hazlitt was born at Maidstone, in Kent, in 1778. His father was an Unitarian minister; he was a native of the county of Tipperary, in Ireland; was educated at Glasgow. After having

* *Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt: with a Notice of his Life, by his Son; and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. M.P. and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M.P.* 2 vols 8vo. London: Saunders and Otley. 1836.

had the charge of some other congregations, he was fixed at Maidstone for nearly ten years, where most of his children were born. From Maidstone he removed to the care of a congregation in Bandon, in the county of Cork. At the close of the American war he removed for some years to America; returned to England, and finally settled as minister of the Presbyterian congregation at Wem, in Shropshire.

In Wem was the boyhood of his son, William, passed. We transcribe an account given in the *Monthly Repository*, fanciful as it is, of the way in which the youth of a man of genius passes. Let it not be supposed that we agree with all this—ay, or with a single sentence or sentiment in it, although we have read it not without pleasure. There is all the temptation to exaggeration in periodical writing, that there is in popular preaching, and we think it was scarcely fair play of young Hazlitt to quote the eulogies written within a month or two of his father's decease. However this be, our duty is to give an account of the book before us, and here is the passage :

"The most pure and perfect state of human existence, the most ethereal in mind, being fresh from the creative hand; the most enthusiastic and benevolent of heart, being yet uncontaminated by the outer world and all its bitter disappointments, the sweetest and yet the most pathetic, were it only from the extreme sense of beauty, is the early youth of genius. Alone in the acuteness of its general sensibility—unsympathised with in its peculiar view of nature; its heart without utterance, and its intellect a mine penetrated by the warmth of the dawning sun, but unopened by its meridian beams—the child of genius wanders forth into the fields and woods, an embodied imagination; an elemental being yearning for operation, but knowing not its mission. A powerful destiny heaves for development in its bosom; it feels the prophetic waves surging to and fro; but all is indistinct and vast: caverned, spell-bound, aimless and rife with signs. It has little retrospection, and that little of no importance; its heart and soul are in the future, a glorified dream. Memory, with all its melancholy pleasures and countless pains, is for the old, and chiefly for the prematurely old; but youth is a vision of the islands of the blest; it tells its own fairy-tale to itself, and is at once the hero

and inventor. It revels in the radiance of years to come, nor ever dreams that the little daisy on the lawn, so smilingly beheld, or so tenderly gathered from its green bed, shall make the whole heart ache with all the past, when it meets the eye some years hence. If this be more or less the case with youth in general, it is so in a pre-eminent degree with the youth of genius. At this early period of the life of such a being, impressions of moral and physical beauty exist in ecstatic sensation rather than in sentiment: a practical feeling and instinct, not a theory or rule of right. Conscious only of its ever-working sensibility, and dim aspirations, boundless as dim—utterly unconsciously of its talent, powers, or means of realising its feelings, the child of genius yearns with a deep sense of the divinity of imperishable creation, with hopes that sweep high over the dull earth and all its revolving graves; and lost in beatific abstraction, it has a positive foretaste of immortality.

"Such, we may affirm—if the reader will add that intensity of comprehension which pierces beneath the deepest roots of the heart, and to which all words are but the earth-like signs, the finger-marks of mortality pointing to the profound elements of human nature—such was the early youth of William Hazlitt."—*Vol. I. pp. v-vii.*

Our readers are in danger, if they do not attend to dates, of thinking that the youth, and not the mere boyhood of Hazlitt is here intended to be described. The enthusiastic visionary—who afterwards was soured into the critic—was at the period but nine or ten years old—and if he was allowed thus to ramble about, indulging his own fancies, we are not surprised at the life of misery which his parents were thus unconsciously preparing for him; but we suspect that the foundation of the whole is little more than a poetical mode of describing the neighbourhood of Wem. The time and place being given, this kind of imagery rises up of its own accord, as one of our playwrights imagines turbans and crescents the moment he has to dramatize a Moorish tale. We have following this, several of Hazlitt's first letters. There was no great object in printing them; a forward schoolboy's account of his masters and of the neighbouring friends who paid him any attention;—narratives of the week-day lessons, and the Sunday sermon. The following

account of an evening party is in its way very good—Hazlitt, at the time he wrote the letter in which it occurs, was but twelve years old.

"Saturday afternoon I and George, with Miss Avis, went to a Mrs. Barton's, who appeared to be an inhospitable English prim 'lady,' if such she may be called. She asked, as if she were afraid we should accept it, if we would stay to tea. And at the other English person's, for I am sure she belongs to no other country than to England, I got such a surfeit of their ceremonial unsociality, that I could not help wishing myself in America. I had rather people would tell one to go out of the house, than ask one to stay, and at the same time be trembling all over for fear one should take a slice of meat or a dish of tea with them. Such as these require an Horace or a Shakespeare to describe them.—*Biographical Sketch*, page 13.

The same letter tells of "passing an agreeable day yesterday, as I read 160 pages of Priestley, and heard two good sermons." What part of Priestley's works were the study of the inquisitive boy is not mentioned, but that he was already deeply engaged in the kind of political speculations at that time afloat in all society, and most of all among the Presbyterian dissenters, was remarkably evidenced by his first publication, a letter to the editor of "the Shrewsbury Chronicle," on the "outrages offered at Birmingham to that great and good man."* We have not room for the letter, but it is a very remarkable production from a boy of thirteen—a bold and animated *school exercise* on the subject of religious persecution, and perhaps worth preserving.

In 1798, two years after this, he was sent to the Unitarian College of Hackney—his father's "wish and prayer being, that his son might attain a distinguished name among the ministers of dissent." Hazlitt, from the first, manifested strong distaste for the profession intended for him—his repugnance for it each day increased, and he was at length removed from Hackney. In Hazlitt's writings, there are frequent and bitter allusions to the dissenters as a "body." We transcribe some sentences written in a calmer spirit, from

a letter to his son, on the conduct of life, which is published we believe for the first time in his *Literary Remains*.

"It was my misfortune perhaps to be bred up among Dissenters, who look with too jaundiced an eye at others, and set too high a value on their own peculiar pretensions. From being proscribed themselves, they learn to proscribe others; and come in the end to reduce all integrity of principle and soundness of opinion within the pale of their own little communion. Those who were out of it, and did not belong to the class of *rational dissenters*, I was led erroneously to look upon as hardly deserving the name of rational beings. Being thus satisfied as to the select few who are "the salt of the earth," it is easy to persuade ourselves that we are at the head of them, and to fancy ourselves of more importance in the scale of true desert than all the rest of the world put together, who do not interpret a certain text of Scripture in the manner that we have been taught to do. You will, (from the difference of education) be free from this bigotry, and will, I hope, avoid every thing akin to the same exclusive and narrow-minded spirit. Think that the minds of men are various as their faces—that the modes and employments of life are numberless as they are necessary—that there is more than one class of merit—that though others may be wrong in some things, they are not so in all—and that countless races of men have been born, have lived and died without ever hearing of any one of those points in which you take a just pride and pleasure—and you will not err on the side of that spiritual pride or intellectual coxcombry, which has been so often the bane of the studious and learned!"—*Literary Remains*, Vol. II. p. 77, 78.

When it was determined by young Hazlitt to leave Hackney, and to abandon all views of entering into the ministry, there was the usual difficulty and debating about the choice of a profession by which he could support himself. It was fortunate for the future critic, that he determined upon the life of a painter. It fixed his whole heart and affections at the dangerous age of opening manhood. It made him for many years of his life a happier and a better man than it would almost have been possible for him to have been,

without the calm resources which a love of art supplied to the solitary student. The principles of true taste, which he has been more successful in illustrating and diffusing than any other writer of his age—and which seem to have possessed his whole mind—were formed in his practice of painting. We must quote from himself his own account of the matter—for if our biographical essays have any value, it can only be by bringing together materials from which, with little other aid from us, our readers may be led to form a true judgment of the persons whom we may, from time to time, bring before them. Writing, some thirty years after, of this period, and comparing the pleasures of painting with the wearisome occupations of desultory writing, by which he was, in his latter years, supporting himself—with the frequent necessity of re-writing the essay—the necessity of reading *proofs* and *revises*, to prevent mistakes of the printer—and the feeling too often forced upon the author, that the gloss and relish is lost before his work can be brought before the public.

"Of painting," says Hazlitt, "one is never tired, because you have to set down, not as in the case of essay writing, what you know already, but what you have just discovered.

"In the former case, you translate feelings into words; in the latter, names into things. There is a continual creation out of nothing going on. With every stroke of the brush, a new field of inquiry is laid open; new difficulties arise, and new triumphs are prepared over them. By comparing the imitation with the original, you see what you have done, and how much you have still to do. The test of the senses is severer than that of fancy, and an over-match even for the delusions of our self-love. One part of a picture shames another, and you determine to paint up to yourself, if you cannot come up to nature. Every object becomes lustrous from the light thrown back upon it by the mirror of art: and by the aid of the pencil, we may be said to touch and handle the objects of sight. The air-drawn visions that hover on the verge of existence have a bodily presence given them on the canvas: the form of beauty is changed into a substance: the dream and the glory of the universe is made 'palpable to feeling as to sight.' And see! a rainbow starts from the can-

vas, with all its humid train of glory, as if it were drawn from its cloudy arch in heaven. The spangled landscape glitters with drops of dew after the shower. The 'fleecey fools' show their coats in the gleams of the setting sun. The shepherds pipe their farewell notes in the fresh evening air. And is this bright vision made from a dead dull blank, like a bubble reflecting the mighty fabric of the universe? Who would think this miracle of Rubens' pencil possible to be performed? Who, having seen it, would not spend his life to do the like? See how the rich fallows, the bare stubble-field, the scanty harvest-home, drag in Rembrandt's landscapes! How often have I looked at them and nature, and tried to do the same, till the very 'light thickened,' and there was an earthiness in the feeling of the air! There is no end of the refinements of art and nature in this respect. One may look at the misty glimmering horizon till the eye dazzles and the imagination is lost, in hopes to transfer the whole interminable expanse at one blow upon canvas. Wilson said, he used to try to paint the effect of the motes dancing in the setting sun. At another time, a friend coming into his painting-room when he was sitting on the ground in a melancholy posture, observed that his picture looked like a landscape after a shower: he started up with the greatest delight, and said, 'That is the effect I intended to produce, but thought I had failed.' Wilson was neglected; and, by degrees, neglected his art to apply himself to brandy. His hand became unsteady, so that it was only by repeated attempts that he could reach the place, or produce the effect he aimed at; and when he had done a little to a picture, he would say to any acquaintance who chanced to drop in, 'I have painted enough for one day: come, let us go somewhere.' It was not so Claude left his pictures, or his studies on the banks of the Tiber, to go in search of other enjoyments, or ceased to gaze upon the glittering sunny vales and distant hills; and, while his eye drank in the clear sparkling hues and lovely forms of nature, his hand stamped them on the lucid canvas to last there for ever! One of the most delightful parts of my life was one fine summer, when I used to walk out of an evening to catch the last light of the sun, gemming the green slopes or russet lawns, and gilding tower or tree, while the blue sky gradually turning to purple and gold, or skirted with dusky grey, hung its

brood marble pavement over all, as we see it in the great master of Italian landscape. But to come to a more particular explanation of the subject.

"The first head I ever tried to paint was an old woman with the upper part of the face shaded by her bonnet, and I certainly laboured at it with great perseverance. It took me numberless sittings to do it. I have it by me still, and sometimes look at it with surprise, to think how much pains were thrown away to little purpose, yet not altogether in vain if it taught me to see good in every thing, and to know that there is nothing vulgar in nature seen with the eye of science or of true art. Refinement creates beauty everywhere: it is the grossness of the spectator that discovers nothing but grossness in the object. Be this as it may, I spared no pains to do my best. If art was long, I thought that life was so too at that moment. I got in the general effect the first day; and pleased and surprised enough I was at my success. The rest was a work of time—of weeks and months (if need were) of patient toil and careful finishing. I had seen an old head by Rembrandt at Burleigh House, and if I could produce a head at all like Rembrandt in a year, in my lifetime, it would be glory and felicity, and wealth and fame enough for me! The head I had seen at Burleigh was an exact and wonderful facsimile of nature, and I resolved to make mine (as nearly as I could) an exact facsimile of nature. I did not then, nor do I now believe, with Sir Joshua, that the perfection of art consists in giving general appearances without individual details, but in giving general appearances with individual details. Otherwise, I had done my work the first day. But I saw something more in nature than general effect, and I thought it worth my while to give it in the picture. There was a gorgeous effect of light and shade: but there was a delicacy as well as depth in the *chiaro scuro*, which I was bound to follow into all its dim and scarce perceptible variety of tone and shadow. Then I had to make the transition from a strong light to as dark a shade, preserving the masses, but gradually softening off the intermediate parts. It was so in nature; the difficulty was to make it so in the copy. I tried, and failed again and again; I strove

harder, and succeeded as I thought. The wrinkles in Rembrandt were not hard lines, but broken and irregular. I saw the same appearance in nature, and strained every nerve to give it. If I could hit off this edgy appearance, and insert the reflected light in the furrows of old age in half a morning, I did not think I had lost a day. Beneath the shrivelled yellow parchment look of the skin, there was here and there a streak of the blood colour tinging the face; this I made a point of conveying, and did not cease to compare what I saw with what I did (with jealous lynx-eyed watchfulness,) till I succeeded to the best of my ability and judgment. How many revisions were there! How many attempts to catch an expression which I had seen the day before! How often did we try to get the old position, and wait for the return of the same light! There was a puckering up of the lips, a cautious introversion of the eye under the shadow of the bonnet, indicative of the feebleness and suspicion of old age, which at last we managed, after many trials and some quarrels, to a tolerable nicety. The picture was never finished, and I might have gone on with it to the present hour.* I used to set it on the ground when my day's work was done, and saw revealed to me with swimming eyes the birth of new hopes, and of a new world of objects. The painter thus learns to look at nature with different eyes. He before saw her 'as in a glass darkly, but now face to face.' He understands the texture and meaning of the visible universe, and 'sees into the life of things,' not by the help of mechanical instruments, but of the improved exercise of his faculties, and an intimate sympathy with nature. The meanest thing is not lost upon him, for he looks at it with an eye to itself, not merely to his own vanity or interest, or the opinion of the world. Even where there is neither beauty nor use—if that ever were—still there is truth, and a sufficient source of gratification in the indulgence of curiosity and activity of mind. The humblest painter is a true scholar; and the best of scholars—the scholar of nature."—*Table Talk*, Vol. I. pp. 7-14.

Long as our extract has been, we must allow Hazlitt to describe another of his attempts.

* It is at present covered with a thick slough of oil and varnish (the perishable vehicle of the English school) like an envelope of gold-beater's skin, so as to be hardly visible.

"One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong marked features, and scarred with the small-pox. I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, in a fine old binding, with Gribelin's etchings. My father would as have it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content, was "riches finelless." The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied; and besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a sermon than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel-windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin-redbreast in our garden (that "ever in the haunch of winter sings,") as my afternoon's work drew to a close,—were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours, when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil, when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein, when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Correggio, "*I also am a painter!*" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair to look at it through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the Exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington, (now Sir George.) There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I finished this portrait (or another afterwards) on the same day that the news of the battle of Ansterlitz came; I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned, saw the evening star set over a poor man's cottage, with

other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly! The picture is left: the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, of charity!"—*Table Talk*, Vol. I. pp. 19–21.

His son tells us that his success was regarded by all but himself as decided. Hazlitt, however, always writes on the subject, as if he had altogether failed. In the intervals of his studies as a painter, he continued the study of metaphysics, which, for some years, had been his favourite pursuit, and at eighteen, began his first rough sketch of the "*Principles of Human Action.*" "An instance," says his son, "of lofty ambition in youth, and of early development of the reasoning powers, which has few if any parallels." The friends of Hazlitt are too fond of talking of his metaphysics. On his tombstone he is described as

'The first, unanswered metaphysician of the age.'

The reply to this strange expression is, that his metaphysics are unread.

The year 1798 was a remarkable period in Hazlitt's life, as he then first became acquainted with Coleridge. The strong differences between their religious and political creeds in after-life, separated for ever two men worthy to have continued friends. Hazlitt speaks of him often with bitterness—the hurt feeling of a mind in some way or other disappointed—we think it probable, from no deeper cause than the cessation of intercourse with many of his former acquaintances, which Coleridge's residence in retirement, and with a private family, necessarily involved. We think, however, it is impossible to read Hazlitt's constantly recurring allusions to Coleridge, and not believe that he continued to regard with friendship to the last, the man who was once his friend. In these volumes, an essay printed by Hazlitt, in one or other of the periodicals, and which we were unable to lay our hands on at the time our notices of Coleridge were written, is fortunately preserved. It is interesting as a picture of Hazlitt's mind,

still more interesting, as giving the very best account we have seen of Coleridge at that period of his life.

"My father was a Dissenting Minister, at Wem, in Shropshire; and in the year 1798 (the figures that compose that date are to me like the 'dreaded name of Demogorgon') Mr. Coleridge came to Shrewsbury, to succeed Mr. Rowe in the spiritual charge of a Unitarian congregation there. He did not come till late on the Saturday afternoon before he was to preach; and Mr. Rowe, who himself went down to the coach in a state of anxiety and expectation to look for the arrival of his successor, could find no one at all answering the description but a round-faced man, in a short black coat (like a shooting jacket) which hardly seemed to have been made for him, but who seemed to be talking at a great rate to his fellow-passengers. Mr. Rowe had scarce returned to give an account of his disappointment when the round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the subject by beginning to talk. He did not cease while he stayed; nor has he since, that I know of. He held the good town of Shrewsbury in delightful suspense for three weeks that he remained there, 'fluttering the proud Salopians, like an eagle in a dove-cot;' and the Welsh mountains, that skirt the horizon with their tempestuous confusion agree to have heard no such mystic sounds since the days of

'High-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay!'

As we passed along between Wem and Shrewsbury, and I eyed their blue tops seen through the wintry branches, or the red rustling leaves of the sturdy oak-trees by the road side, a sound was in my ears as of a syren's song; I was stunned, startled with it, as from a deep sleep; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration to others in motley imagery or quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul, like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the road. I was at that time dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the way-side, crushed, bleeding, lifeless; but now, bursting from the deadly bands that 'bound them,

'With Styx nine times round them,'

my ideas float on winged words, and as they expand their plumes, catch the golden light of other years. My soul has indeed remained in its original bon-

dage, dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge. But this is not to my purpose.

"My father lived ten miles from Shrewsbury, and was in the habit of exchanging visits with Mr. Rowe, and with Mr. Jenkins of Whitchurch (nine miles farther on), according to the custom of Dissenting ministers in each other's neighbourhood. A line of communication is thus established, by which the flame of civil and religious liberty is kept alive, and nourishes its smouldering fire unquenchable, like the fires in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, placed at different stations, that waited for ten long years to announce with their blazing pyramids the destruction of Troy. Coleridge had agreed to come over and see my father, according to the courtesy of the country, as Mr. Rowe's probable successor; but, in the mean time, I had gone to hear him preach the Sunday after his arrival. A poet and a philosopher getting up into a Unitarian pulpit to preach the gospel, was a romance in these degenerate days, a sort of revival of the primitive spirit of Christianity, which was not to be resisted.

"It was in January, 1798, that I rose one morning before day-light, to walk ten miles in the mud, to hear this celebrated person preach. Never, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, comfortless one, in the winter of the year 1798.—*Il y a des impressions que ni le tems ni les circonstances peuvent effacer. Dussé-je vivre des siècles entiers, le doux tems de ma jeunesse ne peut renaitre pour moi, ni s'effacer jamais dans ma mémoire.* When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, 'And he went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE.' As he gave out this text, his voice 'rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,' and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, 'of one crying

in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey.' The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war; upon church and state—not their alliances, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had 'inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore.' He made a poetical and pastoral excursion,—and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, 'as though he should never be old,' and the same poor country-lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood.

'Such were the notes our once-loved poet sang.'

And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together, Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and with the sanction of Religion. This was even beyond my hopes. I returned home well satisfied. The sun that was still labouring pale and wan through the sky, obscured by thick mists, seemed an emblem of the *good cause*; and the cold dank drops of dew, that hung half melted on the beard of the thistle, had something genial and refreshing in them; for there was a spirit of hope and youth in all nature, that turned every thing into good. The face of nature had not then the brand of *JUS DIVINUM* on it:

'Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.'

"On the Tuesday following, the half-inspired speaker came. I was called down into the room where he was, and went half-hoping, half-afraid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time without uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence. 'For those two hours,' he afterwards was pleased to say, 'he was conversing with William Hazlitt's forehead!' His appearance was different from what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance, and in the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness in his aspect, a dusky obscurity, and

I thought him pitted with the small-pox. His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright—

'As are the children of yon azure shewn.'

His forehead was broad and high, high as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them, like a sea with darkened lustre. 'A certain tender bloom his face o'er-spread,' a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his face as from a height surveyed and projected him (with sufficient capacity and huge aspiration) into the world unknown of thought and imagination, with nothing to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus had launched his adventurous course for the New World in a scallop, without oars or compass. So at least I comment on it after the event. Coleridge, in his person, was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent, or like Lord Hamlet, 'somewhat fat and pury.' His hair (now, alas! grey) was then black and glossy as the raven's, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is peculiar to enthusiasts, to those whose minds tend heavenward; and is traditionally inseparable (though of a different colour) from the pictures of Christ. It ought to belong, as a character, to all who preach *Christ crucified*, and Coleridge was at that time one of those!

"It was curious to observe the contrast between him and my father, who was a veteran in the cause, and then declining into the vale of years. He had been a poor Irish lad, carefully brought up by his parents, and sent to the University at Glasgow (where he studied under Adam Smith) to prepare him for his future destination. It was his mother's proudest wish to see her son a Dissenting minister. So, if we look back to past generations (as far as eye can reach), we see the same hopes, fears, wishes, followed by the same disappointments, throbbing in the human heart; and so we may see them, if we look forward, rising up for ever, and disappearing, like vapourish bubbles, in the human breast! After being tossed about from congregation to congregation in the heats of the Unitarian

controversy, and squabbles about the American war, he had been relegated to an obscure village, where he was to spend the last thirty years of his life, far from the only converse that he loved, the talk about disputed texts of Scripture, and the cause of civil and religious liberty. Here he passed his days, repining, but resigned, in the study of the Bible, and the perusal of the commentators,—huge folios, not easily got through, one of which would outlast a winter! Why did he pore on these from morn to night (with the exception of a walk in the fields or a turn in the garden to gather broccoli-plants or kidney beans of his own rearing, with no small degree of pride and pleasure)?—Here were ‘no figures nor no fantasies,’—neither poetry nor philosophy—nothing to dazzle, nothing to excite modern curiosity; but to his lack-lustre eyes there appeared, within the pages of the ponderous, unwieldy, neglected tomes, the sacred name of JEHOVAH in Hebrew capitals: pressed down by the weight of the style, worn to the last fading thinness of the understanding, there were glimpses, glimmering notions of the patriarchal wanderings, with palm-trees hovering in the horizon, and processions of camels at the distance of three thousand years; there was Moses with the Burning Bush, the number of the Twelve Tribes, types, shadows, glosses on the law and the prophets; there were discussions, dull enough, on the age of Methuselah, a mighty speculation! there were outlines, rude guesses at the shape of Noah’s Ark and of the riches of Solomon’s Temple; questions as to the date of the creation, predictions of the end of all things; the great lapses of time, the strange mutations of the globe were unfolded with the voluminous leaf, as it turned over; and though the soul might slumber with an hieroglyphic veil of inscrutable mysteries drawn over it, yet it was in a slumber ill-exchanged for all the sharpened realities of sense, wit, fancy, or reason. My father’s life was comparatively a dream; but it was a dream of infinity and eternity, of death, the resurrection, and a judgment to come!”

“The day passed off pleasantly, and the next morning Mr. Coleridge was to return to Shrewsbury. When I came down to breakfast, I found that he had just received a letter from his friend, T. Wedgwood, making him an offer of £150 a year, if he chose to waive his present

pursuit, and devote himself entirely to the study of poetry and philosophy. Coleridge seemed to make up his mind to close with this proposal in the act of tying on one of his shoes. It threw an additional damp on his departure. It took the wayward enthusiast quite from us to cast him into Davy’s winding vales, or by the shores of old romance. Instead of living at ten miles distance, of being the pastor of a dissenting congregation at Shrewsbury, he was henceforth to inhabit the Hill of Parnassus, to be a Shepherd on the Dialectable Mountains. Alas! I knew not the way thither, and felt very little gratitude for Mr. Wedgwood’s bounty. I was presently relieved from this dilemma; for Mr. Coleridge, asking for a pen and ink, and going to a table to write something on a bit of card, advanced towards me with undulating step, and giving me the precious document, said that that was his address, *Mr. Coleridge, Nether-Stowey, Somersetshire*; and that he should be glad to see me there in a few weeks’ time, and, if I chose, would come half-way to meet me. I was not less surprised than the shepherd boy (this simile is to be found in *Cassandra*) when he sees a thunder-bolt fall close at his feet. I stammered out my acknowledgments and acceptance of this offer, (I thought Mr. Wedgwood’s annuity a trifle to it) as well as I could; and this mighty business being settled, the poet-preacher took leave, and I accompanied him six miles on the road. It was a fine morning in the middle of winter, and he talked the whole way. The scholar in Chaucer is described as going

——“Sounding on his way.”

So Coleridge went on his. In digressing, in dilating, in passing from subject to subject, he appeared to me to float in air, to slide on ice. He told me in confidence (going along) that he should have preached two sermons before he accepted the situation at Shrewsbury, one on Infant Baptism, the other on the Lord’s Supper, shewing that he could not administer either, which would have effectually disqualified him for the object in view. I observed that he continually crossed me on the way by shifting from one side of the foot-path to the other.—This struck me as an odd movement; but I did not at that time connect it with any instability of purpose or involuntary change of principle, as I have done since. He seemed unable to keep on in a straight line.”

"We parted at the six-mile stone; and I returned homeward, pensive but much pleased. I had met with unexpected notice from a person, whom I believed to have been prejudiced against me. Kind and affable to me had been his condescension, and should be honoured over with suitable regard. He was the first poet I had known, and he certainly answered to that inspired name. I had heard a great deal of his powers of conversation, and was not disappointed. In fact, I never met with any thing at all like them, either before or since."

"On my way back, I had a sound in my ears—it was the voice of Fancy: I had a light before me—it was the face of Poetry. The one still lingers there, the other has not quitted my side! Coleridge in truth met me half-way on the ground of philosophy, or I should not have been won over to his imaginative creed. I had an uneasy, pleasurable sensation all the time, till I was to visit him. During those months, the chill breath of winter gave me a welcoming; the vernal air was balm and inspiration to me. The golden sun-sets, the silver star of evening, lighted me on my way to new hopes and prospects. *I was to visit Coleridge in the spring.* This circumstance was never absent from my thoughts, and mingled with all my feelings. I wrote to him at the time proposed, and received an answer postponing my intended visit for a week or two, but very cordially urging me to complete my promise then. This delay did not damp, but rather increased my ardour. In the meantime, I went to Llangollen Vale, by way of initiating myself in the mysteries of natural scenery; and I must say I was enchanted with it. I had been reading Coleridge's description of England, in his fine "Ode on the Departing Year," and I applied it *cum amore*, to the objects before me. That valley was to me (in a manner) the cradle of a new existence: in the river that winds through it, my spirit was baptized in the waters of Helicon!"

"I returned home and soon after set out on my way with unworn heart and untired feet."

"I arrived, and was well received. The country about Nether Stowey is beautiful, green and hilly, and near the seashore. I saw it but the other day, after an interval of twenty years, from a hill near Taunton. How was the map of

my life spread out before me, as the map of the country lay at my feet! In the afternoon, Coleridge took me over to All-Morden, a romantic old family mansion of the St. Aubins, where Wordsworth lived. It was there in the possession of a friend of the poet's, who gave him the free use of it. Somehow that period (the time just after the French Revolution) was not a time when *nothing was given for nothing*. The mind opened, and a softness might be perceived coming over the heart of individuals, beneath 'the scales that fence' our self-interest. Wordsworth himself was from home, but his sister kept house, and set before us a frugal repast; and we had free access to her brother's poems, the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which were still in manuscript, or in the form of 'Syllable Leaves.' I dipped into a few of these with great satisfaction, and with the faith of a novice. I slept that night in an old room with blue hangings, and covered with the round-faced family portraits of the age of George I. and II, and from the wooded declivity of the adjoining park that overlooked my window, at the dawn of day, could

—hear the head stag speak."

"In the outset of life (and particularly at this time I felt it so) our imagination has a body to it. We are in a state between sleeping and waking, and have indistinct but glorious glimpses of strange shapes, and there is always something to come better than what we see. As in our dreams the fulness of the blood gives warmth and reality to the coinage of the brain, so in youth our ideas are clothed, and fed, and pampered with our good spirits; we breathe thick with thoughtless happiness, the weight of future years presses on the strong pulses of the heart, and we repose with undisturbed faith in truth and good. As we advance, we exhaust our fund of enjoyment and of hope. We are no longer wrapped in *land's-wool*, lulled in Elysium. As we taste the pleasures of life, their spirit evaporates, the sense pals; and nothing is left but the phantoms, the lifeless shadows of what *has been*!"

"That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we strolled out into the park, and seating ourselves on the trunk of an old ash-tree that stretched along the ground, Coleridge read aloud, with a sonorous and musical voice, the ballad of 'Betty Foy.' I was not critically or sceptically inclined. I saw touches of truth and nature, and took the rest for

granted. But in the 'Thorn,' the 'Mad Mother,' and the 'Complaint of a Poor Indian Woman,' I felt that deeper power and pathos which have been since acknowledged,

'In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,'

as the characteristics of this author; and the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me. It had to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of Spring,

'While yet the trembling year is unconfirmed.' "

"The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was more gaunt and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed, according to the *costume* of that unconstrained period, in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own 'Peter Bell.' There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), and intense, high narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. Chantry's bust wants the marking traits; but he was teased into making it regular and heavy: Haydon's head of him, introduced into the *Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem*, is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression. He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern burr, like the crust on wine. He instantly began to make havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table, and said triumphantly that 'his marriage with experience had not been so productive as Mr. Southey's in teaching him a knowledge of the good things of this life.' He had been to see the 'Castle Spectre' by Monk Lewis, while at Bristol, and described it very well. He said 'it fitted the taste of the audience like a glove.' This *ad captandum* merit was however by no means a recommendation of it, according to the severe principles of the new school, which reject rather than court popular effect. Wordsworth, looking out of the low, latticed window, said, 'How beautifully

the sun sets on that yellow bank!' I thought within myself, 'with what eyes these poets see nature!' and ever after, when I saw the sun-set stream upon the objects facing it, conceived I had made a discovery, or thanked Mr. Wordsworth for having made one for me! We went over to All-Foxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of 'Peter Bell' in the open air; and the comment made upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics! Whatever might be thought of the poem, 'his face was as a book where men might read strange matters,' and he announced the fate of his hero in prophetic tones. There is a *charm* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which acts as a spell upon the hearer, and disarms the judgment. Perhaps they have deceived themselves by making habitual use of this ambiguous accompaniment. Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied; Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal. The one might be termed more *dramatic*, the other more *lyrical*. Coleridge has told me that he himself liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copse-wood, whereas Wordsworth always wrote, if he could, walking up and down a straight gravel-walk, or in some spot where the continuity of his verse met with no collateral interruption. Returning that same evening, I got into a metaphysical argument with Wordsworth, while Coleridge was explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister, in which we neither of us succeeded in making ourselves perfectly clear and intelligible. Thus I passed three weeks at Nether Stowey and in the neighbourhood, generally devoting the afternoons to a delightful chat in an arbour made of bark by the poet's friend Tom Poole, sitting under two fine elm-trees, and listening to the bees humming round us, while we quaffed our *flip*. It was agreed, among other things, that we should make a jaunt down the Bristol Channel, as far as Linton. We set off together on foot, Coleridge, John Chester, and I. This Chester was a native of Nether Stowey, one of those who were attracted to Coleridge's discourse as flies are to honey, or bees in swarming-time to the sound of a brass pan."

"We passed Dunster on our right, a

small town between the brow of a hill and the sea. I remember eyeing it wistfully as it lay below us: contrasted with the woody scene around, it looked as clear, as pure, as embrowned and ideal as any landscape I have seen since, of Gaspar Poussin's or Domenichino's. We had a long day's march—(our feet kept time to the echoes of Coleridge's tongue)—through Mimshead and by the Blue Anchor, and on to Linton, which we did not reach till near midnight, and where we had some difficulty in making a lodgment. We however knocked the people of the house up at last, and we were repaid for our apprehensions and fatigue by some excellent rashers of fried bacon and eggs. The view in coming along had been splendid. We walked for miles and miles on dark brown heaths overlooking the Channel, with the Welsh hills beyond, and at times descended into little sheltered valleys close by the sea-side, with a smuggler's face scowling by us, and then had to ascend conical hills with a path winding up through a coppice to a barren top, like a monk's shaven crown, from one of which I pointed out to Coleridge's notice the bare masts of a vessel on the very edge of the horizon and within the red-orbed disk of the setting sun, like his own spectre-ship in the 'Ancient Mariner.' At Linton the character of the sea-coast becomes more marked and rugged. There is a place called the *Valley of Rocks* (I suspect this was only the poetical name for it) bedded among precipices overhanging the sea, with rocky caverns beneath, into which the waves dash, and where the seagull for ever wheels its screaming flight. On the tops of these are huge stones thrown transverse, as if an earthquake had tossed them there, and behind these is a fretwork of perpendicular rocks, something like the *Giant's Causeway*. A thunder-storm came on while we were at the inn, and Coleridge was running out bareheaded to enjoy the commotion of the elements in the *Valley of Rocks*, but as if in spite, the clouds only muttered a few angry sounds, and let fall a few refreshing drops. Coleridge told me that he and Wordsworth were to have made this place the scene of a prose-tale, which was to have been in the manner of, but far superior to, the 'Death of Abel,' but they had relinquished the design. In the morning of the second day, we breakfasted luxuriously in an old-fashioned parlour, on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, in the very sight

of the bee-hives from which it had been taken, and a garden full of thyme and wild flowers that had produced it. On this occasion Coleridge spoke of Virgil's 'Georgics,' but not well. I do not think he had much feeling for the classical or elegant. It was in this room that we found a little worn-out copy of the 'Seasons,' lying in a window-seat, on which Coleridge exclaimed, 'That is true fame!' He said Thomson was a great poet, rather than a good one; his style was as meretricious as his thoughts were natural."

"In a day or two after we arrived at Stowey, we set out, I on my return home, and he for Germany."

"I saw no more of him for a year or two, during which period he had been wandering in the Hartz Forest in Germany; and his return was cometary, meteorous, unlike his setting out. It was not till some time after that I knew his friends Lamb and Southey. The last always appears to me, as I first saw him, with a common-place book under his arm, and the first with a *bon mot* in his mouth. It was at Godwin's that I met him with Holcroft and Coleridge, where they were disputing fiercely which was the best—*Man as he was, or man as he is to be*. 'Give me,' says Lamb, 'man as he is not to be.' This saying was the beginning of a friendship between us, which I believe still continues.—Enough of this for the present."—*Literary Remains, Vol. II. pp. 362-369.*

The course of Hazlitt's life for the next two or three years, is not traced in these volumes. It was probably passed exclusively in the studies of his intended profession, for we next find him at Paris, in 1802, copying pictures in the *Louvre*. On his return to England in 1803, he made a tour through the midland counties, and is described as successful in obtaining sitters at Liverpool and Manchester. His admiration of the art seems to have been the single cause of his retiring from a profession which he loved, but in which he felt it impossible that labour as he might, he could attain more than respectable mediocrity. Through his whole life, the pencil continued to be the solace of his leisure hours, and he now and then painted portraits of his intimate friends—one, among others, of Lamb, which has been engraved for

Talfourd's "Life and Writings of Charles Lamb."

In 1805 was published his "Principles of Human Action." This was followed by political pamphlets and abridgments, undertaken for the booksellers. Then followed a reply to Malthus, in the shape of an octavo, and a second in the fact of his marrying Miss Stoddart, sister of the present Chief Justice of Malta. Their children, with the exception of his biographer, died in early childhood. After his marriage he went to live at Winterstow, in Wiltshire, in a house belonging to his wife's family.

"It was," says his son, "at this place, and at the Hutt, an inn on the Great Western Road, about a mile and a half from the village, that he passed, at intervals, many years of his life—alternately painting, reading, writing, and using physical exercise. The fine woods of Tytherley on the one side, and the noble expanse of Salisbury Plain on the other, presented an inexhaustible source of healthful recreation and mental enjoyment—of all that might administer, with the most salutary effect, alike to the senses and to the imagination. His state of life at this period, and in these scenes, he has himself described in a passage which, though the reader may remember it well, will be read by him once more with pleasure:—

"Here, even here, on Salisbury plain, with a few old authors, I can manage to get through the summer or the winter months, without ever knowing what it is to feel *crami*. They sit with me at breakfast; they walk out with me before dinner. After a long walk through unfrequented tracks, after starting the hare from the fern, or hearing the wing of the raven rustling above my head, or being greeted by the woodman's 'stern good-night,' as he strikes into his narrow homeward path, I can 'take mine ease in mine inn,' beside the blazing hearth, and shake hands with Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, as the oldest acquaintance I have. Ben Jonson, learned Chapman, Master Webster, and Master Heywood are there; and seated round, discourse the silent hours away. Shakspeare is there himself, not in Ciber's manager's coat. Spenser is hardly yet returned from a ramble through the woods, or is concealed behind a group of nymphs, fauns, and satyrs. Milton lies on the table, as on an altar, never taken

up or laid down without reverence. Lyly's 'Endymion' sleeps with the moon that shines in at the window; and a breath of wind, stirring at a distance, seems a sigh from the tree under which he grew old. Faustus disputes in one corner of the room, with fiendish faces, and reasons of divine astrology. Bell-front soothes Mattheo, Vittoria triumphs over her judges, and old Chapman repeats one of the hymns of Homer, in his own fine translation! *I should have no objection to pass my life in this manner out of the world, not thinking of it, nor it of me; neither abused by my enemies, nor defended by my friends; careless of the future, but sometimes dreaming of the past, which might as well be forgotten!*" *Literary Remains, Vol. I. pp. lv-lvii.*

In 1818 he delivered lectures on the history and progress of English Philosophy, of which extracts are given in these volumes—and about the same time formed a connection with the newspaper press, which, in one form or another, lasted till near his death—his subjects were chiefly political and theatrical criticism. "He wrote successively for the 'Champion,' 'the Morning Chronicle,' 'the Examiner,' and 'the Times,'" "How I came," says he, "to be regularly transferred from one of these papers to the other, sometimes formally, and sometimes without notice, till I was forced to quit the last mentioned by want of health and leisure, would make rather an amusing history, but that I do not choose to tell the secrets of the prison-house." In the year 1818 he delivered three courses of lectures at the Surrey Institution—on the *English Poets*—on the *English Comic Writers*—and on the *Literature of the age of Elizabeth*.

"His audiences," says Serjeant Talfourd, "consisted chiefly of dissenters, who agreed with him in his hatred of Lord Castlereagh, but who 'loved no plays;' of Quakers, who approved him as the opponent of slavery and capital punishment, but who 'heard no music;' of citizens, devoted to the main chance, who had a hankering after 'the improvement of the mind,' but to whom his favourite doctrine of its natural disinterestedness was a riddle; of a few enemies who came to sneer; and a few friends who were eager to learn and to admire. *The comparative insensibility of the bulk of*

his audience to his finest passages, sometimes provoked him to awaken their attention by points which broke the train of his discourse, after which he could make himself amends by some abrupt paradox which might set their prejudices on edge, and make them fancy they were shocked. He startled many of them at the onset, by observing, that, since Jacob's dream, 'the heavens have gone further off and become astronomical—a fine extravagance, which the ladies and gentlemen, who had grown astronomical themselves under the preceding lecturer, felt called on to resent as an attack on their severer studies. When he read a well-known extract from Cowper, comparing a poor cottager with Voltaire, and had pronounced the line 'a truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew,' they broke into a joyous shout of self-gratulation, that they were so much wiser than a wicked Frenchman. When he passed by Mrs. Hannah More with observing, that 'she had written a great deal which he had never read,' a voice gave expression to the general commiseration and surprise by calling out 'More pity for you!' They were confounded at his reading, with more emphasis perhaps than discretion, Gay's epigrammatic lines on Sir Richard Blackmore, in which scriptural persons are freely hitched into rhyme; but he went doggedly on to the end, and, by his perseverance, baffled those who, if he had acknowledged himself wrong by stopping, would have hissed him without mercy. He once had an edifying advantage over them. He was enumerating the humanities which endeared Dr. Johnson to his mind; and, at the close of an agreeable catalogue, mentioned, as last and noblest, 'his carrying the poor victim of disease and dissipation on his back through Fleet-street'—at which a titter arose from some, who were struck by the picture as ludicrous, and a murmur from others, who deemed the allusion unfit for ears polite. He paused for an instant, and then added in his sturdiest and most impressive manner, 'an act which realizes the parable of the good Samaritan,' at which his moral and delicate hearers shrunk rebuked into deep silence. He was not eloquent in the true sense of the term; for his thoughts were too weighty to be moved along by the shallow stream of

feeling which an evening's excitement can rouse. He wrote all his lectures, and read them as they were written; but his deep voice and earnest manner suited his matter well. He seemed to dig into his subject—and not in vain. In delivering his longer quotations, he had scarcely continuity enough for the verification of Shakspeare and Milton, 'with linked sweetness long drawn out;' but he gave Pope's brilliant satire and divine compliments, which are usually complete within the couplet, with an elegance and point which the poet himself would have felt as their highest praise."—*Literary Remains, Vol. I. pp. cxviii-cxxx.*

The most valuable of Hazlitt's works is the "Round Table"—a series of essays published in conjunction with Leigh Hunt, who supplied some of the most pleasing essays. The papers on Milton,* in this publication, contain, we think, some of the most beautiful and just criticism in the language. The "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays" was his next published work. In one of his papers in the Table Talk, he tells us of two editions of this work selling in three or four months, when a review of it appeared in the Quarterly, which completely destroyed its sale—not a single copy was sold afterwards by the publishers. Till we read this, we had no conception of the power of the periodical press, and could not have imagined of what materials that, which is called public opinion, is formed. A single review in the Edinburgh is enough to prevent the sale of a poem of Wordsworth's for twenty years—a single sentence in the Quarterly to destroy a work of Hazlitt's—and the abuse of the writer in both instances is as unconnected with the real faults or merits of the work, as the gift of a living is, in the eyes of a lay patron, with the claims upon the Church of the clerk whom he wishes to present. In either case, the merits of the claimant are the very last thing thought of.

Hazlitt had been for some years complaining of a want of sympathy on the part of his wife, of whom he had got tired, and the easy formalities of the law of Scotland gave the opportu-

* One of these papers is an essay on the Lycidas:—a yet more beautiful essay on the same subject, by the author of "Letters on the Philosophy of Unbelief," appeared in the Dublin University Review. Both writers seem to have been provoked into the discussion by Johnson's depreciating estimate of the poem.

nity of divorce, of which he did not hesitate to avail himself. In this whole matter he appears to have exhibited the cruel recklessness of a man in some degree insane. In the same year in which he effected this legal separation from his wife, he published a discreditable book called the "Modern Pygmalion, or Liber Amoris," and collected into volumes under the titles of "Table Talk," and "The Plain Speaker," his essays in the *New Monthly* and *London Magazines*.

In 1824, he married the widow of Colonel Bridgewater, a lady of some property, with whom he travelled in France and Italy. His notes of the journey first appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, and were afterwards reprinted in a volume. In 1825, appeared his "Spirits of the Age;" in 1829 were published his selections from the *British Poets*—a popular school-book; and in 1830, his life of Napoleon. In the same year he published, "Northcote's Life of Titian," a work, the materials of which had been collected for the most part, by Northcote, but were reduced into order by Hazlitt and his son, who gives the account of his life which we are reviewing. In August of this year he died of a species of cholera, by which he before had often been assailed. Montagu—whose name we have had occasion to mention in our memoirs of Coleridge and of Mackintosh—was with him, attending his death-bed. His son mentions the assiduity of Dr. Darling, to whom Montagu mentioned Hazlitt's danger. "Nor were," adds he, "my father's other friends backward upon this mournful occasion. My father died on the 30th of September, 1830. His death was easy and resigned; and he had the gratification of seeing around him Charles Lamb, and others of his oldest and most beloved friends."

When we have added that Hazlitt, who had for many years "forsworn thin potations, and addicted himself to sack," exhibited moral courage enough wholly to conquer the degrading habits of intoxication, we have given to the reader all the information concerning his life which his son has communicated to the public. We dismiss this part of the subject without further comment than that not only Hazlitt's fondness for society, but even more

than this, that the uncertainties of a precarious and dependent income, and his attendance on the late and irregular hours of the houses of parliament and the theatres,—which his occupation as a reporter of the debates, and a writer of criticisms on dramatic entertainments made necessary,—in all probability led to a vice, which few would in those circumstances, have had the resolution to avoid; and none, almost, when it had been once formed, have been able to conquer. For sixteen years—from the day of forming a strong resolution on the subject to the day of his death—he wholly abstained from wine or spirits:—

"The cheerfulness," says Serjeant Talfourd, "with which he made this sacrifice always appeared to us one of the most amiable traits in his character. He had no censure for others, who with the same motive were less wise or less resolute; nor did he think he had earned, by his own constancy, any right to intrude advice which he knew, if wanted, must be unavailing. Nor did he profess to be a convert to the general system of abstinence which was advocated by one of his kindest and staunchest friends: he avowed that he yielded to necessity; and instead of avoiding the sight of that which he could no longer taste, he was seldom so happy as when he sat with friends at their wine, participating the sociality of the time, and renewing his own past enjoyment in that of his companions, without regret and without envy. Like Dr. Johnson, he made himself a poor amends for the loss of wine by drinking tea, not so largely, indeed, as the hero of Boswell, but at least of equal potency—for he might have challenged Mrs. Thrale and all her sex to make stronger tea than his own. In society, as in politics, he was no flincher. He loved 'to hear the chimes at midnight,' without considering them as a summons to rise. At these seasons, when in his happiest mood, he used to dwell on the conversational powers of his friends, and live over again the delightful hours he had passed with them; repeat the pregnant puns that one had made; tell over again a story with which another had convulsed the room; or expand in the eloquence of a third; always best pleased when he could detect some talent which was unregarded by the world, and giving alike, to the celebrated and the unknown, due honour."—*Literary Remains*, Vol. I. pp. cxvii.

The Memoir by his son is followed by an eloquent paper by the author of "Eugene Aram," in which he writes of Hazlitt as if he were one of the greatest and most powerful spirits of his time—a discoverer in the science of *Æsthetics*, and an originator of truths, which more fortunate writers have succeeded in rendering popular. This is not a just account of the matter. We admire exceedingly the great vivacity of Hazlitt's style—we admire too, his determined manner of looking straight forward at his subject, and at nothing but it—as if all around and about it was therefore *beside* it—we love even the intense personalities of his nature, which make his characters of the men with whom he was early acquainted, the very best contemporary portraits we have ever met. His resentments are manifestly but the mask of wounded affection; nowhere are there such glowing eulogies on Coleridge as in Hazlitt, whose whole nature seems to have been sublimed and potentiated, as it were, by the influence of that extraordinary man;—nowhere are there the same exhibitions of the power of Wordsworth, whose language is, in almost every one of the more genial essays, the clothing in which Hazlitt embodies thoughts of kindred power, and which owe nothing more to Wordsworth than language, after all insufficient. We yet think that Bulwer has overstated his merits. Hazlitt has always appeared to us a popular lecturer, explaining and illustrating truths, which he did not originate:—an eloquent preacher, if we may use such a metaphor, rather than a deep divine. This seems proved almost by his having *created* nothing. Nothing can be better than his perfect and searching analysis of any work which he undertook to examine; say, the character of Hamlet, or Falstaff, often bringing out traits of character which had lain hidden, and which would have given to the great poet, whose creation the characters are, the delight which, in his noble ode Campbell imagines him to feel on the supposition of his witnessing the acting of Kemble. Mr. Bulwer is wrong in thinking that Hazlitt was not properly appreciated. At his

VOL. VIII.

true value no author, who is without other claims, is ever appreciated by the public. But of such attention as the public at any time gives to men, who seek to recall them to the deep truths of our nature, and the divine creations of genius, in which those truths are represented in type and symbol, Hazlitt at all times had his due proportion. The beauty, however, of the passage is such that we should not feel justified in omitting it:—

"When Hazlitt died, he left no successor; others may equal him, but none resemble. And I confess that few deaths of the great writers of my time ever affected me more painfully than his: for of most of those who, with no inferior genius, have gone before him, it may be said that in their lives they tasted the sweets of their immortality, they had their consolations of glory; and if fame can atone for the shattered nerve, the jaded spirit, the wearied hearts of those who scorn delight and live laborious days,—verily, they had their reward. But Hazlitt went down to dust without having won the crown for which he had so bravely struggled; the shouts of applauding thousands echoed not to the sick man's bed; his reputation, great amongst limited circles, was still questionable to the world. He who had done so much for the propagation of thought—for the establishment of new sectaries and new schools—from whose wealth so many had filled their coffers,—left no stir on the surface from which he sank to the abyss:—he who had vindicated so nobly the fame of others—what critic, to whom the herd would listen, had vindicated *his*? Men with meagre talents and little souls could command the ear of thousands, but to the wisdom of the teacher it was deafened. Vague and unexamined prejudices, aided only by some trivial faults, or some haughty mannerism of his own, had stole the public, who eagerly received the doctrines filched from him second-hand, to the wisdom and eloquence of the originator. A great man sinking amidst the twilight of his own renown, after a brilliant and unclouded race, if a solemn, is an inspiring and elating spectacle. But nature has no sight more sad and cheerless than the sun of a genius which the clouds have so long and drearily overcast that there are few to mourn and miss the luminary when it sinks from the horizon."—*Literary Remains*, vol. 1. pp. lxxxiv.—lxxxv.

A paper, of which it would be difficult to speak in terms of too high praise, follows, from the pen of Mr. Talfourd. In former parts of this review we have made some quotations from it.—The faults of Hazlitt's writings are, with great subtlety and truth, traced to his want of imagination,

"The highest of all human faculties, the great mediatory and interfusing power of imagination, which presides supreme in the mind, brings all its power and impulses into harmonious action, and becomes itself the single organ of all."

To this want is ascribed his failure in metaphysical and moral reasoning; for, in the very glow of his eulogies, it is plain that Serjeant Talfourd felt that in this class of subjects Hazlitt has altogether failed. Of Serjeant Talfourd's Essay we can attempt no abridgment; and we fear that there is scarcely room for an extract. We have avoided any mention of Hazlitt's "*Life of Napoleon*," or of the strange inconsistency by which he strove to justify to himself his idolatry of this trampler on the liberties of mankind. The splendid anathemas of Wordsworth and Southey against him, when in the height of his power, were among the perverse influences which made Hazlitt his intense and passionate admirer. We must make room for a few words from Mr. Talfourd on this portion of Hazlitt's works:—

"It is not so much in the ingenious excuses which he discovers for the worst acts of his hero, even for the midnight execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and the invasion of Spain, that the stamp of personal devotion is obvious, as in the graphic force with which he has delineated the short-lived splendours of the imperial court, and 'the trivial foad records' he has gathered of every vestige of human feeling by which he could reconcile the emperor to his mind. The two first volumes of the '*Life of Napoleon*,' although redeemed by scattered thoughts of true originality and depth, are often confused and spiritless; the characters of the principal revolutionists are drawn too much in the style of caricatures; but when the hero throws all his rivals into the distance, erects himself the individual enemy of England, consecrates his power by religious ceremonies, and defines it by the circle of a

crown, the author's strength becomes concentrated, his narrative assumes an epic dignity and fervour, and glows with 'the long-resounding march and energy divine.' How happy and proud is he to picture the meeting of Napoleon with the Pope, and the grandeurs of the coronation! How he grows wanton in celebrating the fêtes of the Tuileries, as 'presenting all the elegance of enchanted pageants,' and laments them as 'gone like a fairy revel!' How he 'lives along the line' of Austerlitz, and rejoices in its thunder, and bails its setting sun, and exults in the minutest details of the subsequent meeting of the conquered sovereigns with the conqueror! How he expatiates on the fatal marriage with 'the deadly Austrian,' (as Mr. Cobbett justly called that most heartless of her sex,) as though it were a chapter in romance, and added the grace of beauty to the imperial picture! How he kindles with martial ardour as he describes the preparations for the expedition against Russia; musters the myriads of barbarians with a show of dramatic justice; and fondly lingers among the brief triumphs of Moscow, on the verge of the terrible catastrophe! The narrative of that disastrous expedition is, indeed, written with a master's hand; we see the 'Grand Army' marching to its destruction through the immense perspective; the wild hordes flying before the terror of its 'coming;' the barbaric magnificence of Moscow, towering in the far distance; and when we gaze upon the sacrificial conflagration of the Kremlin, we feel that it is the funeral pile of the conqueror's glories. It is well for the readers of this splendid work, that there is more in it of the painter than of the metaphysician; that its style glows with the fervour of battle, or stiffens with the spoils of victory; yet we wonder that this monument to imperial grandeur should be raised from the dead level of jacobinism by an honest and profound thinker. The solution is, that although he was this, he was also more—that, in *opinion*, he was devoted to the cause of the people; but that, in *feeling*, he required some individual object of worship; that he selected Napoleon as one in whose origin and career he might impersonate his principles and gratify his affections; and that he adhered to his own idea with heroic obstinacy, when the 'child and champion of the republic' openly sought to repress all feeling and thought, but such as he could cast in his own iron moulds, and scoffed at popular

enthusiasts, even while it bore him to the accomplishment of his loftiest desires."—*Literary Remains*, vol. I. p. cv.—cviii.

A portrait of Hazlitt, exhibiting features of great delicacy, and in which we think we can read the cha-

racter at once of subtlety and delight in his own contemplations, is engraved from a chalk drawing by Bewick.—Sheridan Knowles has happily described it in the following little poem :

" Thus Hazlitt looked ! There's life in every line !
Soul—language—fire that colour could not give.
See ! on that brow how pale-robed thought divine,
In an embodied radiance seems to live !
Ah ! in the gaze of that entranced eye,
Humid, yet burning, there beams passion's flame,
Lighting the cheek, and quivering through the frame ;
While round the lips, the odour of a sigh
Yet hovers fondly, and its shadow ails
Beneath the channel of the glowing thought
And fire-clothed eloquence, which comes in fits
Like Pythiac inspiration !—— Bewick, taught
By thee, in vain doth slander's venom'd dart
Do its foul work 'gainst him. This head *must* own a heart."

THE RAMBLER IN MEXICO.*

THE ingenious Laurence Sterne, some seventy years gone by, observed of his own times that it was an age so full of light that there was scarce a country or corner of Europe whose beams were not crossed and interchanged with others. Were he in existence at the present moment, he would be able to extend his remark to quarters of the world which, a century back, were rarely visited by either the idle or the inquisitive traveller.

As a region for the speculations of one of this latter class, there are, perhaps, few portions of the earth more inviting than the kingdom of Mexico. When we bear in mind, that at the time of the invasion under Fernando Cortez, the Spaniards found not,

as they expected, tribes of uncultured savages, but a nation to a considerable extent civilized ; a kingdom powerful and extensive, containing many splendid cities, governed by just and enlightened policy, the right of property recognized and defined, and advanced to a surprising degree in many of the arts and luxuries of social life,† we are strongly inclined to think that there is much interesting ground for research as yet but little explored, and we indulge in the hope that future industry will bring to light many memorials of the aborigines of Mexico. The work at present, under our consideration, is not calculated to extend, in any great degree, our knowledge on those subjects which should, we think, particu-

* *The Rambler in Mexico* (1834.) By Charles Joseph Latrobe, author of the "Alpenstock," &c. One Volume, 8vo. Seeley and Burnside, London, 1836.

† Notwithstanding Dr. Robertson's very humble estimation of the arts and sciences amongst the Mexicans at the time of the conquest, the Abbe Francesco Clavigero, in his learned and laborious work, "*Storia antica di Messico*," has, with great plausibility, maintained that statuary and the art of working in gold and silver, had reached a very high state of perfection ; adding that the works in these metals sent by Cortez to Charles V., were so inimitable that they filled the artists of Europe with astonishment. Though it must be admitted that the Mexican paintings, preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna, would go far to support the opinion of Robertson, at least as regards that art, yet, on the other hand, the remnants of architectural sculpture still extant, as well as the Toltec and Aztec Calendars—an engraving of one of which may be seen in Humboldt's "*Atlas Pittoresque*," p. 125—establish beyond a question the advancement of the Mexicans in knowledge and civilization.

larly engage the attention of a traveller in New Spain. Indeed its title suggests that it is the narrative of a hurried and cursory observer, and at the same time fairly deprecates that severity of criticism with which a larger or more ostentatious production might be scrutinized. It does not pretend to be, nor could it in fact be from the very limited period which Mr. Latrobe spent in the country, and the various detentions he experienced, a complete and well-digested history of the country or manners of the people, yet there is much extremely pleasing both in the incidents narrated and the manner of narration, a happiness of style, light, sketchy, and generally (we cannot say always) unostentatious, yet full of vigour, sprightliness, and penetration, that will, if we be not much deceived, gain a cordial reception for the Rambler in Mexico.

We are, by no means, partial to the habit which at present obtains of publishing travels in the epistolary form. It is too often used as an excuse for carelessness of composition and want of method: in addition to this defect, the present work labours under another and a greater, namely, many of the events and impressions are recorded from memory instead of having been committed to the less erring registry of the note-book at the moment when they first solicited the author's attention. For ourselves we fully subscribe to the opinion that Dr. Johnson has somewhere expressed on this subject, and think that one note, taken when the mind receives for the first time the fresh impress of ideas, is, for vigour and vitality, worth volumes written on the weakened reminiscences of things once passed away. We have, however, to deal with the book as we find it, and as such there is not a little interest and instruction to be gleaned from it throughout, and evidences of strong thinking and discrimination to be found in its pages.

In January, 1834, we find Mr. Latrobe and his fellow travellers on board the *Goelette Halcyon*, with every prospect of a favorable voyage, making for the port of Tampico in the Gulf of Mexico, and indulging in his habits of observation on the motley collection of men of all nations and various pursuits that composed the crew of forty souls; he

has with great liveliness and graphic force given in a few touches the outlines of the principal characters. De Vignes, the captain, who was strongly suspected to have commanded a slave ship which was captured by an English cruiser, when he escaped hanging by leaping overboard, and swimming for his life to shore, Don Pablo, a fat old Spaniard, full of conceits and odd scraps of songs going to Mexico to seek his fortune with a good chance of being hung as a Guachupin, Don Gracia, an exiled officer of Jurbide's party, repairing secretly to the same place with reasonable expectations of being discovered and shot. Conjurors, farceurs, and creoles, besides not a few French, Spanish, and German *mauvais sujets*. Of these we will present one full-length portrait, that our readers may be able to judge for themselves—

"A tall athletic figure, with strongly-marked features; a countenance roughened with the signs of long addiction to a life of passion and adventure; shabby travel-worn habiliments, and a slouched hat, under which he could, when occasion suited, throw his changeful features into shadows,—indicated the bravo, *soi disant* Monsieur le Marquis de Maison Rouge, of the ancient and noble house of Maison Rouge de Perpignan. According to his own account, he had been born and bred in Louisiana, and had been cheated of some hundred thousand million acres of fat and fertile land in that State, his lawful patrimony. He had been compelled by a stern and uncivil guardian to study civil engineering, and, according to his own testimony, with considerable success. Subsequently he had been taken prisoner by the English, when acting as sentinel in the marshes, at the time of the attack upon New Orleans. Whether his brain and his morals had become unsettled by a knock on the head from the butt-end of a musket, which he had received on this occasion, and had not yet digested, I cannot say; but it was evident that he had never acted like a man of education, breeding, or noble birth since. He had adopted the creed of Sardanapalus; and at New Orleans, in the Attakapas, at the Havanna, in the Islands and on the Main, had led, for years, a shameless life of sin and crime. As he acquired gold, he spent it in brawls and violence. His person bore the marks of cutting and stabbing frays in which he had often been an actor, and not unfre-

quently a victim. Now, penniless, he was going to Mexico, to make his fortune in some wild speculation, in reference to which he could neither point out the means by which it was to be set on foot, nor the ultimate ends which were to be gained. When not excited, he was good tempered, and his voice was one of the most musical I ever heard. When conversing, which he did at times most agreeably and well, you could hardly have believed that those bland tones were the production of such a stormy machine; or that the same lips could pour forth that uncontrolled torrent of impure language, in hot vehemence of rage, when the possessor was under the influence of passion. Never did I see before me an example like that here afforded, of the wakefulness of conscience, while the body slept. He never gave himself up to rest like other men. It seemed that his nerves were never unbraced, and his muscles never in complete repose,—that the bow was never unstrung. The first impulse of his muscular arm on being disturbed, was to place itself in a position to guard the body; the first expression of his lineaments was that of suspicion. He never seemed to dream of his innocent childhood, but always of the scenes of his misspent and stormy manhood, and they truly were not calculated to lull his slumbers."

While preparing to pass the bar before the river Panuco, the Halcyon was seized by a *Norte*, one of the most dreaded of those violent winds which agitate the Gulf of Mexico, and driven with great fury in storm and darkness to sea, after five days she again reached her position at the bar when our author, accompanied by his two companions Messrs. De Pourtales and M'Euen, left the vessel, which was a second time driven from her station. The new town of Tampico exhibits, in the architectural structure of its various edifices, the styles of the different nations whose inhabitants have made it their residence. The substantial stone buildings of the European merchant, the flimsy clap-board edifice of the American, the thick-walled, flat-roofed and gaudily painted dwelling of the Spanish Mexican, and the bamboo cage thatched with palmleaves of the Indian. The commerce of the town is in the hands chiefly of foreigners, and is carried on in a great degree by smuggling

which is reduced to a system. We do not, however, purpose to enter into details of its statistics, or linger with our author in his lamentations over miserable lodgings, filth, starvation, extortion, and the usual *désagréments* of travelling even in European countries, but will mount him and his companions on steeds bought for the occasion, and, attended by two or three swaggering knaves—though rank cowards at heart—and a respectable string of sumptor mules, send him on his journey for the capital.

The traveller, in Mexico, is exposed to a difficulty of which your tourist, who, in our happier land, is wont to unlock all hearts and prostrate all difficulties with the talismanic clink of his purse, can scarcely comprehend—we mean the difficulty of inducing the Indian to furnish him, even if paid in advance, with the slightest article of food, or provender for man or beast. In a house inhabited by the softer sex—three young maidens and two old crones—our author made his first essay. The demand for food was made, but in vain. *No hai!* was the reply to every query; "they had neither maize, nor chocolate, nor fodder, nor eggs, nor fowls," nor various other good things which seem at the moment to have risen in the starved men's memories but to add to their sufferings. Espindola, the arriero, gave a hint, and a different mode of operation was adopted. A packet of *cigaritas* was produced, passed round, and accepted by the old and young Venuses. "Espindola got into conversation by degrees with one of the elders, and Pourtales began to play the '*irresistible*' with another of the party. Good humour and confidence began to thaw distrust, and conquer prejudice," till at length one by one, at intervals, the components of an excellent meal were furnished. The reason of this apparent inhospitality is, however, quite comprehensible, when we consider that, as in the good old times, it continues to be the policy of the Spaniard to take whatever he can find without payment, and in self-defence the poor Indian of course, contrives to have nothing.

The route which our travellers took towards the city of Mexico, was more picturesque and difficult than the ordinary road, and led through the

Indian village of Santa Catherina, Chicontepec, or *the City of the Seven Hills*, and the beautiful valley of the Rio de la Canada—the scenery of which has scarcely its equal in any country. We wish it were in our power to transcribe Mr. Latrobe's admirable description; but as it occupies too much space, we must content ourselves with a brief outline of its character. The alternate heat of the sun, and moisture of dews and showers, stimulate a varied vegetation into inconceivable richness. The traveller beholds all that is gorgeous and beautiful—birds, butterflies, insects, fruits and flowers, around him, “in the midst of a chaos of rent and riven rock and dizzy precipice, which would be worthy of the most savage defile of the most savage Alpine district of Europe.” As they moved forward for many leagues, every turn disclosed a new picture: here groves of shattered trees of enormous growth; there thickets of flowering shrubs—while farther on “the high grey precipice swept down perpendicularly with its red, purple, and grey hues, innumerable weather stains and lichens, reflected in the still surface of the stream, while its sheets of bare rock unveiled to the gaze of the passer-by, in the hundreds of thin strata, twisted, broken, entwined, and distorted into a thousand shapes—a page of nature's secret doings, which could not be contemplated without a feeling of awe.”

Leaving the *tierras calientes*, or hot regions, our travellers ascended to the mountains and broad elevated plains that form the *tierras templadas*. In these temperate regions are the silver mines of Real del Monte, rented by one of those English mining companies—the mania for which forms the most disgraceful feature in the commercial history of the present century; and we may safely add, was the most ruinous and wildest speculation since the South Sea scheme. Mr. Latrobe and his companions spent some days in the neighbourhood, and visited many of the mines, as the number of English artificers transported thither has formed an English colony. “It was,” he observes, “to me a moving sight to see the flaxen hair, and blue eyes, and hear the prattle of many English children, gamboling in close vicinity to

the swarthy offspring of the mixed race of the country.”

We will not accompany our author in his descents into the various shafts, or in his geological disquisitions, but in compensation, give one of the traditional tales of the Indians, illustrating the tyrannical cruelty with which the Spaniards persecuted the aborigines, when once the lust of gold seized upon and debased their souls. Mr. Latrobe's recital is full of touching simplicity.

“In an Indian village further to the north, say the Indians, there lived in the old Spanish times, a Padre: a man of simple and retired habits, who laboured to convert and maintain the inhabitants in the Catholic faith.

“He was beloved by the simple tribe among whom he was domesticated, and they did not fail to prove their good will by frequent presents of such trifles as they found were agreeable to him. They say that he was a great writer; and occasionally received from the Indians of his parish a small quantity of finely coloured dust, which he made use of to dry his sermons and letters. Knowing how much the Padre loved writing, they seldom returned from the mountains without bringing him some. It happened that once upon a time, he had occasion to write to a friend of his, living in the capital, who was a jeweller, and did not fail to use his pounce box. In returning an answer, his knowing friend, to his great surprise, bantered him with his great riches, seeing that he dried the very ink on his paper with gold dust! This opened the simple Padre's eyes. He sent for his Indian friends, and without divulging his newly acquired knowledge, begged them to get him more of the fine bright sand. They, nothing doubting, did so. The demon of avarice began to whisper into the old man's ear, and warm the blood of his heart. He begged for more, and received it—and then more—till they had furnished him with several pounds weight. All in treaty that they would show him the locality where this bright dust was gathered, was resisted with calmness and steadiness for a long time. Alternate cajoling and menace were employed with equally bad success. At length wearied out, they told him that as they loved him, and saw he was disturbed in his mind, they would yield to his desire and show him the spot, on the condition that

he would submit to be led to and from the place blindfold. To this he greedily consented, and was in course of time taken upon their shoulders and carried whither he knew not, by many devious ways, up and down mountain and barranca, for many hours, into the recesses of the Cordillera, and there, in a cave through which a stream issued from the breast of the mountain, they set him down and unbound him. They there showed him quantities of gold dust intermingled with large lumps of virgin ore, while their spokesman addressed him saying:—"Father, we have brought you here at your own urgent request, because you so much desired and because we loved you,—take now what you want to carry away with you—let it be as much as you can carry, for here you must never hope to come again; you will never persuade us more!" The Padre seemingly acquiesced, and disposing as much of the precious metal about his person as he could contrive to carry, he submitted to be blindfolded, and was again taken in the arms of the Indians to be transported home. The tradition goes on to relate how the good Curé, upon whom the cursed lust of gold had now seized, thought to outwit his conductors by untying his rosary, and occasionally dropping a bead on the earth. If he flattered himself that any hope existed of his being thus able to thread the blind maze through which he passed, and find the locality, one may imagine his chagrin, when once more arrived and set down at his own door, the first sight which met his uncovered eyes was the contented face of one of his Indian guides, and an out-stretched hand, containing in its hollow the greater part of the grains of his rosary; while the guileless tongue of the finder expressed his simple joy at having been enabled to restore such a sacred treasure to the discomfited Padre.

"Intreaties and threats were now employed in vain. Gentle as the Indians were, they were not to be bended. Government were apprized of the circumstances, and commissioners were sent down to investigate the affair. The principal inhabitants were seized, and menace being powerless,—torture, that last argument of the tyrant, was resorted to—all in vain, not a word could be wrung from them! Many were put to death,—still their brethren remained mute; and the village became deserted under the systematic persecution of the oppressors. The most careful researches,

repeatedly made from time to time by adventurers in search of the rich deposit, have all resulted in disappointment; and, to this day all that is known is, that somewhere in the recesses of those mountains lies the gold mine of La Navidad."

Having left Real del Monte, our travellers passed successively through San Matteo Grande, and San Christobel, and descending the mountains towards the fascinating valley of Mexico, thus beheld, as they approached it, the cheerful villages thickening around them, the roads thronged with laden mules, and horses, and gay cavaliers, and the stupendous works of human design harmonizing on every side with those of nature, that prepare the traveller for the sight of one of the most extraordinary scenes in the world, whether as regards the efforts of man, or the sublime and lovely works of the Creator, we mean the valley and city of Mexico.

So many travellers have of late days given to the world detailed and accurate accounts of the valley, that we have no doubt our readers are already too familiar with its character and beauties, to excuse our presenting them with the author's depiction, though it is full of vigour, and we may add poetry. We may well conceive with what ecstasy he gazed on the scene of the great captain's golden dreams, after all his difficulties and dangers.

"I still felt," he concludes, "that the round world can hardly match the beauty and interest of that landscape. Even if man had destroyed, without in some degree repairing the wrongs he had committed to that lovely scene by the fruits of his industry and genius, there is that about the whole scenery which is above him, and beyond being affected by him. But let us do the stern old conquerors justice. Their minds would appear to have been imbued with the pervading spirit of the land which they conquered. All around them were strange, and wonderful, and colossal,—and their conceptions and their labours took the same stamp. Look at their works: the moles, aqueducts, churches, roads,—and the luxurious City of Palaces which has risen from the clay-built ruins of Tenochtitlan, at a height above the ocean, at which, in the Old World, the monk of St. Bernard alone, drags through a shivering and joyless existence!"

The old world can boast of few cities—the new world of none—comparable to Mexico in the splendour of its appearance, the beauty of its general plan and position, and the solidity and grandeur of its details. Broad and well paved ways sweep through long vistas of palaces of graceful and magnificent architecture, from one end of the city to the other. Streets of symmetrically built houses display to view facades elaborately carved and painted with endless variety of colors, innumerable domes and spires of churches, convents, and public buildings, rise above the general line of architecture, and stand out in brilliant relief from the blue sky; and above all, the Plaza Major,* or principal square, has, Phoenix-like, risen in its grandeur from out of the ruins of the ancient city—the cathedral being based on the demolished pile of the great temple or *Teocallis*—the palace of Cortez occupying the very spot on which the royal Montezuma once held his splendid court.

Our author had the good fortune to spend the holy week in the capital, and did not fail, it would seem, to put in action upon every possible occasion that most laudable spirit of curiosity which, like quicksilver, is ever animating the soul and body of all genuine sight-seeing travellers. In fact, there appears to have been no spot sacred from his researches. We find him now on the canals of Chalco and Izstacalco, peering into the canoe laden with flowers: now at the fruit-stalls of the different Plazas, and dram drinking in the *Pulquerias*. Let us give him space for a moment to detail in his own off-hand pleasant style, a portion of one act in the great farcical drama—for religion, in truth, lends nothing save her name—of the holy week. Well then, the reader will take notice that the scene is the superb Plaza Major in front of the palace of the viceroy; time—we will give him any hour he pleases from sunrise to sunset—and beg of him, just by way

of scenic decoration, to throw up a score or so of bamboo tents, covered with a profusion of green leaves and palm-tree branches, (and if it be night, lit up with lamps, tapers, and torches,) for the sale of all manner of pleasant liqueurs, wherein are to be seen hundreds of merry faces, quaffing lemonade, pinade, *chea*, *pulque*, and what not,—more than our tongue can tell, did the watering of our mouth permit it. Myriads are incessantly pouring to and from the churches, and clustering piously about the doorways; and all the *Damas* of the city, shrouded in their mantillas, and dressed in black, are visiting as many churches as it is possible for them to do on foot, within the prescribed period of misnamed humiliation:—

“The trample of thousands of feet,—the march of stately and interminable processions,—and the hum and clamour of innumerable voices filled the ear; both in the ordinary tones of conversation, and exerted to their utmost pitch, as they energetically, yet lovingly called the attention of the passing to the commodities. ‘*Aquí hay juiles!*’ ‘Here’s your sorts! white fish!’ bellowed one. ‘*Pato grande, mi alma! pato grande, venga usted!*’ ‘A great duck! O my soul, a great duck—come and buy!’—responded another.

“You may further understand, that the interior of the churches were no more the theatre of silence than the streets without, when I tell you that in addition to the incessant stream of worshippers which poured along their pavement from one door to another the livelong day,—in many of them, waltzes, boleros, and polonaises, from harpichord or organ, were the accompaniment of the hasty devotion of the passing multitudes.

“All these sounds you may conceive, for they were after all but ordinary; but it is a moral impossibility for you to imagine the extraordinary hubbub produced by the sound of thousands of rattles, which filled the air from morning to night. They were to be seen in the hands of every individual of the lower classes, and of many of the upper; of every form and material, bone, wood,

* If the reader desire a more adequate idea of the splendid square of the Plaza Major, we refer him to the engravings in the “Atlas Pittoresque” of that most admirable and accomplished traveller, Baron de Humboldt. “Mexico,” adds he, page 7, “singulièrement embelli par le vice-roi Comte de Revillagigedo, est aujourd’hui comparable aux plus belles villes de l’Europe.”

and even silver; from the size of a child's plaything, to one which would out-grind half a dozen of our watchmen's rattles, and required both hands to wield. Many of the stalls in the Plaza Mayor were devoted to their sale alone; while others dealt in nothing but effigies of Judas Iscariot, varying in size and monstrosity, from a doll of a foot long, to the size of the human figure. Hundreds of them were seen tied together by the neck, and dangling from long poles by twenty and thirty in a clustre, over the heads of the mob.

"At the corner of the market, nearest the Plaza, where it happened that the principal rattle-venders had ensconced themselves, if you shut your eyes, you might imagine yourself after sunset in the depth of a forest in the Floridas, where a few million grasshoppers, cicada, and wood-bugs were at their serenade.

"And so it continued from sun-rise to sun-set. I believe myself within bounds when I assert that we saw fifty thousand people collected in the great square, morning and evening. Sometimes the mass was so dense, that the booths were threatened with an overturn; and you were glad to gain the step of one of the palaces, from which you might look over the sea of heads at your ease, and desecrate the bunches of Judases hideously besmeared with red and blue paint, bobbing about over the level of the multitude. Then would come a stir at the other end of the square; and, with a long-drawn train of crucifixes, decorated banners and tapers, the clergy of one of the great churches to the westward would defile into the crowded area; clearing their uninterrupted way, as though by magic, to the great entrance of the cathedral, through a press, where, a moment before, a dog could hardly have wormed his way. Some of these processions on the afternoon of Good Friday were more gorgeous and splendid in their aspect, than any I had witnessed in Italy itself, and apparently interminable. They were revolting from the hideous and disgusting representations which they comprised, of the sacred scenes of the Passion. During the passage, the whole mass of human beings collected on the Plaza Mayor, remained kneeling in silence. To what divinity? My brain swims with the recollection of the press and glare, and the confused and intermingling pictures presented before us during these two days; and I am totally unable to disentangle from the mass, any connected event or

spectacle worth detailing. The whole city seemed to reel under the influence of frenzy, and we were obliged to reel with it. To see as much as we could, and to give no offence, were, I own, our principal objects. I remember an old woman who happened to be my neighbour during the passage of one of the processions, who perhaps observed that I was not as ready with a genuflection as the bystanders, shaking a Judas, the size of a child of two years old, at me, by the scuff of the neck, and muttering to me with a scowl of hatred, 'See! here is a countryman of yours!'

"It was a rebuke which I felt I merited, for what did I there?"

The conclusion of the Holy Week was marked by the introduction of troops of soldiers into the Plaza Mayor, in front of the Palace, and the disappearance of all the gay booths. All the world crowded to the cathedral; the deep bell tolled half-past nine: the trumpet and full organ mingled their bursts with the clang of the great bells: the veil of the high altar was parted displaying the gorgeous pile of ornament which it had concealed. Without, the artillery thundered with ceaseless peals in the square, and that multitudinous individual which had so extensively pervaded the city,—we mean Judas, which was a composition of fire-work,—hung every where over the centre of the streets, and from the fronts of the houses, and was now blown up with the most edifying demonstrations of piety.

The city of Mexico is subject to very constant visitations of earthquakes, but the shocks are in general very trivial and sometimes scarcely perceptible. There is a caprice, however, in their effects, of which we have not as yet heard any satisfactory explanation,—places within a few miles of each other are agitated by the shock, while not unfrequently some intermediate spot totally escapes its influence. As Mexico is built on an alluvial and elastic soil, its massive structures rarely sustain any injury, and the non-chalance of the inhabitants during a convulsion presents a strange contrast to the dismay with which, in other countries, even the slightest agitation of the earth is attended. Mr. Latrobe thus speaks of

one of the severest shocks which took place during his stay in the capital :—

"In going to the elevated balcony, the scene presented by the broad and spacious thoroughfare below was one of the most striking I ever saw. There was no terror and no confusion in the street. Each individual of the passing multitude as far as we could see, was on his knees; each in the spot where he had become sensible of the terrible phenomenon; the half-naked Indian beside the veiled dama, and the loathsome leper beside the gaudily-dressed official. The rider kneeled beside his horse, and the arriero among his mules; the carriages had halted, and their gay contents bent in clusters in the centre of the pavement. The bustle of the crowded thoroughfare had become hushed; and nothing was heard but a low murmur of pattered prayers,—while, with a slow, lateral motion, from north to south, the whole city swung like a ship at anchor, for about the space of a minute and a half. When the shock was over, the multitude rose; and each went about his business with a nonchalance which proved how the frequent recurrences of this phenomenon had nerved the public mind."

If we may place much reliance on the opinions and impressions of one, who, though undoubtedly possessed of considerable penetration, and power of observing character and manners, yet had scarcely sufficient time or opportunity to obtain an accurate insight into those subjects, the society of the chief-town of New Spain must certainly be one of its least attractions. Letters of introduction were presented, compliments exchanged; while bows, and "boiling-hot, rapturous expressions of ecstasy" at the unlooked-for happiness of seeing them, delighted our travellers, and half induced them, we suppose, to fancy that the good folks of Mexico would relinquish every duty or pleasure, for the felicity of cultivating their acquaintance. They were, however, sadly astray in their calculations. After the first interview, some of their most extravagant admirers probably exhaled themselves in their fervid compliments, and were never again heard of. Others evidently avoided a recognition; and

the few whom travelling in Europe had tintured with a slight portion of civilized decorum, treated them when they chanced to meet at the houses of European residents, with a becoming reserve and nonchalance, that would have done honor to the most finished beau of our British metropolis. Indeed had Mr. Latrobe known at the time that several unsuccessful attempts had been made, by the Europeans attached to the different legations, to cultivate in some sort a friendly intercourse with the natives, he would not have felt much surprise at his reception. The merchants of the Old World, too, by their constant jealousies and competition with the native speculators, contributed not a little to the general estrangement of society. Our author, however, had one consolation,—he found, wherever he went, his own feelings of dissatisfaction responded to, even to his heart's content, by the foreign settlers in the city :—

" 'How does Monsieur like Mexico?' said a garrulous French barber to me, the very morning of my arrival. 'Fine streets, fine houses, fine churches, fine clothes!—but the people,—they are all, all, all, from the president to the leper, what we in France call *canaille*, Monsieur.'

" 'Ma foi, qu'ils sont bêtes ces Mexicains,' said the Belgian host of a meson at Tacubaya: 'all, from the highest to the lowest, are as ignorant as that bottle!'—and he pointed to an empty one. 'You ask a question,' 'Quein sabe!' is all you get for answer. You show them something they never saw before,—'Santa Maria, que bonito!' is their only exclamation.

"But the most eloquent was a little German saddler, who wound up a long high-Dutch tirade against the miserable inhabitants of the country, their mode of living, their ignorance, dishonesty, and the hard lot which compelled him to cast his life away among such wretches, by saying, 'There is not von man here so honest as my tog Spitz:—Carampa!'"

The bull-fights of Mexico, like those of the country whence they were originally imported, have been too often described by tourists to render it necessary to present them once more to

the eyes of the public; we may, however observe, that the exhibitions of New Spain are divested of much of the hazardous enterprise and chivalrous character which the spirit and ferocity of the European animal give to the fight in Spain. The spiritless bull of Mexico makes always a feeble resistance, and is often so averse to fight that he can neither be coaxed or irritated to defend himself, when his valiant antagonist seizes him by the tail, and adroitly contrives to overturn and dispatch him. One short but humorous sketch of a worthy constable, of the Dogberry school, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting, and with it we shall take leave of the capital of Mexico.

We are, once more, in the Plaza Major, whose crowded area is a never-failing source of interest, as the site of the various markets, and the termination of the different canals running from the lake. During the early hours of morning all is good-humour and bustle, the venders arranging their different articles of sale; and after the toil of setting things in order is finished, the Indian and his family may be seen peacefully seated at their meal, in expectation of a customer:—

“I never failed to remark, however, an exception to this tranquillity, in the person and demeanour of an old, grotesque Alguazil, who appeared to have the duty of maintaining order,—or rather of stirring up disorder, in that part of the market which lay opposite to the university. He usually lost his temper at sun-rise; and, as far as I could discover, never found it till after sun-set;—swearing most grievously the live-long day; thumping the cruppers of the mules, and the heads and shoulders of the Indians; overturning hampers, kicking over the baskets; knocking down the piles of merchandize; and putting every thing in confusion, in dogged determination to see all go according to rule and square. He seemed perfectly careless of consequences: and he met the oburgation and vociferous upbraidings of the dark-eyed and dark-haired female whose arrangements he had invaded, with the same recklessness with which he braved the sullen scowl of hatred from her swarthy mate.

“The heat of noon brought comparative silence. Multitudes had departed; and those who maintained their stand

were doing: but a little later, the old Alguazil with uplifted staff and voice might be seen at his unwelcome labours; goading lipeds and quadrupeds; twitching the hair of the one, and the tails of the other; and dispensing execrations upon both. Unfortunately, I must allow, that at this hour, there was some reason for his interference; as the numberless pulquerias in the vicinity of the market, to which many of the males had retired in the morning, while their wives carried on the business, now vomited forth their inebriated occupants; and many a family group which had entered the city in harmony, was seen retiring to their canoe amid violence and lamentations.”

Mr. Latrobe, perhaps rather in obedience to the established practice of travellers, than from a conviction of his own adequacy to the discussion, has devoted a portion of his volume to the political state of Mexico. We do not intend to follow him in his reflections, though we perfectly agree with him that, be the causes what they may, that country exhibits one of the worst pictures of the unhappy effects of a republican form of government. We much prefer, as we have before thrown out, submitting ourselves to his guidance when he lays aside the garb of the philosopher, and rambles about through vale and forest, and from village to village, abandoning himself to the gaiety of his own humour, or contemplating the sublime and wonderful scenes around him. After having left the capital he visited the objects of the greatest interest and admiration to be found in the country, and amongst them we may preeminently rank the Houses of the Sun and Moon,—the two largest of the Mexican pyramids. These latter, naturally enough, induce a disquisition on the origin and object of these mighty monuments, the abrogines of New Spain, and some of the very remarkable coincidences between the tradition of the people of central America, and the records of Holy Writ; and though we cannot consider that he has done much towards the solution of questions, upon which a host of writers have already expended much ingenuity and erudition, yet we are bound to say, that he has himself displayed no inconsiderable learning, and familiarity with the subject, and afforded us both instruct-

tion and pleasure in his manner of treating it.

From the moment our author set his foot in New Spain, it had been with him a favorite scheme to visit the remarkable remains of the hill and fortified palace of Xochicalco, or the "House of Flowers," in the vicinity of Cuernavaca. As this spot is one of extreme interest, and still may be considered as unbroken ground for the antiquarian, we will epitomise, as briefly as possible, the result of Mr. Latrobe's investigations.

The circuit of the hill is about three miles, and its perpendicular height about three hundred feet, and though, most probably, a natural elevation, yet it is manifest that its entire surface has been subjected to a regular and general design. Four terraces may still be discovered to have made the entire circuit at regular intervals of elevation, while the intermediate slopes are covered with platforms, bastions, and stages, one above the other, all evidently once faced with uncemented stone work, and a steep stone-faced declivity, evidently pyramidal, leads to the summit. North of the summit, and somewhat below it, is a hollow square, in the centre of which are the ruins of a remarkable altar or Teocalli, which is the principal object of curiosity.—This structure is supposed to be of much more recent origin than the other pyramids of Mexico, and to have consisted of seven distinct stories, diminishing in size, the base of the lowest, (which, with the second, now alone remains,) being about fifty feet square. The chief characteristics of the sculpture, which is richly wrought, and still in a high state of preservation, are decision of outline and boldness of relief. From the fact of having discovered one stone of the second story cut on two adjacent faces, Mr. Latrobe conjectures, as well as from its position, that it must have been a doorpost, and therefore, that the story contained a chamber.

"Whether the 'House of Flowers' was made subservient," says our author in continuation, "to self-defence, and formed a strong-hold; * or was a hill of delight, set apart for the habitation of a monarch; or a high-place, where the religious mysteries of a people were performed; or a spot, chosen for a union of all these objects, it is still one of the most extraordinary localities in New Spain, and deserves much more attention than it has hitherto received."

Be the difficulties and danger of travelling in other countries what they may, we may safely assert that in all civilized and most barbarous regions, the wanderer will be sure to meet some reasonable attention either from the natural hospitality of those amongst whom he is thrown, or at all events, be able to commend it through the agency of his money. In New Spain, however, the potency of the golden talisman itself, sometimes fails to procure for the traveller the commonest civilities as well as necessities of life at the inn where he may put up. We have already seen the disinclination of the native Indians to produce their supplies to the visitor who is contented to pay liberally for them, and shewn that there is a very sufficient reason to excuse their apparent inhospitality.—Yet we confess ourselves quite unable to explain the motives that induce those of Spanish descent to resist the mollifying influence of that potent spell which originally drew their avaricious ancestors from their far distant homes. Our author and his companions, at the town of Cuautla Amilpas fell upon one of the most intractable churls of this kind, in the person of a host that we remember ever to have read of.

Don Juan, the master of the Posada or inn, where they put up would not give a civil answer to any question, or request, however civilly, put to him, but with the aid of his spouse Dona Dolores, (most aptly so named in our opinion,) abused and insulted his guests, and instead of performing the usual

* Humboldt seems to favor this conjecture, in his remarks on Xochicalco, in page 37 of the "Atlas Pittoresque." "Le monument," says he, "est regardé dans le pays comme un monument militaire." Mr. Latrobe, however, differs from the Baron, (who, we must admit, never visited the place,) in one respect, asserting that there is not "the shadow of a tradition" with regard to this monument, existing among the natives.

kind offices for the traveller in the hope of good payment, answered even the application for food—for a drop of water—by jeering and pointing significantly to the door. Having endured all with patience, and purchased food for themselves in the market, the worthy Boniface saw himself foiled in one quarter, and determined to annoy in another. Accordingly after quarrelling incessantly with the servants of his guests, he at last closed the gates of the Posada at eight o'clock, pretending that he had the orders of the Alcalde to refuse exit to every one. To the Alcalde, the aggrieved party insisted on going, and as mine host thought it somewhat dangerous to prevent them, they were let out, and the doors slammed after them amidst a volley of abuse and ribaldry from the household. His honour was now poked out of his bed and after some delay made his appearance half-dressed, and half asleep. Of course he positively denied having given the obnoxious order, and upon their pressing request, dismissed the complainants with a written document to that effect.

"Thus furnished," says our author, we returned to the posada. The door was, of course, fast; and upon knocking we were challenged by Don Juan: Who we were? What we were making a noise at the door for? Did we not know the order? and so forth,—mingled with threats to call the town-guard, and give us lodgings in the town prison. To all this we could only reply by a fresh summons, enforced by a general thump of our sabre-hilts at the gate, and a chorus of 'Will your grace open the door?'—'an order from the Alcalde!' There was really something extremely dramatic in the whole scene. Open the door he would not; pretending to believe that we were a party of thieves, freshly arrived, instead of honest old acquaintances. At length he told us to thrust the letter under the planks, which we did. It took him a long time to spell,—which by-the-by I do not wonder at, as his honour, the sleepy Alcalde, had contrived to write it in a most illegible hand. Every now and then Don Juan called to us, 'Don't be in a hurry!—a little patience, a little patience, Señores,' which of course did not add to our store. At length the door opened, and one by one in we marched; when foaming with passion, he instantly relocked it, and

swore stoutly that not a soul should leave the posada again that night.

"A quarrel was now unavoidable, and it soon arose to a storm. Two or three drunken travellers joined in it most inopportunely; and threats of violence against us, as Europeans, began to be heard. Dona Dolores rushed into the fray, confronting Garcia, who was unfortunately pot-valiant, with the most opprobrious language and gestures. Her apparition threw oil upon the fire, and Don Juan, without more ado, ran into the house, and came back armed with a long cut-and-thrust sword, called a *machete*, while we, as a matter of necessity—for I may say that all along we acted on the defensive—had now to produce our pistols. The gate was thrown open by the women; the town-guard and some of the neighbours rushed in, and without inquiry into the merits of the case, or the origin of the hubbub, immediately ranged themselves on the side of our opponents, with a violence which showed us we had no justice to hope from their intervention. Sabres were drawn, and pistols were cocked, and there was a moment when a bloody fray seemed inevitable."

Fortunately the collision was avoided; the flight of Dona Dolores—the "*teterima belli causa*,"—and the preparation for a set-to, gave the belligerents a little time for reflection—a thing by the way of wonderful utility to folks in a passion; the assailants sulkily retired, and the guard, after an unsuccessful attempt to deprive the opposite party of their arms, followed the example of their allies. As for the poor old Alcalde's order, it was laughed to scorn.

And now, having crossed a branch of the vast chain of the Cordillera, our party arrived at Jalapa, sold their stud, dismissed their servants, and prepared for a descent to the sea-coast. They were, however, first doomed to make trial of a new mode of conveyance called by the natives the *littera*: they had already "made trial of almost every imaginable mode of travel and locomotion—carriage, coach, gig, sulky, carry-all and carry-nothing—mud waggon, dearborn, horse, mule, steam-boat, steam-carriage, goelette, shallop, skiff, wooden canoe, bark canoe, raft, rail, tree-stump, the back of an Indian, and what not," but the present was none of

these, though one might think that Mr. Latrobe's long-winded catalogue must have contained every possible description of conveyance, but a long box, about one foot deep, three wide, and six long, with shafts projecting in front and rare to be attached to the pack saddles of mules.

"So down the deep paved street we clattered, amidst the plaudits of the *poblanitas*, from window and balcony; and were soon beyond the town, and travelled forward for hours through the forests, which gradually changed their character; the oak and his congeners disappearing, and the mimosa taking their place.

"Night soon closed in; and when we halted, we found it was four o'clock in the morning, and that we had reached the celebrated bridge, called by the builders, Puente del Rey; still later, Puente Imperial; and now, Puente Nacional."

Putting our pleasant companion safely on ship board, we will close our consideration of his volume with a tragical narration which displays a depth of feeling that contrasts admirably with the general liveliness of tone that pervades the work, and leaves on the mind of the reader a final impression most favourable to the author.

Amongst the passengers was a gay and high spirited young French gentleman attached to the legation, who had imprudently ventured to pass two or three jovial days at Jalapa, where the *vomito* was then prevalent. After a few days at sea, the malady became evident, and increased to a frightful degree, accompanied with delirium.

"I cannot describe to you the effect produced upon the mind, as during the long watches of that night, the fevered and agonizing ravings of the dying man were heard mingling with the whistling of the wind in the cordage, the wash of the sea, and the roll of the thunder. The rocking of the vessel on the short seas, and the shocks which it received, evidently aggravated his sufferings; and from sun-down to sun-rise, neither spirit nor body found repose. He frequently called us by name; but when we crept to the side of his berth, all was incoherence."

"Towards evening, the last fatal symptom of his dreadful malady came on—the black vomit; and yet he lived. We could none of us rest, but watched

when the end would come. Our captain was a noble character, and his behaviour throughout such, as to reflect honor on himself and the service. Had he been the dying man's brother, he could not have evinced a more complete and more generous devotedness than he did from first to last. There he sat, hour after hour, supporting the languid head, and watching the gasp for breath, perfectly regardless of the risk of infection; and when, about halfpast one, on the morning of the eighth, the sufferer at length ceased to breathe, he was still at his post.

"At sun-rise the small crew clustered round the main-mast, and the passengers under the round-house. The ensign of the United States, with its stars and stripes, floated half-way up the rigging; and the ship was kept under easy sail, on the fresh but favourable breeze, which had sprung up after the squall. The sky was without a cloud. In the absence of a clergyman of any church, the duty of reading the service over the body was imposed upon me. I never heard that exquisitely beautiful portion of the Church of England ritual read without emotion; and none need wonder that I felt my voice tremble, as now, in the face of the broad blue sky, and amidst of the world of waters, I was called to utter its solemn strain over the lifeless remains of the companion, who had thus been suddenly taken, while we were left.—Others may have forgotten the incident long ago—I never can forget it. Yet the circumstances were such as sobered the most unreflecting for the time. All saw before them a striking proof that 'Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery!' and that 'In the midst of life we are in death.'

"Thus we committed the body of our fellow-mortal to the deep, to be turned into corruption: looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead."

In the observations which we made in the commencement of this article, we have freely expressed our opinion of the excellencies, as well as the demerits of the volume which we have just considered. It may be that the reputation which a former work on the northern portion of the New World, justly procured for Mr. Latrobe has in some degree disposed us

to expect more information than we have found in the present. We bear in mind, nevertheless, that a period so circumscribed as three months could have enabled none other than a man of great energy and acuteness, to furnish us with so much pleasing matter as the book contains—he has indeed acted with admirable instinct on the

more prominent features of character of those with whom he was thrown in his rambles, and given them with a graphic force that would be invaluable to a writer of romance. On the whole, we consider “The Rambler in Mexico” well worthy of perusal, and the reasonableness of its price, gives it an additional claim to public favour.

CHAPTERS OF COLLEGE ROMANCE.

BY E. S. O'BRIEN, ESQ. A.W.

CHAPTER VI.—THE BRIBED SCHOLAR.—PART II.

THE circumstances which, in my last chapter, I have endeavoured to bring before my readers were, they will recollect, detailed to me by Crawford himself, on the evening of the election. But feeble indeed has been my attempt at narration compared with his recital. His story was wild, almost like the ravings of delirium, but it preserved a terrible coherency in its parts—and in the very distortions and exaggerations of his passion, every minute circumstance of his narrative started as it were into terrible distinctness, as the muscles of the human frame in the convulsive struggles of the maniac.

It was long past midnight when I left his rooms—the truth was, that he seemed afraid to be left alone. He dwelt with a strange kind of awe upon his prayer. I need not repeat all that in the agony of passion was extorted from him upon this subject. Those who have never witnessed the phrenzied rebellion of the human soul against its God—the vehemence into which the spirit can be wrung—need not wish to learn from my page the dark impiety of its ravings.

Perhaps there are those to whom all this will appear unaccountable—there may be those who do not know the strength of principle—and who may not therefore be able to conceive the terrible revenge which its awakening energies inflict for its violation. If these pages meet the eye of any such, I cannot hope to give them the faculty they have not. There are those in the world, who know nothing of the refinements of conscience—

whose feelings want the vitality that shrinks with an agonizing acuteness from the approach of dishonour—and many such there are, good, honest, and “all honourable men.” These persons will no doubt regard what I have painted here of Arthur's remorse and self-degradation as the exaggeration of fiction.

And yet all that I may have been able to convey to my readers, falls short, far short of the reality. His very soul seemed stung to madness in the thought that he was sold. “A slave!”—“An apostate!”—“A bribed wretch!” he cried with vehemence—“O God that it is come to this!”

With difficulty I persuaded him to be tolerably calm. He retired to his bed, and promised me that he would try to sleep. I left him with feelings which it would be vain to attempt to describe. I felt that sleep would be some relief to my spirit, exhausted by witnessing the conflicts of his.

But my own feelings were too painfully excited to suffer me to enjoy the blessings of repose. I could not sleep. Scarcely was I settled in my bed, when the idea rushed across my mind that he would perhaps commit suicide in the night. I endeavoured to calm my apprehensions and compose myself to sleep—but the horrible imagination recurred with what I could not help regarding a premonitory pertinacity—I started up—I could almost fancy that I heard his dying scream ringing in my ear—my room was too distant from his to hear the reality—I jumped out of bed—I endeavoured once more

to still my alarms, but I could not. I groped about for my clothes, and hastily putting them on, I walked out into the courts.

This was at least an hour after I had left him. The moon had risen, and a faint and hazy light was thrown upon the courts. All was still, except when now and then a scream came from the town—or the sound of a watchman's rattle creaked discordantly upon the peacefulness of night. I walked on towards Crawford's apartments. I passed one of the porters lazily pacing up and down, wrapped in his watch-coat. The fellow eyed me suspiciously, and dogged my steps to the outer door of the building in which Crawford's rooms were situated—he then took his stand upon the steps, and seemed resolved to keep a watch upon my movements.

I went up stairs to the door of Crawford's apartments. I now began to think I had come upon a foolish errand. I had no excuse for rapping at the door. I put my eye to the key-hole—all was quiet inside. I fancied I could distinguish the breathings of some one as if in slumber. I was not quite satisfied; but I was unwilling to make any effort to gain admittance; and beginning to think my fears very silly, after waiting for several minutes outside the door, I went back.

The porter was evidently puzzled by my conduct—he tracked me across the courts again. I could not resist the temptation of puzzling him a little more; I walked in the most zig-zag direction all round the courts—he followed my steps at a cautious distance, evidently fancying himself unobserved. After having led him a chase all round the College, out of the pure love of mischief, I began to pile together in a heap all the stones that I could collect. The minion of authority kept a close watch upon my proceedings. When I had gathered stones enough to make a very respectable heap, I moved away as if fearful of observation—my sentinel in the mean time stood in the shadow, so as to let me suppose I was unobserved. By-and-by I perceived him cautiously approaching my ranks, as if he expected to find the gunpowder plot concealed in them. I had arranged the stones, of which there happened to be a supply deposited in the courts for

some purpose or other, in circles, and I have no doubt he was not a little puzzled at the cabalistic manner in which they were placed.

I could not have been long in bed, when I awoke with a dreadful start. I had heard distinctly a piercing scream. I thought I heard some one calling my name. I was conscious that it was a dream, but I could not quiet my apprehensions. Again I dressed myself, and proceeded in a fit of trembling anxiety to Crawford's rooms.

Again I found, as in any case I might have expected, all quiet. I waited for some time. In all College doors there is an aperture to receive letters—by courtesy termed a letter-box—but boxes there are very few, and more generally the deposits are permitted to fall upon the floor. By the little light which the moon gave, I could see through the aperture that the inside doors of the apartments were open. On listening attentively I heard distinctly the breathings of a deep sleeper inside. I was relieved, and was resolved not to be brought again from my bed by any such silly fears.

As I passed down stairs, I happened to look out at the window, and direct my eye towards the spot where I had already erected my mimic fortification to embarrass the military movements of the redoubted sentinels of the academic camp. I perceived several figures standing in the neighbourhood, and conjecturing that a council of war had been summoned to deliberate upon the formidable construction, I determined to enter so far into the spirit of the hostilities, as to make myself a spy upon their deliberations. Cautiously stealing round in the shadow, I managed, unperceived, to approach within a few yards of the scene of their council, and taking advantage of the cover of an archway, I stood in a position in which I could overhear their conversation. I found that I had been recognised by the porter who had seen me first, and he had brought two of his brethren to inspect my curious edifice—they were busying themselves in conjectures as to the motives of my extraordinary conduct.

“Come out of this,” said one of them, who was, by the way, the most sensible of the party, “you’re two fools

to be bothering your heads about it. The poor gentleman's mad, and I could have told you that two years ago."

"By my soul, then, Fitzgibbon," said the first speaker, "there is method in his madness—these are very regular like arranged, and this is the night of the gunpowder plot; I believe myself the papists would do anything."

"But Mr. O'Brien's no papist," rejoined Fitzgibbon. "I'm sure he has 'ut the look of one."

"Where did he get the O to his name?" replied the other. "Troth you may depind on it he turned for scholarship."

The third man, whose name was O'Connor, here interfered rather warmly, to shield my character from the imputation. "The devil a drop of papist blood's in him, more than in yourself, Tomkins, or in one belonging to him;—and there is many a good Protestant with the O to his name—better nor some of them that is without it," he added, in a significant tone; "and there are some of the good old O's that never voted wrong at the city, Mr. Tomkins."

Tomkins appeared not to heed this taunt. "Well, papist or no papist," said he, "he must not put these constructions upon the courts—it's our duty to be very particular in these election times—it's the provost's directions." And he looked at my building with an air of the most important authority, as if determined to remove it; but at the same time with an evident cautiousness lest he should receive some mysterious damage in the execution of his perilous duty.

"Mr. O'Brien's a gentleman," said Fitzgibbon; (to whom I had that day given half-a-crown, to escape being reported for a fine,) "though I'm thinking he's a bit touched in the upper story."

"The only thing papist that I ever knew him to do was his voting for Mr. Peverill."

"Many a Protestant did that," said O'Connor, "or he'd never be the member for ould Trinity."

"Oh they're but the half sort—they're what they call *liberals*," replied Fitzgibbon.

"And is that a new religion?" asked O'Connor.

"Augh no; it's only the ould one
VOL. VIII.

mended," answered the other. "But it's their rule, I understand, not to care overmuch for any religion at all."

"I understand!" replied O'Connor. "But sure there is Dr. Sinecure, and Dr. Easygo, sure they voted for Mr. Peverill, and they Church clergymen, and Doctors of Divinity, to say nothing of the rest."

"Oh, but they want to be bishops," rejoined Fitzgibbon.

"And sure," said O'Connor, "siding with the papists is a bad way to be made bishops of the Protestant church."

Fitzgibbon was silenced by this argument; but Tomkins, whose knowledge was more extensive, came to his relief.

"Troth, then, it's just the very way. Is that all you know about it? The Pope, I tell ye's, has a hand in the making of the bishops now-a-days, ever since the concordium made between him and King George."

They all agreed that the exercise of such influence was probable enough, judging by recent appointments; and this satisfactory solution of the difficulty having been implicitly received, the question again reverted to my 'constructions';—Fitzgibbon adopting the more charitable supposition of my insanity,—Tomkins stoutly alleging that there was some mischief concealed in it—and O'Connor apparently halting between the two opinions.

Tomkins, with the magisterial air of one determined to sift the matter to the bottom, inquired of O'Connor where he had seen me coming from.

"Out of Mr. Crawford's building he came last," replied O'Connor.

"Phew! phew!" said, or to speak more correctly, whistled Tomkins,—a sound by which he appeared to intimate that new light had broken upon the transaction; at least so his companions understood it, and in silence waited for the coming revelation.

"Phew! phew!" repeated Tomkins, still more emphatically.

The silence of the conclave was unbroken for at least a minute. At last Tomkins pronounced his opinion:

"I tell you what it is, gentlemen, there is something wrong about this,—that Crawford is the Orange scholar that they bought."

"Bought!" repeated the other two.
"Ay, bought!" said Tomkins; and

what's more—it was O'Brien paid him the money,—it is well known to all the gentlemen,—five hundred pounds for his vote."

"Lord save us!" said Fitzgibbon:—"five hundred pounds!—It's a fine thing to have the learning;" he added slowly, with a most emphatic groan.

"Five hundred pounds!" re-echoed O'Connor. "A poor man would be a long time making that much."

"Well, that is just what he got;—and now, gentlemen, we'll just leave this here until the morning, and then it is our duty to report it. It's a suspicious night, being the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, and election times beside,—and in the name of God, we'll leave them here, and keep a look out on them; and in the morning the Provost can take such steps for the safety of the College, as he may digest."

"The Provost!" repeated Fitzgibbon. "The Lord bless us!—I tell you it is a mad doctor the poor gentleman wants!" And he advanced forward to demolish the fantastic pile which I had erected; this, however, was prevented by the two others, on the ground that it must not be disturbed until the proper authorities could inspect it. Fitzgibbon himself seemed not unwilling to yield to a sense of duty. But I could plainly perceive that they all three were more restrained by a lurking apprehension of a second Gunpowder Plot, than by any other consideration.

Tomkins insisted that, as conscientious porters, they had no choice but to report the unusual appearance.

I had managed to escape unobserved, from my retreat; and just as the conclave was dissolving, I walked over deliberately to meet them. Had his Satanic majesty made his appearance, they could not have manifested more symptoms of surprise:—

"A fine night," I observed.

"It's near morning now, sir," said Tomkins, who alone, of all the party, appeared to have courage to reply.

I made no answer, but walked on towards my redoubt, the stones of which I commenced to move into other positions.

Tomkins walked over towards me;—"I beg your pardon, sir," said he;

"but we must do our duty;—you must not touch that."

"Why not?" I asked; at the same time persevering in my occupation. The question, simple as it was, appeared to pose my antagonist, who remained looking at me in silent irresolution.

At last he managed to get out an answer, certainly, however, not very much to the point. "These are election times, sir, and the porters must do their duty."

"No doubt," said I, "as election times come but once in seven years, it is possible to suppose that during them the porters may do their duty,—but I really see nothing in election times to prevent me amusing myself with these stones."

But Tomkins' conscientious scruples were not to be so easily overcome. If it had not been for the remonstrances of his more sensible comrades, he would have endeavoured to prevent me by force. Nothing, indeed, reconciled him to the grievous dereliction of duty, involved in permitting me, but the recollection that he might acquit his conscience by making a report of the whole matter. Notwithstanding the arguments of his companions, who treated the affair as a joke, or a piece of madness, on my part, he actually made a report of the mysterious transaction. I need not say, that very much to his mortification, he was of course only laughed at for his pains.—Like many another chagrined official, whose merits are neglected by the higher powers, he consoled himself by the reflection that he had done his duty,—although he got but little thanks for it in these degenerate days,—and this consciousness enabled him wonderfully to keep up his consequence against the jeers which his discovery of the new gunpowder plot brought upon him. I was, thank Goodness, neither consigned to the tender mercies of the Provost or a mad doctor. The only consequence was, that some men of my class, who fancied themselves wits, fastened on me the name of the *night errant*. Of course the ready and implicitly received solution of my conduct was, that I had been pouring out, or rather pouring in libations too plentiful to the honour of the triumph my party had achieved.

I atoned for the restlessness of the early hours of the night by my protracted slumbers next morning. My first visit, on awaking, was paid to Crawford's rooms. I found him sitting apparently worn out,—but his eye was blazing with a fierce excitement, and even amid the paleness of his cheek the purple flush of mental fever contrasted strongly with its wan and almost deathlike hue. He had two books open, on a table before him. On a nearer approach, I found that one was the Bible, and the other the *Oration* of Demosthenes. He was engaged in making quotations from each. He had transcribed a passage of each, in a large and legible hand, upon a small bit of paper, and fastened it up, over the mantel-piece of his rooms. "I wish," he said, "to place here my history;" and as he spoke a bitter smile played across his features. I read the quotation. He had copied from the Athenian orator the passage:—

[Strange to say I have searched for it in vain—in which my classical readers will recollect he speaks of the scorn with which even the purchaser regards the man whom he bribes.]

From the Bible he had transcribed, underneath, the awful words—"God shall send them strong delusion,—so that they shall believe a lie, that they might be damned."

I hardly knew what to say or do. I sat down in silence,—he stood gazing at the writing—the writing on the wall:—

"You stare at me," he said, perceiving the look of astonishment that I cast on his strange proceedings: "but I wish to familiarize myself with this—look at it." He asked, "is there anything so terrible in that inscription?—and yet"—and as he spoke he trembled—"that writing on the wall frightened me all night."

"Writing on the wall!" I repeated.

"Yes; writing on the wall!—you remember Belshazzar?—you know there was a writing on his wall; and last night a hand—a large black hand—traced these lines on the wall, beside my bed; and I could not bear to look at the writing,—and I know it will be there again tonight,—but I will accustom myself to the sight."

I suggested that this was but the fancy of his imagination, stimulated by

the nervous excitement of his system.

"No;" he said, "no; the letters were too distinct; they were written on the wall; in fire"—he stared at the inscription for a few moments,—"*was it not strange,*" he continued, "*it was my answering in Demosthenes that got me Scholarship; and that,*" pointing to his own writing, "*that was the passage I translated—was it not strange?—and it was my death warrant.*"

"Your death warrant!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied; "my death warrant. Oh, had you seen those words traced last night on the wall—I could read them plainer, far plainer, than I do now. That is my sentence; read it, O'Brien. I must learn to bear it." He read the Greek over, calmly and distinctly. When he came to the English his voice faltered, and then stopped,—he turned deadly pale.

"Crawford," said I, "you must not let these fancies dwell upon your mind. You are unwell;—you should leave College."

He took no notice of what I said. He stared with straining eye-balls at the writing. After an interval of perhaps a minute he started, as if then, for the first time, my words rung upon his ear. "I must leave College,—and to go where? To go into the world. And what is my portion there?—I know it! There—there is my sentence. From man, scorn:—scorn and contempt, even from the wretches that have bought me!"

His finger continued pointing, with almost maniacal energy to the Greek: "*Scorn—scorn and contempt.*" You despise me," he added violently. "But this is in this world,—there is another part of the doom of the apostate:—read that—I dare not, I cannot read it!—A strong delusion," he muttered to himself. "You know the strong delusion,—you know how I reasoned myself into the belief that it was God's will that I should sell my conscience." And there—there is my doom, from man and God!"—and his voice, long suppressed by almost supernatural exertion to a forced calmness, seemed at once to burst into a long, a loud, and an appalling scream.

"Dear Crawford," I exclaimed, "be calm; indeed, indeed, you are exciting yourself unnaturally; what is there in all that has passed to warrant this?"

as I spoke, I felt my very soul to thrill with the terrible passionateness of his frenzy.

He made no reply; he walked up and down the room—he muttered something, in which I could only catch the words, “strong delusion.” Some minutes elapsed in which I left his emotion to spend itself by its violence. He came and he stood close to me—he passed his hand across his brow, and he said, “O’Brien, I prayed to God, and I trusted to his goodness for an answer to my prayer—but my evil destiny was upon me, and yet was it a sin to trust to God?”

I thought it a favourable moment to urge every thing that seemed a palliation of his guilt; I dwelt upon his struggles, upon his reliance to the answer to his prayer, and on the deceit which had been practised to induce him to accept the bribe. But this he would not permit me to urge even as a palliation. “What is the difference?” he would ask, “the guilt of bribery was in permitting selfish motives to influence the exercise of a public trust—and although I fancied I was escaping degradation, I knew—I felt that I incurred guilt.”

His arguments had too much of truth to admit of an easy reply; but at all events the conviction of his guiltiness seemed so deeply engraven on his heart, that all attempts to remove it were in vain. His thoughts seemed to look forward with mysterious horror to the night—he dreaded that he would see again the writing on the wall. I determined that I would not leave him alone another night, and managed to take up my temporary abode in his rooms.

I cannot conceive how the story of his being bribed, spread. It was the common topic of conversation in the commons’ hall that day. Universal indignation was expressed against Crawford. He was fortunately out of the way of personally meeting with the scorn that was directed against him. From the day of the election he confined himself altogether to his rooms. I do not know whether I ought to tell that I was then unwilling to be known as at all connected with him—when his name was mentioned, I was silent, and managed to make my goings out and comings in, with as little exposure to observation as possible.

The election had been on a Thursday. It was on the Sunday morning afterwards that I was awake by a loud and vehement knocking at the door. I was sleeping on a pallet in the outside apartment. It was not daylight when I was startled from my sleep by the noise of the knocking. I jumped up and hastened to relieve the impatience of the violent suitor for admission.

The dim light that came, partly from the lamps in the courts, and partly from the approaching dawn, could just enable me to distinguish objects. Two figures were outside the door, one of whom I could just discern to be a porter—the other rushed in, it was a person apparently in travelling dress. He came into such close contact with me that I could feel the dripping wetness of his garb. He put his face close to mine, and then exclaimed in a tone of fretful disappointment, “This is not him.”

“This gentleman wants to see Mr. Crawford,” said the porter, who, I was glad to perceive, did not recognize me in the darkness, and indeed he had but little means from the dress, or rather undress, in which I appeared. I did not choose to let him hear my voice, I therefore pulled to the door without any reply. I then told the other figure that Mr. Crawford was not yet up. I proceeded to strike a light, and while I was so occupied, my companion groaned within himself.

As soon as I struck the light, and I had some difficulty in finding the materials, I was able to take a survey of Arthur’s unseasonable visitor, and the glance in which I took in his contour, satisfied me that it was his father. He was a middle-aged man with rather good features, as well as I could judge of them in the muffing. He was dressed in a large shaggy white great coat, which was, as I have already hinted, dripping with wet; several folds of a huge red handkerchief were passed round his throat; a pair of huge worsted gloves, and a hat with a broad brim and covered over with a glazed case, completed the equipment.

Mine, I recollected, was not quite so complete—my first impulse was to fling away my night-cap, and seek for the most necessary article of dress known, among sundry denominations, by the name of trousers. The impatience of

the new comer scarcely permitted me to accomplish even this, before he asked me to show him where "Arthur" slept. I took the candle in my hand, and preceded him to the bed-room where Crawford lay. The other was evidently under the influence of strong emotion.

Crawford had sunk into a profound sleep—perhaps wearied out by the watchings of the earlier part of the night. Our entrance did not disturb him—the light of the candle fell full on his features as we advanced. Even in sleep an expression of suffering passed across them.

His father stood for a moment to gaze upon the sleeping young man—I could perceive that the muscles of his countenance moved with the convulsive motions of some strong mental excitement. We both stood still for some minutes—the father as if utterly unconscious of my presence—muttered, "my son, my son," but his lips quivered as he uttered the words, and they were followed by a groan.

The sound awoke the sleeper—his eyes opened with a vacant stare—he seemed not to comprehend the scene that was before him. Some seconds passed during which he kept his eye fixed upon us—he then muttered a few words, I only caught the word—father.

"O God! O my father!"

"Yes, Arthur," said the other sternly, "your father—come to see if he has still a son"—and his voice, stern as it was, faltered as he spoke.

"Yes you have father—a son that would shed his heart's blood for you."

"Arthur," said his father, whose voice had recovered something of its firmness, "Arthur Crawford," and he dwelt upon the syllables as if to gather resolution for what was to follow—"Arthur Crawford, for whom did ye give your vote?" and he fixed his eye upon his son with a keenness and earnestness of expression that seemed as if he would read his soul.

The son did not dare to encounter that gaze—he covered up his face in the bedclothes.

"Arthur Crawford," said the father again; and this time no effort could give steadiness to his tones—"Arthur Crawford, for whom did ye give your vote?"

"Don't ask me, father; don't ask me

that. Father, father, forgive me," cried the son.

A deep, a despairing groan alone gave vent to the father's feelings. The son wept aloud; and for some minutes there was no other sound. The old man seemed as if a heavy blow had staggered him, but he regained his composure; and he said again in the same tone as before, but its sternness somewhat modified,

"Arthur Crawford, for *what* did ye give your vote?"

The loud and convulsive sobs of the poor fellow were the only answer the question received. The father shook all over. He attempted to speak, but his lips refused their office. At last he succeeded in speaking: the convulsive effort by which it was accomplished gave a trembling, but a loud and firm tone to his voice—

"Arthur Crawford, did ye give your vote for money to the cause of popery?"

He sprung from his bed, and threw himself at his father's feet. "Father, forgive me," he cried in agony—"forgive your only son."

"I have no son," said the old man; and his voice abated scarcely any thing of its sternness.

"Arthur Crawford," he continued after a pause—"rise, and kneel only to your God—for ye have wronged him, and ye have wronged me. Now, for more than one hundred years, Arthur Crawford, your family have been sufferers in the Protestant cause, down from your great grandfather, that was killed at the battle of the Boyne, to your poor Uncle Arthur, that the rebels murdered at Gorey. Little did I think that a son of mine, and a namesake of his, would bring disgrace upon our house. Arthur Crawford, ye are an apostate—Arthur Crawford, ye are no child of mine."

All this was said in a solemn sternness and decision of voice that seemed to admit neither of apology or expostulation. It was only when he uttered the two concluding sentences that, in the tremulousness of his voice, became evident the struggle that his preceding calmness cost him.

"Tell me," he added, after a pause—"Tell me, was it for me you sold yourself—was the money, that you told me you had borrowed, the price of—"

but the father's tongue could not repeat the word of ignominy.

"It was, father—father, dear, it was for you—for my mother and Alice—father, dear——" And the words were broken by deep but stifled sobs.

His father was moved—a shade of tenderness passed rapidly along his features—he raised his eyes to heaven—and then he said in a gentle voice—"Your mother and Alice could see you dead. Did you not know I would have died a beggar, before I would see the son of my heart an apostate?"—His lips became ashly and quivering, and he added calmly—"Dress yourself, Arthur Crawford, I have yet a duty to discharge." With the words, he turned from his son, and walked into the outside room—his steps tottered as he moved along.

I had felt my situation an unpleasant one, thus strangely present at an interview that should have been sacred in its privacy. I loitered a moment behind the old gentleman. I held out my hand to Crawford in intimation that I would leave him—he understood my movements—he grasped my hand in silence—a large but scalding tear fell on it—I felt as if the very burning of an agonised spirit had dropped upon my hand.

Before I attempted to go away I had managed to kindle a fire in the outside apartment. I respectfully invited the old gentleman to dry his wet clothes, which certainly were in need of it. I flung a pile of faggots upon the grate, and a genial blaze soon shed its warmth through the room; but no persuasion could induce him to avail himself of these comforts. "My business here," he said, "is but short"—and he kept walking up and down in deep agitation, while you could mark his path through the room by the dripping from his garments on the floor.

I was about to retire, but Mr. Crawford stopped me—"Sir," said he, "you are a friend of Arthur's—you know the reason of all this—you know that he was—bribed."

I took the opportunity of telling him that I knew every thing. I endeavoured to plead for him every thing in mitigation of his fault. I hinted as delicately as I could at the embarrassments which he had endeavoured to relieve. But the other stopped—

"Will you remain, then, here—you know this much—you know that a son can sell himself to serve his father—you have yet to know that a father would sooner starve than take the price of his son's dishonour."

His request to me was made in a tone so peremptory, as almost to be a command. I felt I could not disobey it. I returned into the chamber where Arthur was slowly performing the task of dressing himself. I told him of his father's desire that I should remain. The poor fellow trembled all over—he said he was glad I was going to stay, as he feared he would need my presence to support him in the scene that he must encounter.

When we came into the outside room his father was standing close to the fire—he had laid two small packets upon the table—he had leaned his elbow on the mantle-piece, and his face was hidden in his hand. At our entrance he turned round—his brow was knit, as if in an effort to be firm.

"Arthur," said he, "you have almost broken your father's heart—you sold yourself for me—the money you sent me was your bribe—and, Arthur, you told your father a lie—a lie—your letter was a lie, for ye said it had been lent ye—lent ye by a friend."

Arthur attempted to stammer out something about his believing it to be true, but the other did not mind him. "Listen to your father—Arthur Crawford—ye spoke of me and my distresses—God took care of me, I got an old debt paid to me just when I was in want of it—God took care of me, Arthur Crawford, thanks to him I have now more than I want.

The words were daggers to Arthur's soul—the feeling of joy at his father's good fortune was nothing compared with the consciousness of the needlessness of his crime.

"Arthur Crawford! you forget what your grandfather taught you on his knees when you were a child—did he not tell you often that he had been young and now was old, but never saw the righteous forsaken—do you not remember on his death-bed, when he told me that promise was his best legacy to me; and you heard that old man saying that with his dying lips, and you would not trust God, but you sold yourself to the devil."

"Father, father, you will break my heart," cried the poor young man, struck down by the recollections that came upon his heart; "oh! God forgive me, father, I can't bear you to talk to me—don't—don't break my heart."

The old man shook all over; "Arthur," said he, "listen to me," his voice faltered—"listen to me, I was saying, Arthur Crawford, you spoke of Alice and of your mother—ye have pierced their hearts—your mother sent you a message—she prays, Arthur, that God may bless you if it be possible; and she desired me to say, that she would sooner see you coffin." He waved his hand to prevent the interruption of Arthur. "Your sister, she said nothing, but she cried all day and all night too, I'm sure, and she sent you this; she bid me give ye her love, and give you back this, as she supposed you wouldn't want her to make it for you now."

He opened one of the little packets, it contained the half-wrought materials of an orange and blue scarf.

"You have dishonoured the colours, Arthur Crawford," he half said and half groaned as he opened them. "But listen to me, boy—I told you God took care of me, the God that you have forsaken. I fear, Arthur Crawford, you have never read your Bible of late. Do ye remember the accursed thing; it was burned with fire and so it shall be now;" and quick as the words, he had opened the other packet, so as to shew that it contained bank notes, and flung it on the blazing fire.

It was a scene to which no pen could do justice, but which mine is altogether inadequate to describe.—There stood one solitary and unsmoked candle on the table, and the principal light was from the fire, whose fitful blazes flung a red hue upon the walls reflected back on us; the first grey morning light was faintly struggling in through the half-opened shutters of the window, and the peculiarity of the mixed colours imparted a strange, I could not help thinking, a dismal effect to the extraordinary scene. There stood the old man, along whose countenance passed, visible enough, even in the dim light that fell on it, the contest between his

sternness of conscience and the yearnings of his heart towards his guiky son, while there mingled with this a something of evident satisfaction as he watched the flames consume what he had emphatically called the accursed thing. The son trembling with anguish and remorse, and apparently almost unheeding the act of the father, while to me, the only stranger intruding on the solemn privacy of that interview, it was not the least touching part of this strange act, that, along with the bribe, I believed the father had consigned to the flames, the the hoarded store which poor Arthur's filial piety had so generously bestowed upon his father's wants.

The father was the first to break the silence; with his heel he trampled down in the grate the embers of the burning notes—"I told you, sir," he said, turning to me, "I told you to stay, and see how a father's soul abhors the price of his son's dishonour."

"Arthur Crawford," he continued, turning to his son; "Arthur Crawford, I have done my duty—I have given you the three messages—your mother's and your sister's, and my own—Arthur Crawford I may go—ye are no more a son of mine."

It was only his father's moving away to depart that roused Arthur from an apparent stupefaction. He flew wildly to his father—he grasped his hand in frenzy—"father do not go—oh, my heart is broken—no, you will not go."

The father attempted to push aside the young man—but he could not—he endeavoured to move on, but some power seemed to deprive his limbs of motion. "Boy," he cried vehemently, "I told ye ye were no son of mine—let me go to the world when I am alone. Oh Arthur, Arthur, ye will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

But he did not now attempt to draw away the hand which Arthur clasped to his bosom. "Father, father," cried the other, "it was love for you—I have been wicked, but I have suffered for it—will you—will you forgive me for it—your son—I am your son—forgive me, father?"

"I will—I will, my child," cried the father, whose nature could no longer hold out against the sternness he had

assumed. "I do forgive you—may God forgive you;" and he clasped the son to his bosom and burst into a flood of burning tears.

For some minutes he remained clasped to his father's breast—nothing disturbed the fulness of their hearts in that tender reconciliation. I would not dare to desecrate by my feeble efforts at describing it, the hallowed scene of which I was then a witness—I need not. The reader who has a soul to conceive the touching sacredness, the solemn tenderness of that moment, needs no words of mine. Those *the imagination of whose hearts cannot realize its truth without words of mine*, have neither part nor lot in the matter—there be those in the world to whom the deep under-currents that flow in their mighty power across the depths of the human soul, are an unfathomed stream, of which they know nothing more than sometimes to have marked the whirling of the froth or the glancing of the ripple on the surface—

* * * *

A few words of explanation may, perhaps, be necessary here, before I carry on my readers to the conclusion of my tale.

A gentleman who, many years before, had been indebted to Mr. Crawford a considerable amount, had left Ireland and was generally supposed to have run away from his creditors. He had, however, in the interim, acquired wealth in the West Indies, and returned home to discharge all demands upon him. Mr. Crawford's debt, with the accumulated interest, amounted to a sum far more than sufficient to relieve him from all his embarrassments. It was a singular coincidence that this money was paid the very day on which Arthur's letter conveyed the remittance.

The same post which brought the money from Arthur brought also a newspaper containing the list of the voters at the election—~~the~~ readers may, perhaps, recollect that at that time these lists were constantly published at every College election. Arthur's letter observed a perfect silence upon this subject and the intelligence that he voted for the "*popish*" candidate was a little surprise to his family.

Next post brought his father a letter from Dr. Allwell, who I should mention voted in the end for Mr. Austen, in which he stated that he felt it his painful duty, as the guardian of Arthur's morals, to apprise his father of his political apostacy, and also to inform him that he had every reason to believe that he had been bribed. This letter it was that instantly brought Mr. Crawford to town.

My readers will recollect that Dr. Allwell had reserved his vote and interest until the last—that he might be then in a position to turn the scale. It was generally supposed at the time, that he was disappointed at finding he had miscalculated the winning side—for some days after the election his manners were those of a chafed bear—and it was in the overflowing of his spleen at himself for the blunder he had committed that he wrote the letter to Arthur's father full of the most righteous abhorrence of bribery.

"I could find pleasure, perhaps a malicious pleasure in sketching this same Dr. Allwell as he was—as I fear he is—cold, heartless, and calculating—the victim of disappointed vanity—wounded self-love has wounded his disposition with the bitterness of its gall, and the cold politeness of his sneer—but I have done—with all his coldness I could make him recognise, ay, and feel the resemblance of my sketch.—But the truth is, that personally I owe the man no love—I will never permit a feeling of private resentment to tinge the colours in which I dip my pencil to portray an individual.

My readers will perhaps understand the character of Mr. Crawford from the scene in which he has been introduced to their notice. His father's family had been northern Presbyterians, and from them he inherited all the stern and unyielding principle—all the stubborn, conscientious, and uncompromising severity of those who are emphatically the followers of John Knox—but his heart was warm as well as his conscience severe—and sometimes in the struggles between the unrelenting strictness of his moral judgment and the amiable mildness of a forgiving heart—the sympathy for human frailty would master the sternness of the disciplinarian, and human nature triumph in the contest.

I of course soon took an opportunity of withdrawing from a scene at which I felt I had no business to be present. I went to the house of prayer in a state of mind sobered and chastened. All through the beautiful service of our church, my thoughts reverted to poor Arthur. I never until then felt the deep beauty of her liturgy, as I did then, when I joined in the petition that God would "succour, help, and comfort all that were in danger, necessity, and tribulation," for deep was still the tribulation of soul of him on whom I thought. My heart had been touched that morning—I remember well my feelings as I heard that day the word of truth from the lips of one whom, alas, I shall never hear again. It was singular that the passage on which he preached was one that came in its full force and beauty to my soul—"Like as a father pitieth his children, even so the Lord pitieth them that love him."

During the three or four days that I had passed with Arthur, my intimacy with him had grown into a strong attachment, and it was plain that his feelings toward me had assumed the same character. Circumstances had made him confide implicitly in me, and this of itself is more than half of friendship. Next morning I revisited his room, anxious to see him, and to know the state of his feelings, after his interview with his father. I was not much surprised to learn that he was ill, but I was both surprised and alarmed on reaching his bedside, to find him to all appearance with the symptoms of a fever. He said himself that he felt very ill, that he knew he was on the verge of a dangerous sickness, from which he did not expect to recover—he told me that his father had been with him all morning, but had now gone to bring him a physician—"but he will not bring one to minister to a mind diseased. O'Brien," he added, "I would say my heart was broken, were it not that I feel it burning—put your hand on it—it is a coal of fire."

I endeavoured to make him keep quiet, but it was impossible. "O'Brien," he began again, "I will die—but promise me this—you will not leave me—you will stay with me—let no one put you away—I will rave, and you must be with me." He said all this in a ve-

hemently agitated tone. I assured him that nothing should make me leave him, and he seemed satisfied.

His father presently returned—I had now a better opportunity of observing him than I had the day before. He was a man of a countenance the most benevolent, while a large forehead abruptly broken off at the angles, gave to his features an expression both of intelligence and decision—he was not an old man—and yet he was going down the hill of life—his hair had already assumed the hue of iron gray, mixed here and there with a few stray locks of absolutely silver white—but his eye retained still all the keenness and fire of youth.

It was evident that he loved his son to distraction—the anxiety with which he approached the bedside, and looked on the flushed face of the patient. Arthur told him that he felt himself very ill, and he made the same request of his father, that I should be allowed to stay constantly with him.

The physician came, felt his pulse and shook his head—ordered him to be kept perfectly quiet—wrote a prescription, and went away, saying he would call again next day.

That evening I happened to be left alone with him, during the occasional absence of his father. He was very restless and uneasy—and tossing to and fro upon his bed. Several times I fancied he was wandering a little in his mind. It was impossible to obey the physician's injunction of keeping him quiet. He dwelt upon all the circumstances of his humiliation, but there was nothing which he seemed to feel so acutely as the message from his sister. He had sent her some time before, the materials of an orange and blue scarf, which she was to work for him, and these, my readers will recollect she had sent back to him unfinished—"That was cousin Tom," he said bitterly, laying an emphasis on the words, "it was he set my father against me; but Alice—I could not have believed it—but I suppose she will marry him when I am in my grave—and she will think of her brother with scorn.

This cousin Tom, of whom he spoke, is a personage whom I must introduce to my readers. He had left college some time, and was now only waiting to procure a curacy to enter into the

church. I remembered something of him in his college days, although he was some years my senior. I always regarded him as a self-sufficient Pharisee—with a wonderful affectation of religion, his whole demeanour was marked by a selfishness and arrogance that savoured but little either of the charity or the humility of the Christian. He had managed to make himself disliked by every one with whom he came in contact. But he wrapped himself up in the cloak of his self-righteousness, and seemed as if there was constantly written on his brow—"come not near unto me, I am holier than thou."

I knew that Arthur Crawford never liked him, but, until this evening, I never knew the particulars of his dislike. Tom Cooper was the only nephew of Mrs. Crawford, and the sanctity of his professions made him a favourite both with his aunt and her husband. Arthur gave him no credit for any sincerity in these professions—but both his father and mother constantly held up to him his cousin, as the model for his imitation. Of late Mr. Cooper had exhibited a marked partiality for his cousin Alice, and her mother was delighted to bestow her daughter upon so estimable a young man. Alice herself, however, did not exactly agree with her mother upon this point. She had, in fact, an invincible repugnance to her suitor—and her natural and almost instinctive dislike was not lessened by the strange and singular coincidence that the commencement of cousin Tom's attention strangely enough synchronised with the death of a relative of Alice's, who had left her two thousand pounds to be paid her on the day she came of age.

These were, however, matters upon which Mr. and Mrs. Crawford never dreamed of opposition from their children. They never questioned their perfect right to dispose of their affections as they thought best for their interest. Their own had been a runaway match, but they forgot all that now—and Alice was thus forced to receive the attentions of her "good" cousin Tom. He was no stranger to her dislike to his pretensions—but he presumed upon the countenance his addresses received from her parents, and, sure of their consent, he appeared indeed to think the gaining of her own

affections a very secondary consideration.

Arthur was his sister's confidant—in the bosom of her brother the fond girl poured the sorrows of her heart. Agreeing with her in her estimate of the heartlessness and selfishness of cousin Tom, he entered into her feelings, and he took very little pains to conceal his own. A coolness, indeed a positive dislike, was thus generated between them—a circumstance which gave his parents no little uneasiness, as they fancied that they saw in Arthur's impatience of the authoritative rebukes and admonitions of his cousin, not always certainly introduced upon the fittest occasions, an aversion and an enmity to every thing that was good.

All this Arthur communicated to me while I sat by his bed side; I endeavoured to repress his desire to talk—but in vain—"I will speak gently," he said, "but I must tell you this—I may not have my senses long, and I wish you to know it—'twas this Tom, I know, that set them all against me—he hates me—do you stay with me—if I rave." It is singular that the dread of delirium appeared to have seized terribly upon his mind.

Of course the exciting nature of our conversation did not tend to allay the fever under which he was labouring, and next day, when the physician paid his visit, he pronounced him decidedly worse; he also declared his complaint to be fever, of the termination of which he did not conceal his alarming apprehensions. He apprized his father that from the low nervous state to which he had been previously brought, the cure of the disease would be dangerous. Of course he adopted all the usual precautions of ordering all useless persons from about him. Mr. Crawford urged me strongly not to go into his room, but it was not difficult to overcome his persuasions, which he seemed rather to urge from a sense of propriety than from an earnest wish that they should be effective.

I will not easily forget that evening's scene. The poor father he had first to sit down and write to his family, acquainting them with Arthur's illness. I think this moment I see that old man before me as I saw him when he wrote that letter—his grey

hair falling down on the manly forehead, beneath which his manly countenance was shaded over by grief and anxiety—his hand trembling as he traced the lines, and even his eye dimmed by a tear, it was but a solitary tear, it stood a moment trembling on the eye-lash, he raised his arm to dash it aside with the cuff of his coat—but he was too late—it fell in a large blot upon the paper on which he wrote.

I remained with him all that evening—I could not leave him alone with his sorrow. We had at first thought of removing the patient, but the physician said, that in his peculiar state, the agitation of removal might be dangerous. As I and the father sat that evening over the small college grate in the outside apartment, I could not help feeling that there was something strangely melancholy in the father thus coming to a college chamber to watch by the sick bed of his son.

I had hoped to have brought my tale to a conclusion in this chapter, but as I proceed the incidents which memory had at first faintly and indistinctly traced, are assuming a vividness and a reality that brings them

nearer to me, and as they come nearer their proportions are expanding. Till next month, reader, I must claim your indulgence ; in fact, in my next chapter, I must enter on a new story of the human heart—new passions and new characters must fit along my page. We will have something of woman's love and woman's truth. Poor gentle Alice! Her name, methinks, is like a sunbeam in my page—all purity—all light—to colour with the hues of heaven the darkness of my narrative. But I must not anticipate—I only desire to offer my apology for the repeated interruption of my story. To those of my readers who have found no interest in its progress, this is, of course, a matter of indifference; and those who have found something to arrest their attention or engage their hearts in the incidents I have related and the characters I have portrayed, will, perhaps, forgive me if I have ventured to detain them a little longer from the conclusion, rather than compress the events of the sequel into a compass in which the images could only have appeared crowded and confused.

THUBBER NA SHIE ; OR, THE FAIRY WELL.

AMONGST the many old and fanciful superstitions embodied in the traditions of our peasantry, some of the most poetical are those connected with spring wells, which in Ireland have been invested with something of a sacred character ever since the days of Druidical worship. It is in some parts of the country an article of popular belief, that the desecration of a spring by any unworthy use, is invariably followed by some misfortune to the offender ; and that the well itself, which is regarded as the source of fruitfulness and prosperity, moves altogether out of the field in which the violation had been committed. I saw a well which was said to have been the subject of such supernatural influences ; and many of the circumstances being of a character almost as mystical as the event itself, they appeared to me worthy of being recorded.

In an excursion, some years since, through the southern counties of

Ulster, I found myself, at the close of an autumn day, in the midst of the very interesting scenery which lies westward of the little town of Carrickmacross. I was making the best of my way towards this place, after a weary march through the hilly and bridle roads leading from the confines of the county Cavan, when I was struck by the appearance of what had been a respectable mansion, and evidently of recent erection, standing near the road in almost utter ruin. As I approached I observed a countryman leaning against the opposite ditch, and enjoying the luxury of a *dhudkeen*, while he contemplated, with extreme complacency, the desolation before him. There was an evil gladness in his eye ; and he seemed for some time unconscious of the presence of a stranger ; but at length he turned round, and, taking the pipe from his mouth—

"Well now, God forgive me!" he said, "but it's what I'm thinkin', your

honour, that there isn't a pleasanter sight in the five counties, than to see the sun shinin' in among them ould walls, and the gossoon there feedin' his bastes on the wild hearth, and never thinkin' there was one in it afore him."

I was a little surprised at the abruptness of this address, but still more at the tone of bitter exultation in which it was spoken. The scene was certainly picturesque enough; the situation was lonely and singularly beautiful; but there was something melancholy in the sight of the yellow harvest, waving under the fruit-trees, and around the roofless walls; while the ruin itself, gleaming in the golden and chequered light, and the boy lying beside his goats within, afforded an admirable subject either to moralist or painter. It was in the spirit of the former the peasant viewed the scene; for when I expressed my astonishment at a building of such strength having gone so soon to decay,

"Ay," he said, "it's throe for your honour; but it's stronger walls nor them the heavy curse can crumble! and do you mind that cabin yonder?" he continued, pointing to a comfortable looking farm-house at a little distance; "there was pleasant days and nights, too, there, many's the long year afore a stone o' them unlucky walls was laid; and the hearth in the cabin's warm still; while the house, that never had the poor body's blessin', is gone—to the Devil, in troth, as its masher went afore it."

I had imagined, from the first, an humble romance connected with the history of this ruin. Having now expressed a desire to be informed of the circumstances, the peasant willingly gratified my curiosity, and the reader shall be made acquainted with the substance of his communication.

From the road where we stood, the ground slopes irregularly down, forming one side of a rich and partially wooded valley, the centre of which is occupied by a lake of considerable extent, constituting the principal feature in the landscape. On the eastern side of Lough Fay are the rocks of Dhu-hatti, which rise almost perpendicularly from the water; but being thickly covered with a stunted copsewood (the finest fox-cover, by the way, in the entire country) they interfere very

little with the quiet and luxuriant beauty, which is the most distinguishing characteristic of the scenery. The prospect is limited on the south by a semicircular range of blue and distant hills, while on the north it stretches away bleak and desolate to the horizon. The sun had ascended but a little way, and the mist was rising from the valley, and disclosing by degrees the cold dark waters of the lake, when an individual wandered forth from the farmhouse we have mentioned, his feelings in sad discordance with the stillness of the scene around him. His appearance was slovenly and disordered—his step was faltering, while his inflamed eyes and palid cheek gave evidence at once of recent and habitual intoxication. Having sauntered for some time from field to field, he observed a young man coming up with a hasty step from the valley, and annoyed, he knew not why, at any intrusion, he sat down under a thick green hedge, and muttering something like an imprecation, buried his face in his hands.

"Good morning to you, Mr. M'Cartan," said the youth, whose comely and healthful appearance contrasted strongly with the worn and dissipated looks of the other. The latter raised his head—

"Good morning," he replied, and resumed his former position.

"The whate looks well with you, thank God, sir," said the young man, after a few moments' silence.

"It does, Johnny," was the laconic reply.

This was a little too matter-of-fact for Johnny. He seemed embarrassed and annoyed at the repulsive temper of the farmer, and his chagrin was manifest in the tone in which he said,

"Well, Mr. M'Cartan, I'm come to take my lave o' you."

"Well, God be with you, Johnny," said M'Cartan; "and wherever you go," he added, "you'll have my blessin', and the blessin' o' them that's betther nor me along with you; for, in troth, the sorra one knows you, Johnny, but wishes you well; I'll say that."

The young man returned a brief but sincere acknowledgment; but there was still something he wished to communicate, and which he evidently wanted courage to introduce.

"Mr. M'Cartan," he said at length, by way of bringing the subject round;

"is't what I was thinkin' that when I'm out o' this, you'll be wantin' a neighbour to give you a hand, now and then, at reg'latin' the farm;—though, to be sure," he added, a little emphatically, "it's not just as big as what it was—but I thought I'd tell you afore I go; there's Andy Brennan, and whenever you're hard set, or the like, spake to Andy, and the devil a one of him but would walk to the world's end to serve you."

"Oh, faix, I'm obleeged to him," said the farmer; "he's a civil boy sure enough; and I'm obleeged to you, avich, for it's thrue for you, Johnny, now your goin', I'll feel your loss more ways than one; but I was considerin' with myself, maybe Mr. McCullough might be a good friend to us yet—for though, to be sure, he got something of a bargain in the well-field beyant, he came honestly by it, and God forbid I'd ever grudge a neighbour his luck."

"Ay," muttered the other, "it was his luck, sure enough—a sorry luck for you, I doubt, Mr. McCartan."

It was evident the farmer did not wish to dwell on this subject—

"Well, but as I was sayin', Johnny, he's a good man McCulloch, and when he heard tell of your goin', he came to me very friendly entirely, and he tould me, 'McCartan,' says he, 'I'm not one that talks a dale about what I do, or what I don't do; but I hope,' says he, 'you'll never want help or council while I can serve you.'"

The young peasant heard this intelligence with evident uneasiness. "Mr. McCullough, I b'lieve's a very honest man," he replied, in a cold and doubtful tone; "but do you think, sir," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "that he's as good a hand about a farm as Andy Brennan?"

"I think, Johnny, he's a wiser and a steadier hand. Andy's just as obleegin' a boy as I know, and I have a regard for him beyant all in the town; but then, Johnny, he hasn't the long head of McCullough, and it isn't the likes of him can help me in what I have a notion about doin'."

"And what have you a notion about doin', sir?—if I might make so bould as to ax."

"Why, to be sure, you may ax me, for it concerns your own self more nor it

concerns me. I have a notion to see and make Derrylevin what it want was, and what it will be aguin, please God."

"Oh, please God," said Johnny; for though he failed not to observe that this resolution was spoken in a most irresolute tone, and with the sheepish and embarrassed look of one who felt conscious of his own weakness, and of the irreclaimable results of his folly, he did not consider it necessary to express any doubt of its sincerity.

"Ay," said the other, "but not in my time—that's over, now; howsoever, it'll be all the better for you and Sally—Glory be to God," he added, "that spared me that child, when her that's gone brought shame and scorn on her people!—Johnny Fitzpatrick, I mind the day when four boys stood in Carrick fair;—och, it was a proud day for Fernay!—for though they were slim young chups enough, you'd say; there wasn't four men in Louth, Meath, or Monaghan, would dar to stand afore them. Well, in the coorse o' time, not one o' these brothers, barrin' one, but had a house and place fit for a lord; and though that one was the youngest, and in the poorest way o' doin' of the whole set, sure there was some foolish crathurs would have it that Paudeen Oge topped the town—and signs by it, by Dad!—Ax the ould man at home, was there e'er a girl at wake or patron—but no matter, no matter!—Anyway, the three brothers ran the rig; God be merciful to the poor fellows this blessed mornin'!—and when the last has run the same rig, and lies with them, cowl and comfortless, no man nor womankind can say he wronged them, barrin' you, Johnny, avich, and my poor child within; but, in troth, I'm afear'd it will be no lie for you to say that the unlucky ould dhrunkard hardly left more than a house to cover you. God grant," he added, in a tone of bitter self-reproach, "God grant I may lave you that same."

"Now, Mr. McCartan," said Johnny, "that's all nonsense you're talkin'. Troth you'll live these twenty years yet, please God; and if you'd only listen to them that never spake but for your good, you might see the day again, when you could thread every inch o' ground from Corrybracken to Lough Fay, and never cross your own mearin'."

Johnny perceived that his friend was now in the mood most favourable for his purpose; so he summoned all his courage—"But, maybe, sir," he continued, "you wouldn't think it hard, for poor Sally's sake, to say agin the dhrink till Lammass twel'month, when, with the help o' God, I'll be back again to yiz; faix, Mr. M'Cartan it would bring a bleasin' to your door."

A scowl darkened the face of the unhappy profligate, as he gazed for a moment on his youthful monitor: but conscience was now awake, and he felt how reasonable was the request, and how ruinous the consequences he might still avert. He felt too, however, that should he determine on compliance, it was extremely improbable his present state of mind would continue long enough for its accomplishment; and so he made one magnanimous resolution, and that was to submit calmly to his destiny. "No, no," he said, "I wish for her sake, and for your sake, Johnny, I could lave yiz both as well as ye deserve; but if you think hard of me when I'm gone, remember, avich, I left you what's betther than land or goold; for, in troth, if a good daughter makes a good wife, she'll be a thresoure and a bleasin' to you, Johnny, the longest day you live."

"Och, troth, I b'lieve it," said Johnny—and though the expression was cold enough, the old man knew that in his heart there was no brighter image than that of his future home—"but it's not that I mane, sir," said he: "when Sally M'Cartan's my wife, it will be little throuble to me what I have forbye; but it's on the 'count of yourself and your character, and that you might live to see betther days, I was in hopes you'd give over what the whole town thinks a burnin' shame in one of your sort; and sure, Mr. M'Cartan, it is a shame and a scandal, there's no saying agin it."

"Well, well, Johnny," said the other, "we'll talk no more about it now; but come," he said, rising with difficulty, and leaning on his staff, "you have a long day's journey afore you, and it's to be hoped you're no ways unwillin' to have a taste of something of Sally's makin' afore you start."

They proceeded towards the cottage, silent and gloomy—the one yielding to the habitual temper of his

mind; the other to the dark apprehensions of all that might possibly come to pass, before he should tread these pleasant fields again.

The farmer had entered his humble dwelling, when his companion perceived a girl, with a milk-pail poised on her head, coming in from the meadows, in an opposite direction. The gloom vanished in a moment from his countenance.

"The top o' the mornin' to you, my colleen dhas!" he said, springing forward and removing the burthen from the girl's head, who stood before him with flushed cheek and disordered locks—a model of innocence and rustic beauty.

"So you're goin' to lave us, Johnny," she said, while her cheek grew the least thing in the world paler—none but a lover could have perceived the change; but Johnny perceived it.

"I'm goin' to lave you, Sally—but I'll soon be home again to you," he added, as he marked the melancholy tenderness of her look, though his own words were to the full as melancholy. Some strange misgivings seemed to oppress them both. "Sally," he said at length, drawing her towards him, "to tell you the truth, I don't like lavin' you; it'll be a long day afore I'm back in Derryavin; and, God between us and all harm, it's hard to think, achora, what might happen afore then."

"It will be a long day, sure enough," said Sally, "and I doubt, Johnny darlint, it will be a sorrowful day for some; for it's a notion I have, that when friends like us part, they never meet as happy and free-hearted again."

"Troth, I don't know but you're right," said Johnny; "any way, I wisht, if it was the holy will of God, that I was back with you, acushla;" and a most natural wish it was; for as her large hazel eyes were fixed sadly on him, and her rich brown hair scattered about her face, he thought he had never seen such beauty in those eyes, or in that countenance before. They were a happy pair, with all their sorrow, as they stood together on that summer's morning, in the consciousness of an entire and mutual love. But Johnny could not contemplate, without the most painful apprehensions, the situation to which Sally might possibly be reduced, by her father's practices, during his

absence ; while there was another subject which occasioned him still greater uneasiness, and to which, after much hesitation, he alluded.

"The ould man tells me," he said, "that Mr. McCullough's become mighty friendly with him of late."

"Johnny," said the girl, hastily, "God forgive me if I wrong the man ! but I never could find it in my heart to trust the smooth way of that same customer."

"Faith, it's my own notion," said the other, with the greater confidence, now that he found his prejudices in some degree justified by the opinion of one, for whose good sense he entertained a high and not unmerited respect—"faith, it's what I think myself ; and I wish, Sally, you could persuade the ould man to give in to our notion—not that I'd say a bad word of Mr. McCullough—I know nothin' agin the man—but any way, yiz'll want some one to have an eye to matters from this out, and I axed Andy Brennan to take a look sow and then bow things were goin' on ; and though I say it, there isn't a man in the county Andy'd go farther to serve than myself ; so if he sees any thing wrong, he'll warn you ; and thrust to him, Sally, as you'd thrust to one that loves you, achors, like the light of heaven."

The maiden promised compliance with all her lover's instructions, and they parted, as their fears too truly forboded, for many a long and sorrowful day.

Johnny Fitzpatrick was the younger son of a neighbouring farmer ; and being a handsome, intelligent young fellow, with a high spirit, and a character universally esteemed, a gentleman of property in the country had requested his father to allow him to accompany him to the Continent. This was a very seducing prospect to one of Johnny's stirring and enterprising temper ; but there were circumstances which more than counterbalanced the pleasure it afforded. McCartan, who had been some years before in comparatively affluent circumstances, was now reduced, by habits of dissipation almost to the verge of poverty. His predominant failing, however, was generally regarded with much indulgence by his neighbours ; for in other respects his character was very estimable ; and though he had been always

a free Kver, his present unfortunate propensity was confirmed, and, indeed, chiefly occasioned by the great domestic calamity to which he alluded in the foregoing conversation. His eldest daughter had been residing at the house of a relative in Dublin, whence she eloped with her seducer ; soon after came the report of her death, and from that day forth, McCartan was a lost man. He soon felt his incompetency to regulate properly the affairs of his farm ; but this had latterly been of the less consequence, as young Fitzpatrick grew to man's estate, who, being the accepted lover of the surviving girl, managed all the concerns of his future father-in-law with fidelity and skill. Now, it was to be apprehended, however, that matters would be worse than ever ; for though Sally was a fine, sensible girl, she was too young to regulate alone the affairs of an extensive farm. In this state of things it was evident to Johnny, as well as to McCartan himself, that the occasional inspection, at least, of some friend was absolutely necessary to save him from ruin. The reader will recollect that the farm in question was situated in the neighbourhood of Carrickmacross. Amongst the most important residents of this secluded place, was the individual whose lately acquired influence with the old man seems to have excited the apprehension of Sally and her lover. McCullough had been for some years proprietor of a small woollen and hosiery establishment ; and as he was a frugal, unsocial, and hard-working man, he acquired in time the reputation of being one of the wealthiest, and decidedly the wisest member of the little community of Carrick. He was said, too, to be a man of reading ; but though his moral conduct appeared most exemplary, there were some strange suspicions afloat as to the nature of his religious creed. It was even a matter of some controversy to what church he belonged, for he had been known to frequent indifferently all places of worship. A circumstance had occurred some time previous to the opening of our history, which was supposed to affect, in a very important degree, the fortunes of this thrifty trader. Poor McCartan had, by his wonted negligence, become involved

in certain difficulties, out of which he could only be extricated by the aid of a friend, or a very considerable sacrifice of property. In this emergency M'Cullough volunteered his services; the temporary embarrassment was got over; but when the period arrived for the payment of the bond entered into with him, the improvident farmer made over to his new creditor a portion of his lands, infinitely above the value of the original debt. From this period it was observed that the hosiery prospered most amazingly, while the fortunes of his friend proportionably declined. Many causes, plausible enough, might have been assigned for both these results, were not the true cause sufficiently evident. The field which had been transferred lay below the haunted fort of Corrybracken, and in the field itself was a well, sacred to "the good people," by whom the fort was inhabited. Now there is a tradition in those parts, that luck is ever attendant on the possession of that fairy well, and though M'Cullough placed but little value on its virtues, it is probable he was well pleased at being considered as the proprietor of such an infallible source of prosperity. The person of this individual was rather attractive—he was apparently about forty years of age—his figure was slender and somewhat bent—his hair grey and thin—and his sallow cheek, and pale blue eyes, would have given him an interesting appearance, but for the habitual sneer which characterised his countenance. Johnny's friend, the blacksmith, was a very different character. He had not, certainly, the "*long head*" of M'Cullough, but he had what sometimes proves a truer guide, a right honest heart. He was a younger man than the other, but Andy had early in life taken to himself a gentle helpmate, and at the period of which we are speaking, there was not in the town a happier household than that of the forge at the cross-roads of Magher-Ross.

Some months had elapsed since Johnny's departure, and though Andy faithfully fulfilled his trust, and kept a constant eye on the interests of the family at Derrylavin, it was a subject of no small astonishment to the neighbourhood, that the hosiery, hitherto uniformly unsocial and reserved, was now on terms of the closest intimacy at M'Cartan's cottage. It

was imagined by many, that being a man of singular virtue, he was glad of an opportunity for the exercise of a more active morality than had hitherto distinguished him, and this opinion seemed the more probable, as it was observed that some slight improvement had really taken place in the habits of the unfortunate M'Cartan. Poor Sally could not get rid altogether of her prejudices against her father's friend; but when, for a while, she fancied the possibility of a reformation being accomplished by his influence, she heartily condemned the injustice of her own sentiments.

One evening as Andy Brennan sat with his little family round the fire, his wife observed that there was something or other which occasioned him much uneasiness. "Andy!" she said "What's the matter with you, man, that you're so queer in yourself tonight? Why, you look as black as if you had buried your wife—and a deal blacker I'll be bound," she added, with one of those sweet and roguish looks, which first disturbed the quiet of poor Andy's heart.

"Why, then, I'll tell you, Jenny, what's the matter with me," he replied; "troth I don't half like the way things is goin' on out at Paddy M'Cartan's."

"Why, Andy, dear?" said the wife in some alarm; "is there any thing wrong there of late?—forbye the ould man's coorses?"

"Well, I cant say there is," said Andy; "and yet I'm full sure if Johnny Fitzpatrick was in it, he wouldnt be overly well plased to see what, in troth, myself doesn't like to see for his sake."

"Why, asthore, is it—"

"Whisht, now, Jenny, and I'll tell you all about it;" but just as he was commencing his narration, the latch was raised and a young woman entered. In an instant the children were clinging round her neck.

"Musha, Sally," said the young dame, "its yourself that's welcome at last; faix its a wonder your minded there was the likes of us above ground."

"Jenny," said the girl, throwing back the hood of her scarlet mantle, "you mustn't be jealous of me asthore; for sure Andy knows its the weary time I have at home; but Andy," she added, "I tould you the worst was to

come, and troth it 'll come, soon and sudden, I doubt."

We have seen that Andy himself had some disagreeable apprehensions, but he was unwilling to increase the fears of his gentle protégé.

"Well, now, devil take me," he said, "if ever I met the likes of you, woman-kind. There's that one, and because Shama Oge's not in it, to be coortin' her by star-light among the rocks, och! all the fat's in the fire by gor! But fair Johnny's worse than her, for the last words he says to me when I was partin' him on the road. 'Andy,' he says, 'its no wonder my heart's sore to lave her, for it's what I think, there isn't one like her on this blessed earth!' 'Arrah, maybe that!' says I, 'By my sowl,' says I, 'I could find her match,' and the smith cast a knowing look on his own share of earthly excellence. His attempts, however, to cheer the young maiden were ineffectual. At the mention of her lover her colour deepened a little, and turning her fine intelligent eyes on her honest friend—

"Andy," she said, "afore Johnny went, did he tell you anything that was a throuble to him, forbye what he said of the ould man?"

"Oh nothin'," said the other, "barrin' some foolish notions he had; and troth myself doesn't mind what they were now, only that I tould him never to listen to what the Divil would put into his mind agin a neighbour." Now it was evident that Andy had a very perfect recollection of the matter; but doubtful whether their fears had the same object, he did not feel at liberty to disclose, till the necessity should be more apparent, the communication of his friend. But Sally presently removed his scruples.

"Did he tell you," she said, "that he didn't much like to see Mr. M'Cullough gettin' so great with the ould man?"

"Faith I believe it was that, sure enough," said the smith; "but I tould him it was only foolishness he was talkin'; for though M'Cullough had some quare ways with him, the neighbours all allowed there wasn't an honest man any where to be seen."

"And do you think that, Andy?" said the girl, with a look so penetrating

and keen that the smith could evade no longer.

"Troth I dont," he said. "He may be an honest man," he added; "but if he is, he's a d——d knowin' one; and I tell you what, Sally; you're a knowin' girl yourself; and if you perceive any underhand maneuverin', by that iron and steel," said the smith, striking the tongues stoutly against the hob, "it will be the unlucky day for M'Cullough that he first darkened Paddy M'Cartan's door."

"Well, then, Andy, I may just tell you at wast, for it's to spake to you and Jenny I'm come in to-night; and troth, Jenny, it's a shame to be bringin' my troubles to your fire-side; but sure, alanna, I have none but yourselves two I can open my mind with. But it's what I'm goin' to tell you—I'm very unsaisy entirely the way Mr. M'Cullough's gettin' on. In troth I think he manes the ould man no good; and I'm afeard as he hasn't the wit to see the roguery of his ways, he'll persuade him to do something he'll be sorry for. Sure," she continued, "I was tould as much—faix aye, Jenny; I was warned agin' him, for that if we didn't mind he'd be the reg'lar ruin of the ould man."

"Musha do you tell me so? and who warned you, Sally," said the young wife, while her countenance evinced the utmost anxiety and alarm.

"Oh! them that has a good right to know."

"Oh! ay," said the other, "I know who you mane."

"Well in troth, Jenny darlint, she tould me that; but ere last night my father came home, in the ould way, and alther talkin' on a head about Mr. M'Cullough, that you'd think there wasn't his likes goin', he says; 'I hope,' says he, 'God 'll put it in his way to do me the good turn he manes.'

"And what good turn does he mane doin' you, father," says I.

"Och no matter," says he; 'he manes doin' both you and me a good turn,' he says, winkin' at me in a quare kind o' way.

"I'm obleeged to him," says I; 'but I'll not be apt to throuble him for a while—and when I do, father,' says I, 'I'm thinkin' it'll be low days with me.' Well, Jenny, I lay awake the whole of that blessed night, debatin' in my own

mind what was the wondrous service Ned M'Cullough was goin' to be after doin' us; and no matter what dark notions crossed me, but any way I thought it best to come and spake to you and Andy, for it's plain seein' he's on some roguery or other, whatever it is."

Here was important matter for the consideration of the little conclave. The smith and his wife at once, and perhaps too hastily, concurred in Sally's opinion, that there was some foul design entertained by the hosier, and that her father was in the fair way of being duped and probably ruined by his crafty acquaintance. It was difficult, however, to form any satisfactory opinion as to the precise nature of his views, but still more difficult to determine on the means whereby they were to be counteracted. After much deliberation it was resolved that Andy should have an interview the following day with the farmer, and be guided by circumstances as to how far he should go in making his suspicions known. During their conference, poor M'Cullough's character was rather freely handled.

"Well," said Jenny, "he's a wondrous man that; and sure, bless us all! they say he doesn't give in to either priest or minister!"

"And maybe," said Andy, "they tell God's truth that says it. All I know is, myself seen the grin on him when Father M'Mahon was spakin' the blessed words over Paddy Mooney's corpse; and wanst, I mind, when I toald Father Casheidy what a clever man he was, and what a grand scholar intirely, he shook his head, and he says to me: 'Andy,' says he, 'he may know a great deal, but I hope,' says he, 'he hasn't cast away the knowledge that leads to life.'"

"See that now!" said Jenny. "Och I thought there could be little good in one that never had a poor body's prayer for so much as a could praty—barrin' that I'm tould he sometimes gives a lock o' meal or the like to that poor wee fairy crather—but sure a hathen itself couldn't refuse her, the sowl."

The night was considerably advanced when Sally took leave of her kind and simple-hearted friends. Andy, with native gallantry, escorted her for some distance beyond the precincts of

the town; but as the moon was bright, and no danger to be apprehended, she insisted on his returning home, while she proceeded, through an extremely picturesque piece of scenery, to her father's cottage. Sally was a strong-minded girl, but she probably felt some little tingling of preternatural terror, when passing under a ledge of rocks, surmounted by a few old and drooping trees (there are many such crags scattered over the face of this valley) she thought for a moment that she saw a pair of bright eyes peering from the gloom above her. In a moment, however, her fears were dissipated, as she heard a sweet and youthful voice singing one of those uncouth rhymes, which are considered in the country as charms against fairy influence.

The girl stood and listened, for, on the ivy-covered brow of the rocks, only a little distance above her head, there was a beautiful but strange looking child; who, having spoken the words of power, sprung with such reckless haste down the face of the precipice, that Sally, though long acquainted with her habits, screamed with terror as she saw her descend. "You little rogue," she said, affectionately embracing the singular being who clung round her neck; "what's the reason, tell me, you can't live like another, but must be for ever wandherin' about singin' to them cousins o' yours night and nightly?"

"Och my heavy hathred on them," said the child, "and on the whole world in troth; and good right I have to say it; for there isn't one in the world wide, barrin' your ownself, Sally, would ever like to see me darken their door."

"I see, Mealey, you're angered against the neighbours as well as your own people tonight," said the other, smiling at the indignant expression of the child's pale, but very lovely, countenance; "but sure I wondher, alanna, you're not asfared to sing such wicked songs to the good people."

"Sally," she said, in a low voice, and fixing her wild and brilliant eyes on the countenance of the maiden, "if I didn't keep singin' that or an other they'd destroy me totally."

"Och God help you," said Sally, half betrayed into the fanciful belief to

which poor Mealey was a most unhappy victim.

"But they're better nor the Christians for all that, Sally," said the latter—"though maybe they're not in troth. The neighbours was kind to me for a long while; and many's the pleasant day I had with the little childher afore they kem to know I wasn't good." Sally's heart bled as she gazed on the wasted features of this outcast of humanity.

"Well, well," she said, "come home and sleep with me to-night, any way; for troth I doubt you're hungry, Mealey?"

"Och a little," said Mealey, while she cast down her eyes to conceal the tears with which they involuntarily overflowed; "but I'll sleep with you tonight," she added; "for it's a long way to Dhuhatti, and troth I'm afeared sleepin' out among the fields, a wee quathur like me, and who knows what might happen me."

They proceeded some way in silence, when Mealey said, rather abruptly, "Sally, if I was what people thinks me, I'd do you a good turn; but God help me, if I might say it, I can do neither good nor harm to mortal." There was something marked and full of meaning in the manner of this discourse, which struck the girl forcibly. A thought flashed across her mind. "Maybe you can though, obleege me greatly, and if you can achora, you will?"

"I will," said Mealey, laying her hands solemnly on her breast. "If I can sarve you, Sally M'Cartan, I'll do it, no matter if it's to be the death of me two minutes ather."

"Och the Lord of Heaven love you, you little darlint!" said Sally, folding the enthusiastic child to her bosom; "the blessed angels guard you this night, Mealey, and every night you lie and rise."

"Whisht! cried the other; and her cheek grew more ghastly than before, as the recollection of her unholy nature was thus forced upon her. We have said that Sally was not weak minded; she loved and pitied the little outcast, but the circumstances of the moment, and the unearthly look with which the child herself reproved her, awakened the natural superstition of which she could not be supposed entirely di-

vested, and she felt for a moment that the being before her was not a proper object for such a blessing.

"Well, but you mind what you told me yesterday," she continued. "Now, Mealey, it's what I want you to do—you'll thry and make Mary-the-Whey tell you somethin' more!"

"Do you know what that is?" said Mealey, interrupting her companion, and pointing to a figure moving along at some distance from the path.

"Ay," said the other; "it's Mr. M'Cullough, I think."

"And do you know where he's comin' from, Sally?"

"Why, its like he's comin' from a *take* with the ould man."

"And do you know what it was, him and the ould man was collogin' about, asthore?"

"Why, I suppose they were collogin' about many's the thing."

"Musha but that's cate o' you! and do you know what he's thinkin' about now, Sally, darlint?"

"Och, Mealey, what do you mean?" cried the girl. "Sure how could I know what he's thinkin' about?—barrin' I was as knowin' as yourself."

"Well, and if I'd tell you now a lanna? He's just thinkin' of dhrownin' you and Johnny Fitzpatrick, and the ould man, in Thubber-na-Shie beyant. Ay, the whole kit o' yiz, in troth!"

"Mealey!" cried the girl, grasping the arm of the little sorceress who stood gazing in her face with an expression most mischievously arch.

"Well, Sally," she cried, bursting into a loud and hearty laugh, "you're a darlint! Now how could I know no more than yourself what he's thinkin' about? but if it isn't that," she continued, assuming at once a more serious tone; "maybe its something nigh hand as bad, for in troth between you and I, Ned M'Cullough's the Devil's jewel."

"My oh! but you're a droll wee sow!" said Sally, careful how she would again excite the mirth of her little fairy-friend. "Sure what do you know about Mr. M'Cullough—and you're talkin'?"

"Well, maybe I don't," said the child; "but saix I'm thinkin' there'll be wigs in the green when Johnny comes home!"

Sally pondered on these words; for,

as we shall afterwards see, it was not a superstitious feeling alone which induced her to attach importance to the communications of this mysterious child. She understood, too, on reflection, what she had not at first perceived, the force of the allusion to Thubber-na-Shie; for she believed—but this we must admit was pure superstition—that all good fortune had passed away from her and her's, with the possession of the mystic spring.

M'Cartan was sitting at the fire when his daughter and her companion entered the cottage. He was as usual somewhat under the influence of liberal potations, but it was curious to observe the mingled expression of his countenance, indicative at the same time of anxious thought, and an incapacity to keep any subject steadily before his mind's eye, which, like the eye of the outer man, was, no doubt, a little wild and wandering. He had, indeed, matter enough for the exercise of his sober and entire judgment. During Sally's absence, brief as it was, the indefatigable hosiery had considerably advanced his views, or, as M'Cartan believed, had given powerful and most flattering proofs of his sincerity and friendship. He had not been quite so explicit on all points as the farmer might have desired; but his communications, though delicately obscure, were sufficiently intelligible to justify the most sanguine expectation. The truth is, M'Cartan had, for some time past, fancied he perceived an inclination, on the part of his friend, to form an alliance with his house; but hitherto his hopes had been founded on the most vague and distant allusions—tonight the matter had been more freely approached.

While Sally sat admiring the energy with which her little guest devoured a hearty supper, the old man carefully avoiding his daughter's look, said—

"I doubt young Fitzpatrick doesn't mane to come back to us, Sally."

"Bless us, all, Father!" cried the other; "why do you say that o' the boy? Sure you know he wasn't to be home till Lammas twelvemonth, any way."

"Och that's thrue," he replied; "but Mr. M'Cullough, that knows better nor me, allows that wanst he has got the loose foot, he'll be in no hurry

back. Faith he does, Sally! he thinks we have seen the last of him."

A glance of intelligence passed between Sally and her friend.

"And what does Mr. M'Callough know about him?" said the former, with somewhat of scorn in her lip and eye.

"Certainly, Sally, he does. He knows more of the ways of people than you or me;" and fearing that he would be regularly beaten from his ground of attack, he stoutly added, "he thinks, in troth, Johnny's an idle blackguard, and will never do any good."

"And father," said the girl, colouring as she spoke, "did you hear that word said of Johnny Fitzpatrick?"

"Now, Sally, dear, don't be angerin' yourself! Sure what could I do alanna. I tell you he's a wondrous scholar, that M'Callough, and a fine man intirely; and a friendly man, Sally; och its him that is," said the poor farmer with enthusiasm, "and God will reward him for it, if my prayers be's heard."

"Och to be sure he is; he's a wondrous good man, Mealey;" and the girl laughed bitterly, while Mealey shook her little wise head at the absurd idea.

"Now, father, mind what I tell you; that man's makin' a fool o' you—in troth he is, and you'll know it sooner nor you think. Will you tell us now if he wasn't a bad man, and had bad thoughts in his head, why would he be comin' here with his ould croakin' stories, to wrong the boy that never had a hard word from man or mankind afore?"

"Because he manes to marry you himself, Sally," said the other, with a mingled look of fear and triumph.

"Whil-a-loe!" shouted the fairy; but whether in admiration of this announcement, or of her own prowess, we cannot pretend to determine; for she had, at this moment, succeeded in rending asunder the tendrils, by means of which the flesh clung firmly round an enormous marrowbone; and holding up the naked trophy—

"That's the way to peel the clothes off it!" she cried; "a'nt it, Paddy, my ould boy! Och murder, but he'd be a wondrous scholar would humbug me out of my supper, and sit laughin'

at me like pussy, there, when I'd have nothin' but a bare bone to pick ! There, you enathar, never say I keep it from you ;" and, in the exuberance of her spirits, she flung the bone at the head of the poor animal, which, however, with admirable adroitness, escaped the blow.

"In troth," said Sally, laughing, "if Mr. M'Cullough was here he'd be for givin' you a helpin' hand at your supper, Mealey—he's so friendly in himself!"

"Ay, in troth!" said Mealey; "and the sorra betther ever you met at lavin' little afther him."

M'Cartan saw that it could answer no good end to pursue any further the present controversy on M'Cullough's merits or designs. So bidding the two girls good night, he toddled off to his bed, poorly satisfied with the result of his experiment.

We may now say a few words of the last character we have introduced to our readers. There was a mystery round the origin and early fortunes of this unhappy being, which, together with her own singular appearance, and a certain wild enthusiasm, heightened no doubt by the circumstances of her life, had given rise to the superstitious opinion universally entertained regarding her. About eight years prior to the period of which we speak, an infant, apparently about two years of age, was discovered one bright morning near the fairy well. On being asked her name the child evinced considerable agitation and alarm; and to every solicitation to declare something of herself and her appearance there, her only reply was, "I darn't!" in a tone so fearful and subdued, that it was evident her fears had been most powerfully acted on by the individual, whoever it was, that had deserted her. At length, however, she was prevailed on so far as to confess that her name was Mealey, and that she had come "from there beyant," pointing to the fort of Corrybracken, which, as our readers are aware, is situated on the hill just over Thubber-na-Shie.—When we consider the powerful influence which fairy superstition has over the minds of our peasantry, we cannot be surprised that this last unlucky acknowledgment removed at once many charitable doubts concerning poor

Mealey's origin; for though a path, much frequented, ran close by the fosse of Corrybracken, and it was suggested that the founding merely intended to indicate the direction in which she had been brought, still there was a combination of circumstances sufficient to excite a suspicion, which we all know when once excited is not easily destroyed. Notwithstanding, however, that poor little Mealey was regarded as a wanderer from Fairyland, there was something so irresistibly engaging about her, that even to the most timid, she was an object of interest and love. She lived amongst the neighbours, from house to house. On the winter mornings, when the family would be seated around the smoking potato-basket, Mealey would stray in and sit down among them, an unbidden, but never an unwelcome guest; or, when at night, the children would be huddled together amongst the straw and blanket, there would be the fairy child, with her pale face, and long black hair, lying calm and unconscious at their feet.—But as time rolled on, and Mealey became gradually aware of the fearful distinction between herself and all her young associates, her habits became more and more strange and solitary. The belief that she was a preternatural being, produced of course, a state of feeling, which seemed to afford additional evidence of the fact; and while, from a morbid sensibility, she imagined that none ever regarded her but with secret horror, she would wander away through the mountain-glens, and without sympathy or comfort, mourn for that fancied home, from which she imagined herself an exile. The poor child was evidently sinking under the influence of this melancholy illusion. She became every day more unhumanised; shunning every frequented place, and living almost altogether among the secluded rocks of Dhubhatti. Often has the inmate of some poor but hospitable cabin met Mealey wandering through the dewy fields, and compelled her, almost by force, to accept of a night's shelter, and whatever the house could afford; and often, when invisible in the darkness, have her silvery tones been heard, quivering probably through a rising storm, as she sung one of her magical and wild incantations. It was unfortu-

nate that those very qualities which rendered her most beloved, favoured the popular superstition, as well as her own unhappy conviction. The susceptibility of her little heart, and the constancy and enthusiasm of her affection, particularly evinced in her attachment to Sally M'Cartan, were far beyond what is usually found in children of her years ; but this was probably not more owing to any natural excellence than to her singular and unhappy lot. Her beauty, too, it must be confessed, was of an elfish character. Her cheek was of the purest white, but even at that early age it was thin ; and very rarely was the slightest trace of colour perceptible. Sometimes, indeed, when her feelings would be strongly excited, her eyes would flash, and a deep crimson glow give a new character to her countenance. Her hair was black, rich, and abundant. Her eyes, too were of the same colour ; but they were larger than black eyes usually are, and wonderfully bright and intellectual.—There was only one individual with whom Mealey felt herself on terms of perfect freedom and equality. We have already mentioned the piece of scenery which stretches eastward from above the borders of Lough Fay.—Many is the fearful legend associated with those precincts, and, indeed, when viewed in all their proper circumstances—when the light of an autumn moon is above them, and utter darkness in their labyrinths and caves—when the solitary trees, standing like imprisoned beauties within the rocky limits, have their dark foliage on—and when no sound is heard but the occasional splash of the waters—you would say that Dhuhatti was as lovely a spot as ever fay or fairy haunted. We fear, however, that its spiritual inhabitants have ere this been obliged to “wander from their dwelling,” a stately castle having been recently erected on its confines by the proprietor of Ferney—a descendant of the accomplished and unfortunate Essex.

High up in the face of these rocks, and looking out on a rugged domain of heath and underwood, may still be seen the mouldering walls of a cabin, which a stranger can with difficulty believe was ever the abode of a human being. It is absolutely inaccessible from below ;

and even from above access is both difficult and dangerous. This hovel, at the period to which we refer, had been for some years the residence of a singular character ; who, partly from her mode of life, her principal means of support consisting in the produce of the milk of a few goats ; and partly that her real name and origin were alike unknown, had received the professional nomenclature of *Mary-the-Whew*.—Poor Mary was a harmless, simple-minded creature, but such qualities it was supposed, were not incompatible with a knowledge beyond human wisdom, and a power greater than mortals inherit ; and some idle suspicions as to her intercourse with the invisible creation, were strengthened by the connection which seemed to exist between her and the fairy-child. The only clue which had ever been afforded to the history of this latter, was the circumstance of such a relationship. It was more than a year after Mealey's first appearance, that an old woman came to the door of M'Cartan's cottage, and begged a night's lodging and some food. Mealey, who was sitting by the hob, started when she heard the stranger's voice, and it seemed as if some vague recollections were awakened, as she gazed long and earnestly in her face, while the mendicant, on her part was observed to eye the child with a look of more than ordinary interest. That entire night Mealey continued silent and nervous, but she never mentioned to any what her feelings were, and in a little time the circumstance was forgotten. Soon after this, the stranger, having, by the aid of charitable contributions, procured a goat, took up her residence at Dhuhatti, where her herd gradually increased, her own character and that of her whey being in equally high and universal estimation. Mary was probably in possession of more gossiping secrets than any other individual in the parish, for being “a wise woman,” people spoke to her with confidence ; and even M'Cullough himself, who was somewhat of a valetudinarian, and used frequently to walk out to the Rocks to drink the goat's whey, was said to be less reserved with Mary than with the neighbours in general. Such was the personage with whom Mealey had latterly resided, when she

had adapted the groundless idea that she was an object of aversion to all others.

Whatever was M'Cullough's object in cultivating the acquaintance of the family at Derrylavin, whether, as he professed, to save an unfortunate being from the ruin, which his dissipated courses were likely to entail, or, as Sally and her friends suspected, of a less laudable nature, his influence over M'Cartan hourly increased. People were surprised at this strange friendship between a man proverbially unsocial and austere, and one whose life was a regular outrage on morality. But the latter, with little interruption to his enjoyments, saw every thing flourish around him. His patrimony, though greatly reduced, was still considerable; and never had any previous summer afforded promise of a wealthier autumn. He was on the best possible terms with himself and the world, and had no reason to doubt the fidelity of his friend. But Sally viewed matters in a very different spirit. She was perfectly convinced that the hesiter was actuated by dishonest motives, though she was still perplexed as to their exact nature. He had never, on any occasion, addressed her in the character of a lover, and yet it was evident her father looked on him in such a light; and it was this, which of all her cares weighed heaviest on her heart. The prospect of Johnny's return was too uncertain and remote to afford her any comfort; and she could only console herself with the reflection that amongst the many evils which encompassed her, the darkest of all could never be realized without her own voluntary participation. Andy Brennan became more and more uneasy about the result of this state of things, and more suspicious of the hesiter's views. He had vainly endeavored, by hints and insinuations, to awaken the fears of the unsuspecting farmer; but when at last Mac-Cullough was talked of universally as Sally's suitor, he thought it high time to speak out, in vindication of the rights of his absent friend. He was hardly prepared, however, for the manner in which his interference was received. The farmer affected wonderful indignation—

"I see what you're at," he said;

"you, and that scapegrass vagabond. You'd put me agin' an honest man, if you could; but you can't in troth, with all your roguery."

"Is that what you say to me, Paddy M'Cartan?" said Andy, quite taken aback.

"It is what I say to you, Andy, Brennan," said the other.

"It is what you say to me! Why then had luck to me if ever I trouble my head about you or your consarns again, the longest day you live."

"Well, and who the Devil's axin' you," cried the farmer with petulance. "You're a mighty wonderful fellow to be sure; but if you'd just mind your own consarns, it would fit you a dale better, Andy."

"Ah, in troth, ould man," said the smith, "it's a shame for you. You don't know what you're talkin' about; and I'll tell you what's more, you don't know the trouble you're bringin' on yourself, and your little girl."

"Don't I now?" said the other.

"No, you don't—but you'll know it afore long goes about. Sure it's the talk o' the whole town, the way Ned M'Cullough has you, that you dar'n't bless yourself without axin' his leave."

"Well, now, Andy Brennan, will you just pass me by. If Ned M'Cullough's desavin' me, it's my own loss; but I'm thankful no man ever strove to take advantage of me yet, Andy, but I seen into his ways." This was accompanied by a wink not very complimentary to Andy's motives. However, the honest smith cared little for either winks or nods.

"Mr. M'Cartan," he said, "would you answer me one question, and I'll be obleeged to you."

"Ay—if you don't ax me how many blasts is in your big bellows beyant."

"Oh, in troth, I won't mind axin' you what you know d—little about," said Brennan, somewhat piqued at the unconciliating manner of the other, "but answer me now, do you mane to go back o' your word to Johnny Fitzpatrick?"

The farmer, to use Andy's expression, was regularly bothered. It was too much to renounce formally, and for ever, the object to which, in spite of himself, his purest feelings and affec-

tions clang—he looked up in the other's face with a most indescribable expression of vexation and perplexity—

"Andy," he cried at last, "God Almighty bless you, will you go home out of my sight. Go home, I bid you, Andy Brennan, and don't be aggravatin' me."

"Troth Paddy, the devil a one inch I'll budge, till you'll give me satisfaction. Come now, tell us plain and honest, is it what you'd be afther doin', to take a dirty advantage o' the boy! That's the chat," and Andy flourished his shut fist in a manner peculiarly suited to give force to his brief and downright interrogatory.

"Oh, masha! masha!" cried the poor farmer, scratching his head with the utmost vehemence, "what's this for at all, at all? Andy, will you lave my sight, and, in troth, I'll be obleeged to you."

"Arragh, don't be makin' a fool of yourself, ould man. Faix, Paddy, you'll cry salt tears for those doin's yet; I may as well tell you as send you word. You'll find the ould friends was the thurst after all; and maybe it's when M'Cullough has made you the scorn of the world, you'll think of my words, and of how you sarved the boy that never spared himself when he could do a good turn by you or yours."

"Well, but listen to *raison*, man," said M'Cartan, somewhat mollified by this last appeal to his feelings. "I know well that Johnny Fitzpatrick's a remarkable civil boy, but where's the harm of bein' friendly with an honest neighbour, like Mr. M'Cullough?"

"Oh no harm in life," said the other, "and a mighty steady husband he'll make for Sally—not all as one. Paddy, remember the first dawns' ever you had with M'Cullough, how you lost all your luck. Why thudher an agers, man, wasn't it him got Thudher-na-Shie out of your hands, and what are you talkin' about!!"

"Well, but Andy, avick, you don't know all he done for me."

"Troth I don't," said the smith.

"Well, but I'll tell you, and then you'll see if he be'n't a thrus friend at a pinch. I tould him how the agent would only give me to last Patrick-mas, and I have a notion, says I, to get Jemmy Fitzpatrick to speak to him.

Fitzpatrick's a civil obbleeging neighbour, says I; and he knows well for as much as I'm pushed now, I'm able to pay all's agin' me, ten times over."

"Why, then, by my soul," says Mr. M'Cullough,—barrin' that he never swears, Andy—why then upon my honor, says he, you might thrust another to do you a good turn as well as Fitzpatrick, obbleegin' as he is."

"Oh, in troth I would," says I back again to him, 'and if it's yourself you mane,' says I, 'the devil a man in the county I'd sooner ax to do me a thrifle o' service.'

"Faith, I'm obleeged to you," says he, 'for your good-will, and if it's a thing I can sarve you with Mr. ——— I'm sure,' says he, 'I'll be proud and happy to do it.' So with that he goes off, and he tells the agent how cruel hard set I was, but if his honour would be pleased to give me till the harvest would come round, he'd give his word and hand for all the ould balance entirely. Now, wasn't that remarkable friendly? Faix Andy, it's a folly to talk, but there's few goin' would do the like."

The smith shook his head, but made no reply.

Notwithstanding this proof of friendship, the farmer himself began to have some slight misgivings. Such interviews as this, with Andy Brennan, without convincing him of the perfidy of his friend, filled his mind with doubt and apprehension, not unfrequently mingled with some degree of remorse for the violation of his engagement with Johnny Fitzpatrick. They were productive of much pain to the unfortunate M'Cartan, without any advantage whatever.

One night, as the two solitary inhabitants of Dhabatti sat by their little *brusna-fire* in Mary's cabin, Mealey said, looking slyly from under her brows, to mark what effect her words would produce, "Well, now, isn't it remarkable what a friendly man that Mr. M'Cullough is! Sure, if it wasn't for him, it would be all up the country with them poor M'Cartans I think—and to see how lovin' he is to Sally!"

"Is it him?" said the other, a bitterly sarcastic smile wrinkling her withered face.

"Och ay!" said Mealey: "he has the real heart-love for her, that's plain

to be seen; and sure it's himself 'll make the darlint husband, not all as one as poor Shawn Oge, the crathur!"

"Mealey," said the coon, "you wouldnt harm a poor old crathur like me?"

"No, in troth I wouldnt, Molly."

"Then never spake to mortal of what I'm goin' to tell you. The devil a notion M'Cullough has of Sally M'Cartan; but it's theyin' to come round the old man he is, and to sarve his own ends, as a body might say. He's a cunning man, the same Ned M'Cullough, and never fear him but he sees bravely what he's at. Now listen to me, Mealey. The whole town knows that poor Paudeen couldn't stand it much longer, the way he's goin.' I'm told he's a great way entirely behind-hand with the agent; but then Johany Fitzpatrick's people's all in a middlin' good way of doin,' and there isn't one of them but would stand by Paddy if it came to the worst. Of course, it's natural they'd stand by him, and a boy of their's coortin his daughter. Well, it's what Mr. M'Cullough's at—he thinks to put between him and them every way he can, and the devil a doubt Mealey! they'll soon be mortal foes. You know the sarvice he did the ould man with the agent. Well, he took that mighty friendly entirely, but you see how it is; wanst the throuble's past, Paddy thinks no more about it. So the harvest 'll come round, and a fine beautiful harvest it 'll be, but Mealey, ashore, it's the last M'Cartan, or one of his name, will ever reap in Derry-lavin!"

"It is now, Mary?"

"Oh, in troth it is alanna; for till one thing happens, that will never happen, neither Sally nor the father will ever have a day's luck or comfort."

Mealey, in her heart, thanked all the fairy powers, that whatever might be the destiny of the two lovers, there was no such calamity in store, as that which she had apprehended, from the designs of M'Cullough, seconded by the authority of the maiden's father.

Having made this important discovery—for she never thought of questioning the authenticity of Mary's communications on any subject—she resolved, notwithstanding her implied promise of secrecy, to turn the communication to such account as she should

judge necessary for the interests of her friends. She determined, first of all, however, to push her inquiries a little farther.

"And what's the one thing must happen, Mary, afore Sally or the ould man ever has a day's luck?"

"It's no matter what it is, Mealey; it's no matter to yow or me, alanna. It happened wanst, Lord save us!" said the old woman, crossing herself from her forehead to her breast, "and there's not one alive would he willin' to see it happen again!"

Mealey was perplexed—she knew the obstinacy of the old dame on some occasions, and that once she took it into her head not to be communicative, there was but little chance of her getting at this last, and probably most important secret—so she set herself to cogitate. But Mealey's thoughts were all clear and rapid, and she arrived, almost instantly, at the true conclusion.

"Sure," she said, "what a dale o' wisdom you have. It's tll some unfortunate crathur, like Peggy Blake, washes her hands in Thubber-ut-Shte, you mane."

"Well, and maybe it is that I mane, now; but it isn't souncy, acushla, to be talkin' o' the like; only, that no kind o' good luck 'll ever happen to one o' Paddy's people, for sellin' that blessed well out of his hands."

"Why, to be sure," said Mealey, "they'll not have the height of good luck, but it's to be hoped they'll not be so bad as all that comes to."

"Well, your way of it—you know a dale better nor me, I'm sure."

"And now, Mary, do you tell me them poor M'Cartans will never have a day's comfort again?"

"No, in troth, Mealey: they'll never have a day's luck or a day's comfort, as long as holly's green. They'll just go from bad to worse, till they all die off at last."

"Och ho! my poor Sally!" said the child; "but Mary, darlint," she added, after some moments' silence, "don't you think Mr. M'Cullough would give Paddy the well-field for another as good?"

"Ay! maybe that now. I tell you Mealey, though Ned M'Cullough lets on that he doesn't b'lieve a hap'orth of what the world knows is true, he has more wit nor to lose his luck."

"Oh, fair, I suppose you're right, Mary," and the child laid her head on her little hands; and her dark luxuriant hair falling about her, she certainly seemed a most extraordinary inmate for so wild and aqualid an abode. She raised her head at length, and with an earnest and solemn expression in her large eyes and exquisitely beautiful countenance; "Mary," she said, "tell me one thing. Is it thrue I'm not good?"

"Och, by my troth," said Mary, "there might be worse; he, he, he."

"Ah, don't be gettin' on now, you funny ould crathur, but tell me what I'm axin' you; am I a Christian, Mary? or what am I at all, at all?"

"Why then, by my sowl, Mealey, you're just as good a Christian as the best o' them."

"Is that what you think, now?"

"It is, in troth just what I think."

"Well, then, maybe I am a Christian after all, but sure if I am, it would be better to be lyin' quiet in Mahers-ross at wanst. *The childher will not be afear'd of me then!*" she added with a ghastly smile, which told how dreadfully that circumstance preyed upon her heart.

"Musha, what are you talkin' about, child," cried the old woman; "why you look as if you wern't right, Mealey."

"Oh, don't say that ashore! but if it ben't a sin," she continued, folding her hands together, "I pray God to keep all bad thoughts away from us this blessed and holy night."

Mary might have been surprised at the child's anxiety for Sally's fortunes having given place so suddenly to thoughts concerning her own destiny, but the connection was closer than she could have dreamed of. An idea which had sometimes occurred to Mealey's mind, but which she always resisted as the suggestion of an evil spirit, had come tonight with greater force than ever, and was now for the first time steadily entertained. It originated in her love for Sally McCartan, and a strong, though unaccountable, aversion to McCullough. The authority of the old woman had removed some slight doubts from Mealey's mind as to the soundness of the opinion which universally prevailed, that this man's good fortune, as also the decay of the other, were owing to the transfer of the fairy-

well. But though hitherto inclining so far towards scepticism, she knew that that belief being correct, there was only one method whereby McCartan's luck could be restored. One of his fields adjoined that in which Thubber-na-Shie was situated; and we have already mentioned the superstition that the washing of hands in a spring occasions its removal, but is followed by some serious disaster to the individual so offending. In addition to this general fact, the well in question being a fairy-well, it was believed that any dishonour done to it was visited in a manner peculiarly terrible by its implacable little patrons. Thubber-na-Shie had already shifted its place on one memorable occasion, for though it had happened at least two or three generations before the present period, the recollection of the event, and of the dreadful consequences which it was attended to the unfortunate wretch who had wantonly braved the fairies' wrath, was faithfully preserved in legend and song. It was to this occurrence, Mealey, and her ancient hostess referred, and we cannot be surprised that the former did not immediately perceive the allusion, for it was one of those fearful traditions seldom spoken of, though never forgotten.

The term of McCartan's earthly prosperity was now nearly arrived. The warnings of his friends were all along unheeded. He reposed, with a blind confidence, on the hopes held out to him by McCullough; and the consequences were such as all, but the poor dupe himself, had foreseen. The hosier had never actually proposed for Sally; but then McCartan considered it an understood matter; and the other, as long as he found it necessary to his purpose, allowed the deception to work. At length the harvest came round. McCullough regretted his inability to fulfil his engagement with the agent, and at the same time to save his friend: but the crops on the ground would nearly cover the amount of arrears; and the deficiency he undertook to make up on getting the lands into his own possession. The agent was, of course, well pleased at procuring, instead of the former, a solvent and industrious tenant; and, accordingly, McCartan lost his farm, and the hosier

stept quietly into the vacant holding. This man prospered beyond his most sanguine expectations. Every thing seemed to thrive about him. His crops were good; his cattle, of which he acquired by degrees a considerable stock, were all healthy, and the best of their kind.—As length he commenced building, and in a few months more he moved from his little dark parlour, at the back of his shop, to a stately residence, in one of the most delightful situations the country could afford. In the mean time M'Cartan experienced all the misery of his fallen lot. He had been only able to retain his cottage and garden, together with a small field at some distance,—part of a different farm, the same of which the field of the fairy-well had constituted a portion. Unfortunately, his altered circumstances had wrought no beneficial change in his habits; and while his daughter's frame was wasting away with care and fatigue, he endeavoured, by continued intoxication, to forget the consequences of his own guilt and folly. His cottage now no longer presented the appearance of comfort and wealth, which had in other days distinguished it. The out-houses were gone to decay; and even the garden, compared with what it had been, was little better than an unsightly wilderness. All this was regarded as a melancholy illustration of the tradition's truth; and indeed the curse seemed not far from its consummation, for Sally's health was evidently gone; and her father, whose constitution had been for some time rapidly breaking down, was at last seized with a disorder, which was at once pronounced fatal. Ever since the commencement of their misfortunes Mealey had participated, with the most soothing affection, in all the troubles of her friend. She would now sit the whole night long, by the sick man's bed, and watch over him with all the tenderness of a daughter. It was observed, however, that her feelings had recently undergone some singular revolution. She no longer denounced, with her former enthusiasm, the author of all this sorrow; but sometimes, when, in the bitterness of her heart, Sally would allude to their wrongs, she would turn pale as death, and keep her eyes fixed on the face of the dying man, with a look of inexpressible an-

guish. This change became gradually more and more remarkable,—her visits to Derrylavin were less frequent than heretofore; and it was now evident to Sally, and indeed to every one who observed her, either that her reason was disturbed, or that something dreadful was preying on her mind. Her eyes became more brilliant,—her features assumed a wilder and more unearthly character; and there was a nervous irritability about her, as if she was continually haunted by some fearful thought. There was lately, however, but few opportunities for observing these symptoms, for Mealey was hardly ever seen beyond the precincts of her own savage residence.

A longer interval than usual had elapsed, and she had not appeared at Derrylavin, when one day, old Mary came to the cottage with some goat's-whey, and certain medicinal decoctions for the invalid.

When she had delivered her instructions as to the patient's treatment; Sally inquired for her little fairy friend.

"There's no seein' a sight of her," she said, "these times, good or bad."

"Och, weary on me," said Mary, "for a pratin' ould fool,—from ever I tould her that unlucky secret she can't bear comin' near yiz, at all at all."

"What secret, Mary?"

"What secret! Och musha what am I takin' about! In troth myself doesn't know what secret you mane, Sally. And sure it's hard for me to tell why the girsha doesn't come near ye: maybe it's that you'd as lieve she'd let it alone."

"Oh no, Mary!" said the other; "the child knows bravely there isn't one in the town would be welcome, or half as welcome here as her own self; and I'd be obleeged to you, Mary, and now I'd take it remarkable kind if you'd tell me what secret it is you have; for faix I'm very unaisy intirely about her—the young crathur!"

It was quite evident, even to Mary, that Sally was influenced by no idle curiosity in her desire to learn this secret; but really, as she professed, by the most ardent interest in the child's welfare; and the old dame was at last prevailed upon, partially, to comply with her solicitations.

"Why, then, all the secret myself

knows,—but sars you wouldn't des-
throy me, Sally,—you wouldn't kill an
ould crathur like me, out and out; and
troth if you'd ever tell this to mortal
man, you might as well kill me at
wanst."

"Oh never fear, Mary,—I'll tell no-
thin' about it."

"Well, then, as I was saim', all the
secret I know is, that Mr. McCullough
used the child cruel badly; that is,
he didnt use *her* badly, but *another*;
but sure it was her all the time, as one
might say. But any way, it has put
the bathred in her heart agin him, that
you never seen the like."

"Well; but what was it he done,
Mary?"

"Ah now, maybe you wouldnt ax
me to tell you."

"Oh yes, Mary, a-cushla, you'll tell
me."

"Oh no, Sally, darlint :—I'm just
thinkin' you got enough out o' me for
this turn. So go and look after the
ould man, and never trouble your head
about what doesn't consarn you, a-
lanna."

Sally found that entreaty was use-
less; but she tortured her mind con-
jecturing what new piece of villainy
this man had perpetrated. She would
have gone instantly to Dhuhatti, but it
was impossible for her to leave her
father.

A few days after this occurrence,
Sally was administering some medi-
cine to her father, when, on turning
round she saw the fairy-child standing
on the hearth. The girl started as if she
had seen an apparition; for the con-
flict of her feelings was manifested in
the wan and wasted features of this
unhappy being.

"My poor little Mealey," said the

girl, embracing her with the fondest
affection. "Where have you been,
darlint, this many a-day? You're
sick and sorrowful, Mealey,—Och you
are, my poor little sister!"

"I am sick and sorrowful," said the
child, unable to restrain her tears;
"but *he'll* soon be well, Sally; and
your heart 'll be light, a-chora; and
the blush 'll be on your cheek when
Johnny comes home;—*but there'll be
could hands afore then!* Och God
help you, Mealey!" she cried, clap-
ping her own wildly above her head;
"God help the motherless orphan!"
and, in a passion of tears, she flung
herself on the maiden's bosom. Sally
strained her to her heart as if she
would have kept her there for ever,
safe from all the ruin that was before
her.

"My poor child!—my darlint Mea-
ley!" she cried, and the tears fell fast
on the head of the sweet enthusiast.

When this paroxysm had subsided,
Mealey said to the other, "Well Sally,
I'm a wondherful fool,—surely I am:
but here's the purtiest ballad ever you
seen," she added, unfolding the paper
which she held in her hand. "Read it
for us, alanna; you that knows how."

"Why, Lord save us, Mealey! what
makes you be mindin' the likes o'
this? Sare it's the terriblest thing at
all!"

"Well, but Sally, read it for us; I
like to be hearing about poor Peggy
Blake."

"Troth, Mealey, I'll not read it for
you; for the neighbours allows it's a
dale betther not to be talkin' of the
poor unfortunate crathur good or bad."

Mealey, however insisted; and Sally
was at last obliged to read her the fol-
lowing ballad :—

Come all ye Carriek maidens
And Ferney boys so bold,
The bitter tears ye'll shed afore
My story be's half told.

I'll sing to you of Peggy Blake,
The pride of Carrick town,
Though now she lies all underneath
The blessed church-yard groun'.

Oh Peggy Bawn was innocent,
And wild as any roe;
Her cheek was like the summer rose,
Her neck was like the snow;

And every eye was in her head
 So beautiful and bright,
 You'd almost think they'd light her through
 Glencarrigy by night.

Among the hills and mountains,
 Above her mother's home,
 The long and weary summer day
 Young Peggy Blake would roam ;

And not a girl in the town,
 From Dhua to Glenlar,
 Could wander through the mountain heath,
 Or climb the rocks with her.

The Lammas sun was shinin' on
 The meadows all so brown ;
 The neighbours gathered far and near,
 To cut the ripe crops down.

And pleasant was the mornin',
 And dewy was the dawn,
 And gay and lightsome hearted,
 To the sunny fields they're gone.

The joke was passing lightly,
 And the laugh was loud and free ;
 There was neither care nor trouble
 To disturb their hearty glee ;

When, says Peggy, resting in among
 The sweet and scented hay,
 " I wonder is there one would brave
 The Fairy-well to-day ! "

She looked up with her laughin' eyes
 So soft, at Willy Rhu ;
 Och murder ! that she didn't heed
 His warnin' kind and true !

But all the boys and girls laughed,
 And Willy Rhu looked shy ;
 God help you, Willy ! sure they seen
 The throuble in your eye.

" Now, by my faith," young Connell says,
 I like your notion well—
 There's a power more than gospel
 In what crazy gossips tell."

Oh my heavy hatred fall upon
 Young Connell of Slieve-Mast !
 He took the cruel vengeance
 For his scorned love at last.

The jokin' and the jibin',
 And the banterin' went on ;
 One girl dared an other,
 And they all dared Peggy Bawn.

Till leaping up, away she flew,
Down to the hollow green—
Her bright looks floating in the wind,
Like golden light were seen.

They saw her at the Fairy Well—
Their laughin' died away.
They saw her stoop above its brink
With hearts as cold as clay.

Oh, mother, mother, never stand
Upon your cabin floor!
You heard the cry that through your heart
Will ring for ever more.

For when she came up from the well,
No one could stand her look;
Her eye was wild—her cheek was pale—
They saw her mind was shook.

And the gaze she cast around her
Was so ghastly and so sad—
"O Christ preserve us," shouted all,
"Poor Peggy Blake's gone mad!"

The moon was up—the stars were out
And shinin' through the sky,
When young and old stood mournin' round
To see their darling die.

Poor Peggy from the death-bed rose—
Her face was pale and cold,
And down about her shoulders, hung
The lovely locks of gold.

"All you that's here this night" she said,
"Take warnin' by my fate,
Whoever braves the fairies' wrath,
Their sorrow comes too late."

The tear was startin' in her eye,
She clasp'd her throbbin' head,
And when the sun next mornin' rose,
Poor Peggy Bawn lay dead.

"There now it's for you," said the girl; but as she looked at the child, she saw her eyes close, and before she could spring to her support, Mealey had fallen, pale and trembling, on the floor.

After this day she was seen only once or twice, wandering through the fields, with her hair all disordered; or sitting by the edge of the fairy-well, till overcome by fatigue, or the intensity of her own feelings, she dropt fast asleep beside the fatal waters.

Had Sally's mind been less engaged

about her dying parent, she would, probably, have reflected more on all these appearances. As it was, she could only attribute them to constitutional excitement, heightened as she still believed, by a touch of insanity. Mealey's affection for her, and her resentment against the hosier, from whatever cause it proceeded, seemed the ruling principles of her mind. But though she was at a loss to account for many of her expressions,—particularly the obscure allusion to her own destiny, contained in the prophecy of better

times to her friend,—she never dreamed of the fatal purpose to which that allusion referred.

One evening Sally had been at the apothecary's, getting medicines for her father, and on her way out of town, she thought she would call in, for a few minutes, with her friends at "the Cross."—Her appearance was sadly altered from the time we saw her first in that hospitable dwelling. Her soft and melancholy eyes were hardly less beautiful than then; but her form was wasted,—her countenance had lost its youthful expression; and every tint of health seemed to have faded for ever from her cheek. She was, in fact, a very interesting person, but no longer the beautiful girl of Derrylin. The kindness of Andy and his wife had increased, if possible, with the sorrows of their young friend. Even the children appeared fonder than ever of poor Sally; and they were now all gathered about her, while their mother was assiduously preparing "something to warm her."

"In troth you'll just take this, a-cushla; for it's a wild night, and you're not as strong as you used to be,—God help you!"

"Ay, God help her!" said Andy; "and he's a betther Christian nor me 'll say 'God forgive them that wronged her!'"

"O Andy," said the wife, "there's no use in talkin' of him. He has a sorer heart, I'll be bound, nor one of us to-night; for it's the could home, Sally, where there's neither prayer nor blessin'.—But tell me, a-lanna, how is the ould man with you?"

"Och in troth, Jenny dear," said the girl, "I doubt he'll do no good; it's only weaker and sicklier he's gettin';—but we must all die," she added, half unconsciously, "and I'm begonia' to think them's best off that goes soonest."

A silence of some moments succeeded. Jenny bent down to fasten the dress of one of her little, flaxen haired archins, while the smith looked, with a contracted and stern brow, on the downcast face of the maiden.

"Jenny," he said, "you're right enough, asthore; there's no use in talkin'; and troth there's no luck in talkin' of the likes of him. God gave

him his way for a bit, but now let him see how he'll thrive the ruffan, with the poor man's curse."

"Ah God forgive him," said Sally; "that's the worst I wish him. Sure I'm tould he has broke poor little Mealey's heart, too; though I can't make out what it is the crathur has agin' him."

"Well, Sally," said the wife, "it's just what Andy and me was allowin', that there's something wrong with that child. She came in here th' other mornin', and after talkin' about you she said, 'I wish,' says she, 'Johnny Fitzpatrick was home. Johnny was always remarkable friendly to me; and, Jenny, asthore,' she says, 'it would be a hardship never to see him again.'"

"The crathur!" said Sally. "Och it'll be a long day afore she sees Johnny, I doubt!" For the time first appointed for the return of Johnny and his master was long past; and it was, of course, quite uncertain now, when either might be home. But this was to be an eventful night for Sally. The tramp of a horse was heard without,—the door opened, and a fine-looking young fellow stood on the threshold. It was Johnny Fitzpatrick.

As Sally and her lover wandered homeward, through the paths they had so often roamed before, she gave him an ample account of all that occurred since his departure. Many and deep were the curses with which Fitzpatrick interrupted the fatal narrative; but when she had concluded, with a softened account of the miseries they had endured, such as might, in some degree, prepare him for what he was about to witness, and when the young wanderer gazed on her wasted and altered countenance, and saw her but the ruin of the lovely being he had left, he forgot all but her, and he folded her to his bosom with a tenderness he had never known before.

"Sally," he said, "I'll never lave you more. I'll never lave you, achora, and afore them stars comes out again, the holy words will make you my own for ever."

Sally had suffered as much as most persons; and her feelings had undergone the change which sufferings necessarily produce. The buoyancy of youth had left her, and many hopes

had perished, and all had faded, in her heart; but never, in their brightest time, had she experienced a joy so perfect as that which now diffused itself through her soul, as she felt that after all, her lover was returned true and fond as ever.

When Johnny had gone home, M'Cartan, who had received his young friend with mingled feelings of shame and delight, said to his daughter, "I wonder, Sally, what's the matter with that poor child. She was here to-night, and now you never seen such a way as she was in. Faix, Sally, I'll tell you the truth, myself was half afraid of her. She says to me, 'Paddy,' says she, 'I'm sorry you sould the well-field. It was ill done o' you,' she says; 'but it's no matter now. It'll soon be over,' she says, 'and ye'll not die off, you and yours, for all that.' And now, Sally, she looked at me in that way that I couldn't spake a word to her, if it was to save my life."

"And did you say nothin' at all to the child, father?"

"Oh, the not a word, Sally, till she came over, and bid God be with me: 'and tell Sally,' says she, 'not to fret, when she hears the news,—for my heart was broke, any-way.'"

"My God! and you never axed her what she meant, or where she was goin', or a hap'orth," said the girl, dreadfully alarmed at this strange intelligence.

"To be sure I axed her, though; but she said, 'it's no matter, Paddy; you'll know time enough;' and then she says, rubbin' her hands through other, this a-way, 'Augh,' says she, 'Paddy, my hands is could!' and then she roars out laughin'; and that's the last I ever seen of her."

"Queen of Heaven!" cried Sally, "the child's lost!—I see it now, father—I see what she was at all along!"

and she rushed out, hardly knowing in the darkness whither she went.

In a few minutes she reached the fairy-well, but all there was silent and solitary. Sally felt relieved at not meeting with the child at that fatal spot. She thought of proceeding to Dhuahiti, but the night was dark and tempestuous; and besides, the danger of leaving her father in his present state, for the length of time which must have elapsed before she could possibly return; she now reflected that these passionate moods having occurred more than once before, there might be time enough to prevent any rash measure being adopted, if such was seriously contemplated by the child. She returned accordingly to the cottage; but the whole night long her mind was disturbed, and she watched, with sleepless anxiety, for the first dawn of light.

Before that dawn poor Mealey's heart was at rest. She had been seen by one of the neighbours, on leaving M'Cartan's cabin. She appeared greatly agitated; her step was hurried, and once or twice she stopt, as if uncertain whether to proceed or return; when, rushing forward, she was soon lost in the gloom.

About twelve o'clock that night, the Old Woman of the Rocks was sitting in her miserable hovel, when Mealey rushed in and stood before her. Her appearance was dreadfully disordered: her countenance was wild and ghastly; and when she put forward her hands to clasp the face of the old woman, the latter shrunk back, and making the sign of the cross upon her breast:—

"Mealey," she said, "I ax you, in God's name, what's the matter with you?"

To this adjuration the child replied by singing out, with startling vehemence, a verse too truly descriptive of her own condition.

Young Willy caught her in his arms—

"Oh Willy Rhu," she said

"It's over now! The weary eyes
Are darkenin' in my head.

Come with me to my mother's home,

And lay me at her knee,

The sun will set to-night Willy,

But never rise for me!"

The old woman, started up, for a horrible thought flashed upon her mind; but Mealey twisted her cold and attenuated arms round her neck.

"Ay, Mary, it's done—it's done!" she cried; "I washed my hands in Thubber-na-Shie!!!"

The old woman fainted on the floor. The next morning a girl coming down to the well, saw Mealey lying among the long grass, beside the fort. The night had turned out extremely stormy, and during the greater part of it, till after daybreak, there had been one continued torrent of rain. The woman, supposing Mealey asleep, endeavoured to raise her from the earth; but her head hung back, and the wet hair falling from about her face, discovered the fixed and open eyes, and the bloodless lips of the poor fairy-child.

Sally M'Cartan was sitting by the bed where the core of her little friend lay, dressed out with the knots of white ribbon, and all the other usual decorations of the dead. The event had almost deprived her of reason; but her sorrow was of that deep and silent character which, it is said, preys most on the heart. Even the kind but misguided old man had received a shock which was likely to hasten his end; and this was probably rather increased by the circumstance that the fatal spring was once more in his own possession.

That very morning,—so the story goes,—the place which Thubber-na-Shie had occupied in M'Cullough's field, was but a dry, stony hollow; while a clear, deep well had opened in the field below it—the only piece of land, as we have already mentioned, which M'Cartan had been able to save from the wreck of his former property.

The Old Woman of the Rocks was nearly frantic when she heard of Mealey's death; but she appeared to have some unaccountable reluctance to go near M'Cartan's cottage, where the body lay. At last she came; and after weeping and wailing over the dead, she went over, and kneeling beside the sick man—

"Paddy M'Cartan," she said, "it's what I doubt your days is done! and though you think I'm an unnatural

woman, in troth I'm sorry in my heart to see it come to this with you. But I have a secret to tell you, Paddy, if you only say you'll forgive a poor old crathur that'll not be long aither you in this world, in troth."

"Why, what do you mane, woman?" said the other. "Sure, you unfortunate crathur, you never harmed me."

"Och, musha God help you," said Mary. "The poor child—that's lyla' could in that windin' sheet—"

"What about her?" cried Sally, eagerly.

"Och, in troth, Sally darlint, she's what you never thought,—she's your own flesh and blood, Paddy—the child of your unfortunate daughter. Ay, in troth; poor Rose M'Cartan! God be merciful to her and her infant, this blessed day."

The dying man half rose from his bed, and glared with the eyes of death on his informant. The latter laid her hand on his shoulder. "Be aisy, now, God bless you, and let me say all out; for there's more nor that to be tould—ay, and worse nor that,—ten to one. She had the sweet, good mother, if God had spared her—but the Divil took care of his own. The deavil' thief that broke your poor Rose's heart, he lived to thrive you out of house and home. Ay, in troth; and here he's come to see you die, acushla," she added, as M'Cullough entered the cabin. The old man sank back, and closed his eyes, as the hated object approached his bed.

"M'Cartan," said the latter, in the coolest manner possible, "I'm sorry to see you so ill."

Suppressing his rising anger, "Leave me, M'Cullough," said M'Cartan, "for God's sake leave this house. You have done enough, and it isn't worth your while to disturb the mind of a dyiu' man."

"Well, but there's a matter," he said, "on which we must have a few minutes' conversation. There lie the remains, as I understand of my child and your grandchild—I am sorry I was not aware of the circumstance sooner, or I should have provided for the infant—but this unfortunate creature, to whom it appears she was intrusted by her mother, wilfully, and from what cause I cannot imagine,

deceived me as to her destiny. She led me to believe that the child had not survived the mother."

"Oh God forgive you, Mr. M'Cullough!" cried the old woman; "God forgive you, that isn't afeard to say the likes to a dyin' man. I desaved you about the child! Oh musha! musha! afther that—now you needn't be lookin' at me, I tell you;—I'm not afeard of you; and I don't care the worth of that ould brogue for your dirty money, when my poor child's lyin' there could fornenst my eyes. Will you deny to my face, that when I told you how it became you to look afther the poor baby, that you axed me why I didn't dhrown it? Ay, by my sowl! and when the time came that the poor mother allowed me to tell her who she was, and what she was, if she didn't know it afore, I told her them words and she looks in my face so pitiful, and she says, 'Mary, is that what he said?' And when I told her again that it was, and what you thought, she turns up her beautiful eyes to heaven, Sally, and says, in a way that you'd pity her, 'God look down on me!—Mary,' she says, 'the time 'ill come when he'll rue them words!' And may be it isn't come!" cried the old woman. "I wondher where Thubber-na-Shie is, this mornin'."

Sally turned from the speaker to M'Cullough, with a look of horror and disgust. He met her glance; and, with all his assurance, he quailed beneath it. He walked over to where Mealey lay, and after kissing her, he took out a guinea, and laid it on the bed. Sally snatched up the gold, as if it desecrated the place.

"Wretch!" she cried, take your money—and lave the house," she added, as she looked over towards her father, "lave the house, Mr. M'Cullough, for God's sake, and don't be about where a Christian's dyin'."

M'Cullough was willing enough to comply with this request.

It was a day of sorrow and mourning, and ere it had closed Sally was fatherless.

After a becoming time had elapsed from the occurrence of these melancholy events, Johnny and his bride entered on a new career, all the gloom

of which arose from the recollection of the past. He was enabled, by his own industry, and the judicious management of a small farm, consisting of the memorable field to which the well had shifted, and a portion of ground allowed him by his father, to struggle through for a while, respectably enough. But there were better days in store for him and his young wife. The feeling excited against M'Cullough, when these important circumstances were disclosed was alike intense and universal. He had been hitherto considered by all his neighbours, as a model of morality. He had not possessed their attachment then, and there was no indulgence extended now to the heartless hypocrite, who abandoned his own child to misery and ruin. The occurrence to which Mealey's death was attributed, attached a degree of horror to his character. Callous as his heart was, he could not bear up against the hatred manifested in every look he encountered. The belief that his luck was gone, and frequently the wish was father to the thought, tended probably, in a great degree, to bring about that consummation. His undertakings having been extensive, his debts were, of course, considerable; and this opinion, willingly indulged, operated to the material injury of his credit. No labourer would work for him, who could possibly procure employment elsewhere. He was, to all intents and purposes, excommunicated from the benefits and comforts of society. It was said, he was haunted by Mealey's ghost; for he was sometimes seen late at night down by the fairy-well, or on the margin of Lough Fay; and it was probably in one of those nocturnal rambles he contracted the cold which carried him off at last.—M'Cullough had no relation to claim any inheritance.

The farm having come into Jehanny Fitzpatrick's hands, he continued to reside in the cottage, while the house was suffered to fall to decay. And there I beheld it, a monument of human frailty and fairy power.

My rustic historian, having concluded his narrative, proposed that we should adjourn to the cottage; but he first called to the boy within the ruin,

and whispering something to him, the latter turned up his little face :—

"Sure," said he, "Andy, she's gone to Dhubhatti, with some broth for Mary the Whey."

"Off, sir," said the other, giving him a slap on the shoulder ; "how do you know but she's come back?" and off the little fellow scampered in a full gallop before us.

"That's Sally's eldest boy, your honour," said the peasant ; "and as like the grandfather as two beans."

We had not proceeded half-way to the cottage when we met the boy returning, flushed and panting after his race. There was an expression of horror in his countenance ; and before

he reached us he shook his hand towards my companion.

"Och, Andy," he said, "sure poor ould Mary's dead !"

"Murder !" said Andy. "Well, God be merciful to her sowl, the ould crathur.—We'll not mind Sally, now, if you please, sir," he added, turning to me. "She'll be mighty distressed, I know, about the ould sowl ; but if your honour wouldn't scorn a poor man's axin' maybe you'd come in to the forge on afore us here, where Jenny 'll give you—the hoight o' welcome any way."

I said I would partake of his hospitality with infinite pleasure,—and so I did.

THE CONSTITUENCY OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

"THE BATTLE OF THE CONSTITUTION IS TO BE FOUGHT AT THE REGISTRIES"—this is the great truth which we would desire to be impressed upon the mind of every Conservative in the empire. This should be the watchword of our defence. A majority at the hustings, and our cause is secure ; and this majority we can only gain by a vigilant and unceasing attention to the registries. No truth can be more plain, more self-evident than this ; and yet strange to say, with some few honourable exceptions, no maxim of political action has been so completely lost sight of by the friends of the constitution.

But a short time has elapsed since we had occasion to offer to the citizens of Dublin our congratulations on the triumph they had achieved over those who had usurped the representation of their city. We can say with all sincerity that we feel an imperative duty demands of us now to appeal to them to exert all their energies to secure the continuance of that triumph. There is no subject more important than that on which we addressed them. We need not pause to urge the many considerations which concur in rendering it thus important. The moral influence which belongs to the representation of the capital of Ireland makes it an object worth every exertion that

can be used ; and the efforts of our opponents, while they ought to put our corporation inactivity to the blush, abundantly prove that they are not insensible to its value. And we feel that we will have done an important service to the cause of Protestantism, if our efforts shall, in ever so humble a degree, contribute to call the attention of the Protestants of this city generally to the state of its registration.

Much, we acknowledge, has been already done—more, *more* we say emphatically, remains to be done ; and whether this will be done—whether the Conservative strength of Dublin shall be brought into full action—whether property, intellect and respectability shall have their fair influence in our city, depends altogether upon the citizens themselves.

We shall first endeavour to lay before our readers the present state of the constituency, and then from what has been done to show what may, by proper exertion, be done.

Up to the period of the last election, very little attention had been paid to the registries of the city of Dublin—since that period, however, a committee has been in operation, for the express purpose of watching over them. To the exertions of that committee, the Protestants are indebted for the posi-

tion in the constituency, which we are now able to announce—and we have no hesitation in adding, that if that committee are properly supported by money and exertion at the two or three next registries, the representation of Dublin will be placed for ever in the hands of its Protestant inhabitants.

We do not speak at random; we are able to present our readers with authentic returns, by which they will, at a glance, perceive what has been already effected with limited means and inadequate support.

The election took place in January, 1835. At the close of the poll, the numbers were declared to be :

Hamilton 2461	O'Connell 2678
West 2455	Ruthven 2630

By the decision of the Committee of the House of Commons 73 votes were struck off the poll of the Conservative candidates; 297 off that of their opponents. At the close, therefore, of the investigation, the numbers were :

Hamilton 2686	O'Connell 2381
West 2362	Ruthven 2333

Supposing these latter numbers to represent the state of parties in the constituency at the last election, it remains for us to ascertain what alteration has been effected since. The following table will present an accurate account of the number of both parties registered in each session since :

	Conservatives.	Radicals.
In the year 1835.		
February Sessions	315	59
May do.	688	544
August do.	188	174
November do.	247	110
	1438	887
	624 deduct re-registered	63
Majority of Conservatives on year's registry	614	824

It sometimes occurs that persons already registered appear among the claimants to be placed upon the roll, either with a view to obviate any supposed informality in the original notice, or merely with a view of swelling the list. It is obvious that all such cases must be deducted from the apparent numbers on both sides. We shall now

proceed to exhibit the results of the three registries of the present year. What the result of the first may be, depends, we repeat upon the citizens themselves. Did a proper spirit animate the Protestants of the city, it would exhibit a majority on our side, at least equal to the aggregate of all the majorities we have yet gained.

Numbers registered in 1836.

	Conservatives.	Radicals.
Allowed on appeal 27		33
February 244	283—70 re-registered	212
May 218	328—11 re-registered	212
August 161	218—36 re-registered	182
	680	606
	639	
Majority for Conservatives	11	

The entire majority gained by the Conservatives since the last election, thus amounts to 625; and it is a matter of demonstration, that there are unregistered conservative voters, sufficient, at the very next registry, to swell that majority to three times or four times its present amount.

Before, however, we pass from our tabular abstract, upon the perfect accuracy of which our readers may rely, let us beg their attention to this fact, that the last registry is the only one at which the Conservatives have been left in an actual minority. That they were so left, is, we say, emphatically a positive and personal disgrace to every Conservative possessor of an unregistered qualification.

There has not been a single one of these registries, the results of which we have stated, for which the registration Committee had not served upwards of one thousand notices for individuals possessing an attachment to Protestant principles, who yet would not give themselves the slight personal trouble which was involved in an attendance at the sessions; and we are certain that we do not exaggerate, when we say that there are nearly double that number of Conservatives entitled to the franchise, whose qualifications the Committee had no means of ascertaining.

We have no words strong enough to express our sense of the cowardice and wickedness of those who profess to hold Conservative principles, and yet keep back at such a moment as the present. When a man talks to us of his attachment to Conservative prin-

ciples, the first question we ask him is, "Have you registered your vote?" and if the answer be in the negative, our only doubt is, whether we should regard him as a hypocrite, a coward, or a fool.

While we announce, with satisfaction, the cheering fact, that our registries have outnumbered those of our opponents by 625, we will not, we ought not to disguise from our readers, that, in the present state of the constituency, we cannot regard the victory of the Conservatives at another election as certain. In a constituency of 8000, a majority of 600 is by no means sufficient to ensure success, especially when we would have to combat all the tremendous agencies of mob intimidation, and exclusive dealing, and perhaps the influence of a Radical government—how unscrupulously this latter would be exercised, the election of 1831 can tell.

Let no one then buoy himself up with the foolish confidence, that by the exertions that have been already made, the representation of the city is secure. Any such confidence is both mischievous and hollow. A contest tomorrow would bring its risk. A little, a very little exertion, may now put the triumph of Conservatism beyond question, or perhaps dispute.

Our object in these few observations is a practical one. In the name of all that they hold dear, we call on the Protestants of Dublin *now* to come forward, and aid the Registration Committee in securing for ever the independence of their city. Every man for whom notice is served, and who will refuse to come forward, is a traitor to our cause—there is no use in disguising truth. Every man will be applied to, and none will have the excuse of neglect or forgetfulness for his refusal.

We say that if only those who are thus applied to come forward at the next registry, the Conservative majority will at least equal the aggregate of all the registries obtained within the last two years. We call especially upon the higher classes, upon those who inhabit our leading squares and streets—for it is with these, be it known, that the fault lies. Of ninety-two houses in Merrion-square, the owners of about twenty have registered their votes; and we could go

over most of the places that contain the abodes of the gentry of the city, and find the registries present about the same evidence of zeal and devotedness to the cause of Protestantism.

We certainly do not exaggerate when we say that there are fifteen hundred unregistered Protestant householders in Dublin.

We are confident that we are under the truth when we say, that were the householders of Protestant principles to register their franchises, an accession of fifteen hundred votes would be gained to the Conservative strength. There are, however, franchises of another kind, the number of votes accruing from which it is not so easy to ascertain, but which might certainly make at least an equal addition. We are anxious especially to refer to a very numerous class—we mean those who are entitled to claim the freedom of the city, and who upon taking this out are qualified to vote by the provisions of the reform bill.

By those provisions, not merely the existing rights of freemen are preserved, but also their privileges are secured to their descendants. Every person, therefore, who is now admitted of right to the freedom of the city is entitled to register as a voter, provided he reside within seven miles of the city. IT IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE THAT THIS SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD AND ACTED ON. There are numbers of Protestants in Dublin and its vicinity who could establish an indisputable claim to their freedom, who either from ignorance or inattention, neglect to take the necessary steps. It is of course impossible to ascertain with accuracy the number of these dormant franchises, but we are inclined to believe we do not over-estimate the number of persons so circumstanced, when we calculate them at one thousand.

It must be remembered that the Radical strength is now exhausted; they can do little more in future than keep up their present numbers. Their new registries will barely supply the loss they are constantly suffering by change of residence on the part of their voters. Our strength, on the other hand, has never yet been fully brought into action; and we think we have shown clearly the elements of an overwhelming majority.

We have left ourselves but a short space for these observations. A few words more of a practical nature, and we have done.

In the Committee which is now attending to the business of the registration, the Protestants of Dublin have an organ in every way worthy of their confidence and support. The characters of its members are a sufficient guarantee for the correctness of its proceedings. When we say that the present representatives are members of that committee, we say all that is necessary in its recommendation.

If we may venture to make a suggestion to the gentlemen engaged in attending to the registry, we would strongly urge upon the Committee the necessity of a personal appeal to each individual for whom notice has been served, to induce his attendance at the registry. But all these matters we feel we may safely leave to their own judgment. We are much more in our proper place, when we appeal to the Protestant public to support them in exertions which we feel confident will be judicious as well as zealous.

And this appeal we do earnestly and confidently make. There is not a Protestant in the city, whose heart did not

burn at the disgrace of being represented by O'Connell—let each Protestant now feel that in his own individual exertions, it depends whether ever we shall be so disgraced again.

If these pages meet the eye of any citizen who possesses an unregistered qualification, let him lose no time in placing himself in a position to serve the cause of the constitution—and this he can do most effectually by his vote. But this is not all. Let each Protestant become, in his own circle, and among his own acquaintance, an agent for Protestant registration—whenever he finds the owner of an unregistered franchise, let him use his influence to bring that person to the registry. Let this be done *presently*. It is no fiction for us now to say that each man should feel that the issue of the next election may depend upon his own individual exertions. The scale is so evenly balanced that the humblest amongst us cannot tell but he may be the unit that is to turn it. Let each Protestant but feel this truth and we pledge ourselves that the very next registry will complete, in this city, the extinction of the falling faction that once, be it remembered, were absolute, because they were unopposed.

It may not perhaps, be unadvisable to state that the office of the Protestant Registration Committee of the city of Dublin is at No. 8, College Street—where persons are in constant attendance, who are authorised to receive subscriptions for the purposes of the registry—and who will give every information and facility to persons desiring to register their franchises.

JANE SINCLAIR ; OR, THE FAWN OF SPRINGVALE.—PART II.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

" Author of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*."

It is a singular fact, but one which we know to be true, that not only the affection of parents, but that of brothers and sisters, goes down with greater tenderness to the youngest of the family, all other circumstances being equal. This is so universally felt and known, that it requires no further illustration from us. At home, Jane Sinclair was loved more devotedly in consequence of being the most innocent and beautiful of her father's children ;

in addition to this, however, she was cherished with that peculiar sensibility of attachment by which the human heart is always swayed towards its youngest and its last.

On witnessing her father's tenderness, she concealed her face in his bosom, and wept for some time in silence, and by a gentle pressure of her delicate arms, as they encircled his neck, intimated her sense of his affectionate indulgence towards her ; and

perhaps could it have been understood, a tacit acknowledgment of her own unworthiness on that occasion to receive it.

At length, she said, after an effort to suppress her tears, "Papa, I will go to bed."

"Do, my love; and Jane, forget not to address the Throne of God before you sleep."

"I did not intend to neglect it, papa. Mamma, come with me." She then kissed her sisters and bade good night to William; after which she withdrew, accompanied by her mother, whilst the eyes of those who remained were fixed upon her with love, and pride and admiration.

"Mamma," said she, when they reached the apartment, "allow me to sleep alone to-night."

"Jane, your mind appears to be depressed, darling," replied her mother. "Has any thing disturbed you, or are you really ill?"

"I am quite well, mamma, and not at all depressed; but do, allow me to sleep in the closet bed."

"No, my dear, Agnes will sleep there, and you can sleep in your own as usual; the poor girl will wonder why you leave her, Jane; she will feel so lonely, too."

"But, mamma, it would gratify me very much, at least for *this* night. I never wished to sleep away from Agnes before; and I am certain she will excuse me when she knows I prefer it."

"Well, my love, of course I can have no objection; I only fear you are not so well as you imagine yourself. At all events, Jane, remember your father's advice to pray to God; and remember this, besides, that from me at least, you ought to have no secrets. Good night, dear, and may the Lord take care of you!"

She then kissed her with an emotion of sorrow for which she could scarcely account, and passed down to the room wherein the other members of the family were assembled.

"I know not what is wrong with her," she observed, in reply to their enquiries. "She declares she is perfectly well, and that her mind is not at all depressed."

"In that I agree with her," said William; "her eye occasionally spar-

kled with something that resembled joy more than depression."

"She begged of me to let her sleep alone to-night," continued the mother; "so that you, Agnes, must lie in the closet bed."

"She must, certainly, be unwell then," replied Agnes, "or she would hardly leave me. Indeed I know that her spirits have not been so good of late as usual. Formerly we used to chat ourselves asleep, but for some weeks past she has been quite changed, and seldom spoke at all after going to bed. Neither did she sleep so well latterly as she used to do."

"She is, indeed, a delicate flower," observed her father, "and a very slight blast, poor thing, will make her droop—droop perhaps into an early grave!"

"Do not speak so gloomily, my dear Henry," said her mother. "What is there in her particular case to justify any such apprehension?"

"Her health has been always good, too," observed Maria; "but the fact is, we love her so affectionately that many things disturb us about her which we would never feel if we loved her less."

"Mary," said her father, "you have in a few words expressed the true state of our feelings with respect to the dear child. We shall find her, I trust, in good health and spirits in the morning; and please the Divine Will, all will again be well—but what's the matter with you, Agnes?"

Mr. Sinclair had, a moment before, observed that an expression of thought, blended with sorrow, overshadowed the face of his second daughter. The girl, on hearing her father's enquiry, looked mournfully upon him, whilst the tears ran silently down her cheeks.

"I will go to her," said she, "and stay with her if she lets me. Oh, papa, why talk of an early grave for her? How could we lose her? I could not—and I cannot bear even to think of it."

She instantly rose and proceeded to Jane's room, but in a few minutes returned, saying, "I found her at prayers, papa."

"God bless her, God bless her! I knew she would not voluntarily neglect so sacred a duty. As she wishes to be alone, it is better not to disturb her; solitude and quiet will no doubt contribute to her composure, and it is pro-

bably for this purpose that she wishes to be left to herself."

After this the family soon retired to bed, with the exception of Mr. Sinclair himself, who, contrary to his practice, remained for a considerable time longer up than usual. It appeared, indeed, as if the shadow of some coming calamity had fallen upon their hearts, or that the affection they entertained for her was so mysteriously deep as to produce that prophetic sympathy which is often known to operate in a presentiment of sorrow that never fails to be followed by disaster. It is difficult to account for this singular succession of cause to effect, as they act upon our emotions, except probably by supposing that it is an unconscious development of those latent faculties which are decreed to expand into full growth in a future state of existence. Be this as it may, these loving relatives experienced upon that night a mood of mind such as they had never before known, even when the hand of death had taken a brother and sister from among them. It was not grief but a wild kind of dread, slight it is true, but distinct in its character, and not dissimilar to that fear which falls upon the spirits during one of those glooms that precede some dark and awful convulsion of nature. Her father remained up; as we have said, longer than the rest, and in the silence which succeeded their retirement for the night, his voice could be occasionally heard in deep and earnest supplication. It was evident that he had recourse to prayer; and by some of the expressions caught from time to time, they gathered that "his dear child," and "her peace of mind" were the object of the foreboding father's devotions.

Jane's distress, at concealing the cause of her absence from prayers, though acute at the moment of enquiry, was nevertheless more transient than one might suppose from the alarming effects it produced. Her mind was at the time in a state of tumult and excitement, such as she had never till then experienced, and the novel guilt of dissimulation, by superinducing her first impression of deliberate crime, opposed itself so powerfully to the exalting sense of her newborn happiness, that both produced a shock of conflicting emotions which a

young mind, already so much exhausted, could not resist. She felt, therefore, that a strange darkness shrouded her intellect, in which all distinct traces of thought, and all memory of the past were momentarily lost. Her frame, too, at the best but slender and much enfeebled by the preceding interview with Osborne, and her present embarrassment, could not bear up against this chaotic struggle between delight and pain. It was, no doubt, impossible for her relatives to comprehend all this, and hence their alarm. She was too pure and ardent to be suspected of concealing the truth; and they consequently entertained not the slightest suspicion of that kind; but still their affections were aroused, and what might have terminated in an ordinary manner, ended in that unusual mood we have described.

With a scrupulous attention to her father's precept, as well as from a principle of early and sincere piety, she strove on reaching her bed-room to compose her mind in prayer, and to beg the pardon of Heaven for her wilful suppression of the truth. This was a task, however, to which she was altogether unequal. In vain she uttered words expressive of her sorrow, and gave language to sentiments of deep repentance; there was but one idea, but one image in her mind, viz. her beautiful boy, and the certainty that she was the object of his love. Again and again she attempted to pray, but still with the same success. It was to no purpose she resolved to banish him from her thoughts, until at least the solemn act of her evening worship should be concluded; for ere she had uttered half a sentence the image would return, as if absolutely to mock her devotions. In this manner she continued for some time, striving to advance with a sincere heart in her address to heaven; again recommencing with a similar purpose, and as often losing herself in those visions that wrapped her spirit in their transports. At length she arose, and for a moment felt a deep awe fall upon her. The idea that she could not pray, seemed to her as a punishment annexed by God to her crime of having tampered with the love of truth, and disregarded her father's injunctions not to violate it. But this, also, soon passed away: she lay

down, and at once surrendered her heart and thought and fancy to the power of that passion, which, like the jealous tyrant of the East, seemed on this occasion resolved to bear no virtue near the heart in which it sat enthroned. Such, however, was not its character, as the reader will learn when he proceeds; true love being in our opinion rather the guardian of the other virtues than their foe.

The next morning, when Jane awoke; the event of yesterday flashed on her memory with a thrill of pleasure that made her start up into a recumbent posture in the bed. Her heart bounded, her pulse beat high, and a sudden sensation of hysterical delight rushed to her throat with a transport that would have been painful, did she not pass out of a state of such panting ecstasy and become dissolved in tears. She wept, but how far did she believe the cause of her emotion to be removed from sorrow? She wept, yet alas! alas! never did tears of such delight flow from a source that drew a young heart onward to greater darkness and desolation. Weep on, fair girl, in thy happiness; for the day will come when thou wilt not be able to find one tear in thy misery!

Her appearance the next morning exhibited to the family no symptom whatever of illness. On the contrary, she never looked better, indeed seldom so well. Her complexion was clearer than usual, her spirits more animated, and the dancing light of her eye plainly intimated by its sparkling that her young heart was going on the way of its love rejoicing. Her family were greatly surprised at this, especially when they reflected upon their anxiety concerning her on the preceding night. To her distress on that occasion they made not the slightest allusion; they felt it sufficient that the beloved of their hearts was well, and that from the evident flow of her spirits there existed no rational grounds for any apprehension respecting her. After breakfast she sat sewing for some time with her sisters, but it was evident that her mind was not yet sufficiently calm to permit her as formerly to sustain a proper part in their conversation. Ever and anon they could observe by the singular light which sparkled in her eyes, as with a sudden rush of joy, that

her mind was engaged on some other topic, and this at a moment when some appeal or interrogatory to herself rendered such abstracted enjoyment more obvious. Sensible, therefore, of her incompetency as yet to regulate her imagination so as to escape notions, she withdrew in about an hour to her own room, there once more to give a loose to its indulgence.

Our readers may perceive that the position of Jane Sinclair, in her own family, was not very favourable to the formation of a firm character. The regulation of a mind so imaginative, and of feelings so lively and susceptible, required a hand of uncommon skill and delicacy. Indeed her case was one of unusual difficulty. In the first place, her meekness and extreme sweetness of temper rendered it almost impossible in a family where her own qualities predominated, to find any deviation from duty which might be seized upon without harshness as a pretext for inculcating those precautionary principles that were calculated to strengthen the weak points which her character may have presented. Even those weak points, if at the time they could be so termed, were perceptible only in the exercise of her virtues, so that it was a matter of some risk, especially in the case of one so young, to reprove an excess on the right side, lest in doing so you checked the influence of the virtue that accompanied it. Such errors, if they can be called so, when occurring in the conduct of those whom we love, are likely to call forth any thing but censure. It is naturally supposed, and in general with too much truth, that time and experience will remove the excess, and leave the virtue not more than equal to the demands of life upon it. Her father, however, was, as the reader may have found, by no means ignorant of those traits in the constitution of her mind from which danger or happiness might ultimately be apprehended; neither did he look on them with indifference. In truth, they troubled him much, and on more than one occasion he scrupled not fully to express his fears of their result. It was he, the reader perceives, who, on the evening of her first interview with Osborne, gave so gloomy a tone to the feelings of the family, and impressed them at

all events more deeply than they otherwise would have felt, with a vague presentiment of some unknown evil that was to befall her. She was, however, what is termed, the pet of the family, the centre to which all their affections turned; and as she herself felt conscious of this, there is little doubt that the extreme indulgence, and almost blameable tenderness which they exercised towards her, did by imperceptible degrees disqualify her from undergoing with firmness those conflicts of the heart, to which a susceptibility of the finer emotions rendered her peculiarly liable. Indeed among the various errors prevalent in domestic life, there is scarcely one that has occasioned more melancholy consequences than that of carrying indulgence towards a favourite child too far; and creating, under the slightest instances of self-denial a sensitiveness or impatience, arising from a previous habit of being gratified in all the whims and caprices of childhood or youth. The fate of favourite children in life is almost proverbially unhappy, and we doubt not that if the various lunatic receptacles were examined, the majority, in a majority of cases, might be traced to an excess of indulgence and want of proper discipline in early life. Had Mr. Sinclair insisted on knowing from his daughter's lips the cause of her absence from prayers, and given a high moral proof of the affection he bore her, it is probable that the consciousness on her part of his being cognizant of her passion, would have kept it so far within bounds as to submit to the control of reason instead of ultimately subverting it. This, however, he unhappily omitted to do, not because he was at all ignorant that a strict sense of duty, and a due regard for his daughter's welfare, demanded it; but because her distress, and the childlike simplicity with which she cast herself upon his bosom, touched his spirit, and drew forth all the affection of a parent who "loved not wisely but too well."

Let not my readers, however, condemn him too harshly for this, for alas, he paid, in the bitterness of a father's misery, a woeful and mysterious penalty for a father's weakness. His beloved one went before, and the old man could not remain behind her; but

their sorrows have passed away, and both now enjoy that peace, which, for the last few years of their lives, the world did not give them.

From this time forth Jane's ear listened only to the music of a happy heart, and her eye saw nothing but the beauty of that vision which shone in her pure bosom like the star of evening in some limpid current that glides smoothly between rustic meadows on whose green banks the heart is charmed into happiness by the distant hum of pastoral life.

Love, however, will not be long without its object, nor can the soul be happy in the absence of its counterpart. For some time after the interview in which the passion of our young lovers was revealed, Jane found solitude to be the same solace to her love, that human sympathy is to affliction. The certainty that she was now beloved, caused her heart to lapse into those alternations of repose and enjoyment which above all other states of feeling nourish its affections. Indeed the change was surprising which she felt within her and around her. On looking back, all that portion of her life that had passed before her attachment to Osborne, seemed dark and without any definite purpose. She wondered at it as at a mystery which she could not solve; it was only now she lived; her existence commenced, she thought, with her passion, and with it only she was satisfied it could cease. Nature wore in her eyes a new aspect, was clothed with such beauty, and breathed such a spirit of love and harmony, as she only perceived now for the first time. Her parents were kinder and better she thought than they had before appeared to her, and her sisters and brother seemed endued with warmer affections and brighter virtues than they had ever possessed. Every thing near her and about her partook in a more especial manner of this delightful change; the servants were won by sweetness so irresistible—the dogs were more kindly caressed, and Ariel—her own Ariel was, if possible, more beloved.

Oh why—why is not love so pure and exalted as this more characteristic of human attachments? And why is it that affection, as exhibited in general life, is so rarely seen unstained by the taint of some darker passion? Love

om, fair girl—love on in thy purity and innocence! The beauty that thou sweet in nature, and the music it sends forth, exist only in thy own heart, and the light which plays around thee like a glory, is only the reflection of that image whose lustre has taken away the shadows from thy spirit!

In the mean time the heart, as we said, will, after the repose which must follow excitement, necessarily move towards that object in which it seeks its ultimate enjoyment. A week had now elapsed, and Jane began to feel troubled by the absence of her lover. Her eye wished once more to feast upon his beauty, and her ear again to drink in the melody of his voice. It was true—it was surely true—and she put her long white fingers to her forehead while thinking of him—yes, yes—it was true that he loved her—but her heart called again for his presence, and longed to hear him once more repeat, in fervid accents of eloquence, the enthusiasm of his passion.

Acknowledged love, however, in pure and honourable minds, places the conduct under that refined sense of propriety, which is not only felt to be a restraint upon the freedom of virtuous principle itself, but is observed with that jealous circumspection which considers even suspicion as a stain upon its purity. No matter how intense affection in a virtuous bosom may be, yet no decorum of life is violated by it, no outwork even of the minor morals surrendered, nor is any act or expression suffered to appear that might take away from the exquisite feeling of what is morally essential to female modesty. For this reason, therefore, it was that our heroine, though anxious to meet Osborne again, could not bring herself to walk towards her accustomed haunts, lest he might suspect that she thus indecately sought him out. He had frequently been there, and wondered that *she* never came; but however deep his disappointment at her absence, or it might be, neglect, yet in consequence of their last interview, he could not summon courage to pay a visit, as he had sometimes before done, to her family.

Nearly a fortnight had now elapsed, when Jane, walking one day in a small shrubbery that skirted the little lawn before her father's door, received a note by a messenger whom she recognized as a servant of Mr. Osborne's.

The man, after putting it into her hands, added:

"I was desired, if possible, to bring back an answer."

She blushed deeply on receiving it, and shook so much that the tremor of her small white hands gave evident proof of the agitation which it produced in her bosom. She read as follows:—

"Oh why is it that I cannot see you? or what has become of you? This absence is painful to me beyond the power of endurance. Alas, if you loved with the deep and burning devotion that I do, you would not thus avoid me. Do you not know, and feel, that our hearts have poured into each other the secret of our mutual passion. Oh surely, surely, you cannot forget that moment—a moment for which I could willingly endure a century of pain. That moment has thrown a charm into my existence that will render my whole future life sweet. All that I may suffer will be, and already is softened in the consciousness that you love me. Oh let me see you—I cannot rest, I cannot live without you. I beseech you, I implore you, as you would not bring me down to despair and sorrow—as you would not wring my heart with the agony of disappointment—to meet me this evening at the same place and the same hour as before.

"Yours—yours for ever,

"H. O.

"N. B.—The bearer is trustworthy, and already acquainted with the secret of our attachment, so that you need not hesitate to send me a reply by him—and let it be a *written* one."

After perusing this, she paused for a moment, and felt so much embarrassed by the fact of their love being known to a third person, that she could not look upon the messenger, while addressing him, without shamefacedness and confusion.

"Wait a little," she said at length, "I will return presently"—and with a singular conflict between joy, shame, and terror, she passed with downcast looks out of the shrubbery, sought her own room, and having placed writing materials before her, attempted to write. It was not, however, till after some minutes that she could collect herself sufficiently to use them. As she took the pen in her hand, something like guilt seemed to press upon her heart—the blood forsook her

cheeks, and her strength absolutely left her.

"Is not this wrong," she thought. "I have already been guilty of dissimulation, if not of direct falsehood to my father, and now I am about to enter into a correspondence without his knowledge."

The acuteness of her moral sense occasioned her, in fact, to feel much distress, and the impression of religious sanction early inculcated upon a mind naturally so gentle and innocent as her's, cast by its solemn influence a deep gloom over the brief history of their loves. She laid the pen down, and covering her face with both hands, burst into a flood of tears.

"Why is it," she said to herself, "that a conviction as if of guilt mingles itself with my affection for him; and that snatches of pain and melancholy darken my mind, when I join in our morning and evening worship? I fear, I fear, that God's grace and protection have been withdrawn from me ever since I deceived my father. But these errors," she proceeded, "are my own, and not Henry's—and why should *he* suffer pain and distress because *I* have been uncandid to others?"

Upon this slender argument she proceeded to write the following reply, but still with an undercurrent of something like remorse stealing through a mind that felt with incredible delicacy the slightest deviation from what was right, yet possessed not the necessary firmness to resist what was wrong.

"I know that it is indelicate, and very improper—yes, and sinful in me to write to you—and I would not do so, but that I cannot bear to think that *you* should suffer pain. Why should you be distressed, when you know that my affection for you will never change?—*will*, alas! I should add, *can* never change. Dear Henry, is it not sufficient for our happiness that our love is mutual? It ought at least to be so; and it would be so, provided we kept its character unstained by any deviation from moral feeling or duty in the sight of God. You must not continue to write to me, for I shall not, and I can not persist in a course of deliberate insincerity to those who love me with so much affection. I will, however, see you this day, two hours earlier than the time appointed

in your note. I could not absent myself from the family *then*, without again risking an indirect breach of truth, and this I am resolved never to do. I hope you will not think less of me for writing to you, although it be very wrong on my part. I have already wept for it, and my eyes are even now filled with tears; but *you* surely will not be a harsh judge upon the conduct of *your own*

"JANE SINCLAIR."

Having sealed this letter, she hid it in her bosom, and after delaying a short time to compose her features, again proceeded to the shrubbery, where she found the servant waiting. Simple as was the act of handing him the note, yet so inexpressibly delicate was the whole tenor of her mind, that the slightest step irreconcilable with her standard of female propriety, left behind it a distinct and painful trace that disturbed the equilibrium of a character so finely balanced. With an abashed face and burning brow, she summoned courage, however, to give it, and was instantly proceeding home, when the messenger observed that she had given him the wrong letter. She then took the right one from her bosom, and placing it in his hands would again have hurried into the house.

"You do not mean, I suppose, to send him back his own note," observed the man, handing her Osborne's as he spoke.

"No, no," she replied, "give it to me; I knew not—in fact it was a mistake." She then received Osborne's letter, and hastily withdrew.

The reader may have observed, that so long as Jane merely contemplated the affection that subsisted between Osborne and herself, as a matter unconnected with any relative association, and one on which the heart will dwell with delight while nothing intrudes to disturb its serenity, so long was the contemplation one of perfect happiness. But the moment she approached her family, or found herself on the eve of taking another step in its progress, such was her almost morbid candour, and her timid shrinking from any violation of truth, that her affection for this very reason became darkened, as she herself said, by snatches of melancholy and pain.

It is indeed difficult to say whether such a tender perception of good and evil as characterized all her emotions, may not have predisposed her mind to the unhappy malady which eventually overcame it ; or whether, on the other hand, the latent existence of the malady in her temperament may not have rendered such perceptions too delicate for the healthy discharge of human duties.

Be this as it may, our innocent and beautiful girl is equally to be pitied ; and we trust that in either case the smears of the coarse and heartless will be spared against a character which they cannot understand. At all events, if we think slightly, and but slightly evident, that even at the present stage of her affection, something prophetic of her calamity, in a faintly perceptible degree may, to an observing mind, be recognized in the vivid and impulsive power with which that affection has operated upon her. If anything could prove this, it is the fervency with which, previous to the hour of appointment, she bent in worship before God, to beseech his pardon for the secret interview she was about to give her lover. And in any other case, such an impression, full of religious feeling as it was, would have prevented the subject of it from acting contrary to its tendency ; but here was the refined dread of error, lively even to sentences, absolutely incapable of drawing back the mind from the transgression of moral duty which filled it with a feeling nearly akin to remorse.

Jane that day met the family at dinner, merely as a matter of course, for she could eat nothing. There was, independently of this, a timidity in her manner which they noticed, but could not understand.

"Why," said her father, "you were never a great eater, Jane, but latterly you live, like the chameleon, on air. Surely your health cannot be good, with such a poor appetite ;—your own Ariel eats more."

"I feel my health to be very good, papa ; but—" she hesitated a little, attempted to speak, and paused again ; "Although my health is good," she at last proceeded, "I am not, papa,—I mean my spirits are sometimes better than they ever were, and sometimes more depressed."

"They are depressed now, Jane," said her mother.

"I don't know that, mamma. Indeed I could not describe my present state of feeling ; but I think,—indeed I know I am not so good as I ought to be. I am not so good, mamma, and maybe one day you will all have to forgive me more than you think."

Her father laid his knife and fork down, and fixing his eyes affectionately upon her, said :

"My child, there is something wrong with you."

Jane herself, who sat beside her mother, made no reply ; but putting her arms about her neck, she laid her cheek against her's, and wept for many minutes. She then rose in a paroxysm of increasing sorrow, and throwing her arms about her father's neck also, sobbed out as upon the occasion already mentioned :—

"Oh, papa, pity and forgive me ;—your poor Jane, pity her and forgive her."

The old man struggled with his grief, for he saw that the tears of the family rendered it a duty upon him to be firm : nay, he smiled after a manner, and said in a voice of forced good humour :

"You are a foolish slut, Jane, and play upon us, because you know we pet and love you too much. If you cannot eat your dinner go play, and get an appetite for tomorrow."

She kissed him, and as was her habit of compliance with his slightest wish, left the room as he had desired her.

"Henry," said his wife, "there is something wrong with her."

For a time he could not speak ; but after a deep silence he wiped away a few straggling tears, and replied :

"Yes! yes! do you not see that there is a mystery upon my child!—a mystery which weighs down my heart with affliction."

"Dear papa," said Agnes, "don't forebode evil for her."

"It's a mere nervous affection," said William. "She ought to take more exercise. Of late she has been too much within."

Maria and Agnes exchanged looks ; and for the first time, a suspicion of the probable cause flashed simultaneously across their minds. They sat

beside each other at dinner, and Maria said in a whisper :

"Agnes, you and I are thinking of the same thing."

"I am thinking of Jane," said her candid and affectionate sister.

"My opinion is," rejoined Maria, "that she is attached to Charles Osborne."

"I suspect it is so," whispered Agnes. "Indeed from many things that occur to me I am now certain of it."

"I don't see any particular harm in that," replied Maria.

"It may be a very unhappy attachment for Jane, though," said Agnes. "Only think, Maria, if Osborne should not return her affection: I know Jane,—she would sink under it."

"Not return her affection!" replied her sister. "Where would he find another so beautiful, and every way so worthy of him?"

"Very true, Maria; and I trust in heaven he may think so. But how, if he should never know or suspect her love for him?"

"I cannot answer *that*," said the other; "but we will talk more about it by-and-by."

Whilst this dialogue went on in a low tone, the other members of the family sat in silence and concern, each evidently anxious to develop the mystery of Jane's recent excitement at dinner. At length the old man's eye fell upon his two other daughters, and he said :

"What is this, children—what is this whispering all about? Perhaps some of you can explain the conduct of that poor child."

"But, papa," said Agnes, "you are not to know *all* our secrets."

"Am I not, indeed, Aggy? That's pretty evident from the cautious tone in which you and Mary speak."

"Well, but Agnes is right, Henry," said her mother: "to know the daughters' secrets is my privilege—and yours to know William's—if he has any."

"Upon my word, mother, mine are easily carried, I assure you."

"Suppose, papa," observed Agnes, good-humouredly, "that I was to fall in love, now—as is not—"

"Improbable that you may—you baggage," replied her father, smiling whilst he completed the sentence;

"Well, and would you not tell me if you did?"

"No indeed, sir; I should not. Perhaps I ought,—but I could not, certainly, bring myself to do it. For instance, would it be either modest or delicate in me, to go and say to your face, 'Papa, I'm in love.' In that case the next step, I suppose, would be to make you the messenger between us. Now would you not expect as much, papa, if I told you?" said the arch and lively girl.

"Aggy, you are a presuming gipsy," replied the old man, joining in the laugh which she had caused. "Me your messenger!"

"Yes, and a steady one you would make, sir. I am sure you would not, at all events, overstep your instructions."

"That will be one quality essentially necessary to any messenger of *yours*, Agnes," replied her father, in the same spirit.

"Papa," said she, suddenly changing her manner, and laying aside her gaiety, "what I said in jest of myself, may be seriously true of another in this very family. Suppose Jane?"

"Jane!" exclaimed the old man;—"impossible! She is but a girl!—a child!"

"Agnes, this is foolish of you," said her sister. "It is possible, after all, that you are doing poor Jane injustice. Papa, Agnes only speaks from suspicion. We are not certain of anything. It was I mentioned it first, but merely from suspicion."

"If Jane's affections are engaged," said her father, "I tremble to think of the consequences should she experience the slightest disappointment. But it cannot be, Maria,—the girl has too much sense, and her principles are too well established."

"What is it you mean, girls?" inquired their mother, in a tone of surprise and alarm.

"Indeed, Agnes," said Maria, reprovingly, "it is neither fair nor friendly to poor Jane, to bring out a story founded only on a mere surmise. Agnes insists, mamma, that Jane is attached to Charles Osborne."

"It certainly occurred to us only a few moments ago, I allow," replied Agnes; but if I am mistaken in this, I will give up my judgment in everything

else. And I mentioned it solely to prevent our own distress, particularly papa's, with respect to the change that is of late so visible in her conduct and manner."

Strange to say, however, that Mr. Sinclair and his wife both repudiated the idea of her attachment to Osborne, and insisted that Agnes' suspicion was rash and groundless.

It was impossible, they said, that such an attachment could exist; Jane and Osborne had seen too little of each other, and were both of a disposition too shy and diffident to rush so precipitately into a passion that is usually the result of far riper years than either of them had yet reached.

Mr. Sinclair admitted that Jane was a girl full of affection, and likely to be extremely susceptible, yet it was absurd, he added, to suppose for a moment, that she would suffer them to be engaged, or her peace of mind disturbed, by a foolish regard for a smooth-faced boy, and she herself not much beyond sixteen.

There is scarcely to be found, in the whole range of human life and character any observation more true, and at the same time more difficult to be understood, than the singular infatuation of parents who have survived their own passions,—whenever the prudence of their children happens to be called in question.

We know not whether such a fact be necessary to the economy of life, and the free breathings of youthful liberty, but this at least is clear to any one capable of noting down its ordinary occurrences, that no matter how acutely and vividly parents themselves may have felt the passion of love when young, they appear as ignorant of the symptoms that mark its stages in the lives of their children, as if all memory of its existence had been obliterated out of their being. Perhaps this may be wisely designed, and no doubt it is; but, alas! its truth is a melancholy comment upon the fleeting character of the only passion that charms our early life, and fills the soul with sensations too ethereal to be retained by a heart which grosser associations have brought beneath the standard of purity necessary for their existence in it.

Jane, as she bent her way to the place of appointment, felt like one gradually emerging out of darkness into light. The scene at dinner had quickened her moral sense, which, as the reader already knows, was previous to that perhaps morbidly acute. Every step however towards the idol of her young devotion, removed the memory of what had occurred at home, and collected around her heart all the joys and terrors that in maidenly diffidence characterize the interview she was about to give her lover. Oh how little do we know of those rapid lights and shadows which shift and tremble across the spirits of the gentler sex, when approaching to hold this tender communion with those whom they love. Nothing that we remember resembles the busy working of the soul on such occasions, so much as those lucid streamers which flit in sweeps of delicate light along the northern sky, filling it at once with beauty and terror, and emitting at the same time a far and almost inaudible undertone of unbroken music.

Trembling and fluttering like a newly-caught bird, Jane approached the place of meeting and found Osborne there awaiting her. The moment he saw the graceful young creature approach him, he felt that he had never until then loved her so intensely. The first declaration of their attachment was made during an accidental interview, but there is a feeling of buoyant confidence that flashes up from the heart, when, at the first concerted meeting of love we see the object of our affection advance towards us,—for that deliberate act of a faithful heart separates the beloved one, in imagination, to ourselves, and gives a fulness to our enjoyment which melts us in an exulting tenderness indescribable by language. Those who have doubted the punctuality of some beloved girl, and afterwards seen her come, will allow that our description of that rapturous moment is not overdrawn.

"My dear, dear Jane," exclaimed Osborne, taking her hand and placing her beside him, "I neither knew my own heart nor the extent of its affection for you until this meeting. In what terms shall I express—but I will

not attempt it—I cannot—but my soul burns—it burns with love for you, such as was never felt by mortal.”

“It is my trust and confidence in your love that brings me here,” she replied; “and indeed Charles it is more than that—I know your health is, at the best, easily affected, and your spirits naturally prone to despondency; and I feared,” said the artless girl, “that—that—indeed I feared you might suffer pain, and that pain might bring on ill health again.”

“And I am so dear to you, Jane?”

Jane replied by a smile and a look inexpressibly tender.

“I am, I am!” he exclaimed with rapture; “and now the world—life—nothing—nothing can add to the fullness of my happiness. And your note, my beloved—the conclusion of it—*your own Jane Sinclair!* But you must be more my own yet—legally and for ever mine! Mine! Shall I be able to bear it!—shall I? Jane?” said he, his enthusiastic temperament kindling as he spoke—“Oh what, my dearest, my own dearest, if this should not last, will it not consume me? Will it not destroy me? this overwhelming excess of rapture!”

“But you must restrain it, Charles; surely the suspense arising from the doubt of our being beloved is more painful than the certainty that we are so.”

“Yes; but the exulting ecstacy, my dear Jane, to me almost oppressive,—but I rave, I rave; it is all delight—all happiness! Yes, it will prolong life,—for we know what we live for.”

“We do,” said Jane, in a low, sweet voice, whilst her eye fed upon his beauty. “Do I not live for you, Charles?”

His lip was near her cheek as she spoke; he then gently drew her to him, and in a voice lower, and if possible more melodious than her own, said, “Oh Jane, is there not something inexpressibly affectionate—some wild and melting charm in the word *wife*?”

“That is a feeling,” she replied, evidently softened by the tender spirit of his words, “of which you are a better judge than I can be.”

“Oh say, my dearest, let me hear you say with your own lips, that you will be my wife.”

“I will,” she whispered—and as she

spoke, he inhaled the fragrance of her breath.

“My wife!”

“Your wife!”

Sweet, and long, and rapturous was the kiss which sealed this sacred and entrancing promise. The pathetic sentiment that pervaded their attachment kept their passion pure, and seldom have two lovers so beautiful, sat cheek to cheek together, in an embrace guileless and innocent as theirs.

Jane, however, withdrew herself from his arms, and for a few moments, felt not even conscious, so far was her heart removed from evil, that an embrace under such circumstances was questionable, much less improper. Following so naturally from the tenderness of their dialogue, it seemed to be rather the necessary action arising from the eloquence of their feeling, than an act which might incur censure or reproof. Her fine sense of propriety, however, could be scarcely said to have slumbered, for, with a burning cheek and a sobbing voice, she exclaimed,

“Charles, these secret meetings must cease. They have involved me in a course of dissimulation and falsehood towards my family, which I cannot bear. You say you love me, and I know you do, but surely you could not esteem, nor place full confidence in a girl, who, to gratify either her own affection or yours, would deceive her parents.”

“But, my dearest girl, you reason too severely. Surely almost all who love must, in the earliest stages of their affection, practise, to a certain extent, a harmless deception upon their friends, until at least their love is sanctioned.—Marriages founded upon mutual attachment, would be otherwise impracticable.”

“No deception, dear Charles, can be harmless. I cannot forget the precepts of truth, and virtue, and obedience to a higher law even than his own will, which my dear papa taught me, and I will never more violate them, even for you.”

“You are too pure, too full of truth, my beloved girl, for this world. Social life is carried on by so much dissimulation, hypocrisy, and falsehood, that you will be actually unfit to live in it.”

"Then let me die in it sooner than be guilty of any one of them. No, dear Charles, I am not too full of truth. On the contrary, I cannot understand why it is that my love for you has plunged me into deceit. Nay more, Charles," she exclaimed, rising up, and placing her hand on her heart, "I am wrong *here*—why is it, will you tell me, that our attachment has crossed and disturbed my devotions to God. I cannot worship God as I would, and as I need to do. What if his grace be withdrawn from me? Could you love me then? Could you love a *cast-a-way*? No, Charles, you love truth too well, to cherish affection for a being, reprobate perhaps, and full of treachery and falsehood. I hope I am not such, but I fear sometimes that I am."

Her youthful lover gazed upon her as she stood with her sparkling eyes fixed upon vacancy. Never did she appear so beautiful; her features were kindled into an expression which was new to him—but an expression so full of high moral feeling beaming like the very divinity of truth from her countenance, yet overshadowed by an unsettled gloom which gave to her whole appearance, the power of creating both awe and admiration in the spectator.

The boy was deeply affected, and in a voice scarcely firm, said in soothing and endearing accents, whilst he took her hand in his,

"Jane, my best beloved, and dearest—say, oh say, in what manner I can compose your mind, or relieve you from the necessity of practising the deceit which troubles you so much."

"Oh," said she, bending her eye on him, "but it is sweet to be beloved by those that are dear to us. Your sympathy thrills through my whole frame with a soothing sensation inexpressibly delightful. It is sweet to me—for you, Charles, are my only confident. Dear, dear Charles, how I longed to see you, and to hear your voice."

As she made this simple but touching admission of the power of her love, she laid her head on his bosom and wept. "Charles pressed her to his heart, and strove to speak, but could not—she felt his tears raining fast upon her face.

At length he said, pressing his beautiful one more to his beating bosom—

"the moment, the moment that I cease to love you, may it, O God, be my last."

She rose, and quietly wiping her eyes, said—"I will go—we will meet no more—no more in secret."

"Oh, Jane," said her lover, "how shall I make myself worthy of you; but why," he added, "should our love be a secret? Surely it will be sanctioned by our friends. You shall not be distressed by the necessity of insincerity, although it would be wrong to call the simple concealment of your love for me by so harsh a name."

"But my papa," she said, "he is so good to me; they are all so affectionate, they love me too much; but my dear papa, I cannot stand with a stain on my conscience in his presence. Not that I fear him; but it would be treacherous and ungrateful; I would tell him all, but I cannot.

"My sweet girl, let not that distress you. Your father shall be made acquainted with it from other lips. I will disclose the secret to my father, and, with a proud heart, tell him of our affection."

It never once occurred to a creature so utterly unacquainted with the ways of the world as Jane was, that Mr. Osborne might disapprove of their attachment, and prevent a boy so youthful, from following the bent of his own inclinations.

"Dear Charles," said she, smiling, "what a load their approval will take off my heart. I can then have papa's pardon for my past duplicity towards him; and my mind will be so much soothed and composed. We can also meet each other with their sanction."

"My wife! my wife! said Osborne, looking on her with a rapturous gaze of love and admiration—and carrying her allusion to the consent of their families up to the period when he might legitimately give her that title—"My wife," he exclaimed, "my young, my beautiful, my pure and unspotted wife. Heavens! and is—*is* the day surely to come when I am to call you so!"

The beautiful girl hung her head a moment as if abashed, then gliding timidly towards him, leant upon his shoulder, and putting her lips up to his ear, with a blush as much of delight as of modesty whispered—"My husband, my husband, why should not these

words, dear Charles, be as sweet a charm to my heart, as those you've mentioned are to yours. I would, but I cannot add—no, I will not suffer it, she exclaimed, on his attempting, in the prostration of the moment, to embrace her. You must not presume upon the sincerity of an affectionate and ingenuous heart. Farewell, dear Charles, until we can see each other without a consciousness that we are doing wrong." Saying which, she extended her hand to him, and in a moment was on her way home.

And *was* the day to come when he could call her his? Alas! that day was never registered in the records of time.

Oh! how deeply beloved was our heroine by her family, when her moods of mind and state of spirits fixed the tone of their domestic enjoyments and almost influenced the happiness of their lives. O gentle and pure spirit, what heart cannot love thee, when those who know thee best gathered their affections so lovingly around thee, the star of their hearth—the idol of their inner shrine—the beautiful, the meek, the affectionate, and even then, in consequence of thy transcendent charms, the far-famed Fawn of Springvale!

In the early part of that evening, Jane's spirits, equable and calm, hushed in a great measure the little domestic debate which had been held at dinner, concerning the state of her affections. The whole family partook of her cheerfulness, and her parents in particular, cast several looks of triumphant sagacity at Maria and Agnes, especially at the latter.

"Jane," said her father, in the triumph of his heart, "you are not aware that Agnes is in love."

The good-humoured tone in which this was spoken, added to the utterly unsuspecting character of the innocent being to whom the words were addressed, rendered it impossible for Jane to suppose that there was any latent meaning in his observation that could be levelled at herself. In truth, there was not, for any satire it contained was directed especially to Agnes. There are tones of voice, the drift of which no effort, however forced or studied, can conceal, particularly from those who, by intimacy and observation, are acquainted with them, and with the

moods of mind and shades of feeling which prompt them. Jane knew intuitively by the tone in which her father spoke—and by the expression of his countenance, that the words were not meant to apply by any direct analogy to herself. She consequently preserved her composure and replied to the question, with the same good humour in which the words were uttered,

"Agnes in love! Well papa, and surely that is not unnatural."

"Thank you, Jane," replied Agnes. "Papa, that's a rebuff worth something; and Jane," she proceeded, anxious still to vindicate her own sagacity with respect to her sister, "suppose I should be in love, surely I may carry on an innocent intercourse with my lover, without consulting papa."

"No, Agnes, you should not," replied her sister, vehemently; "no intercourse—no intercourse without papa's knowledge, can be innocent. There is deceit and dissimulation in it—there is treachery in it. It is impossible to say how gloomily such an intercourse may end. Only think, my dear Agnes," she proceeded, in a low, but vehement and condensed voice—"only think, dear Agnes, what the consequences might be to you if such an attachment, and such a clandestine mode of conducting it, should in consequence of your duplicity to papa, cause the Almighty God to withdraw his grace from you, and that you should thereby become a cast-away—a cast-away! I shudder to think of it! I shudder to think of it."

"Jane, sit beside me," said Mr. Sinclair; "you are rather too hard upon poor Agnes—but, still come, and sit beside me. You are my own sweet child—my own dutiful and candid girl."

"I cannot, I cannot, papa; I *dare* not," she exclaimed, and without uttering another word she arose, and rushed out of the room. In less than a minute, however, she returned again, and approaching him said—"Papa, forgive me, I will I trust, soon be a better girl than I am; bless me, and bid me good night. Mamma, bless me you too, I am your poor Jane, and I know you all love me more than you ought. Do not think that I am unhappy—do not think it. I have not been for some time so happy as I am to-night."

She then passed out of the room, and retired to her own apartment.

When she was gone, Agnes, who sat beside her father, turned to him, and leaning her head upon his breast, burst into bitter tears.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "I believe you will now admit that I have gained the victory. My sister's peace of mind or happiness is gone for ever. Unless Osborne either now is, or becomes in time attached to her, I know not what the consequences may be."

"It will be well for Osborne, at all events, if he has not practised upon her affections," said William; "that is, granting that the suspicion be just.—But the truth is, I don't think Osborne has any thing to do with her feelings. It is merely some imaginary trifle that she has got into her foolish little head, poor girl. Don't distress yourself, father—you know she was always over-scrupulous. Even the most harmless fib that ever was told, is a crime in her eyes. I wish, for my part, she had a little wholesome wickedness about—I don't mean that, sir, in a very unfavourable light," he said in reply to a look of severity from his father, "but I wish she had some leaning to error about her. She would, in one sense at least, be the better for it."

"We shall see," said his father, who evidently spoke in deep distress of mind, "we shall consider in the course of the evening what ought to be done."

"Better to take her gently," observed her mother, wiping away a tear, "gentleness and love will make her tell any thing—and that there is something on her mind no one can doubt."

"I won't have her distressed, my dear," replied her father. "It cannot be of much importance I think after all—but whatever it may be, her own candid mind will give it forth spontaneously. I know my child, and will answer for her."

"Why then, papa, are you so much distressed, if you think it of no importance?" asked Maria.

"If her finger ached, it would distress me, child, and you know it."

"Why, she and Osborne have had no opportunity of being together, out of the eyes of the family," observed William.

"That's more than you know, Wil-

ham," said Agnes; "she has often walked out."

"But she always did so," replied her mother.

"She would never meet him privately," said her father, firmly, "of that I am certain as my life."

"That, papa," returned Agnes, "I am afraid, is precisely what she has done, and what now distresses her. And I am sure that whatever is wrong with her, no explanation will be had from herself. Though kind and affectionate as ever, she has been very shy with me and Maria of late—and indeed, has made a point to keep aloof from us. Three or four times I spoke to her in a tone of confidence, as if I was about to introduce some secret of my own, but she always under some pretence or other left me. I had not thought of Osborne at the time, nor could I guess what troubled her—but something I saw did." Her father sighed deeply, and, clasping his hands, uttered a silent ejaculation to heaven on her behalf. "That is true," said he, "it is now the hour of evening worship; let us kneel and remember her trouble, the poor child, whatever it may be."

"Had I not better call her down, papa," said Agnes.

"Not this evening," he replied, "not this evening—she is too much disturbed, and will probably prefer praying alone."

"The old man then knelt down, and after the usual form of evening worship, uttered a solemn and affecting appeal upon her behalf, to Him, who can pour balm upon the wounded spirit, and say unto the weary and heavy laden, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." But when he went on in words more particularly describing her state of mind, to mention, and plead for "their youngest," and "their dearest," and "their best beloved," his voice became tremulous, and for a moment he paused, but the pause was filled up by the sobbings of those who loved her, and especially by the voice of that affectionate sister who loved her most—for of them all, Agnes only wept aloud. At length the prayer was concluded, and on rising up with wet eyes, they perceived that the beloved object of their supplications had glided into the room, and joined their worship unperceived.

"Dear Jane," said her father, "we did not know you were with us."

She made no immediate reply, but, after a moment's apparent struggle, went over, and laying her head upon his bosom, sobbed out—"Papa, your love has overcome me. I will tell you all."

"Soul of truth and candour," exclaimed the old man, clasping her to his bosom, "heroic child! I knew she would do it, and I said so. Go out now, and leave us to ourselves. Darling, don't be distressed. If you feel difficulty I will not ask to hear it. Or perhaps you would rather mention it to your mamma."

"No—to you papa—to you—and you will not be harsh upon me, I am a weak girl, and have done very wrong."

It was indeed a beautiful thing to see this fair and guiltless penitent leaning against her indulgent father's bosom, in which her blushing face was hid, and disclosing the history of an attachment as pure and innocent as ever warmed the heart of youth and beauty. Oh no wonder, thou sweetest and most artless of human beings, that when the heavy blight of reason came upon thee, and thou disappearedst from his eyes, that the old man's spirit became desolate and his heart broken, and that he said after thy dissolution to every word of comfort uttered to him—"It is vain, it is vain—I cannot stay. I hear *her* voice calling me—she calls me, my beautiful—my pride—my child—my child—she calls me, and I cannot stay." Nor did he long.

To none else did her father that night reveal the purport of this singular disclosure, except to Mrs. Sinclair herself—but the next morning before breakfast, the secret had been made known to the rest. All trouble and difficulty, as to the conduct they should pursue, were removed in consequence of Osborne's intention to ask his father to sanction their attachment, and until the consequences of that step should be known, nothing further on their part could be attempted. On this point, however, they were not permitted to remain long in suspense, for ere two o'clock that day, Mr. Osborne had, in the name of his son, proposed for the hand of our fair girl, which proposal we need scarcely say was instantly and joyfully accepted. It is true, their im-

mediate union was not contemplated. Both were much too youthful and inexperienced to undertake the serious duties of married life, but it was arranged that Osborne, whose health, besides, was not sufficiently firm, should travel, see the world, and strengthen his constitution by the genial air of a warmer and more salubrious climate.

Alas! why is it that the sorrows of love are far sweeter than its joys? We do not mean to say, that our young hero and heroine, if we may presume so to call them, were insensible to this lapse of serene delight which now opened upon them. No—the happiness they enjoyed was indeed such as few taste in such a world as this is. Their attachment was now sanctioned by all their mutual friends, and its progress was unimpeded by any scruple arising from clandestine intercourse, or a breach of duty. But, with secrecy passed away those trembling matches of unimaginable transport which no state of permitted love has ever yet known. The stolen glance, the passing whisper, the guarded pressure of the soft white hand timidly returned, and the fearful rapture of the hurried kiss—alas! alas!—and alas! for the memory of Eloiza!

Time, passed, and the preparations necessary for Osborne's journey were in fact nearly completed. One day, about a fortnight before his departure, he and Jane were sitting in a little ozier summer-house in Mr. Sinclair's garden, engaged in a conversation more tender than usual, for each felt their love deepen and their hearts sink as the hour of separation approached them. Jane's features exhibited such a singular union of placid confidence and melancholy, as gave something Madonna-like and divine to her beauty. Osborne sat, and for a long time gazed upon her with a silent intensity of rapture for which he could find no words. At length he exclaimed in a reverie—

"I will swear it—I may swear it."

"Swear what, Charles?"

"That the moment I see a girl more beautiful, I will cease to write to you—I will cease to love you."

The blood instantly forsook her cheeks, and she gazed at him with wonder and dismay.

"What, dear Charles, do you mean?"

"Oh, my pride and my treasure!" he exclaimed, wildly clasping her to his bosom—"there is none so fair—none on earth or in heaven itself so beautiful—that, my own ever dearest, is my meaning."

The confidence of her timid and loving heart was instantly restored—and she said smiling, yet with a tear struggling through her eyelid, "I believe I am—I think I am beautiful. I know they call me the Fawn of Springvale, because I am gentle."

"The angels are not so gentle, nor so pure, nor so innocent as you are, my unwedded wife."

"I am glad I am," she replied; "and I am glad, too, that I am beautiful—but it is all on your account, and for your sake, dear Charles."

The fascination—the power of such innocence, and purity, and love, utterly overcame him, and he wept in transport upon her bosom.

The approach of her sisters, however, and the liveliness of Agnes, soon changed the character of their dialogue. For an hour they ran and chased each other, and played about, after which Charles took his leave of them for the evening. Jane, as usual, being the last he parted from, whispered to him, as he went—

"Charles, promise me, that in future you won't repeat—the—the words you used in the summer-house."

"What words, love?"

"You remember—about—about—what you said you might *swear*—and that in that case, you would cease to love me."

"Why, dearest, should I promise you this?"

"Because," she said, in a low sweet whisper, "they disturb me when I think of them—a slight thing makes my heart sink."

"You are a foolish, sweet girl—but I promise you, I shall never again use them."

She bestowed on him a look and smile that were more than a sufficient compensation for this; and after again bidding him farewell, she tripped lightly into the house.

From this onward, until the day of their separation, the spirits of our young lovers were more and more overcast, and the mirthful intercourse of confident love altogether gone.

Their communion was now marked by despondency and by tears, for the most part shed during their confidential interviews with each other. In company they were silent and dejected, and ever as their eyes met in long and loving glances, they could scarcely repress their grief. Sometimes, indeed, Jane on being spoken to, after a considerable silence, would attempt in vain to reply, her quivering voice and tearful eyes affording unequivocal proof of the subject which engaged her heart. Their friends, of course, endeavoured to console and sustain them on both sides; and frequently succeeded in soothing them into a childlike resignation to the necessity that occasioned the dreary period of absence that lay before them. These intervals of patience however, did not last long; the spirits of our young lovers were, indeed, disquieted within them, and the heart of each drooped under the severest of all its calamities—the pain of loss for that object which is dearest to its affections.

It was arranged that, on the day previous to Charles's departure, Osborne's family should dine at Mr. Sinclair's; for they knew that the affliction caused by their separation would render it necessary that Jane, on that occasion, should be under her own roof, and near the attention and aid of her friends. Mr. Osborne almost regretted the resolution to which he had come of sending his son to travel, for he feared that the effect of absence from the fair girl to whom he was so deeply attached, might possibly countervail the benefits arising from a more favourable climate; but as he had already engaged the services of an able and experienced tutor, who on two or three previous occasions had been over the Continent, he expected, reasonably enough, that novelty, his tutor's good sense, and the natural elasticity of youth would soon efface a sorrow in general so transient, and in due time restore him to his usual spirits. He consequently adhered to his resolution—the day of departure was fixed, and arrangements made for the lovers to separate, as we have already intimated.

Jane Sinclair, from the period when Osborne's attachment and her's was known and sanctioned by their friends,

never slept a night from her beloved sister Agnes; nor had any other person living, not even Osborne himself, such an opportunity as Agnes had of registering in the records of a sisterly heart so faithful a transcript of her love.

On the night previous to their leave taking, Agnes was astonished at the coldness of her limbs, and begged her to allow additional covering to be put upon the bed.

"No, dear Agnes, no; only grant me one favour—do not speak to me—leave my heart to its own sorrows—to its own misery—to its own despair; for, Agnes, I feel a presentiment that I shall never see him again."

She pressed her lip against Agnes' cheek when she had concluded, and Agnes almost started, for that lip hitherto so glowing and warm, felt hard and cold as marble.

Osborne, who for some time past had spent almost every day at Mr. Sinclair's, arrived the next morning ere the family had concluded breakfast. Jane immediately left the table, for she had tasted nothing but a cup of tea, and placing herself beside him on the sofa, looked up mournfully into his face for more than a minute; she then caught his hand, and placing it between her's, gazed upon him again, and smiled. The boy saw at once that the smile was a smile of misery, and that the agony of separation was likely to be too much for her to bear. The contrast at that moment between them both was remarkable. She pale, cold, and almost abstracted from the perception of her immediate grief; he glowing in the deep carmine of youth and apparent health—his eye as well as her's sparkling with a light which the mere beauty of early life never gives. Ah, poor things! little did they, or those to whom they were so very dear, imagine that, as they then gazed upon each other, each bore in lineaments so beautiful the symptoms of the respective maladies that were to lay them low.

"I wish, Jane, you would try and get up your spirits, love, and see and be entertaining to poor Charles, as this is the last day he is to be with you."

She looked quickly at her mother—"The last, mamma?"

"I mean for a while, dear, until after his return from the Continent."

She seemed relieved by this. "Oh no, not the last, Charles," she said—"yet I know not how it is—I know not; but sometimes, indeed, I think it is—and if it were, if it were—"

A paleness more deadly spread over her face; and with a gaze of mute and undying devotion she clasped her hands, and repeated—"if it should be the last—the last!"

"I did not think you were so foolish or so weak a girl, Jane," said William, "as to be so cast down, merely because Charles is taking a skip to the Continent to get a mouthful of fresh air, and back again. Why, I know them that go to the Continent four times a year to transact business—a young fellow, by the way, that has been paying his addresses to a lady for the last six or seven years. I wish you saw *them* part, as I did—merely a hearty shake of the hand—'good by, Molly, take care of yourself till I see you again;' and, 'farewell, Simon, don't forget the shawl;' and the whole thing's over, and no more about it."

There was evidently something in these words that jarred upon a spirit of such natural tenderness as Jane's. While William was repeating them, her features expressed a feeling as if of much inward pain; and when he had concluded, she rose up, and seizing both his hands, said, in a tone of meek and earnest supplication:

"Oh! William dear, do not, do not—it is not consolation—it is distress."

"Dear Jane," said the good-natured brother, at once feeling his error, "pardon me, I was wrong; there is no resemblance in the cases—I only wanted to raise your spirits."

"True, William, true; I ought to thank you, and I do thank you."

Whilst this little incident took place, Mr. Sinclair came over and sat beside Charles.

"You see, my dear Charles," said he, "what a heavy task your separation from that poor girl is likely to prove. Let me beg that you will be as firm as possible, and sustain her by a cheerful play of spirits, if you can command them. Do violence to your own heart for this one day for her sake."

"I will be firm, sir," said Osborne, "if I can; but if I fail—if I—look at her," he proceeded, in a choking voice, "look at her, and then ask yourself why I—I *should* be firm?"

Whilst he spoke, Jane came over, and seating herself between her father and him, said:

"Papa, you will stay with me and Charles this day, and support us. You know, papa, that I am but a weak, weak girl; but when I do a wrong thing, I feel very penitent—I cannot rest."

"You never did wrong, darling," said Osborne, pressing his lips to her cheek, "you never did wrong."

"Papa, says I did not do *much* wrong; yet at one time I did not think so myself; but there is a thing presses upon me still. Papa," she added, turning abruptly to him, "are there not such things in this life as judgments from heaven?"

"Yes, my dear, upon the wicked who, by deep crimes, provoke the justice of the Almighty; but the ways of God are so mysterious, and the innocent so often suffer whilst the guilty escape, that we never almost hazard an opinion upon individual cases."

"But there are *cast-aways*?"

"Yes, darling; but here is Charles anxious to take you out to walk. With such a prospect of happiness and affection before you both, you ought surely to be in the best of spirits."

"Well, I can see why you evade my question," she replied; but she added abruptly, "bless us, papa, bless us. She knelt down, and pulled Charles gently upon his knees also, and joining both hands together, bent her head as if to receive the benediction."

Oh, mournful and heart-breaking was her loveliness, as she knelt down before the streaming eyes of her family—a Magdalene in beauty, without her guilt.

The old man, deeply moved by the distress of the interesting pair then bent before him, uttered a short prayer suitable to the occasion, after which he blessed them both, and again recommended them to the care of heaven, in terms of touching and beautiful simplicity. His daughter seemed relieved by this, for, after rising, she went to her mother and said:

"We are going to walk, mamma. I *must* endeavour to keep my spirits up this day, for poor Charles's sake."

"Yes, love, do," said her mother, that's a good girl. Let me see how cheerful and sprightly you'll be; and think, dear, of the happy days that are before you and Charles yet, when you'll live in love and affection, surrounded and cherished by both your families."

"Yes, yes," said she, "I often think of that—I'll try mamma—I'll try."

Saying which, she took Charles's arm, and the young persons all went out to together.

Jane's place, that evening, was by Osborne's side, as it had been with something like a faint clinging of terror during the whole day. She spoke little, and might be said rather to respond to all he uttered, than to sustain a part in the dialogue. Her distress was assuredly deep, but they knew not then, nor by any means suspected how fearful was its character in the remote and hidden depths of her soul. She sat with Osborne's right hand between her's, and scarcely for a moment ever took her sparkling eyes off his countenance. Many times was she observed to mutter to herself, and her lips frequently moved as if she had been speaking, but no words were uttered, nor any sense of her distress expressed. Once, only, in the course of the evening, were they startled into a hush of terror and dismay, by a single short laugh, uttered so loud and wildly, that a pause followed it, and, as if with one simultaneous movement, they all assembled about her. Their appearance, however, seemed to bring her to herself, for with her left hand she waited them away, saying, "Leave us—leave us—this is a day of sorrow to us—the day will end, but when, when, alas, will the sorrow? Papa, some of us will need your prayers now—the sunshine of Jane's life is over—I am the Fawn of Springvale no more—my time with the holy and affectionate flock of whom I was and am an unworthy one, will be short—I may be with you a day, as it were, the next is come and Jane is gone for ever."

"Father," said Osborne, "I shall not go;" and as he spoke he pressed

her to his bosom—"I will never leave her."

The boy's tears fell rapidly upon her pale cheeks, and on feeling them she looked up and smiled.

The sobbings of the family were loud, and bitter were the tears which the tender position of the young and beautiful pair wrung from the eyes that looked upon them.

"Your health, my boy," said his father, "my beautiful and only boy, renders it necessary that you should go. It is but for a time, Jane dear, my daughter, my boy's beloved, it is only for a time—let him leave you for a little, and he will return confirmed in health and knowledge, and worthy my dear, dear girl, to be your's for ever."

"My daughter," said Mr. Sinclair, "was once good and obedient, and she will now do whatever is her own papa's wish."

"Name it papa, name it," said she, still smiling.

"Suffer Charles to go, my darling—and do not—oh! do not take his departure so much to heart."

"Charles, you must go," said she. "It is the wish of your own father and of mine—but above all, it is the wish of your own—you cannot, you must not gainsay him. What love can prosper which is founded on disobedience or deceit? You know the words you once loved so well to repeat—I will repeat them now—you must, you will not surely refuse the request of your own Jane Sinclair."

The boy seemed for some time irresolute, but at length he clasped her in his arms, and, again, said, in a vehement burst of tenderness:

"No, father, my heart is resolved, I will never leave her.—It will kill me, it will lay me in an early grave, and you will have no son to look upon."

"But you will see the heroic example that Jane will set you," said Mr. Sinclair, "she will shame you into firmness, for she will now take leave of you at once; and see then if you love her as you say you do, whether you will not respect her so far as to follow

her example.—Jane, bid Charles farewell."

This was, perhaps, pressing her strength too far; at all events, the injunction came so unexpectedly, that a pause followed it, and they waited with painful expectation to see what she would do. For upwards of a minute she sat silent, and her lips moved as if she were communing with herself. At length she rose up, and stooping down kissed her lover's cheek, then, taking his hand as before between her's, she said in a voice astonishingly calm:

"Charles, farewell—remember that I am your Jane Sinclair." "Alas!" she added, "I am weak and feeble—help me out of the room."

Both her parents assisted her to leave it, but, on reaching the door, she drew back involuntarily, on hearing Osborne's struggles to detain her.

"Papa," she said, with a look inexpressibly wo-begone and suppliant—"Mamma!"

"Sweet child, what is it?" said both.

"Let me take one last look of him—it will be the last—but not—I—I trust; the last act of my duty to you both."

She turned round and gazed upon him for some time—her features, as she looked, dilated into an expression of delight.

"Is he not," said she, in a low placid whisper, while her smiling eye still rested upon him—"is he not beautiful? Oh! yes, he is beautiful—he is beautiful."

"He is, darling—he is," said both—come away now—come away—be only a good firm girl and all will soon be well.

"Very, very beautiful," said she, in a low contented voice, as without any further wish to remain, she accompanied her parents to another room.

Such was their leave-taking—thus did they separate. Did they ever meet?

Our story shall close next month, and then the reader will know.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XLVII.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

VOL. VIII.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW, AND DR. MURRAY.

It has been for some time a matter of doubt with us whether we should consider the "Dublin Review" a periodical, protected by its name against our inquisitorial authority, or regard it as we would any other work of the Triumvirs who have announced themselves its conductors, and who, by their declaration of purposes and principles, seem to challenge opposition and to invite scrutiny. We admit fully the claims of all our brethren of the ungentle craft on our forbearance. We are not of the nature which Butler ascribes to Hollanders

"Who feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,

And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes ;"
but, on the contrary, men sensitive to those better sympathies with our kind, upon which periodical offenders may place sure reliance. It is, however, to genuine brothers of the order, and to such only, our indulgence is extended. We may add, also, that the offences we overlook, even though a brother have wrought them, must be such as we think harmless. Where the misstatements are glaring and the reasonings inconclusive, if the work they disfigure is obscure and unpretending, or the cause they characterise one of little moment or account, we hold ourselves justified in showing that species of mercy in which a reviewer "passes by on the other side ;" but where statements sent forth with the recommendation of names to which notoriety is attached, making profession of exposing falsehood and dissipating delusion, and conveying right notions on most important subjects, are found marked by all the faults which the writers most severely condemn, we set the names of the authors against the name they have chosen for their organ ; their professions as polemics against their privileges as reviewers ; their practices against the immunities to which fraternization into our

order would seem to give a title—in short, we consider it in our department to review the "Dublin Review," because the Very Rev. Nicholas Wiseman, and the learned Michael James Quin and Daniel O'Connell, Esqrs., have declared the purposes which they design it to serve, and have avowed themselves its conductors. For once, at least, our mind is made up—we enter their garden of roses and gather a garland there.

We do not, for the present, concern ourselves with the first Number of the "Review," although we imagine that even for that there may be a time. We begin with the Number for July. The leading article is an invective against the landed proprietors of Ireland, who are described in the terms usual among modern agitators, and rejected from all societies in which truth and decency are cultivated. We do not think the article such as to demand a direct and formal notice. It seems designed to serve a double purpose, and make the boast or the confession that the visible capital of the small farmers in Ireland equals, at least, thirty millions sterling. If the landlords under whom so large a sum, exclusive of a very large "inert," and, as the reviewer writes, concealed, amount of wealth or money, has been accumulated, were to be accused of tyranny or extortion, we should have thought it reasonable to expect that the enormities with which they were charged should be specified. We knew, indeed, that the experiment of distinctness tried in the instance of Lord Beresford and Colonel Bruen had been found more indicative of boldness than discretion, and were not surprised that it was not to be repeated ; but we were scarcely prepared for such a degree of confidence as should describe a tenantry prosperous and wealthy, and hope to have vague and angry asser-

tion admitted as proof, that the landlords, under whom they thrive, were tyrannical and rapacious.

The second article is a defence of American Nunneries against charges contained in a narrative article entitled, "Six Months in a Convent." The defence consists principally of direct and indirect and uncorroborated denials; but, contains, also, some matter which appears to have a better claim on our attention. We shall notice one or two instances of the grounds on which certain practices of points of discipline are justified.

"Miss" Reed mentions frequently that the sisters expiated trivial faults by kissing the ground. Faults of disobedience, of infringing the rules, usually arise from an impulse of pride, which such humiliations may tend to correct. They are at least innocent, even if they be not effective. Such prostrations are very common in the east. *No Mahometan begins or concludes his orisons without frequently kissing the carpet on which he kneels.*"

Again in reply to another charge:

"The community did not sit upon their feet; whenever they sat down they sat on chairs. It is not even true that the posture in question would have been extremely painful to persons who, according to the statement, must have been accustomed to it. *The Mahometans and tailors, who do adopt it from choice, think it the reverse.*"

We think this passage might be classed among the many which furnish internal evidence that the article was provided by one of the confessors of the convent. The positive averment with respect to the practice of "the community;" the ingenious introduction of the word "community," in place of the word "they" which Miss Reed appears (we quote from the Review, not having the narrative) to have employed (and which may have been designed to designate the "leo turesas" who read the rules of St. Ursula, mortifying themselves by a painful posture, while they did so, rather than the community who sat "on chairs" and listened at their ease) seems to denote the casuist of the household. Various other passages, on which we have not leisure to dwell, point to the same conclusion, and satisfy us that some rev. director of the consciences of the recluse, has, very probably, be-

come their public apologist. Still there is a circumstance in the defence which puzzles us. It is the rapidity of association by which Mahometan practices present themselves as illustrating, and showing the wisdom of these observances in which the nuns are disciplined. Certainly the lord of a populous haram must be very conversant with the best modes of ensuring peace and obedience among its jealous inmates. We could therefore easily understand a reference to eastern despotism, if the western rulers were men who, in hours of relaxation and security, jested upon some similitudes in privilege or condition. We could readily understand, that, if such topics formed matter of frequent mirth and laughter in the privacy of monastic retreat, the lighter hours might insensibly impart a character not its own to moments of seriousness, and affect imperceptibly even grave writings. But, giving due credit to the sobriety of the trans-Atlantic divines, who direct the morals of secluded sisterhoods, we cannot easily account for the alien allusion. It certainly is somewhat curious that the western vestals and the polygamists of the east shall be found answering each to each so amicably; that talking of nunneries shall put their confessor in mind of a Turk, and that the ritual of conventual worship shall be gravely defended by the precedent of a Mahometan example. We trust it may be permitted us to hope that more than the despotism of the east will be imitated in the cloisters of Mount Benedict. We perceive that the Sultan has proclaimed liberty to the recluse in his establishment. Their chains have fallen off, their veils have become transparent; and they may ramble on the margin of the Bosphorus in the new-born joy of woman's privilege,

"To see, and to be gazed upon."

We trust that the glory of emancipation which has risen upon the serai, will not set before it smiles upon the cell, and that the sisters of St. Ursula, who have been trained in the postures and prostrations which the Koran recommends, may share in the freedom from restraint, which it is now found to tolerate; and that they may rove happily as the ladies of Constantinople—serious thoughts a sufficient guard upon their path, and maiden modesty

the veil which best becomes them. We should not have ventured on recommending a Mahometan example to the Ursuline sisterhood, had we not found the forms of Turkish devotion appealed to as precedents for the ritual of the convent. The respect evinced by the reviewer for Mahometan worship, by the nature of his reference to it will, we hope, plead our excuse for the suggestion we have ventured to offer, and benefit the cause of the fair clients, for whom we are solicitors.

Another characteristic of the convent deserves notice, (p. 322.)

"We leave the world therefore, to judge of Mrs. Henry Grey's accuracy, when she states in her concluding remarks (p. 123) that Miss Reed had been marked out as a prize, and was under the spell of their sorcery long before she was aware of it.

"A precious prize, indeed, to an Ursuline sisterhood, was a pauper and an outcast from her father's house, who could not even earn a scanty pittance by her own exertions! If Mrs. Henry Grey knew anything of the sisters of St. Ursula, she would have readily understood, that such a person would have been a drone in the hive—a nuisance to be avoided, instead of a treasure to be desired."

"No enemy can match a friend." We assure the reader the preceding passage has been correctly quoted. We plead guilty to the selection of italics, but the mark of admiration is found in the Review. "If Mrs. Henry Grey knew any thing of the sisters of St. Ursula!" What does their apologist say of them? He says that a young woman had become an outcast from her father's house, and was unable to procure a subsistence—that she was young—poor—inexperienced—unprotected—helpless—in the midst of many and great dangers—plunged into them because she desired to worship God agreeably to the discipline of the Church of Rome, and what was then the dictate of her conscience—and he adds that if Mrs. Grey knew anything of the Ursuline vestals, she must have known that they would not desire to shelter and save that young woman—because the taint of poverty was upon her. What a glance upon the passion of Popery to make proselytes. What an illustration of the principle which regards human souls as merchandise. Virgins of St. Ursula!—You are, surely, wise in

your generation—and you have an incomparable apologist:—

"If to your share, some Christian feelings fall,
Cite his defence, and we forget them all."

We pass over an article in which the interest is general, and light upon a defence of the Church of Rome, touching its jealousy of Holy Scripture. The doctrine of the reviewer is stated in a note, which we shall take the liberty to copy:—

"Throughout this article on the translations of the Bible, we have avoided adverting to the very distinct question of its circulation.

"It would be improper, however, to pass this flippant statement without some remark.

"The Council of Toulouse prohibited the laity from possessing the Scriptures.

"True. But what was this Council of Toulouse? or to whom did its prohibition extend? It was a diocesan, or at most, a provincial synod, and its decrees were intended solely for the government of the faithful of that district, in which the monstrous errors of the Albigenses had long been prevalent. Far from being extended to the universal church, they did not even regard any other province of France.

"What are the subsequent occasions on which this prohibition was repeated? Mr. Horne of course knew, else he would not have adopted the statement. But it is certain that there never was any general decree" (italics, as in the original) "such as that of which Hallam speaks. In the Council of Constance, where this very matter, the abuse of the Scripture, was introduced, no decree, prohibitory, or even restrictive, was issued.

"In the Council of Trent, a congregation was appointed to draw up a prohibitory index, and the only limitation which it affixes, is found in the fourth rule, by which the bishop, or pastor, or confessor is empowered to withhold the Scriptures from those to whose faith or piety its use might prove injurious."

Here the reviewer professes to cite a passage from Archbishop Bramhall, which he has not enabled us to verify, and which, accordingly, we omit—recommending to the reader the adoption of a practice, to which long and painful experience has enforced us, namely, to regard every quotation of a Roman Catholic controversialist false, or incorrect, until he has compared it with the original; and to spare himself the trouble of a search in every case wherein there is not a reference

to the page, or at least to the chapter of the volume from which the citation professes to be made. We perceive an increasing chariness in modern Romanists to give the *locus* of their quotations, and we know well the exposures and detections which have rendered such caution necessary. We have, accordingly, adopted our maxim, which we recommend to the reader,—to accept no testimony from the patrons and partizans of Romanism, unless they facilitate our search, by declaring where we shall find them.—Otherwise we might look as earnestly, and as long as politicians in and out of parliament looked for Patrick Egan of Moate, and to as little purpose. We copy, then, no quotation by which an advocate of the Church of Rome affects to strengthen his case, unless he inform us where the passage can be found,—and we proceed to show, that even in the citation we have recently made the wisdom of our abstinence is proved and vindicated:—

“In the Council of Trent, a congregation was appointed to draw up a prohibitory index, and the only limitation which it affixes, is found in the fourth rule, by which the bishop, pastor, or confessor, is empowered to withhold the Scriptures from those to whose faith, or piety, its use might prove injurious.”

This passage has the merit of clearness. It intimates, with a distinctness not to be misinterpreted, that freedom to read Scripture was the *rule* laid down in the “index,”—that restriction constituted the *exception*. The bishop, &c. was invested with power to withdraw from the unstable a privilege which they were likely to abuse; and wherever this power was not exercised, the natural right of man remained to read the books which had been divinely written for men’s learning. In short, no man needed a special permission to read or to justify his reading; although, under certain circumstances, he must respect a prohibition which his rashness or inexperience may have rendered necessary.

Now, if the truth be directly the reverse, who can again place confidence in “Dublin-Review” citations? If the truth be, that according to the rule of the “Index,” prohibition is the law,—permission the indulgence,—if it is declared sinful to read, not *after* the bishop has forbidden, but *before* he has permitted. That is to say, if the rule of the “Index” regard the Bible as a

book already interdicted, and only provides that, in certain circumstances, the interdict may be relaxed, will not the reader agree with us in thinking that the advocates of Rome should be distrusted, and that, unless, even in the plainest cases, they refer you to the place from which they have professedly quoted, it is just and wise to reject the arguments and gifts they proffer.

Here follows the fourth rule of the “Index:”—

“Forasmuch as it has been made manifest by experience that, if the indiscriminate reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue be permitted, injury in consequence of the rashness of man, rather than benefit, will ensue; let it rest on the judgment of the bishop or inquisitor,” (a title omitted by the “Review,”) “with the advice of the pastor or confessor, to concede the privilege of reading the Scriptures, translated by Catholic authors, to such persons as they have assured themselves will not receive from the study harm, but on the contrary, increase of faith and piety.”

“They who are indulged with this permission shall have the license in writing. But whosoever, without such a faculty, shall presume to read or to have the Bible, cannot be absolved of his sins until he has previously given it up to the ordinary. Regulars, also, without a faculty from their superiors, cannot read or purchase the Scriptures.”

Such is the rule! How criminally it has been misrepresented by its apologist, the reader can judge. According to the reviewer, it licenses every man to read the word of God until a direct prohibition from a priest or bishop arrest his studies,—it does not require of him to seek permission, or even to notify his pious purpose. According to the terms of the rule, the interdict and prohibition have been already proclaimed. Before a member of the Church of Rome read the word of God, the bishop or inquisitor and confessor are to hold a consultation on his circumstances and character. If they distrust him, farewell Scripture. If without their written permission he dare to read, he must surrender his Bible or perish in his sin. Is this like the representation given by the combined wisdom of the “Review?” About as much so as the regulations for distributing bread resemble those for administering poison. There are cases in which a merciful physician denies his patient food,—

there are cases in which a wise physician prescribes poison as medicine. The suspicion which the fathers of the congregation scowl, in their rule, upon the Bible, as a thing baneful to life, is softened and confused, when seen in the amiable reflection on the reviewer's pages, into the wise caution with which bread may sometimes be denied. Who can altogether subdue the scorn with which he contemplates a deceit like this? and who could consent to accept, without corroboration, the testimony of parties who could be guilty of it?

There is indeed one acknowledgment which we accept, notwithstanding the testimony of the learned triumvirate. It is, that the Catholic Church never made itself responsible for a prohibition of the Scriptures. The Church of Rome alone can claim this merit. If we are to credit the "Dublin Review," even the fourth rule of the "Index Prohibitorius" has been rescinded, so that the clauses in the Creed of Pius IV. in which the Bible is renounced contain the solitary rejection of Scripture, with which the Church of Rome is now chargeable. But we must not dwell on this subject. It is not Romanism but the "Dublin Review" we are glancing at. We return to our office.

"Here, in Catholic Italy,—Italy so little famed in the doctrines of the reformation,—Italy, the very hot-bed of Popery—we find not less than thirty distinct editions of the Italian Bible, in a period of about seventy years. Might not this satisfy all the pious cares of the most sanctified Biblical coterie in the kingdom?"

The reader may stare,—but these are the words, "Thirty editions in about seventy years."

Whether the editions issued one hundred copies each, or one thousand, we are not instructed,—but whatever was their issue, we inform the eloquent reviewer, that thirty editions in seventy years would not satisfy the "Biblicals" in England. We believe that a year does not elapse, in which copies of the Bible in the vernacular tongue do not issue from the English press, exceeding five-fold the productiveness of Italy in the seventy years of which the Dublin Reviewer makes his boast. "Thirty editions in seventy years!!"

The ecclesiastics in the Neapolitan States alone amounted, at one period, to two hundred thousand. The population of Italy exceeds sixteen mil-

lions. In seventy years is it too much to say that as many millions of human beings were brought into existence,—that ecclesiastics throughout the States of Italy exceeded one million? Is it rash to affirm that no edition of the Bible in that country consisted of more than five hundred copies,—or that fifteen thousand copies of the Scripture, for a population of seventy-millions of souls, of which more than one million consisted of ecclesiastics, was not an adequate supply? What a state of feeling must that be in which an advocate of the Church of Rome could boast of it! One copy of the Bible for every eighty priests—for every five thousand of the people!! Is it irrational or uncharitable to say, that where the supply to the clergy was but an eightieth of what ought to be the demand, the people were effectually protected against the dreaded and deprecated volumes?

Before we pass from this article on versions of the Scripture, we must give one specimen of the kind of thing which passes for reasoning, on the Romish side in controversy?

1 Cor. 9, v. is translated:—

"Have we not power to lead about a woman, a sister," &c. &c., and the translation is justified by the following argument. "The word *γυνή*, as every one knows, sometimes means woman in general, sometimes is restricted to the signification 'wife.' Its meaning, therefore, must be determined by circumstances,—but here it is sufficiently evident. St. Paul asks the question obviously in reference to Barnabas and himself. He has commenced the chapter in the singular number, and he resumes it in the thirteenth verse. If there could be a doubt as to the force of the plural here, it would be removed by the following verse, in which the 'have we not power' is resolved by the unequivocal words, *Barnabas and I alone*, have we not power? Speaking there of *two husbands*, he would have introduced two wives also; and does it not follow, for a contrary reason, that when he spoke not of two, but one, *γυναίκα*, he means not a wife, but an attendant matron, who was to provide for the necessities both of the Apostle and his companion?"

This morceau of reasoning is found at page 388 of the "Review," and a quick eye, glancing to page 389, can see it confronted by 1 Tim. 3 xii. which is thus translated, "LET THE DEACONS BE THE HUSBANDS OF ONE WIFE."

Incredible as it may seem, the fact is so. The reasoning by which the reviewer justifies his translation in page 888, by the time he has reached 889 he discards, as frivolous or unavailing. In the former page *you* cannot signify 'wife;' because, if it did, one wife would have two husbands,—in the latter it not only can, but actually does signify "wife,"—although the husbands are to be, not two—but as many as are the deacons in the Christian Church. It is unnecessary to remind the reader, that in the one case, so in the other, no such consequence is implied. No one supposes "let the deacons be the husbands of one wife," to imply more than if the phrase had been expressed in the singular number, nor could a different interpretation be assigned to that on which the reviewers have reasoned so profoundly. Our business, as we have already said, is not with Scripture versions, but with the "Review," which urges triumphantly in one paragraph, the reasoning which it contemptuously overlooks in the next. Who knoweth what a page may bring forth, in volumes of popish controversy!

The reviewer is not always thus incautious. In the article on the Protestant Association we find an instance of prudent omission worthy to be recorded. The severities exercised against certain Romish ecclesiastics, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are described, with a view to justify the seditious and treasonable proceedings of the missionary priests. "Will it be believed," exclaims the reviewer, "that several of those who suffered death, or were imprisoned, because they dissented from the religion of the state, were, previously to their trial, subjected to various modes of torture," &c. The reviewer proceeds, quoting, without acknowledgment, and almost verbatim, a passage to be found in the "Historical Memoirs of the English Catholics," with which Mr. Charles Butler appears to have been so pleased that he repeated it in his book of the Roman Catholic Church. The passage as given in the "Review," has however the merit, such as it is, of omitting an expression to be found in Mr. Butler's volumes, and of adding one which he has not been guilty of using. He did not say, "because they dissented from the religion of the state,"—it was for a very different of-

fence the culprits were punished. He *did* say, when speaking of the application of the torture as incredible, that it was "to an English reader" it would seem so. This distinction the reviewer has very judiciously omitted. Why would it appear incredible to an English reader? Because it is the civil, not the common law by which such tortures as the "Review" describes can be inflicted. That is to say, because they have their origin in that system of law which the Church of Rome approves, and which the constitution of England at all times rejected;—because when tortures were applied, they were contrary to English law—they were relics of Roman tyranny,—and they were, to their immortal honor, pronounced illegal by the venerable judges of our land. Therefore it might seem difficult of belief to an English reader, that culprits were in his country subjected to torture. But why especially to an *English* reader? Because, in every country where popery prevails, and her canons are accepted, torture is legalized.

We dwell not on this matter, but we thought it due to the reviewer to notice the ingenuity with which he has overlooked or suppressed an expression serving to suggest a remembrance of the complete deliverance of England from a cruel domination—by noting that a thing which would seem natural and ordinary in every popish country under heaven, would, at this day, appear incredible to a native of liberated England.

Another omission is more judicious still—it is the careful abstinence from all notice of dates, which might assist in determining whether the severities of English law, or the treasons of missionary priests were prior in point of time. The "Observations on the Vindication of J. K. L." contain a passage which shows that this is a distinction not without a difference.

"Suppose we were told by one (whose countenance expressed the horror which he wished to inspire) that he saw a number of individuals seize an unfortunate man, bind his hands behind his back, and, regardless of his cries and supplications, bear him to an eminence, from whence, after having adjusted a rope about his neck, they precipitated him, and suffered him to remain suspended until he was no more. Suppose this story eloquently told, and enforced by all the powers of

action and utterance, how could we think of those who were described as having thus barbarously treated the unfortunate man, but as of the most deliberate and inhuman murderers? But if it were added by some one who was better disposed to complete the story, that this man was himself a murderer, that he had been regularly condemned by the authority of the law, and that the men who were the instruments in bringing him to punishment, were only acting in obedience to that law—I fancy that our feelings would be very suddenly changed, that the individual whom we were so eloquently urged to compassionate would no longer be an object of very peculiar sympathy, and that the narrator who had endeavoured to defraud us of our pity, would encounter the weight of our indignation."

The review contents itself with describing one part of the history. It dwells upon the sufferings which members of the Church of Rome endured, but it does not complete a story which would shew that they suffered for grievous transgressions; and it does not state the important truth that even their punishments and the laws which directed them were not of the growth of England, but were exotics imported while Romanism had power, which never familiarised themselves with the climate and soil of free and manly sentiment, and were cast away with the other idols of popery, so soon as its yoke had been broken.

We are not defending the memory of Elizabeth, else should we cite that luminous passage in which Southey vindicates her reign from all the fabricated charges with which Romanists would asperse it; else should we shew from Romish historians—from Spondanus—from Bossuet—and even from Butler, that the severities of her times were called for by the treasons which they punished and defeated. How can men persevere in such audacious misrepresentations? In a reign in which one Pope is confessed to have employed, even while he wore an appearance of good-will, emissaries to propagate disaffection, and, so soon as the disagreement between Spain and England gave hope, to have issued his Bull, requiring of the British people that they should renounce their allegiance and depose their Queen—in which another Pope, when the vigorous determination of her Protestant subjects,

and the wisdom of her counsellors, rendered projects of treason perilous to her enemies, modified his predecessor's commands, so as that members of the Church of Rome were not required to put themselves in danger until further orders were given, but were still enjoined to regard their sovereign as one not worthy to reign—when a third reiterating the principles declared by his predecessors, required of the people that they should put them into action;—in the ages of the Popish insurrection in Northumberland—of the Armada—of the massacre of St. Bartholomew—of the solemn procession and jubilee proclaimed for joy over slaughtered Protestants—when the Prince of Orange was assassinated, and the life of Elizabeth threatened, and, in near apprehension of her danger, an association formed throughout England of noblemen and gentlemen, sworn to defend her person, and avenge her death:—in the midst of dangers and difficulties of such a period as this, who but the shallow or the false could affect to think that the severities which protected the state of England were to be accounted as persecutions for religion? They were severities which protected well-affected Roman Catholics from an authority which otherwise they could not have resisted; which converted the bull of Pius V. commanding them to rebel against their sovereign, into the moderated direction of Gregory XIII. that they might feel themselves permitted to await a favourable opportunity—severities which confirmed the hearts and gave authority to the remonstrances of those who distinguished between temporal and spiritual power, and held the former as well as the latter inviolate, and which abated the spirits of those who held the Pope supreme over all causes and persons, and taught them that they must move with a caution which diminished their influence—in short, which defeated those who would have called treason religion, and enabled the better affected to discharge their duty. Amid all these severities of which the reviewer complains, he tells us that the loyalty of the Romanists of England was steadfast. What can besay of Romish loyalty now? Now, that there are no severities inflicted, when, in the wantonness of over indulgence, it is accounted hardship to pay debts profitably contracted, and

sworn to be repaid ; now that all favor and power are conceded to them—what can he say of the loyalty promised by the indulged Roman Catholics of Ireland ?

This article on the Protestant Association contains a very remarkable acknowledgment respecting a book which has excited no slight degree of interest—the Rheimish Testament.

“The notes of the Rheimish Testament,” we are informed, “were undoubtedly intended to prepare the public mind for the invasion meditated by Philip II. when he projected the scheme of his armada. They were in unison with the celebrated sentence and declaration of Pope Sextus Quintus, which designated Elizabeth as an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII.—as an usurper and unjust ruler, who ought to be deposed—and as a heretic and schismatic, whom it was not only lawful, but commendable to destroy.”

Here is a confession of moment. The individual who makes it is not ashamed to censure, in most unmeasured terms, the mistake of the Rev. Robert M'Ghee in quoting as a genuine document Mr. Todd's parody of an encyclical letter. It is interesting to observe the difference between Protestant and Popish morals. A parody on a papal bull appears imputing to the Romish religion no one doctrine which it does not openly avow and inculcate ; the writer, the citer, every individual concerned, is assailed in the most indecent invectives, and is accused of the basest purposes. Even the Protestant press indignantly and very severely reprobates the fabrication. A popish version of Scripture appears, imputing to the Divine Being what even Romanists have confessed to be damnable doctrine—it is sent forth and circulated, confessedly, with the most flagitious views. It remains in circulation for two hundred and fifty years, and neither Pope, nor Council, nor congregation of the Index Council ever launch one bolt at the blasphemy—imprint one stigma on the forgery so foul and diabolical ; and, in the same pages in which the crime is confessed, and the toleration of the crime by Rome tacitly acknowledged, the day's inadvertency of Mr. M'Ghee, which the next day corrected, is unblushingly arraigned as an offence not to be forgiven. “*Dat veniam corvis,*” indeed, “*vexat censura columbis.*”

The reviewer makes another ac-

knowledge, namely, of the duplicity which characterised the proceedings of the Romish bishops in Ireland, with respect to this abominable volume. We shall abridge the history of them. It appears that in the eventful and threatening year of 1813, the book which was to have introduced treason into England, at the time of the Spanish Armada, was published with authority in Ireland. In due time the virulence of the notes was discovered and exposed ; and an equivocal disclaimer on the part of Dr. Troy, who had approved the work, turned aside the indignation of the British people. As soon as the storm had subsided, a new edition of the same pernicious work appeared, stamped, as the former was, with ecclesiastical authority. This, was sufficiently treacherous, but, by that providential fatality which converts every attempt at exculpation to their prejudice, the advocates of Rome have heaped added obloquy on the procedure. By their diligence, as the reviewer exhibits the results, we discover (indeed they earnestly call attention to the fact) that on July 3, 1817, an advertisement appeared in the public prints, announcing the forthcoming work, and recommending it by the approbation of thirteen Roman Catholic bishops, and three hundred Popish priests. In October of the same year, Dr. Troy's unsatisfactory disclaimer appeared, prohibiting the book in the diocese of Dublin. Not one word of censure was uttered by the Romish bishop in Cork, where the book was published. Not a word of censure does the reviewer allege to have been spoken by any priest or bishop, with the one discreditable exception. How then is the incident to be understood ? The well-known letter of Mr. Coyne gives proof that Dr. Troy's disclaimer was designed for Protestants only, to turn away their indignation. The discovery of the measure adopted by the bishops previously had taught their people how little it was to be respected. In short, the Church of Rome in Ireland recommended the Rheimish Testament generally and strongly to all its members. Dr. Troy prohibited the reading of it—in the diocese of Dublin. This odious treachery has been dragged into light by the energy of the Dublin Review—it has been made known by its candour or its indiscretion. No matter which—the Review has done

good service. We bid it speed. Another article, with discoveries such as this contains, and we shall make due acknowledgments of the unintentional service it has rendered to the cause of truth. For the present we shall content ourselves with offering, as a corroboration of the statements in the Review, the judgment pronounced by Mr. O'Connell on the enforced and cautious disclaimer.

"Mr. McDonnell may produce Dr. Troy's signature against the veto. Signatures indeed! Has not a Protestant bookseller Dr. Troy's signature to his approbation of an edition of the Bible, with notes containing the most disgusting bigotry? Has not the Education Society Dr. Troy's signature to his approbation of those extracts from the Bible, which contain the Protestant version of the most important of the disputed passages? I am ready to admit it has been proved that these signatures were obtained by one accident or another; but I ask if two such accidents ever happened to one man before?—and as such accidents happened twice to one man, pray what is to prevent their recurrence ten or a dozen times?"

Such was Mr. O'Connell's opinion of the defence made by his Archbishop.

We had purposed to notice the somewhat oblique and sinister advocacy with which the Review maintains the cause of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray against all his adversaries. The Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland had been accused, in the terms of a resolution which they had unanimously adopted, of pronouncing the Theology of Peter Dens the best guide for their clergy. "Admitted," proclaims the silence of the Review—"but," it articulates, "Richard Coyne, as his own private speculation, printed the volumes." Would he have speculated, the accuser had said, had he not confidence that his wares would find a ready market? Tacet Review. The Roman Catholic bishops, the accuser had said, concealed their connection with Dens. Cries the Reviewer—the book was to be seen on the shelves of a Protestant bookseller. Yes; Richard Coyne stands acquitted; the volumes he printed, he was not ashamed to publish; but the resolutions of the bishops declaring Dens a safe guide—appointing it a conference-book—these appeared in no Protestant's shop. They

were not communicated to the legislature or the government when enquiries were held which ought to have called them forth. In a word, Richard Coyne stands acquitted. And the bishops—Dr. Murray has enabled us to judge, by his new recommendation of Peter Dens to the "attentive perusal of his clergy." We regard the recent epistles of the right reverend divine, polemic and political, as of no ordinary moment. They may, perhaps, yet serve to date the period in which they were issued; and we turn from our more immediate subject to write a word on the state of things to which they forcibly draw and rivet our attention.

Protestants of Ireland—nay, we will not be thus exclusive—men of Ireland, of whatsoever denomination you may be, ponder well the wisdom contained in Dr. Murray's late, and full avowal, that he approves and recommends the Theology of Dens. Remember how earnestly, and how unscrupulously such an approval was denied in time past. Remember the contemptuous epithets with which Dens was loaded by every Roman Catholic, who ventured to speak of him. Remember the subterfuges to which the more subtle had recourse, when they said that questions were for convenience, taken from Dens, but that none should turn to him for the answers. Remember how the monitors of the Protestant people warned them against such artifices, and contended for the truth of their accusations. Remember the coarse and incessant invectives which were poured upon them as a species of answer the readiest and least likely to be retorted; and observe, that, now, after a course of long and low chicanery, after so many instances of open falsehood, and more disgusting equivocation;—after whining appeals to the compassion of "generous Britons;" after malignant endeavours to rouse the worst passions of merciless Hibernians;—after enterprises of argument such as never were hazarded where the cause was not desperate, or the advocate incapable;—out comes, in the form of a bold defiance, a confession wrung from the right reverend divine, avowing himself the patron of that book which had been disclaimed for him, while there was one thinking individual in the nation, who could credit the denial, and which, now that the episcopal sanction of the flagitious volumes has become notorious,

Dr. Murray stands forward to avow and advertise by his late significant, although, perhaps, superfluous recommendation, that his clergy will read and study it.

Protestants, remember, the man who thus daringly declares himself the patron of Dens, is he who presides over education in Ireland. Yes—he who recommends and praises a book containing principles which, he tells you, he detests; principles which, he has sworn, are impious and unchristian—he is to select the lessons from which the growing population of the country are to learn “what is truth.” Alas for the days when such things are. Could that most reverend divine find no book to recommend to his clergy, of a character and spirit corresponding with the oath which he and they had taken? Is Dens the best book in the catalogue of Romish writers? Is there none which does not teach lessons of profligacy, and perfidy, and blood? Is the doctrine of Romanism incomplete, unless these abominable instructions make part of it? Is this Dr. Murray’s defence? Let it be stated broadly; and let it be demanded of the legislature of Great Britain, whether a dignitary in a church so stigmatised, should direct the national education of a Christian country. Could he and his associates have made a better choice? Let the better book be made known, let the motives why it was neglected be understood; and let the legislature be called on to pronounce whether they are sufficient to justify the choice which an oath would seem to prohibit, and to prove him who has made the selection still qualified for an office in which sincerity of speech and purpose would seem to be especially and imperatively demanded.

But, that Protestants remonstrate with effect, they must have power. We do not live in days when the principle which the people desert, the legislature will affirm. Whatsoever the constituencies disregard, the parliament will not be careful to establish—the voice of the people will be heard through their representatives; and, in the constitution of Great Britain in its present estate, there is no power to resist their call if it be united and importunate.—In a state of things like this public duty becomes personal. The distinction between political indifference and individual sloth ceases. There was a time when men in private conditions might have held themselves void of

participation in the measures which the legislature adopted and the government contrived. The voice of public sentiment had but an indirect if not a remote influence on the affairs of state, and popular opinion was therefore comparatively feeble. Now it has been ascertained, that, in the end, the people, if united, must prevail; while, at the same time, knowledge of their power has increased it, and augmented privileges have made them more available instruments for the agitator and the traitor. What are wise and upright men to do? They can no longer fold their hands together, and cast the burden of their cares on the minister of the day, or the leader of a virtuous opposition. From the highest seat of power and responsibility, down to the humblest condition in society, the sense of duty should be communicated and acknowledged. Every man to whom the constitution grants power and privilege, should act as if upon his assertion and exercise of it national and individual welfare was dependant; and even he who has not been empowered to prove his attachment to sound principle by a vote, may promote his country’s good, by earnest prayers, by virtuous example, and by addressing wholesome counsel to all upon whom it may have influence.

We commenced our notice of the Review, with a stricture upon its invectives, against the landed proprietary of Ireland. We conclude with a word of admonition to that malignant and threatened body. We believe that even still, the fate of the country is in their hands, and we are sure that against them, however indirect and insidious its approaches may be, the war is ultimately levelled. Indeed, we are fully persuaded, that the designs against property, unless measures be taken to defeat them, will soon be totally unmasked, and we believe, that if there be not combination and energy on the part of the Protestant proprietors, they will be carried into execution. What modifications in the internal government of Ireland can be denied if municipal tyranny over Protestants, is once established? We put it to the landlords of this country, how many of them are there who even now do not feel that their tenure of occupancy, so far as the receiving rents characterizes it, is somewhat precarious. We would ask of them, are

there not many who disguise their diffidencies from a fear of envenoming by making them public. We would ask how many are subject to privations—denied the power to assert their individual rights or to aid in the recovery of political, and whose refractory tenants discharge a double duty to their party, straitening on the one hand the resources of the impoverished landlords, and strengthening “the Association,” by rendering very sparing acknowledgments on account of the rent which law sanctions, and by making liberal contributions to that which bears the majestic name of justice. We warn the landlords that they should ponder these things, and set themselves steadfastly to defeat the

projects which are evidently framed for their destruction. We have, to some extent, exposed, on various occasions, the tactics which their enemies adopt. We have set down some of the artifices by which they seek to cover their fraudulent purposes, and retain and win friends and adherents among those who must be persuaded to believe there is truth at their side. We have, and the Conservatives have, that strong weapon; and if, for want of combination and energy, we do not make use of it, a dagger of lath, or a peacock's feather might as well be hidden in the scabbard, as the blade we leave rusting there for want of the vigour to unsheath it.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—VOL. IV.

One of the most fatal characteristics of the revolutionary mania of modern times is, that it so engrosses men's minds by the *present*, as to make them regardless of the *future*. We live, as it were, not only in but for the present hour. The roar of the conflicting elements of society, in which opposite principles are struggling for the mastery, produces such a stunning influence, as to drown the still small voice in which Wisdom, speaking by the voice of History, delighteth to utter her admonitions and her warnings. Therefore it is, that there is reason to fear we may be insensible to the most instructive lessons of experience, until the time shall have elapsed when they could be profitable to us, and changes shall have taken place which may render it altogether impossible to act upon them with any prospect of advantage.

The future historian will contemplate with indignant astonishment, the frenzy which seized upon the people of England, when they were induced, by Lord Grey's ministry, to barter their time-hallowed constitution for,—we will not trust ourselves to describe it,—the thing at present called a House of Commons, and which acts under the dictation of Mr. O'Connell and the Irish priests. Let any one compare the steady rule and the far-sighted policy of the old aristocratic parliament, when England had to struggle for existence with a world in arms, under the guidance of the most ambitious, able, and energetic chieftain the

world ever produced, with the course of our policy, in a time of profound peace, after England had been triumphant over all her enemies; and if he does not see reason to admire the resolution and the skill of the pilot who weathered the storm, in the one case, and to condemn the rashness and the folly of the drunken crew, by which, in the other, the vessel of state has been suffered almost to founder, in a period of security and repose, it will only be because he himself partakes of the fatal intoxication, by which all that the country should hold dear has been so perilously endangered.

The old system had its abuses. Too much was given to the mere aristocracy of wealth and rank, and too little to what may be called the aristocracy of worth and of intellect. But these were abuses which might have been remedied without swamping the legislature with a deluge of low radicalism, which must cause the enlightened statesman to contend against such fearful odds, and by which, in many instances, the efforts of the generous and the cultivated must be crippled or confounded. The remedies to be applied to the actual diseases under which the old constitution laboured, were of a nature very different indeed from the empiricism which has been employed, by which opposite evils, of tenfold malignity have been generated; evils, which differ from the former in nothing, perhaps, more fatally than this, that the one were obvious, and always seen in exaggerated dimensions; the other

are latent, or very often pass for indications of soundness and vigour; the one were seen by the public with the unmitigated antipathy which is usually entertained towards the deformities of an enemy,—the other are beheld with the indulgent partiality with which men usually behold the weaknesses or the peculiarities of a mistress or a friend. They more frequently excite admiration than they provoke resentment.—“*veluti polypus Hæmæ delectat Balneum.*”

This it is that constitutes the apparently hopeless nature of the vices of an unmitigated democracy. They can only be seen in their effects; and the ruin which they inevitably involve may give the majority of the community the first intimation of their existence. It is, we confess, on this account that we have felt it our bounden duty to bring the instructive pages of Mr. Alison so frequently under the notice of our readers, and to impress upon the leaders of the Conservative party, that it is *their* bounden duty to cheapen and to multiply these volumes, so as that they may become easily accessible to all sorts and descriptions of men. From the first we were not without hopes that all may yet be well. Our reliance was upon the upright, religious character of the people of England. They were, heretofore, grossly deluded; which delusion, (thanks to the fantastic gambols of the deluders,) is rapidly passing away. They have been, hitherto, criminally supine; but it is to be hoped that, even as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane, their supineness will cease with their delusion. It is, however, we disguise it not, a contest between the virtues and the vices of the community,—between wisdom, and that half-knowledge which has been generated by the bewildering influence of modern illumination; between conceit and extravagance, and staid principle and sound philosophy; between true religion, and the portentous alliance that has been formed between fanaticism and superstition; between the love of order, and the passion for change; between the desire of a convulsion, by which needy adventurers might hope to be gainers, and the determination to maintain existing establishments, (deperated of every grave abuse,) without which the best interests of social order must be compromised, and there can be no

sufficient security for enlightened, constitutional freedom.

Such is the nature of the present contest between the Whig-Radical government and their retainers, and the Conservative phalanx by whom they are opposed. Observing the progress of this contest, we see no reason to despair. Greater, in our belief, is the power that is fighting with us, than the power that is fighting against us; and, if the Conservative leaders be only true to their cause, there is a might and a majesty in the support which they may receive from those by whom the monarchical institutions of Old England are loved and venerated, that cannot be resisted.

Every day only more and more serves to convince us that the *heart* of the country is sound. Of this, the recent elections in several of the counties of England are no insignificant or unintelligible symptoms. They have stricken the leaders of the democratic party with dismay, which it requires only a little more activity and enterprize, on the part of the Conservatives, to improve into consternation, and drive them from that station and influence which they never could have been suffered to attain without national disgrace, and which they can no longer be suffered to occupy without national danger. We repeat it, the heart of the country is sound. England, although she did sink into slumber upon the lap of *Dalilah*, and although like the strong man she has been bound, has not yet been blinded. Not in vain has the gospel been preached to her noble people for three hundred years. Not in vain were the fires of *Smithfield* kindled by the wicked and deluded votaries of a soul-destroying superstition. Not in vain have her poets written, her philosophers thought, her statesmen toiled, or her warriors fought and conquered. As England, in her sea-girt preeminence, bade a proud defiance to foreign hostility, so, it is our belief that in her moral elevation she will rise above domestic faction; and that even the fearful experiment of the Reform Bill, by which she has suffered such a portentous metamorphose, will be rendered harmless by a returning sanity, by which its worst consequences may yet be averted.

But, that this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, may be pro-

placed, it is absolutely necessary that the Conservatives should be indefatigable in remedying, by every means within their power, the mischiefs which have been caused by the folly, the vanity, or the unprincipled ambition of their assailants. They must remedy the evils arising from false principle by supplying true. They must remedy the evils occasioned by ignorance, by increasing knowledge. They must provide against the evils arising from fanaticism, superstition, and irreligion, by strengthening the hands of those by whom sound morality and true religion may be best disseminated amongst the people. Let them look at the structure and the character of our church,—at what it is in doctrine, and at what it *ought* to be in discipline, and then say whether the world has ever witnessed a system so beautifully accommodated to the state of society as it exists in enlightened England; a helpmate so meet for that first of the nations in all by which humanity is ennobled. And if this be so, how deadly, how unpardonable is the crime of that legislator, who could either suffer it to be undermined by the machinations of the infidel agitator, or render it an object of public odium, by continuing or conniving at the abuses which may be proved to exist in its administration.

In our minds, the audacious and impious leveller, who would overthrow the church, because he hates religion, is less odious than the man who would preserve it, merely to serve some political purpose. In the one case, we have an open despiser of almighty power, a "*Mezentius contemptor deorum*," the very daring of whose wickedness raises him above contempt at least, and who is determined that, however we may condemn, we shall not be able to despise him. In the other case we have the traitor, Judas, who professes, by a kiss, allegiance to his divine Master, at the very moment that he is betraying his sacred person, and trading upon his precious blood. In such, and in no other light, have we ever beheld the political miscreants, *be they Whigs or be they Tories*, who have used the church merely as a political engine, and estimated its value by the patronage which it afforded, and which was employed for the purpose of purchasing a dishonest support for a rotten administration. It is needless to say that no such profana-

tion ever was countenanced by us, and we trust in God that, by whomsoever it may be attempted, it will never again be endured by the right-minded people of this great empire.

Let, therefore, the Conservatives bestir themselves, as well for the purpose of disabusing the community of the great delusion which has been propagated upon this subject to their prejudice, as for protecting the church against its more open and determined enemies. Let it be manifest to all men, that it is its excellencies, not its abuses they are desirous to preserve; that none are more ready than they to correct its defects, or to supply its deficiencies; and that, provided it be only guaranteed in its integrity, for the accomplishment of those spiritual ends by which it may best promote "*holiness unto the Lord*," they never will be consenting parties to its profanation, for the accomplishment of merely temporal objects.

We have been drawn thus far to comment on the present aspect of political affairs, because we believe the crisis is at hand, at which, *if ever*, we are to profit by the fatal experience of our neighbours, and from the calamities of France, learn how similar calamities may, in our own case, be averted. In his third volume, Mr. Alison brought down his history of the revolution to that period when Buonaparte assumed supreme power under the modest title of First Consul. In his fourth, of which we at present propose to offer a brief analysis, he traces his progress from the consulate to his assumption of imperial power. We observe in it the same presiding intelligence, the same comprehensiveness and accuracy of information, the same graphic power, the same penetration and impartiality in the analysis of character, and the description of events, by which his former volumes have been distinguished. Indeed, the historian's command of his subject seems to increase, as the stream of history spreads and deepens; and we feel ourselves as securely under the guidance of a competent mind, when he launches upon the mighty current which involved in its destructive progress most of the European monarchies, as when he traced the first outbreak of that anarchical propagandism, which rendered France a kind of Ishmael amongst the nations, and, by causing her to exert her power

against the domestic peace of every other country, justified every other country in exerting their power against her.

The campaign which immediately preceded the elevation of Buonaparte to the office of First Consul, was chiefly remarkable for the entrance of the Russians for the first time upon the theatre of this eventful war. The Archduke Charles commanded the Austrian forces, under the surveillance of the Aulic Council, while the directory exercised a similar control over Massena and the other generals, to whom the command of the French armies were entrusted. Both in Italy and upon the Alps, the Austrians had gained some signal advantages, when they were aided by the arrival of Suwarrow, with 20,000 Russians, who joined the imperial army, while they were yet encamped on the shores of the Mincio. "Thus," observes our historian, "were the forces of the north, for the first time since the origin of the revolution, brought into collision with those of the south, and that desperate contest commenced, which was destined to inflict such terrible wounds on both empires; to wrap in flames the towers of the Kremlin, and bring the Tartars of the desert to the shores of the Seine, and ultimately establish a new balance of power in Europe, by arraying all its forces under the banners either of Asiatic despotism, or European democracy."

The character of Paul, and the views which he entertained in his interference in the European contest, are thus described:

"The Emperor Paul, who had entered, with all the characteristic impetuosity of his character, into the alliance against France, had embraced the most extensive and visionary ideas as to the ulterior measures which should be adopted upon the overthrow of the French revolutionary power. He laboured to effect the formation, not only of a cordial league between all the sovereigns of Europe, to stop the progress of anarchy, but the restoration of all the potentates and interests which had been subverted by the French arms, and the closing of the great schism between the Greek and Catholic churches, which had so long divided the Christian world. He even went so far as to contemplate the union of the Catholics and Protestants, the stilling of all the controversies which distracted the latter body, and the assemblage of the

followers of Christ, of whatever denomination, under the banners of one Catholic Church. Captivating ideas, which will never cease to attract the enthusiastic and benevolent in every age, but which the experienced observer of human events will dismiss to the regions of imagination, and class with the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, or the probable extinction of death, which amused the reveries of Condorcet."

Of the troops and their generals, Mr. Alison thus writes—

"The troops thus brought against the Republicans, though very different from the soldiers of Eylau and Borodino, were still formidable by their discipline, their enthusiasm, and their stubborn valour. Their cavalry, indeed, was poorly equipped, and their artillery inferior in skill and science to that of the French; but their infantry, strong, hardy, and resolute, yielded to none in Europe in the energy and obstinacy so essential to military success. Field-Marshal Suwarrow, who commanded them, and now assumed the general direction of the allied army, though the singularity of his manner and the extravagance of his ideas in some particulars, have detracted, in the estimation of foreigners, from his well-earned reputation, was yet unquestionably one of the most remarkable generals of the last age. Impetuous, enthusiastic, and impassioned, brave in conduct, invincible in resolution, endowed with the confidence and ardour which constitute the soul of the conqueror, without the vigilance or foresight which are requisite to the general; he was better calculated to sweep over the world with the fierce tempest of Scythian war, than conduct the long and cautious contests which civilized nations maintain with each other. His favourite weapon was the bayonet, his system of war incessant and vigorous attack, and his great advantage the impression of superiority and invincible power which a long course of success under that method had taught to his soldiers. His first orders to General Chastelar, chief of the staff to the Imperialists, was singularly characteristic, both of his temper of mind, and system of tactics. The general having proposed a reconnaissance, the marshal answered warmly, 'Reconnaissance! I am for none of them; they are of no use but to the timid, and to inform the enemy that you are approaching. It is never difficult to find your opponents when you really wish it. Form column; charge bayonets; plunge into the centre

of the enemy; these are my reconnoissances; words which, amidst some exaggeration, unfold more of the real genius of war than is generally supposed.

"Fearless and impetuous in conversation as action, the Russian veteran made no secret of the ultimate designs with which his imperial master had entered into the war. To restore every thing to the state in which it was before the French Revolution broke out; to overturn the new Republics, reestablish every where the dispossessed princes, restrain universally the spread of revolutionary ideas, punish the authors of fresh disturbances, and substitute for the cool policy of calculating interest, a frank, generous, disinterested system, was the only way, he constantly maintained, to put down effectually the Gallic usurpation. The Austrian officers, startled at such novel ideas, carefully reported them to the Cabinet of Vienna, where they excited no small disquietude. To expel the French from the whole Italian peninsula, and, if possible, raise up an effectual barrier against any future incursions in that quarter from their ambition, was, indeed, a favourite object of their policy; but it was no part of their designs to sanction a universal restitution of the possessions acquired since the commencement of the war, or exchange the distant and rebellious provinces of Flanders for the rich and submissive Venetian territories adjoining the Hereditary States, and affording them at all times a secure entrance into the Italian plains. Hence a secret jealousy and distrust speedily arose between the coalesced powers; and experienced observers already began to predict, from the very rapidity of the success with which their arms were at first attended, the evolution of such causes of discord as would ultimately lead to the dissolution of the confederacy."

Thus the reader will perceive the seeds of dissension were sown in the very principles which first led to the alliance between the Russian autocrat and the Emperor of Germany. It was not possible to reconcile the selfish, and it must be called unprincipled policy of the latter, with the disinterested, and, it may be admitted, romantic views of the former; and it was morally certain that success must disassociate those whom calamity alone had united. The maxim, "*suum cuique tribuito*," which was so nobly adopted by the Russian, was but little relied by

the German, who was disposed to apply the principle of conservatism as well to his ill-gotten gains, as to his hereditary possessions, and who thus deservedly incurred the forfeiture of his rights, by contending for what could be only his by chicanery or usurpation. Let the reader of Mr. Alison's instructive pages hold this in mind. He will see that all the subsequent calamities of the house of Austria may be said to date their origin from the rejection of the principle upon which Suwarrow proposed to carry on the war. Nor were the early and decisive successes of that great general followed up with the promptitude that might have been expected.

"Master of all the plain of Lombardy, and at the head of an overwhelming force, Suwarrow did not evince that activity in pursuing the broken remains of his adversary, which might have been expected from the general vigour of his character. For above a week he gave himself up to festivities at Milan, while an army, hardly a third of his own, was in full retreat, by diverging columns, before him. At length, finding his active disposition wearied with triumphal honours, he set out for Alexandria, leaving Latterman to blockade the castle of Milan with four thousand five hundred men. At the same time Orzi, Novi, Peschiera, and Pizzighetone surrendered to the allies, with one hundred pieces of cannon, twenty gunboats, a siege equipage, and immense stores of ammunition and provisions; an advantage which enabled Kray to draw closer the blockade of Mantua, and despatch Hohenzollern to assist at the siege of the castle of Milan. On the 9th the allies reached Tortona, blew open the gates, and drove the French into the citadel; while their advanced posts were pushed to San Julian, Garofalo, and Novi. Meanwhile, though a reinforcement of six thousand Russians arrived at Tortona, Moreau remained firm in his position behind the Po and the Tanaro. To divert his attention, the Russian general extended his right from Novi to Serravalle and Gavi, threatening thereby his communications with Genoa and France; but this was a mere feint intended to mask his real design, which was to cross the Po, turn his left, and force him to a general and decisive action.

"The right, or southern bank of the Po, from the junction of the Tanaro to

Valence, is more lofty than the northern, which is low, marshy, and approachable only on dykes. Some large islands opposite Mugarone having afforded facilities for the passage, Rosenberg, who commanded one of Suwarrow's divisions directed against Valence, was induced, by his military ardour, to attempt to cross it in that quarter. On the night of the 11th he threw six thousand men across the principal arm into a wooded island, from whence they shortly passed over, some swimming, others by wading, with the water up to their armpits, and took possession of the village of Mugarone. Moreau no sooner heard of this descent, than he directed an overwhelming force to the menaced point; the Russians, vigorously attacked in the village, were soon compelled to retire: in vain they formed squares, and, under Prince Rosenberg and the Archduke Constantine, defended themselves with the characteristic bravery of their nation; assailed on every side, and torn to pieces by a murderous fire of grape-shot, they were driven back, first into the island, then across to the northern bank, with the loss of eight hundred killed and wounded, four pieces of cannon, and seven hundred prisoners. No sooner was Suwarrow informed of the first success of Rosenberg's attack, than he pushed forward two divisions to support him, while another was advanced towards Marengo to effect a diversion; but the bad success of the enterprise, which failed because it was not combined with sufficient support at the first, rendered it necessary that they should be recalled, and the allied army was concentrated anew in the intrenched camp of Garofolo."

But Suwarrow was not a man to be long satisfied with a petty warfare. He was one of those great and decisive military geniuses, whose bold resolves are always attended by great success or great disaster. In the present instance, his resolution was as prudent as it was bold. He resolved, with the bulk of his forces, to surprise Turin, where the French magazines of artillery and military stores were assembled, in the hope not only of seizing upon them, but, by reducing the citadel, and occupying the plains of Piedmont to the foot of the Alps, of rendering the position of Moreau no longer tenable. By a singular coincidence, Moreau's resolution to retreat was taken almost simultaneously with that of Suwarrow

to advance; and the latter, accordingly found but little difficulty in accomplishing his object. The fruits of this great success were 261 pieces of cannon, 80 mortars, 60,000 muskets, "besides an enormous quantity of ammunition and military stores, which had been accumulating in that city ever since the first occupation of Italy by the arms of Napoleon." But its most important result was, the extreme difficulty to which it reduced Moreau, by depriving him of all his resources.

"Unable, from these disasters, to maintain his ground in the basin of Piedmont, Moreau now thought only of regaining his position on the ridge of the Apennines, and covering the avenue to the city of Genoa,—the only rallying point where he could still hope to effect a junction with Macdonald, and which covered the principal line of retreat for both armies into France. For this purpose he retired to Savigliano, having first moved forward an advanced guard, under Grouchy, to clear the road he was to follow, by retaking Mondovi and Ceva, into the latter of which the Austrians had succeeded in throwing a small garrison, to support the insurgents who had occupied it. Grouchy retook Mondovi, but all his efforts failed before the ramparts of Ceva. The closing of the great road through this town rendered Moreau's situation apparently hopeless. Suwarrow, with a superior force, was close in his rear; the only route practicable for artillery by which he could regain the Apennines was blocked up; and he could not retire by the Col di Tende without abandoning all prospect of rejoining Macdonald, and leaving his army to certain destruction. From this desperate situation the Republicans were extricated by the skill and vigour of their general, aided by the resources of Guilleminot and the engineer corps under his directions. By their exertions and the indefatigable efforts of one half of the French army, a mountain path, leading across the Apennines, from the valley of Garesio to the coast of Genoa, was, in four days, rendered practicable for artillery and chariots; and as soon as this was done, the blockade of Ceva was raised, three thousand men were thrown as a garrison into Coni, which was abandoned to its own resources; and the remainder of the army, after a strong rearguard had been posted at Murialto to cover the passage, defiled over the nar-

row and rocky path, and arrived in safety at Loano, on the southern side of the mountains. No sooner were they arrived there than they formed a junction with Victor, who had successfully accomplished his retreat by Acqui, Spigno, and Digo, and occupied all the passes leading towards Genoa over the Apennines; Victor was intrusted with the important post of Pontremoli, while the other divisions placed themselves on the crest of the mountains from Loano to the Bocchetta."

The rapid success of the Russian arms was such as to astonish the conquerors themselves; and had they been prosecuted as they should have been, many years of calamity might have been spared to Europe. Our author thus sums up what they accomplished in less than three months, and what might have been accomplished had they been seconded as they ought, or had their successes been followed up with the vigour that might have been expected.

"Thus, in less than three months after the opening of the campaign on the Adige, the French standards were driven back to the summit of the Alps; the whole plain of Lombardy was regained, with the exception of a few of its strongest fortresses; the conquests of Napoleon had been lost in less time than it had taken to make them; and the Republican armies, divided and dispirited, were reduced to a painful and hazardous defence of their own frontiers, instead of carrying the thunder of their victorious arms over the Italian peninsula. A hundred thousand men were spread over the plain of Lombardy, of whom forty thousand were grouped under Suwarrow round Turin. History has not a more brilliant or decisive series of triumphs to record; and they demonstrate on how flimsy and insecure a basis the French domination at that period rested; how much it was dependent on the genius and activity of a single individual; how inadequate the revolutionary government was to the long-continued and sustained efforts which were requisite to maintain the contest from their own resources; and how easily, by a combined effort of all the powers at that critical period, when Napoleon was absent, and time and wisdom had not consolidated the conquests of democracy, they might have been wrested from their grasp, and the

peace of Europe established on an equitable foundation. But, notwithstanding all their reverses, the European governments were not as yet sufficiently awakened to the dangers of their situation; Prussia still kept aloof, in dubious neutrality; Russia was not irrevocably engaged in the cause; and Great Britain, as yet confining her efforts to the subsidizing of other powers, had not descended as a principal into the field, or begun to pour forth, on land at least, those streams of blood which were destined to be shed before the great struggle was brought to a termination.

"These successes, great as they were, were yet not such as might have been achieved, if the Russian general, neglecting all minor considerations, and blockading only the greater fortresses, had vigorously followed up with his overwhelming force the retreating army of the Republicans, and driven it over the Maritime Alps. Unable to withstand so formidable an assailant, they must have retired within the French frontier, leaving not only Mantua and Genoa, but the army which occupied the Neapolitan territory, to its fate. This bold and decisive plan of operations was such as suited the ardent character of the Russian general, and which if left to himself he would unquestionably have adopted; but his better judgment was overruled by the cautious policy of the Aulic Council, which, above all things, was desirous to secure a fortified frontier for its Venetian acquisitions, and compelled him, much against his will, to halt in the midst of the career of victory, and besiege in form the fortresses of Lombardy. Much was no doubt gained by their reduction; but not to be compared with what might have been expected if an overwhelming mass had been interposed between the French armies, and the conquerors of Naples had been compelled to lay down their arms between the Apennines and the Po."

As we cannot afford space to pursue the details of this campaign, which are given by our author with great force, and with scrupulous fidelity, we must content ourselves with presenting to the reader a specimen or two of the bravery and skill evinced by the Russians and their great commander, qualities which we may be destined to witness on future occasions, when the hardy barbarians, who retain a burning memory of the invasion of Russia, and

of the conflagration of Moscow, may be invited by the crimes or the follies of our demagogue-ridden governments, to interfere again in the concerns of democratic Europe.

Moreau had been superseded by Joubert, previously to the battle of Novi, but continued, with a patriotic magnanimity, that cannot be too much admired, to give the young General the benefit of his advice, who, on his part, gladly availed himself of his great predecessor's knowledge and experience. Mantua having fallen, the besieging force under Kray became disengaged, and that able general was enabled to cooperate with Suwarrow, in his combined attack upon the republicans, who occupied a position, by which their communication with France was maintained, from the passes of the Apennines to the mountains on the side of Piedmont.

"Joubert, who had given no credit to the rumours which had reached the army of the fall of Mantua, and continually disbelieved the asseverations of St. Cyr that he would have the whole allied army on his hands, received a painful confirmation of its truth, by beholding the dense masses of Kray encamped opposite to his right wing. He was thrown by this unexpected discovery into the utmost perplexity; to engage with so great an inferiority of force was the height of temerity, while retreat was difficult in presence of so enterprising an enemy. In these circumstances, he resolved, late on the night of the 14th, after such irresolution as throws great doubts on his capacity as general-in-chief, whatever his talents as second in command may have been, on retiring into the fastnesses of the Apennines, and only waited for the arrival of his scouts in the morning to give the necessary orders for carrying it into effect; when the commencement of the attack by the allies compelled him to accept battle in the position which he occupied.

"Suwarrow's design was to force back the right of the French, by means of the corps of Kray, while Bagrathion had orders to turn their left, and unite in their rear, under cover of the cannon of Serravalle, with that corps; while Derfelden attacked Novi in the centre, and Melas commanded the reserve, ready to support any part of the army which required his aid. In pursuance of these orders, Kray commenced the attack at

five in the morning; Bellegarde attacked Grouchy, and Ott Lemoine; the Republicans were at first taken by surprise; and their masses, in great part in the act of marching, or entangled in the vineyards, received the fire of the Austrians without being able either to deploy or answer it. Notwithstanding the heroic resistance of some brigades, the Imperialists sensibly gained ground, and the heads of their columns were already mounting the plateau, when Joubert hurried in person to the spot, and received a ball in his breast when in the act of waving his hat, and exclaiming, "Forward, let us throw ourselves among the tirailleurs!" He instantly fell, and with his last breath exclaimed, "Advance, my friends, advance!"

The confusion occasioned by this circumstance would have proved fatal in all probability to the French army, had the other corps of the allies been so far advanced as to take advantage of it; but, by a strange fatality, though the attacks of the allies were all combined and concentric, they were calculated to take place at different times; and while this important advantage was gained on their left, the Russians in the centre were still resting at Pozzolo-Formigere, and Melas had merely despatched a detachment from Rivatta to observe the course of the Scrivia. This circumstance, joined to the opportune arrival of Moreau, who assumed the command and harangued the troops, restored order, and the Austrians were at length driven down to the bottom of the hill, on their second line. During this encounter, Bellegarde endeavoured to gain the rear of Pastreum by a ravine which encircled it, and was on the point of succeeding, when Perignon charged him so vigorously with the grenadiers of Partonneaux and the cavalry of Richepanse, that the Imperialists were driven back in confusion, and the whole left wing rescued from danger.

"Hitherto the right of the Republicans had not been attacked, and St. Cyr availed himself of this respite to complete his defensive arrangements. Kray, finding the whole weight of the engagement on his hands, pressed Bagrathion to commence an attack on Novi; and though the Russian general was desirous to wait till the hour assigned by his commander for his moving, he agreed to commence, when, it was evident, that unless speedily supported, Kray would be compelled to retreat. The Russians advanced with great gallantry to the attack; but a dis-

change from the division Laboisserie of musketry and grape, at half gunshot, threw them into confusion; and, after an obstinate engagement, they were finally broken by a charge by Watrin, with a brigade of infantry, on their flank, and driven back with great loss to Pozzolo-Formigaro.

"The failure of these partial attacks rendered it evident that a combined effort of all the columns was necessary. It was now noon, and the French line was unbroken, although the superiority of numbers on the part of the allies was nearly 15,000 men. Suwarrow, therefore, combined all his forces for a decisive movement; Kray, whom nothing could intimidate, received orders to prepare for a fresh attack; Derfelden was destined to support Bagration in the centre, Melas was directed to break up from Rivalta to form the left of the line, while Rosenberg was ordered in all haste to advance from Tortona to support his movement. The battle, after a pause, began again with the utmost fury at all points. It was for long, however, most obstinately disputed. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Kray, who returned above ten times to the charge, the Imperialists could make no impression on the French left; while Bagration, Derfelden, and Miloradowitch, in the centre, after the most heroic exertions, were compelled to recoil before the terrible fire of the infantry and batteries which were disposed around Novi. For above four hours, the action continued with the utmost fury without the Republicans being any where displaced, until at length the fatigue on both sides produced a temporary pause, and the contending hosts rested on their arms amidst a field covered with the slain.

"The resolution of any other general but Suwarrow would have been shaken by so terrible a carnage without any result; but his moral courage was of a kind which nothing could subdue. At four o'clock the left wing of the allies came up, under Melas, and preparations were instantly made to take advantage of so great a reinforcement. Melas was directed to assail the extreme right of the Republicans, and endeavour, by turning it, to threaten the road from Novi to Genoa, while Kray again attacked the left, and Suwarrow himself, with the whole weight of the Russians, pressed the centre. The resistance experienced on the left was so obstinate, that though he led on the troops with the courage of a grenadier, Kray could not gain a

foot of ground; but the Russians, in the centre, after a terrible conflict, succeeded in driving the Republicans into Novi, from the old walls and ruined towers of which they still kept up a murderous fire. But the progress of Melas on the right was much more alarming. While one of his columns ascended the right bank of the Scrivia and reached Serravalle, another by the left bank had already turned the Monte Rotondo, and was rapidly ascending its sides; while the general himself, with a third, was advancing against the eastern flank of the plateau of Novi. To make head against so many dangers, Moreau ordered the division Watrin to move towards the menaced plateau, but finding itself assailed during its march, both in front and rear, by the divisions of Melas, it fell into confusion, and fled in the utmost disorder, with difficulty cutting its way through the enemy on the road in the rear of the French position. It now became indispensable for the Republicans to retire; for Lichtenstein, at the head of the Imperial cavalry and three brigades of grenadiers, was already established on the road to Gavi, and no other line of communication remained open but that which led by Pasturana to Ovada. Suwarrow, who saw his advantage, was preparing a last and simultaneous attack on the front and flanks of his opponent, when Moreau anticipated him by a general retreat. It was at first conducted in good order, but the impetuous assaults of the allies soon converted it into a rout. Novi, stripped of its principal defenders, could no longer withstand the assaults of the Russians, who, confident of victory, advanced with loud shouts, over the dead bodies of their comrades, to the charge; Lemoine and Grouchy with difficulty sustained themselves in retiring against the impetuous attacks of their unwearied antagonist Kray, when the village of Pasturana, in their rear, was carried by the Russians, whose vehemence increased with their success, and the only road practicable for their artillery cut off. Despair now seized their ranks; infantry, cavalry, and artillery disbanded, and fled in tumultuous confusion across the vineyards and orchards which adjoined the line of retreat; Colli, with his whole brigade, were made prisoners; and Perignon and Grouchy, almost cut to pieces with sabre wounds, fell into the hands of the enemy. The army, in utter confusion, reached Gavi, where it was rallied by the efforts of Moreau, the allies being

too much exhausted with fatigue to continue the pursuit.

"The battle of Novi was the most bloody and obstinately contested that had yet occurred in the war. The loss of the allies was 1800 killed, 5200 wounded, and 1200 prisoners; but that of the French was much more considerable, amounting to 1500 killed, 5500 wounded, and 3000 prisoners, besides 37 cannons, 28 caissons, and 4 standards. As the war advanced, and fiercer passions were brought into collision, the carnage became daily greater; the officers were more prodigal of their own blood and that of their soldiers; and the chiefs themselves, regardless of life, at length led them on both sides to the charge, with an enthusiasm which nothing could surpass. Joubert was the victim of this heroic feeling; Grouchy charged with a standard in his hand, and when it was torn from him in the *mêlée* he raised his helmet on his sabre, and was thrown down and wounded in the shock of the opposing squadrons; and Kray, Bagrathion, and Melas led on their troops to the mouth of the enemy's cannon, as if their duty had been that of merely commanding grenadier battalions."

By the insane mispolicy of the Aulic Council, a separation took place between the imperial armies, and the Russians, who had been at first so brilliantly successful as to have acquired the character of invincible, were soon reduced to act upon the defensive.—The old general, when he received his first serious check in the mountains of Switzerland, laid himself down in a ditch, and expressed his determination to be buried there, "where his children first retreated." His perilous position is thus described—

"Suwarrow thus found himself in the Muttenthal, in the middle of the enemy's forces, having the whole of Massena's army on one side, and that of Molitor on the other. Soon the masses of the Republicans began to accumulate round the Russian marshal. Molitor occupied Mont Brakel and the Klonthal, the summit of the pass between the Muttenthal and Glarus, while Mortier entered the mouth of the valley towards Schwytz, and Massena himself arrived at Fluellen, to concert with Lecourbe a general attack on the Russian forces. In this extremity, Suwarrow, having, with the utmost difficulty, assembled his wearied

troops in the Muttenthal, called a council of war, and following only the dictates of his own impetuous courage, proposed an immediate advance to Schwytz, in the rear of the French position at Zurich, and wrote to Korsakow, that he would hold him answerable with his head for one step farther that he continued his retreat. The officers, however, perceiving clearly the dangerous situation in which they were placed, strongly urged the necessity of an immediate retreat into Glarus and the Grisons, in order to strengthen themselves by that wing of the allied army which alone had escaped a total defeat.—At length, with the utmost difficulty, the veteran conqueror was persuaded to alter his plans, and, for the first time in his life, he ordered a retreat, weeping with indignation at thus finding the reputation of invincibility, which his marvellous successes had won for him, lost in the close of his career, by the faults of the generals placed under his command."

The difficulties which he encountered in his passage of the Alps, are, by the vividness of our historian's description, almost presented to the eyes of his readers.

"Unable to force the passage at Naefels, the Russian general, after giving his troops some days' repose at Glarus, which was absolutely indispensable, after the desperate fatigues they had undergone, resolved to retreat over the mountains into the Grisons by Engi, Matt, and the valley of Sernst. To effect this in presence of a superior enemy pressing on his footsteps both from the side of Naefels and the Klonthal, was an enterprise of the utmost hazard, as the path over the arid summits of the Alps of Glarus, was even more rugged than that through the Shachenthal, and the horses and beasts of burden had all perished under the fatigues of the former march. Nothing could exceed the difficulties which presented themselves. Hardships, tenfold greater than those which all but daunted the Carthaginian conqueror in the outset of his career in the Pennine Alps, awaited the Russians, at the close of a bloody and fatiguing campaign, among mountains to which they were entire strangers. On the morning on which the army set out from Glarus, a heavy fall of snow both obliterated all traces of a path, and augmented the natural difficulties of the passage. With incredible difficulty the wearied column wound its painful way amongst inhospitable mountains in single

fire, without either stores to sustain its strength, or covering to shelter it from the weather. The snow which, in the upper parts of the mountains, was two feet deep, and perfectly soft from being newly fallen, rendered the ascent so fatiguing, that the strongest men could with difficulty, advance a few miles in a day. No cottages were to be found in these dreary and sterile mountains, not even trees were to be met with to form the cheerful light of the bivouac; vast grey rocks starting up amongst the snow alone broke the mournful uniformity of the scene, and under their shelter, or on the open surface of the mountain, without any covering or fire, were the soldiers obliged to lie down, and pass a long and dreary autumnal night. Great numbers perished of cold, or sunk down precipices, or into crevices from which they were unable to extricate themselves, and where they were soon choked by the drifting of the snow. With incredible difficulty the head of the column, on the following day, at length reached, amidst colossal rocks, the summit of the ridge; but it was not the smiling plains of Italy which there met their view, but a sea of mountains, wrapped in the snowy mantle which seemed the winding-sheet of the army, interspersed with cold grey clouds which floated round their higher peaks. The Alps of Tyrol and the Grisons, whose summits stretched as far as the eye could reach in every direction, presented a vast wilderness, in the solitudes of which the army appeared about to be lost, while not a fire nor a column of smoke was to be seen in the vast expanse to cheer the spirits of the soldiers. The path, long hardly visible, now totally disappeared, not a shrub or bush was to be met with; the naked tops of the rocks, buried in the snow, no longer served to indicate the lying of the precipices, or rest the exhausted bodies of the troops. On the southern descent the difficulties were still greater; the snow, hardened by a sharp freezing wind, was so slippery, that it became impossible for the men to keep their footing: whole companies slipped together into the abysses below, and numbers were crushed by the beasts of burden rolling down upon them from the upper parts of the ascent, or the masses of snow which became loosened by the incessant march of the army, and fell down with irresistible force upon those beneath.—All the day was passed in struggling with these difficulties, and with the utmost exertions the advanced guards reached the

village of Panix, in the Grisons, at night where head-quarters were established.—The whole remainder of the column slept upon the snow, where the darkness enveloped them without either fire or covering. But nothing could overcome the unconquerable spirit of the Rumians. With heroic resolution and incredible perseverance they struggled on, through hardships which would have daunted any other soldiers; and at length the scattered stragglers were rallied in the valley of the Rhine, and head-quarters established at Ilauts on the 10th, where the troops obtained some rest after the unparalleled difficulties which they had experienced."

Such was the heroic determination, and the untameable energy of this extraordinary man! The passage of the St. Bernard, by Napoleon, in the subsequent campaign, though crowned by more brilliant results, must, nevertheless, yield to this exploit of the Russian hero, both in the fortitude displayed, the determination evinced, and the difficulties which were to be encountered.

"In crossing from Martigny to Ivrea, the first consul had no enemies to overcome, no lakes to pass, no hostile army to vanquish after the obstacles of nature had been surmounted; the difficulty of the ascent and the roughness of the road constituted the only serious impediments to the march. But in passing from Bellinzona to Aldorf by the St. Gothard, Suwarrow had to encounter not merely a road of greater length and equal difficulty, but to force his way, sword in hand, through columns of the enemy, long trained to mountain warfare, intimately acquainted with the country, under a leader of pre-eminent skill in that species of tactics; and to do this with troops as ignorant of Alpine geography as those of France would have been of the passes of the Caucasus. When he descended, like a mountain torrent, to Aldorf, overthrowing everything in its course, he found his progress stopped by a lake, without roads on its sides, or a bark on its bosom, and received the intelligence of the total defeat of the army with which he came to cooperate under the walls of Zurich. Obligated to defile by the rugged paths of the Schächenthal to the canton of Glarus, he found himself enveloped by the victorious columns of the enemy, and his front and rear assailed at the same time by superior forces,

flushed by recent conquest. It was no ordinary resolution which, in such circumstances, could disdain to submit, and after fiercely turning on his pursuers, and routing their bravest troops, prepare to surmount the difficulties of a fresh mountain passage, and, amidst the horrors of the Alps of Glarus, brave alike the storms of winter and the pursuit of the enemy. The bulk of men in all ages are governed by the event; and to such persons the passage of the St. Bernard, followed as it was by the triumph of Marengo, will always be the highest object of interest; but, without detracting from the well-earned fame of the French general, it may safely be affirmed that those who knew how to separate just combination from casual disaster, and can appreciate the heroism of valour when struggling with misfortune, will award a still higher place to the Russian hero, and follow the footsteps of Suwarrow over the snows of the St. Gothard and the valley of Engi with more interest than either the eagles of Napoleon over the St. Bernard, or the standards of Hannibal from the shores of the Rhone to the banks of the Po."

One of the first acts of Buonaparte, upon reaching what may be called the consular throne, was, to make an insidious overture of peace to England.—His design was detected by the sagacity of Pitt, and defeated by the patriotism of the parliament. Russia was no longer an active party to the alliance against France; and as England, before she assumed a military position upon the continent, could not be said to be much more than a sleeping partner in that concern, or rather, indeed, one whose only business it was to keep the other parties awake, Austria bore the principal burden of the actual hostilities, while Great Britain chiefly furnished the supplies, which were necessary to enable the former power to put its armies in motion.

Napoleon lost not a single moment in making the consulship a stepping-stone to the imperial throne. He surrounded himself with officers of state, revived, wherever it was practicable, the ensigns and the practices of the old monarchical regime, and by the legion of honour, laid the foundation of that novel military aristocracy, which afterwards furnished the same sort of guarantee for the security of his throne, as the con-

federation of the Rhine, for the integrity of his empire.

Nor was he wholly absorbed by what might be called domestic objects. His eagle eye at once perceived the advantages which might be made of the disunion of the confederates, and he eagerly availed himself of the opportunity which presented itself of cultivating an intimate union with the Russian emperor. The Russian prisoners, 7000 in number, who had been taken at Zurich, and in Holland, were all sent back, not only without exchange, but, equipped anew in the Russian uniform. This led to an interchange of civilities between Napoleon and the Czar, which terminated in the dismissal of Lord Whitworth, from St. Petersburg, and the arrival of Baron Springborten, the Russian ambassador, at Paris. From thenceforth, until the day of his death, Paul continued one of his most steadfast friends.

We cannot dwell upon the various fortunes of the campaign of Marengo, in which the first consul was now engaged, and which are detailed by our author, with his accustomed felicity and skill. Suffice it to say, that the detachment of Russia from the one side, and the accession of Napoleon to the other, determined, in the end, the result of the contest. In this campaign, was strongly displayed both the greatness and the littleness of Buonaparte: his greatness, in the passage of the Alps, the description of which is too long to be extracted, but which we earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers—his littleness, in his treatment of Kellermann, who may be said to have gained the battle of Marengo. The French were upon the point of suffering a disastrous defeat,—a defeat which might have changed the fortunes of the world,—when,

"At this critical moment, a happy inspiration seized Kellermann, which decided the fate of the day. The advance of Zach's column had, without their being aware of it, brought their flank right before his mass of calvary, 800 strong, which was concealed from their view by a vineyard, where the fastoons, conducted from tree to tree, rose above the horses' heads, and effectually intercepted the sight. Kellermann instantly charged, with his whole force, upon the flank of the Aus-

Grass, as they advanced in open column, and the result must be given in his own words.* Zach's grenadiers cut through the middle by this unexpected charge, and supposed to a murderous fire in front from Dessaix's division, which had rallied upon receiving this unexpected aid, broke and fled. Zach himself, with 1800 men, were made prisoners; the remainder, routed and dispersed, fled in the utmost disorder to the rear, overthrowing in their course the other divisions which were advancing to their support."

The following is the historian's comment on the unworthy treatment of this gallant commander.

"United with the great qualities of Napoleon's character was a selfish thirst for glory, and consequent jealousy of any one who had either effectually thwarted his designs, or rendered him such services as might diminish the lustre of his own exploits. His undying jealousy of Wellington was an indication of the first weakness; his oblivion of Kellermann's inappreciable service, an instance of the second. When this young officer was brought into the presence of the first consul, after the battle, he coldly said, 'You made a good charge this evening,' and immediately turning to Bessieres, added, 'The guard has covered itself with glory.' 'I am glad you are pleased,' replied Kellermann, 'for it has placed the crown on your head.' He repeated the same expression in a letter, which was opened at the post-office and brought to Napoleon. The obligation was too great to be forgiven. Kellermann was not promoted like the other generals, and never afterwards enjoyed the favour of the chief on whose brow he had placed the diadem."

But by far the most decisive achievement of the republicans during this campaign, was the victory at Hohenlinden. As that battle now possesses

a classical interest, having been made the subject of one of the noblest odes in modern poetry, an ode combining the picturesque vigour of Horace, with the sublimity of Pindar, and the music of Virgil, we cannot forbear extracting our author's account of it, for the gratification of our readers.

The forest of Hohenlinden lies in the space between the Inn and the Isar, and is traversed by two great roads, the one leading from Munich to Wasserbourg, the other from Munich to Mähldorf. As it was evident that the Archduke John was about to advance through these dangerous defiles, Moreau, who had previously reconnoitered the ground, prepared, with the art of a consummate general, to turn it to the most advantage. The Imperialists, who had, on the preceding days, experienced some very encouraging successes, entered upon their perilous march, with the most joyful expectations, two hours before daylight, and little anticipated any resistance, before their forces were united, and disposed in battle array, on the plain of Munich.

"From the outset, however, the most sinister presages attended their steps. During the night the wind had changed; the heavy rain of the preceding days turned into snow, which fell, as at Eylau, in such thick flakes as to render it impossible to see twenty yards before the head of the column, while the dreary expanse of the forest presented, under the trees, a uniform white surface, on which it was impossible to distinguish the beaten track. The cross-paths between the roads which the troops followed, bad at any time, were almost impassable in such a storm; and each body, isolated in the snowy wilderness, was left to its own resources, without either receiving intelligence or deriv-

* "The combat was engaged," says Kellermann; "Dessaix soon drove back the enemy's tirailleurs on their main body; but the sight of that formidable column of 6000 Hungarian grenadiers made our troops halt. I was advancing in line on their flank, concealed by the festoons; a frightful discharge took place; our line wavered, broke, and fled; the Austrians rapidly advanced to follow up their success, in all the disorder and security of victory. I see it; I am in the midst of them; they lay down their arms. The whole did not occupy so much time as it took me to write these six lines."—See DUMAS, v. 361. The Duchess of Abrantes states also that she repeatedly heard the battle of Marengo discussed by Lannes, Victor, and the other generals engaged, at her own table, and that they all ascribed the victory to Kellermann's charge.—D'ABRANTES, iii. 44, 45.

ing assistance from the other. The central column, which advanced along the only good road, outstripped the others; and its head had traversed the forest, and approached Hohenlinden about nine o'clock. It was there met by the division of Grouchy, and a furious conflict immediately commenced; the Austrians endeavouring to debouche from the defile and extend themselves along the front of the wood, the French to coerce their movements and drive them back into the forest. Both parties made the most incredible efforts; the snow, which fell without interruption, prevented the opposing lines from seeing each other; but they aimed at the flash which appeared through the gloom, and rushed forward with blind fury to the deadly charge of the bayonet. Inseparably, however, the Austrians gained ground; their ranks were gradually extending in front of the wood, when Generals Grouchy and Grandjean put themselves at the head of fresh battalions, and by a decisive charge drove them back into the forest. The Imperial ranks were broken by the trees, but still they resisted bravely in the entangled thickets; posted behind the trunks, they kept up a murderous fire on the enemy; and the contending armies, broken into single file, fought, man to man, with invincible resolution.

"While this desperate conflict was going on in front of Hohenlinden, the leading ranks of the Austrian right began to appear at the entrance of the forest on the other road. Ney instantly repaired with his division to the scene of danger, and by a vigorous charge on the flank of the enemy's column, which was in the act of deploying, not only drove it back into the wood, but captured eight pieces of cannon and 1000 prisoners.

"The effect of these vigorous efforts on the part of Moreau, in preventing the deploying of the heads of the Imperial columns from the forest, was to introduce vacillation and confusion into the long train in their centre, which, unable to advance from the combat in its front, and pressed on by the crowd in its rear, soon began to fall into confusion. They were in this state, jammed up amidst long files of cannon and waggons, when the division of Richepanse, which had broken up early in the morning from Ebersberg, on the Munich side of the one defile, and struggled on with invincible resolution across the forest, arrived in the neighbourhood of Matenpot, on the Muhldorf

side of the other, directly in the rear of the centre of the Austrian army, and at the close of its protracted array. But just as it was approaching this decisive point, and slowly advancing in open column through the forest, this division was itself pierced through the centre, near St. Christophe, by the Austrian left wing, under Riesch, which was moving up by the valley of Albichen, to gain the chaussée of Wasserbourg, by which it was destined to pierce through the forest. Thus Richepanse, with half his division, found himself irretrievably separated from the remainder; the manoeuvre which he was destined to have performed on the centre of the Imperialists was turned against himself, and with a single brigade he was placed between that immense body and their left wing. An ordinary general in such alarming circumstances would have sought safety in flight, and thus, by allowing the Imperial centre to continue its advance, endangered the victory; but Richepanse, whose able mind was penetrated with the importance of his mission, bravely resolved to push on with the single brigade which remained under his command, and fall on the rear of the grand column of the enemy. He sent orders, therefore, to his separated brigade to maintain itself to the last extremity at St. Christophe, and advanced with the utmost intrepidity towards Matenpot and the line of march of the grand Austrian column.

"When his troops approached the great road, they came upon the cuirassiers of Lichtenstein, who had dismounted, and were reposing leisurely under the trees until the great park of artillery and the reserves of Kollowrath had passed the defile. It may easily be imagined with what astonishment they beheld this new enemy on their flank, who was the more unexpected as they knew that their left wing, under Riesch, had passed through the forest, and they deemed themselves perfectly secure on that side. They made, in consequence, little resistance, and were speedily driven off the chaussée. Not content with this success, Richepanse left to his cavalry the charge of keeping off the Imperial cuirassiers, and advanced himself with the two remaining regiments of infantry to attack the rear of the Imperial centre in the forest of Hohenlinden. The appearance of this force, amounting to nearly 3000 men, behind them, excited the utmost alarm in the Austrian column. The troops of

that nation are proverbially more sensitive than any in Europe to the danger of being turned when on a line of march. A brigade of the Bavarian reserve was speedily directed to the menaced point, but it was overwhelmed in its advance by the crowds of fugitives, and thrown into such disorder by the overturned cannon and caissons which blocked up the road, that it never reached the enemy. Three Hungarian battalions were next brought up, but after resisting bravely, amidst the general consternation around them, they too at length were broken and fled. This little action decided the victory; the whole Austrian artillery lay exposed to the attacks of the victor in a situation where it was incapable of making any resistance.

"Moreau, at the entrance of the defile in front of Hohenlinden, was still maintaining an anxious conflict, when the sound of cannon in the direction of Matenpot, and the appearance of hesitation and confusion in the enemy's columns, announced that the decisive attack in the *chaussée* behind them, by Richepanse, had taken place. He instantly directed Grouchy and Ney to make a combined charge on the enemy. The French battalions, which had so long maintained an obstinate defence, now commenced a furious onset, and the Austrian centre, shaken by the alarm in its rear, was violently assailed in front. The combined effort was irresistible. Ney, at the head of the Republican grenadiers, pressed forward in pursuit of the fugitives, along the *chaussée*, until the loud shouts of the troops announced that they had joined the victorious Richepanse, who was advancing along the same road to meet him, as fast as its innumerable incumbrances would permit. No words can paint the confusion which now ensued in the Austrian column. The artillery-drivers cut their traces, and galloped in all directions into the forest; the infantry disbanded and fled; the cavalry rushed in tumultuous squadrons to the rear, trampling under foot whatever opposed their passage; the waggons were abandoned to their fate, and amidst the universal wreck, 97 pieces of cannon, 300 caissons, and 7000 prisoners fell into the enemy's hands.

"While this decisive success was gained in the centre, the columns of Latour and Kienmayer, who had succeeded in debouching from the forest and uniting in the plain on its other side, violently assailed the Republican left, where Grenier,

with inferior forces, defended the other road to Munich. Notwithstanding all his efforts, and the assistance of a part of the division of Ney, he was sensibly losing ground, when the intelligence of the defeat of the centre compelled the enemy to abandon his advantages, and retire precipitately into the forest. Grenier instantly resumed the offensive, and by a general charge of all his forces, succeeded in overwhelming the Austrians while struggling through the defile, and taking six pieces of cannon and 1500 prisoners. At the same time, General Decaen, with a fresh brigade, disengaged the half of Richepanse's division, cut off during his advance, which was hard pressed between General Riesch's troops and the retiring columns of the centre, who still preserved their ranks. Before night the Republicans, at all points, had passed the forest. Four of their divisions were assembled at Matenpot, and the headquarters were advanced to Haag, while the Imperialists, weakened by the loss of above 100 pieces of cannon, and 14,000 soldiers, took advantage of the night to withdraw their shattered forces across the Inn."

This was decisive. The Austrian monarchy tottered to its fall. In vain the Archduke Charles endeavoured to revive the spirit and to retrieve the fortunes of the army, which had suffered so severely under his less capable brother. Moreau lost not a moment in pressing forward towards Vienna, when an armistice was concluded at Steyer, which arrested his advance, and saved the German capital at that time from the triumphant entrance of an insulting enemy.

"Thus the Republican army, in a short campaign of little more than three weeks, in the middle of winter, and in the most severe weather, marched ninety leagues; crossed three considerable rivers in the presence of the enemy; made 20,000 prisoners; killed, wounded, or dispersed as many; captured 150 pieces of cannon, 400 caissons, and 4000 carriages; and never halted till its advanced guard was arrested by an armistice, within twenty leagues of Vienna. Such results require no eulogium; the annals of war have few such triumphs to recount, and they deservedly placed Moreau in the very highest rank of the captains of the eighteenth century."

The treaty of Luneville soon followed, which gave the first consul a

respite from his continental enemies, and enabled him to turn all his energies against Great Britain. Never, since she was a nation, had this great empire to contend against such fearful odds. Her last hope upon the continent seemed to be beaten down. The might of Russia had entered, with peculiar eagerness, into the confederacy against her. Her great maritime superiority was an object of jealousy to every other maritime state; and Napoleon failed not to represent, in the most invidious light, the right of search which she exercised over neutral vessels, and which this unscrupulous conqueror affected to hold in abhorrence as a violation of the rights of nations. The burden of her debt pressed heavily upon her at home, and the measures were in progress by which her manufactures were to be excluded from the surrounding states, and her internal prosperity endangered. Nor were the efforts of her great enemy only a little aided, by the conduct of the Whig opposition, who lost no opportunity of palliating the atrocities of the French, and of lowering the heart and the hopes of the country respecting the ultimate issue of the contest.

But the constitution had not then been damaged by the inundation of democracy which has since been suffered to take place, and England rose nobly superior both to her foreign and domestic enemies. By the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson paralysed the confederacy of the North; and the victories of Abercrombie and Hutchinson in Egypt, were but the first fruits of those glorious successes by land, which contributed, ultimately, to the liberation of Europe. By the death of Paul and the accession of Alexander, the scene became entirely changed, and Russia again entered into a cordial alliance with England. The peace of Amiens followed, and the nations of Europe for a time reposed, for the purpose of gathering energy for another and a more deadly conflict.

On the very day on which the armistice of Steyer was signed, 24th December, 1800, the infernal machine exploded, which was so near depriving the first consul of life. He availed himself of the circumstance to direct the public indignation against the

Jacobins, who had no concern whatever in that plot, but who were too formidable, as well from their numbers, as from their determination and their principles, not to cause a serious uneasiness in the mind of the man, who had already resolved not to rest in his ambitious career until his brows were graced with the imperial diadem.

The institution of the legion of honour was immediately followed by an addition of ten years to the period during which Buonaparte was to hold the office of first consul. But, until something like a national religion was established, he clearly saw that social order could have no secure foundation.

"Although neither a fanatic nor even a believer in Christianity, Napoleon was too sagacious not to perceive that such a state of things was inconsistent with any thing like a regular government. He had early, accordingly, commenced a negotiation with the Pope; and the head of the Church, delighted at finding such a disposition in a revolutionary chief, had received the advances with the utmost cordiality. Cardinal Gonzalvi, who with singular ability directed the conclave, had, in the name of the supreme pontiff, written to General Murat, when advancing towards the Roman states after the armistice of Treviso, to express 'the lively admiration which he felt for the first consul, to whose fortunes were attached the tranquillity of religion not less than the happiness of Europe.' The views of Napoleon on that matter were strongly expressed to the counsellors of state with whom he conversed on the subject. 'Yesterday evening,' said he, 'when walking alone in the woods, amidst the solitude of nature, the distant bell of the church of Ruel struck my ear. Involuntarily I felt emotion, so powerful is the influence of early habits and associations. I said to myself, if I feel thus, what must be the influence of such impressions on simple and credulous men? Let your philosophers, your ideologues answer that if they can. It is absolutely indispensable to have a religion for the people; and not less so, that that religion should be directed by the government. At present, fifty bishops, in the pay of England, direct the French clergy; we must forthwith destroy their influence; we must declare the Catholic the established religion of France, as being that of the majority of its inhabitants; we must organize its constitution. The first

consul will appoint the fifty bishops; the Pope will induct them. They will appoint the parish priests; the people will defray their salaries. They must all take the oath; the refractory must be transported. The Pope will, in return, confirm the sale of the national domains. He will consecrate the Revolution; the people will sing God save the Gallican Church. They will say I am a Papist; I am no such thing. I was a Mahometan in Egypt; I will become a Catholic for the good of my people. I am no believer in particular creeds; but as to the idea of a God, look to the heavens, and say who made that."

The enlightened project for the re-establishment of Christianity met with great opposition, and was with difficulty carried through by the first consul, who soon became consul for life. He then addressed himself with indefatigable industry to the reconstruction of society out of the shattered elements which had been left by the revolution, and even entertained the humane and generous idea of restoring to their original proprietors all the unappropriated confiscations. But this was a project which could not be realized, and which ended in some inconsiderable indulgences to the emigrants, towards whom he always took care to exhibit a remarkably conciliating aspect.

As social order became better established, the necessity for a weighty and illustrious head of the government became more apparent, and most men began to sigh for the establishment of supreme power upon a monarchical basis, as the only thing which could guarantee to France security at home and consideration abroad. Buonaparte was already possessed of the substance of regal power. Nothing was wanting but the name; and a vain and fickle people soon gratified their own vanity and his ambition by giving him a foremost rank amongst the sovereigns of Europe.

But that elevation was not attained before he had been guilty of an act which dyed his soul in blood, and fixed the brand of ineffaceable infamy upon his name to all posterity. We allude to the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, the details of which are given with all our author's accustomed power, and that moral indignation with which he

never fails to mark his sense of the enormities of great delinquents. This was that act of which the Machiavelian Fouché said, that "it was worse than a great crime; IT WAS A GREAT ERROR;" an expression which ascertains, with barometrical nicety, the state of political morality in France. But we know not whether this wily politician may not have been deceived in his estimate of this atrocious act, and whether, in reality, it may not have been as great a stroke of policy, as it was flagitious as an outrage against God and man. If it was the object of Buonaparte, whose eye was steadily fixed on the imperial crown, to create an impassable gulf between himself and all reconciliation with the Bourbons, he could not have had recourse to any measure by which such an object would be more entirely accomplished. It is certain that about that time, overtures were made to him by Louis XVIII., which caused him to be regarded with suspicion by many of the leaders of the revolution, as one who might be induced to play, in France, the part of General Monk. The blood of the blameless Conde was the offering by which such suspicions were set at rest, and which afforded a sort of guarantee that no return of the old regime would divest of their unrighteous spoils the blood-stained men of the revolution.

It is very likely that the man who could deliberately plan such guilt, was not capable of appreciating the horror with which his conduct would be regarded by every well constituted mind. Had he been fully aware of the execrations to which this remorseless barbarity must give rise, even greater moral courage than he possessed would have shrunk from an appalling contest with all that was virtuous in indignant Europe. But he was intoxicated by success, and blinded by ambition; and the splendid bauble for which he was ready to pawn his soul, glittered too near, and too attractively, to allow him to think of any other object. But it is more instructive to dwell upon the heavy retribution which awaited all the actors in that dreadful tragedy.

"A memorable retribution awaited all the actors in this bloody tragedy. Murat,

seized eleven years afterwards on the Neapolitan territory, when attempting to excite the people to a revolt, was delivered over to a military commission, tried under a law which he himself had made, and shot. General Hullin, after having spent, as he himself said, 'twenty years in unavailing regrets; bowed down by misfortune; blind, and unhappy,' wished for the grave to relieve him from his sufferings; Savary lived to witness calamities to himself and his country sufficient, in his own words, to draw from his eyes tears of blood; and Napoleon, vanquished in war, precipitated from his throne, stript of his possessions, was left an exile amidst the melancholy main, to reflect on the eternal laws of justice which he had violated, and the boundless gifts of fortune which he had misapplied. Whether Providence interferes in the affairs of mankind by any other method than general laws, and the indignation which deeds of violence excite in the human heart, must remain for ever a mystery; but in many cases the connexion between national, equally as individual, crime, and its appropriate punishment, is so evident as to be obvious even on the surface of history. The murder of the Duke d'Enghien lighted again the flames of continental war, and induced that terrible strife which ultimately brought the Tartars of the Desert to the walls of Paris. From it may be dated the commencement of that train of events which precipitated Napoleon from the throne of Charlemagne to the rock at St. Helena."

Nor can we deny ourself the pleasure of extracting the account which our author gives of the conduct of the illustrious Chateaubriand, who hesitated not, by a most decisive act, and at imminent personal risque, to attest his sense of the enormity of the First Consul's conduct.

"That indignation which the monarchies of Europe did not as yet venture openly to express, a single courageous individual, but one whose weight was equal to a nation in arms, did not hesitate immediately to manifest. The illustrious author of the '*Génie de Christianisme*,' M. CHATEAUBRIAND, had been recently appointed ambassador of France to the republic of the Valais, and he was presented to the first consul on the morning of the 21st, to take leave preparatory to his departure. He observed at the time a striking alteration on the visage of the

first consul, and a sombre expression in his countenance; his matchless powers of dissimulation could not conceal what was passing in his mind; but Chateaubriand knew of nothing at the time to which it could have been owing. Hardly had he left the Tuilleries when intelligence arrived of the death of the Duke d'Enghien; he instantly sent his resignation of the appointment. This intrepid conduct excited a vehement burst of anger in the breast of the first consul; and the friends of Chateaubriand were in the greatest alarm every morning for a considerable time, expecting to hear of his arrest during the night; but the Princess Elisa, who was inspired with the highest admiration for that great author, at length succeeded in averting a tempest which in its outset might have proved fatal to one of the brightest ornaments of modern literature. From that period, however, may be dated the commencement of that enmity between Chateaubriand and the first consul, which continued uninterrupted till the Restoration."

Everything now favoured the assumption by Buonaparte of imperial power. Jacobinism seemed to have expired in the fires which itself had lighted. Society was slowly recovering from the swoon into which it had been cast by the gashes of the revolution. The French are essentially an idolatrous race, and having abjured religion, there was a craving void which could only be supplied by the substitution of a political idol. Pichegru was no more; having perished suspiciously in prison. Moreau was an exile, indebted for his liberty to the clemency of the first consul, after having been unjustly condemned for aiding and abetting in a royalist insurrection. Who then remained to contest pre-eminence with the surmounter of the Alps and the conqueror at Lodi? No one. He had either outlived or risen above all competitors, and was now about to receive the rich reward of his splendid services as well as of his inextinguishable crimes.

"All things being at length matured, the Senate, by a decree on the 18th May, declared Napoleon EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH; but referred to the people the ratification of their decree, which declared the throne hereditary in his family, and that of his brothers, Joseph and Lucien. The obsequious body hastened to St. Cloud with the decree, where the Emperor

received them with great magnificence. 'Whatever,' said he, 'can contribute to the good of the country, is essentially connected with my happiness. I submit the law concerning the succession to the throne to the sanction of the people. I hope France will never repent of the honours with which she has envircined myself and my family. Come what may, my spirit will be no longer with my posterity from the moment that they shall come to merit the love and the confidence of the great nation.'

Thus terminated the first stage of the French revolution. We have not space to pursue the admirable reflections of Mr. Alison upon the dissipation of the dreams of liberty and equality which were produced by the elevation of Buonaparte to supreme power; and the inevitable tendency of all democratic movements to pre-

pare the way for a tyranny greater and more galling than any which they may have overthrown. We can only, as we have done before, recommend these volumes earnestly to the attention of our readers. Once more we say, that Mr. Alison has nobly done his part in reading his countrymen a lesson from the eventful history of another nation, which may yet enable them to avert the calamities which threaten their own; and if they remain insensible to those admonitions which his beautiful and instructive pages are calculated to convey, their obstinacy will be more unaccountable, even as their condition will be more deplorable than that of "the deaf adder, which stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Tune—"Grammachie."

I heard a maiden plaintive sing, and thus the maiden sung,
While sorrow seemed to cloud the brow of her, still fair and young:
"Had I," she said—and oh! how sweet the trembling accents fell,
And yet they told that hope from her had ta'en a long farewell!

"Had I the joy of other years, when all the world was gay,
I would not mourn so many hours of gladness passed away;
I would not sigh for pleasures fled, that cannot come again,
If one, of all the many gone, to me did but remain!

'Twas then a pleasant thing to stray, when all the grove did sing,
For every day was summer then, and every morn was spring;
And all the earth was fair below, the sky all bright above,
And all around was peace and joy, for all was peace and love!

Alas! if love gave all my joy, it now brings all my woe,
Since those fond moments vanished now, again I may not know,
When he the kind, the young, the brave, made those fleet moments seem
As if this world were one of joy, and all its cares a dream!

To-day we wandered in our love, where bright the flow'rets grew,
To-morrow, o'er the foaming main his gallant bark it flew;
And many a day I've counted o'er, and many a morrow mourned,
But ne'er unto these longing eyes, has that swift bark returned!

They spoke of death, but did not say where his lone grave might be,
But now a boding voice I hear, that whispers thus to me:—
'Not where the yew tree, darkly green, its wintry branches throws,
But 'neath the wild and stormy wave, thy lover does repose!'

THE PLUNDERSWEILER FAIR,

A NEW ETHICO-POLITICAL PUPPET-PLAY, FROM GÖTTE.

BY J. S. BLACKIE, ESQ.

(Et prodrome volunt et delectare portae.)

MOUNTERBANK.

I will proclaim it far and near,
That in this ancient borough here,
A Doctor lives—may such increase—
Who lets his colleagues live in peace.
We thank you for the licence, and
We hope your presence to command,
When we, this night display our powers,
Before the public on all fairs.
I hope that you will like the piece,
And though our heart may not inspire us,
Our belly craves, and that will fire us.

DOCTOR.

Good friend, may God his blessing lend you,
And showers of handkerchiefs attend you !
Your profits I were loath to grudge ;
The watchword of the trade is fudge.
Ev'n when their neck's within the rope,
We smear them with the oil of hope.
Sick people are like tinder—they
Take fire at each new quack's display—
But speak how do you call your comedy ?

MOUNTERBANK.

Excuse me Sir, it is a tragedy,
Full of sweet words and moral verses :
Their ears have grown so delicate,
In towns both great and small of late,
The Devil's self not more they hate,
Than graceless equivokes and curses.

DOCTOR.

That must be rather dull, I fear.

MOUNTERBANK.

I only wish my clown were here,
He sometimes goes beyond his sphere ;
To turn a jest, no man more fit,
And you, I know, can judge of wit.
In sooth it is no easy job,
The people are ashamed to laugh,
A tragic sigh, an epic sob,
Gives weight with them to lightest chaff ;
Each thinks himself the faultless hero,
And leaves the rest to sink to zero.
Yet should we bring upon the stage,
An honest picture of the age,
Expose to public profanation,
Their daily life and conversation,
Indignant straight, they raise a cry—
Shame ! Shame !—what low indecency !—
But we must suit the public taste,
The landlord cannot choose his guest.

DOCTOR.

A sorry way to gain one's bread.

MOUNTERBANK.

They say one should not make a trade
Of acting, it perverts the heart—
Of falsest show we make an art,
And with the oft-repeated theme,
Become the villains that we seem.
But alas ! how often must we smile,
Pain gnawing at our hearts the while,
Dispense pistols upon pistols
Without a groat to mend our soles.
We play our drunkards mostly sober,
Our heroes are as soft as mud,
And thus we act the thief and the robber,
Without one drop of villain's blood.

DOCTOR.

You have no cause to be ashamed.

MOUNTERBANK.

Why then are we, poor actors, blamed ?
In common life, we see, each man
Chalks out his well-considered plan,
Obedient to the moment's wink,
Knows when to rise, and when to sink,
Attains the good, eschews the scath,
While we, poor wretches, starve to death.

DOCTOR.

Your company is good of course !

MOUNTERBANK.

Judge for yourself—there might be worse :
In breeding they are nothing short,
And have been well received at court.

DOCTOR.

And yet the best of friends will squabble.

MOUNTERBANK.

Thank God ! they are no lawless rabble.
They have their brawls like other men,
And make wry faces now and then.
Each day they raise some novel rout,
I let them fight their battles out.
Have patience—good advice is vain—
And all will soon be well again,
But now 'tis time that I were gone.

DOCTOR.

Adieu ! to meet again anon.

Enter a SERVANT.

My lady sends—your servant Sir—
Her compliments, and hopes you may
At leisure be to go with her,
To see the tumbling and the play.

(The curtain rises, and the whole buss of the fair is disclosed. The scaffolding of the Mountebank stands in the back-ground; on the left is an arbour, before the Mountebank's door, with a table and chairs in it. As the symphony goes on, the different dramatic persons of the fair, move through and through, preserving, however, such order, that all advance to the proscenium, and successively retire, leaving room for the other groups to follow.)

TYROLER.

Buy, buy! great and small,
Long and short, old and new!
Six kreuzers a piece, no money at all
For high-born gentlemen like you.
Buy, buy! great and small,
Long and short, buy, buy!

BROOM GIRL.

Buy a broom, buy!
Good friends mine,
Brown and white,
Rough and fine,
Great and small,
Of birch-twig all,
To clean the street,
And to wipe your feet,
And to dust the room,
Buy a broom, broom!

(The motion of the fair becomes more and more confused.)

NURNBERGER, *with toys.*

Come, come, and buy, quick,
Children mine!
A little lap-dog,
And a little fat swine:
A nice little drumstick,
To beat upon a drum;
And a little French poodle,
To bum, bum, bum!
A good round ball,
For the nine-pins gay;
A grenadier tall,
And a piper to play.
A horse and a coachman,
To ride far, far,
A Schweizer guard,
And an English hussar;
For two red kreuzers
The whole is thine!
Come, come, and buy quick,
Children mine!

FRAULEIN.

The people roar like bulls!

DOCTOR.

They make their bread by roaring,—honest fools!

TYROLESE-GIRL.

An't please you, ma'am, my wares to view?

FRAULEIN.

I hope she has got something new.

VOL. VIII.

TYROLESE-GIRL.

Tapes and ribbons, quite the fashion,
A duchess or a queen might dash in;
Scarfs and boas, crapes and laces,
Veils to hide your pretty faces;
Fans and vinaigrettes have I,—
Buy! buy!
Gentle ladies, buy!

(The Doctor, meanwhile, plays off some small politenesses to the girl; and becoming, at last, a little too familiar, she breaks off:—)

Think not, gentles, to make free
With honest maidens, such as we;
If too near you dare to venture,
Back to its house the snail will enter,
And treat you so!
(She slaps the Doctor on the face, and moves on.)

OILMAN.

Here, here!
Oil to smear
Your axles and wheels:
Squeak, squeak!
Creak, creak!
No more shall grate the wheels.
Here, here!
Oil to smear!
I and my ass are here!

(The Governess comes with the Parson through the crowd; he makes a halt beside a Gingerbread-girl; at which the Governess does not look particularly well pleased.)

GOVERNESS.

There stands the Doctor and Miss B.
Come, sir; they wait for you and me.

GINGERBREAD-GIRL.

Ha, ha, ha!
Gingerbread,
Sweet and good,
Peppered well,
Clears the head
And clears the blood.
Gingerbread!
Ha, ha, ha!

GOVERNESS.

Come, Mr. Parson,—at your peril!—
What can you see in a gingerbread-girl?

PARSON.

At your command.

GIPSY-CAPTAIN AND HIS BOY.

GIPSY-CAPTAIN.

Worse than dirt
Is all the fair.

GIPSY-BOY.

I would I had
Those pistols there.

GIPSY-CAPTAIN.

Not worth the devil all!
 Babbling and squabbling all!
 Higgling and pigging all!
 Worse than brute-oxen all!
 Children and children's play,
 Kittens and apes are they!
 I would not have the trash,
 Though they should give it me
 Money and carriage-fine!
 Would we might give it them!

GIPSY-BOY.

Wetter! we'd give it them!

GIPSY-CAPTAIN.

How we should scouse them!

GIPSY-BOY.

How we should louse them!

GIPSY-CAPTAIN.

Twenty might squash
 Them and their trash!

GIPSY-BOY.

'Twere a good frohe!

FRAULEIN.

My Lady *Amtmännin*, I fear—

AMTMANNIN* (*appearing at the door.*)

No, no!—Right glad to see you here.

DOCTOR.

For one day this is noise enough.

(*Ballad-Singer comes forward, with his wife, and hangs up his ballads and pictures. The people gather round him: he sings:—*)

Ye worthy Christians one and all,
 When of your follies will ye cure you?
 The sole way 'tis, for great and small
 To make their fortunes, I assure you.
 Nothing does man more harm than vice;
 And virtue, though above all price,
 Yet every man may buy, who chooses.

AMTMANN.

The man means well.

MARMOTTE.

Through many a land come I, come I,
 Aveque la Marmotte;
 Nor ever for want of meat did die,
 Aveque la Marmotte;
 Aveque si, aveque la,
 Aveque la Marmotte.

And many a master I did find,
 Aveque la Marmotte,
 That was too fond of womankind,
 Aveque la Marmotte,
 Aveque si, aveque la,
 Aveque la Marmotte.

And many a fair maid I did see,
 Aveque la Marmotte,
 Though I was small she looked at me,
 Aveque la Marmotte,
 Aveque si, aveque la,
 Aveque la Marmotte.

Ye gentle sirs and dames I pray,
 Aveque la Marmotte,
 O! send me supperless not away,
 Aveque la Marmotte,
 Aveque si, aveque la,
 Aveque la Marmotte.

(The company throw coppers to the boys; Marmotte snatches them all up.)

GUITAR-BOY.

O! O! my Kreuzer!
 He's taken my Kreuzer away!

MARMOTTE.

No, no! 'tis mine.

(A scuffle ensues. Marmotte comes off conqueror. The boy weeps.)

SYMPHONY.

CANDLE-SNUFFER.

(Dressed as clown on the scaffolding.)

When it pleases lord and lady,
 We, the actors, are all ready.

GIPSY-CAPTAIN.

They run as fast as boys from school,
 To purchase poison from a fool.

BUTCHER.

Boy! drive my swine home.

CATTLE-DEALER.

And our oxen. Ourselves will come
 When we are ready.
 Come, friend, and let us have a bouse—
 The landlord credits here—at home our wives
 may snooze.

CLOWN.

I am the clown you may suppose,
 For I have his cap, and I have his hose;
 And had I only a head like him,
 I were the clown in every limb;

* The *Amtmännin* is the wife of the *Amtmann*, or *Magistrate*. We have retained the German phrase, in order not to offend against the dignity of the lady, who, according to the transcendental principles of German etiquette, must needs be designated by her husband's title. Read Kotzebue's play of the *Kleinstadter*, and laugh at this pedantry.

At least 'tis something to that tune ;
 I've got a beard like pantaloons.
Albino : who will buy ?
 Pills and plasters
 Who will buy ?
 Cures all disasters—
 Gently my masters !
 Who will buy ?
 Up with your handkerchiefs !
 Who will buy ?

MOUNTEBANK.

I fear, I fear, it will not do ;
 Try it again in an hour or two.
 My ladies and gentlemen
 Perhaps are now at leisure
 To listen to the play,

This noble tragedy !
 We only wait their pleasure.
 Be pleased then to attend,
 The curtain will ascend
 This moment ;
 It needs no lengthened comment ;
 It is the ancient story
 Of Esther in her glory,
 Cut in the newest fashion,
 With floods of tempest and passion,
 With dashing, and crashing, and bashing,
 And tearing of hair and teeth-gnashing :
 One thing only is wrong,
 The light is by far too strong ;
 In torches the piece so rich is
 It should be as dark as pitch is.

(The curtain rises. A throne is seen on the side, and in the distance a gallows.)

SYMPHONY.

King Ahasuerus. Haman.

Haman, (to himself)—Thou, who with thoughts of flame my restless spirit feedest

Both night and day, thou who my feet securely ledest,
 Sacred Revenge ! that long has blest my sunless lot,
 With cheering hope, in this last hour desert me not !
 What boots the halo bright, that floats around my head ?
 The breath of the king's love wherewith my life is fed ?
 What boots it that to me submit an empire must,
 Unless proud Mordecai lies prostrate in the dust ?
 In vain that I have found fore kings and princes grace,
 If a base Jew still dares to look me in the face !
 He boasts of Abram's blood, but thinks not of its shame,
 When Persic power upblew the temple in a flame :
 —As thou, proud Salem, all to dust and ruin goest,
 So he that nation low, and Mordecai the lowest !
 Would that my sire's blood boiled, as boils his servant's blood !
 He is a king indeed, but more than half too good.

Ahasuerus, (advancing)—Ho ! Haman, is it thou ?

Haman.—

I have been waiting long.

Ahasuerus.—Thou sleepest not. I fear there must be something wrong.

Haman.—Monarch sublime ! as thy high majesty reposes,
 To-day, as yesterday, on down-beds and on roses,
 How must we thank the gods that thou hast strength to bear
 The burden of the crown, as a so light affair !
 Thy subjects, like the sand, for countless multitude,
 From east to farthest west, bepeopling many a rood,
 Thou rulest with like ease, as one small family :
 This is the power of Jove ; such grace he gave to thee.
 So a huge mountain rests, as steady as a plummet,
 When forests numberless, are shaking on its summit !

Ahasuerus.—Yes, Haman ! as to that the gods have managed well.
 Mild is our sway—so all our chronicles can tell ;
 As none with anxious toil, the throne hath mounted high,
 So for the empire's weal, hath care caused none to die.

Ahasuerus.—Ha, ha! You make me laugh! Ha, ha! Does the wind blow so?
A Jew has praised his wife, and Haman is *geloso*!

Haman.—Not so, most gracious Sire ; but all experience shows,
Who gains the wife, can lead the man, too, by the nose ;
And thus an exiled race, that house or home hath none,
Makes right, and property, and wealth, and rank its own.

Ahasuerus.—Hold, worthy friend ! How can this be beneath the sun,
Where what *I* will alone, and *I* command is done ?

Haman.—I know it well : although with thee may none compare,
Yet are there not a few, magnates and lords, that bear
Thy yoke, mild as it is, with envy and regret ;
Ambitious and proud, but sunk so deep in debt,
That none of name there lives, within thy empire vast,
Whose bread does not depend upon the Jews at last.
And they know well,—with them state-figures are a trade,—
As long as rule remains, their bonds remain unpaid ;
Rebellion's smothered flame into new life they raise,
And, ere we are aware, the land is all a-blaze.

Ahasuerus.—Yes ! we have heard, before, such tales of dire distress,
But in the end our arms are crown'd with sure success.
We send our soldiers out, and while they hew and hack,
We sit at ease until they come victorious back.

Haman.—An uproar of the mob that breaks out in a minute,
Subsides as soon again, and nothing more is in it ;
But when a plot is laid, and bags of gold are ready,
The case is changed—the throne is then no longer steady,

Ahasuerus.—No fear of it, so long as my head wears the crown !
They know from what dread height I dart my lightnings down !
A flight of marble steps this golden throne secures,
Such wondrous work at least a hundred years endures.

Haman.—The worst remains behind. You force me to speak out.

Ahasuerus.—Come to the point at once ! I hate all roundabout ;
Poor pastime for a king is such long-winded phrase.

Haman.—Ah Sire ! against thy life their ruthless hand they raise.

Ahasuerus. (starting back.)—How ? what ?

Haman.—The word is said—now freely flow ye tears,
And yield each stoutest heart to soul-subduing fears !
Deep, deep in night was hatched this deed of blackest dye,
And deep in night not few of them that hatch'd it lie.
In vain that throne, and crown, and sceptre's might protect thee,
No more shall Babylon, no more thy realm respect thee ;
In awful dead of night snaps the rebellious crew,
With parricidal hand, thy thread of life in two ;
Thy blood, for which the blood of thousands hath been shed,
With many a piteous gout, shall stain thy regal bed.
Woe ! in the palace howls—howls in each province woe !
And he who loves thee best, falls by the surest blow.
Thy royal corse as vilest carrion is rated,
And all thy servants true, in rows are decimated !
Till, gorged with blood, at length, the work of its own shame,
Destroys the traitor-hand in universal flame !

Ahasuerus.—O woe ! what dost thou say ? They plot against my life ?
 I am all green and blue ! I die ! Go, tell my wife !
 Chatter my teeth, beneath me shakes my feeble knee,
 A cold sweat o'er me runs, and blood and flames I see !

Haman.—Compose thyself.

Ahasuerus.— Ah ! ah !

Haman.— It is high time to think ;
 Yet faithful servants wait, obedient to thy wink,
 And by their ready zeal the king's eye may discern them.

Ahasuerus.—Then let thy zeal be shewn. Go hence straightway and burn them !

Haman.—We must beware. We have most slippery work to do.

Ahasuerus.—Meanwhile full twenty times they pierce me through and through.

Haman.—No fear of that. Our strength their murderous rage disarms.

Ahasuerus.—And I sat here, as with my children in my arms,
 So thoughtless ! cruel death ! oh, it doth vex me sore.

Haman.—And, Sire, once dead, alas ! we eat and drink no more.

Ahasuerus.—Of all foul crimes that be, the foulest crime is treason.

Haman.—That with thy fathers thou should'st sleep before thy season !

Ahasuerus.—Woe, woe ! my soul abhors the grave ev'n more than death !
 Ah, ah ! my worthy friend !— Now I can draw my breath.
 A world of knaves at once my deep revenge up swallows !
 Go hence and build straightway a thousand pair of gallows.

Haman (on his knees).—Most puissant prince ! thy grace I beg here on my
 knees !
 O spare so many men !—O spare so many trees !

Ahasuerus.—Arise ! No mortal man in greatness thee exceedeth,
 Whose noble heart for foes, as for friends intercedeth.
 Arise ! what wouldst thou say ?

Haman.— Of this accursed race
 Are villains not a few—yet some deserve thy grace.
 No guiltless blood besoil thy bright historic page,
 A monarch must chastise, not like a tiger rage.
 The monster dire that claws o'er claws to seize thee spreads,
 Lies powerless as a clod when you cut off its heads.

Ahasuerus.—Then hang them up at once ! why all these hems and has ?
 The Monarch wills it so, so order it the laws.
 Speak out ! who are the men ?

Haman.— Alas ! the list is long :
 But with the richest first, we cannot go far wrong.

Ahasuerus.—Accursed brood of slaves ! no longer shall they live,
 Their house and home to thee, their goods and gear I give.

Haman.—Sad boon!

Ahasuerus.—Bethinks thee then. Whom may'st thou chiefly mean?

Haman.—The first is Mordecai, the favorite of the queen.

Ahasuerus.—Alas! both night and day for this she will torment me.

Haman.—Ay, but when he is dead, then must she too content be.

Ahasuerus.—Then hang him quick! meanwhile deny the queen admission.

Haman.—To thee may no one come without thy high permission?

Ahasuerus.—Begin and end the work, before we are detected.

Haman.—Thou see'st on yonder hill, a gallows is erected.

Ahasuerus.—Tis well. Plague me no more. Let me enjoy my wine!
The word is said. Aught else is no concern of mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

CLOWN.

Here ends act first—as I have reckoned,
The one that follows is the second.

MOUNTEBANK.

My gentlemen and ladies dear,
That love for you hath brought me here,
And sheer goodwill, I need not say,
To ope to you a mine of wealth—
The secret to restore your health—
My feet have trod this weasy way; §
Convince yourselves—it is no lie—
The surest method is to try;
You cannot lose—so small the cost—
More than a groshen at the most.
True, I have sold my golden pill
To Empress Catherine of Russia;
I've proved my *Æsculepian* skill
On Frederick the great of Prussia,
And could produce the signature of
Each mighty potentate of Europe;
But why should I my deeds proclaim,
And Nature's modesty besame?
Too many of my predecessors
Have proved, alas! but vain professors;
Perhaps you think the same of me,
But, from suspicion to be free,
I show my wares without grimace,
That bear their praises upon their face;
How many cures they have effected,
May on the label be inspected.
In one small packet I can give
A stomach-powder and purgative.
Sweet dentifrice, a ring whose virtue
Stops every rheum that flesh is heir to—
All for one penny—I ask no more—
In time of need well worth a score.

CLOWN.

Up with your handkerchiefs!

(The people buy from the Mountebank.)

MILKMAID.

Buy my milk!
Buy my eggs!
They are good,
And they are not dear.
Buy my eggs!
Fresh and clear.

GIPSY-CAPTAIN.

The milk-maid there is a pretty little thing,
I have half a mind to buy her a ring.

GIPSY-BOY.

She's got a handsome pair of legs,

GIPSY-CAPTAIN.

First the master, and then the man.

BOTH.

Well, then, how do you sell your eggs?

MILKMAID.

Three for three farthings, buy who can.

BOTH.

Worth double the money, I swear.
(She makes off.)

MILKMAID.

Buy my milk!
Buy my eggs!

BOTH (*holding her back.*)

Not so saucy!
O not so dear!

MILK-MAID.

What would the noisy
Whoers here?
Buy my milk!

Buy my eggs!
Buy my eggs, and then I will love you!

And hang Haman up 'twixt earth and sky
To warn the sons of iniquity.

DOCTOR.

CLOWN.

Well, Amtmann, how do you like the play?

Up with your handkerchiefs!

AMTMANN.

MOUNTBANK.

So, so. Some things were better away:
I told them too, when they play'd before us
To make it a little more decorous.

The gentlemen will not be gone
Before the second act is done.
Meanwhile they may reflect if they
Will buy sight of my wares to day.

DOCTOR.

CLOWN.

And what did the manager say?

Mark well; betimes I you advise,
This act will bring tears to your eyes.

AMTMANN.

With such vile stuff, no more he'd bore us,

MUSIC.

Enter ESTHER and MORDECAI.

Mordecai (weeping and sobbing.)—O lamentable fate! O terrible decree!
O monstrous deed this day my lips declare to thee!
O wretched, gracious queen! most wretched is my lot!

Esther.—Then speak it out at once. Thy weeping boots thee not.

Mordecai.—Hoo, hoo! my heart; hoo, hoo! my heart will break in sunder!

Esther.—I cannot hear a word. You make a noise like thunder.

Mordecai.—Hoo, hoo! what shall I do? hoo, hoo! there is no hope!

Esther.—

Of what?

Mordecai.—Hoo, hoo! this night my neck swings in the rope.

Esther.—What dost thou say my friend? How com'st thou to know that?

Mordecai.—The *how*, it matters not; too well I know the *what*.
In vain to the full noon of brightest hope we trust,
We build upon a rock, it crumbles into dust!
Beneath thy favour, queen, I basked but yesterday,
And now behold me here, lost, ruined, cast away!

Esther.—Speak, friend, what thirsty soul pants for thy precious life?

Mordecai.—The haughty Haman, queen; his hate hath put the knife
Into the king's own hand. And now unless thou go
And undeceive him straight, my head must meet the blow.

Esther.—Alas! poor man, I cannot grant thy sad petition:
No one can see the king without his requisition.
Whoso on him intrudes must mad be, or delirious;
Death is the punishment!—Surely you are not serious.

Mordecai.—Incomparable queen! thou from all risk art free:
Offence feels none whoso hath eyes to look on thee.
The laws touch not the queen. They form a sacred ring
To keep the lawless mob from crowding round the King.

Esther.—And should my life not pay the forfeit of my fault,
I think on Vashti, and my trembling footsteps halt.

Mordecai.—Seems, then, to thee my death so trifling an affair?

Esther.—What boots it?—We should die, instead of one, a pair.

Mordecai.—Spare my grey hairs, my gold, my children, and my wife.

Esther.—Most willingly, but for the danger of my life.

Mordecai.—I see thy heart of stone may not be moved for me ;
Bethink thee, ingrate queen, what I have done for thee !
To me thy childhood owes its quiet, even tenor ;
Thy simple youth I trained to arts of court-demeanor.
The monarch's love for thee long since had been abated,
And his capricious arms with hugging thee been sated ;
Thy too-plain-spoken tongue to woful fate had brought thee,
Had I not queenly love, and courtly duty taught thee.
His wayward heart to thee my art at first subjected ;—
That he is subject now, whose art but mine effected ?

Esther.—Not by myself, I know, my fortune I have made ;
To thee I owe it all, be thou alive or dead.

Mordecai.—Dead!—yes! might I die to save my native land!
But all in vain, I fall by an accursed hand.
There hangs my hoary head! and sun, and snow, and rain,
Beats on the shattered dome where dwells a sapless brain!
There, whetting their keen beaks, in crowds the crows repair,
And from my goodly bones the savoury flesh they tear!
And there my noble limbs hang swinging to and fro,
Rattling a strange lament, as the night-breezes blow!
A terror to all men! eternal shame to me!
A curse to Israel! and what, O queen, to thee?

Esther.—Great grief; and yet, I hope, I shall not ask in vain,
That on the gallows long thy limbs may not remain;
Thy faithful corpse embalmed in Arab spice and wine,
I will inter, as well becomes a love like mine.

Mordecai.—Then for her friend in vain shall Esther drop the tear!
To help thy need no more shall Mordecai appear!
No more throw bags of gold at thy demand away,
So quickly snatched, when thou hadst lost thine all at play!
No more bring pearls and gems, and vestments rich, no more!
My wailing ghost shall come and to torment thee sore,
Its shadowy hand a purse of glittering gold shall bear,
Which, when thy hand would grasp, will vanish into air.

Esther.—That may be cured, my friend; one way remains there still,
Leave me a good round sum by special codicil.

Mordecai.—Right willingly would I thy gracious purpose meet,
But all I have is fallen to the King's escheat.
My brethren, too, must die: the cost must I defray;
Not one remains to thee a single plack to pay.
Our prosperous trade, too, falls, our smuggling skill no more
Of choicest foreign wares brings to thee richest store;
No more shall envy thee thy maids however mean,
And strut in robes as rich as those that deck the queen!

A hopeless life shalt thou drag slowly to the grave,
Slave of a foreign lord and of his people slave!

Esther.—This is too cruel! O why a woman's heart assail?
When comes the evil day, 'tis time enough to wail.

(Weeping.)

No, no!—it cannot be!

Mordecai.— It must, it must! believe me!

Esther.—What shall I do?

Mordecai.— Rescue us yet.

Esther.— O leave me! leave me!
I would——

Mordecai.— Most mighty queen I do beseech thee, hear me!
What would'st thou?

Esther.— Ah!—I would—things were not as they are!
[Exit.]

Mordecai.—By Father Abraham! nor words nor tears I'll spare,
Nor night nor day will rest—she cannot choose but hear me!
[Exit.]

MOUNTERANK.

Tumblers and rope-dancers now should come,
But the days are getting rather short:

Tomorrow, when we beat the drum,
You may expect some better sport.

NOTE.—Our MS. does not conclude here, but goes on with a sort of farical lecture on the creation, by a common Showman, which, however characteristic, may be easily dispensed with; and in deference to religious feelings that ought to be respected, as also with the consent of the translator, we have omitted it altogether.—EDITOR.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. VII.

JAMES, EARL OF CHARLEMONT.—PART II.

THAT Hume should have been attracted by a character such as that of Lord Charlemont, does not surprise us; for, strange as was the scepticism of that gifted man respecting revealed religion or moral truth, he possessed an instinctive aptitude for duly estimating public rectitude and private virtue. Of this we need no further proof than the accounts which he has given us of the sufferings of the early reformers. But, that Lord Charlemont should have been proof against the assaults which the infidel philosopher made upon his faith, at a time, too, when but little strictness of profession was affected even by the friends of religion, and when a laxity of belief was rendered

fashionable, by writers who enjoyed a European reputation, serves to impress us with a stronger conviction, not only of the soundness of his judgment, but the goodness of his heart, than any other incident with which we are acquainted. At present, the man would deserve but little regard who could be duped by sophistries, which, however plausible, have been so fully exposed by Paley, by Elrington, by Beatty, by Archbishop Whately, by Lord Brougham, and a host of other able writers; nor does the spirit of the present age afford that countenance to ostentatious scepticism, which, when Voltaire was lord of the ascendant, rendered a profession of revealed religion almost synonymous

with hypocrisy or infatuation. But it must be admitted, that, in Lord Charlemont's day, the current not only of opinion, but of practice, drifted strongly towards the lee shore of unbelief; and, that he should have possessed the decision and the firmness which enabled him to refuse the proffered pilotage of David Hume, and to steer directly against the opposing current, which, if not resisted, would have made shipwreck of his faith, evinces, to our minds, a native strength not only of virtuous instinct, but of religious principle, of which we have few more striking examples; for Lord Charlemont loved the erring philosopher for the many estimable qualities which he knew him to possess, and his self-love must have been highly gratified by the earnestness and the assiduity with which this eminent man, who was then at the height of his fame, laboured for his perversion. But the seed which his revered preceptor Skelton had sown, had not fallen in barren ground; and the man whose subtlety might have foiled the most practised intellect, felt himself baffled by the plain good sense, and the innate goodness, of his modest and ingenuous respondent.

Of Hume's general candour and good humour in conversation, he thus writes—

"One day that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing, and apparently well pleased. "What has put you into this good humour, Hume?" said I. "Why, man," replied he, "I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining in a company, where I spent the morning, that I was very ill treated by the world, and that the censures past upon me were hard and unreasonable. That I had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet, for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces." "You put me in mind," said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, "of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case; that, after having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line."

His constitutional scepticism, also,

did not escape his Lordship's observation.

"But an unfortunate disposition to doubt of everything seemed interwoven with the nature of Hume, and never was there, I am convinced, a more thorough and sincere sceptic. He seemed not to be certain even of his own present existence, and could not therefore be expected to entertain any settled opinion respecting his future state. Once I asked him what he thought of the immortality of the soul? 'Why troth, man,' said he, 'it is so pretty and so comfortable a theory, that I wish I could be convinced of its truth, but I canna help doubting.'"

But the most curious characteristic of the times, is the manner in which such a man became the rage in Paris. With his broad accent, his clumsy figure, his heavy, unmeaning face, and his awkward gait, he was absolutely all but worshipped, as the living impersonation of infidelity.

"Hume's fashion at Paris, when he was there as Secretary to Lord Hertford, was truly ridiculous; and nothing ever marked, in a more striking manner, the whimsical genius of the French. No man, from his manners, was surely less formed for their society, or less likely to meet with their approbation; but that flimsy philosophy which pervades, and deadens even their most licentious novels, was then the folly of the day. Free thinking and English frocks were the fashion, and the Anglomanie was the *ton du pais*. Lord Holland, though far better calculated than Hume to please in France, was also an instance of this singular predilection. Being about this time on a visit to Paris, the French concluded, that an Englishman of his reputation must be a philosopher, and must be admired. It was customary with him to doze after dinner. At a great entertainment, he happened to fall asleep; 'Le voilà!' says a Marquis, pulling his neighbour by the sleeve; 'Le voilà, qui pense!' But the madness for Hume was far more singular and extravagant. From what has been already said of him, it is apparent that his conversation to strangers, and particularly to Frenchmen, could be little delightful, and still more particularly, one would suppose, to French women. And yet no lady's toilette was complete without Hume's attendance.—At the opera, his broad, unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois*.

[illegible]

THE

brother, Charles Townshend, was at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer; and had he continued in office, the Lord Lieutenant's influence in the cabinet would have been very great, but that nobleman had the misfortune to hear of his death, shortly after his arrival here.

The government of Ireland, by the undertakers, had long been distasteful to his Majesty's constitutional advisers, and was only of late acquiesced in because no available substitute for it could be found. The Bashaws, as they were called, batted on the public spoils with a greedy and shameful voracity; and as no service was too dirty which they would not perform, at the bidding of masters by whom they were so well paid, so no job was so gross which they would not countenance for their personal advantage;—until, at length, the government of England found it as necessary to be emancipated from their petty tyranny, as the people of Ireland.

An entirely new system was, therefore, resolved on, and instead of the Lord Lieutenant residing a small part of the year, and resigning the power and the patronage of government into the hands of Lords Deputies, by whom both were administered as best suited their own ends, it was announced that Lord Townshend would continue to reside for some years, retaining the patronage entirely in his own hands, to be disposed of in the manner he judged most for the public advantage.

To wrest their power from the hands of a grasping oligarchy, it was necessary to make a show, at least, of conferring some privileges upon the people. Lord Charlemont would have gladly lent his aid to the new viceroy, had he perceived in him any real disposition to favour those measures, without which he and his friends were of opinion no permanent benefit could be bestowed upon his country; but every day's experience satisfied him that no such disposition existed, and that to their own inherent energy and perseverance, and the justice of their cause, they must be indebted for the accomplishment of their legislative independence.

Already an attempt had been made by the patriotic Lucas to limit, by a septennial bill, the duration of parliament; but the power of those who

had so long profited by making the forms of the constitution auxiliary to the destruction of its substance, was too firmly rooted to be easily disturbed; and, although he succeeded in obtaining leave to bring in the bill on the 22nd of October, 1761, when, on the 9th of December following, it was moved that the Lord Lieutenant would be pleased to recommend the same, in the most effectual manner, to his majesty, the motion was *negatived* by a large majority.

In the succeeding session, the House of Commons seemed sensible that they had incurred public odium, by thus getting rid of a measure upon which the people now had set their hearts, and the following blustering and undignified resolution, which was passed on the 26th of April, 1762, in order, as far as in them lay, to silence the murmurs, which now, both loud and deep, assailed them for the very equivocal part which they had acted in this transaction, is far less indicative of that honour which feels a stain like a wound, than of the morbid excitability of a guilty conscience. "Resolved, that the suggestions confidently propagated, that the heads of a bill for limiting the duration of parliaments, if returned from England, would have been rejected by this house, are without foundation."

A resolution of this kind, however, is sufficiently expressive of the state of the public mind; and a sagacious legislator must have seen that the measure could not be much longer resisted. In October, 1763, leave was again given to bring in the bill; but it was not presented until the December following, nor reported until the middle of February. Its dilatory passage through the Commons sufficiently indicates the disfavour in which it was held; and not even a dread of popular odium could have induced the lower house to pass it, were they not assured that it would be suppressed upon its transmission to the privy council.

Nothing now could be done until the next session, when the commons were again aroused upon the subject by the petitions of the people; and, fancying that they had discovered an infallible method of preserving their popularity and enjoying their unconstitutional power, they again passed the bill, leaving to

their good friends, the privy council, the odium of its second rejection. But here the drama assumed a new appearance, and the stratagem of the wily commoners began to be turned against themselves. The privy council no longer delighted in the office of acting the part of Pharaoh's midwives, or rather, indeed, of doing what Pharaoh's midwives *refused* to do. They were no longer content with receiving all the kicks, while the commons got all the half-pence; and, accordingly, they resolved upon playing the game of popularity too, and to the alarm and astonishment of the latter, certified the bill to the English privy council, in the sure and certain hope that they were sending it to that bourne from which no such traveller ever before returned, and from which nothing short of the power which enabled Orpheus to recover Euridice would suffice for its restoration.

But here, again, the scene changed. The English government had long meditated a stroke of policy by which the griping and turbulent aristocracy of Ireland might be humbled, and here was presented a tempting opportunity of circumscribing their influence, and punishing them for their duplicity. The measure was now in their hands, and they might deal with it as they thought fit. If it was rejected, upon them would devolve the odium, which the Irish Commons had intended to cast upon the Irish privy council, but which that body had taken care dexterously to throw off from themselves. If they passed it, they knew not what untried form of being the Irish government was destined to assume, or how far the new element of democracy might operate to the derangement of the empire. Truly they were in a strait; they knew not what to do. At length it was resolved, not to suppress, but to return the bill as passed, simply altering it from a septennial to an octennial bill, in the confident expectation that, by any such change, the jealousy of the Irish Commons would be provoked, and they would thus ensure its rejection. But the patriots were too sensible of the advantage which had thus been gained, to quarrel with it because it was not in all particulars just such as they had desired. Every

thing important was now, in fact, within their power; and they resolved not to risque the substance of what they had so unexpectedly obtained, because of their resentment at the shadow of a pretension which must, sooner or later, be relinquished. The bill was hailed with universal joy, and writs were speedily issued for the calling of a new parliament.

This was done, while they rejected, indignantly, a bill for the independence of judges, which had been returned with some slight alteration. Either Lord Townshend's influence in the British cabinet had declined, or that body was resolved not to pass *any* measure in which their own powers were not distinctly acknowledged. Whatever the cause was, great as were the benefits which were derived from the one measure, the interference of government, slight as it was, with the other, excited the greatest dissatisfaction with his administration.

The truth is, the people were animated by a desire of liberty such as never before possessed them since they were a nation, and disappointment was felt because the measures of government, liberal as they were, fell short of their too sanguine expectations. Therefore, while the octennial bill gave the popular party prodigious power, the rejection of the bill for the independence of judges only added a new stimulus to the zeal with which they urged on the accomplishment of ulterior objects. Their trade was yet to be vindicated; Poyning's law was to be either explained or repealed; and before their independence could be said to have a secure basis, all right on the part of England to legislate for them either internally or externally, must be absolutely relinquished. Such was the vista which now opened upon the delighted vision of the patriotic party, who saw that more had been already accomplished, than, in the outset of their career, they could possibly have supposed within their reach, and who felt that all that had been attained was but a pledge and foretaste of that which was to come.

There is no doubt that the recent successes were greatly owing to the splendid senatorial exertions of Mr. Flood, who, in himself, might be said to have constituted the opposition at

this period in the Irish House of Commons. He and Lord Charlemont always consulted together, and the course which the one pursued in the one house, the other supported in the other. Not that Lord Charlemont was ever distinguished as a public speaker. There hung about him an innate modesty which he never could get rid of, so far as to be enabled to arise with confidence, and take an active part in the debates; but his influence with others was always considerable, and even in such an assembly as the Irish House of Lords he derived no little importance from the profound respect which was unconsciously paid to his incorruptible integrity. Therefore, although he did not excel in a set oration, he served as the combining and animating principle, by which Irish patriotism, the efforts of which might have been otherwise but languid and desultory, was directed, disciplined, and organized. His house was the rendezvous for all who were distinguished for talent or public spirit; and to the genial warmth of his heart, and the benignant influence of his highly cultivated mind, must be ascribed, if not the happy conception, at least the early and fortunate maturity of most of the measures, which, at this period, were originated for the benefit of Ireland.

The following observations occur in his private papers. They were written shortly after the passing of the octennial bill, and do equal credit to his judgment and his integrity. "As far as my experience goes, this maxim appears to me infallible, that every measure intrinsically just and good will finally be carried by virtuous and steady perseverance. In the pursuit of that which is salutary and right, let no patriot be discouraged by defeat, since, though repeated efforts may prove ineffectual, the time will come when the labours of a virtuous few will succeed against all the efforts of interested majorities, when a concurrence of favourable circumstances will conspire with the justice and utility of the measure, and, beyond the reach of human foresight, carry into execution even that which, by the weak and timid, was deemed most impossible. *Nil desperandum* is a maxim in patriotism which I solemnly recommend

to the observance of my children. Let them always endeavour after what is right, how difficult soever it may appear of attainment; since, though they should not live to witness success, they will lay a foundation for the success of their survivors. The man who lays the first stone of the temple of liberty, has as much, and perhaps more credit with posterity, than he who lives to complete the edifice."

In the year 1768, which witnessed the passing of this important bill, Lord Charlemont was married. Miss Hickman, the daughter of Robert Hickman of the county of Clare, was the object of his attachment, a lady in all respects, worthy of his choice, and who continued, during a long life, to be alike adorned and endeared, by her personal accomplishments and her domestic virtues.

Flood, Scot, (afterwards Lord Clonmel,) Hussey Burgh, Daly, and Sir William Osborne, were the principal parliamentary debaters when the new parliament was assembled. They were all men of very considerable powers, and entered upon their political duties, some with the zeal of decided partizans, who were determined to earn the favour of government, others with the determination of patriots, who were bent upon securing the good will of the people. The government were placed in new and difficult circumstances, having provoked the hostility of the aristocracy, whom they sought to deprive of their power; and needed to be peculiarly circumspect, if they desired so to conduct affairs as to avoid embarrassment or mortification. But their evil genius prevailed. It was necessary, according to Poyning's act, that the privy council here should certify a bill to the privy council in England, as one of the causes for holding a parliament; and a money bill having been, as was thought by many, most unnecessarily chosen for that purpose, the new-born importance of the commons took fire, and both the old aristocracy and the patriotic party joined in its rejection. Against this rejection Lord Townshend protested, and the parliament was prorogued; but not before such offence had been taken at the act of the viceroy as united almost all parties against him, and caused even the unpopularity of the old undertakers to

be lost in that of the very chief governor, by whom their power had for ever been overthrown.

Parliament did not meet again until March, 1771, and the interval was employed by government in a profuse distribution of places and pensions for the purpose of securing thoroughgoing adherents. The minister, for the time, succeeded; and the commons, by a majority of thirty-seven, humbly thanked his majesty for continuing Lord Townshend in the viceroyalty of Ireland. The government gained a still greater advantage by the resignation of the speaker, Mr. Ponsonby, who refused to be the instrument of carrying such an address, and persisted, notwithstanding the exhortations of Lord Charlemont, the Duke of Leinster, and other distinguished friends, in retiring from an office which he conceived he could no longer fill with honour. Of course, he only made way for one by whom the measures of his adversaries would be effectually befriended.

Towards the close of this administration, Lucas died. He was a man well worthy, both from his talents and services, of the very general estimation in which he was held. He possessed boldness, courage, intelligence, and independence; and was one of the very earliest supporters of those measures which had for their object the purity and the independence of parliament. Through life he enjoyed the peculiar esteem and respect of Lord Charlemont, who employed him as his family physician, and valued his professional skill as much as he respected his political integrity. He first distinguished himself by the detection of abuses in the corporation of Dublin, which he sought, not in vain, to remedy; and, having been chosen member for the city of Dublin, was amongst the foremost upon every occasion when a voice was to be raised for public liberty. But, although he

was one of the earliest assertors of those principles which were afterwards so powerfully advocated by Mr. Flood, in the house he never attained any considerable ascendancy as a speaker. With all its vices, it must be allowed that the House of Commons at that period possessed many men of varied and brilliant talents, and of solid and extensive attainments; and Lucas, who wanted the weight to be derived from birth and family connection, did not possess either the classical or the constitutional learning which would have enabled him, in such an assembly, to command a very lengthened attention. But he always resolutely stuck to his point, and what he wanted in power he made up in perseverance. He was an admirable starter of the game, which others were better qualified to pursue with entire success; and gave the minister more trouble, by his incessant vigilance, than many whose talents in debate might have enabled them to be far more formidable assailants. "His infirmities," Mr. Hardy observes, "for he was always carried into and out of the house, being so enfeebled by the gout that he could scarcely stand for a moment; the gravity and uncommon neatness of his dress; his grey and venerable locks, blending with a pale but interesting countenance, altogether excited attention; and I never knew a stranger come into the house without asking who he was." He lived long enough to witness the establishment of much for which he had contended; and before his death he fairly saw the tide set in which was to bring legislative freedom to his native land. That such a man, at such a time, should have been a mark for the court parasites, was only what might have been expected. But parliament evinced its respect, by honouring his remains with a public funeral; and his fellow citizens their gratitude, by setting up his statue in the Royal Exchange.*

* As the reader may be desirous of seeing a specimen of this gentleman's powers as a parliamentary debater, we subjoin the following speech which was delivered by him in the House of Commons, on February the 21st, 1764, in reply to Mr., afterwards Sir Hercules Langrish, on the Place Bill:—

"As it is always easier to answer an argument upon the principles on which it is formed, if it can be done, than to controvert those principles, even supposing them to be false, I shall admit, what the honourable gentleman who spoke last, seems to sup-

The reader of Irish history will not fail to consult the series of papers, since collected into a volume, and published about this period under the title of *Barratarana*. They are, in many instances, admirable for their eloquence and wit; and, in some instances, rival even the celebrated letters of Junius, for their biting sarcasm and withering invective; but a tone of rancorous and virulent opposition pervades them, approaching frequently to personal malevolence, by which they must be altogether discredited as an impartial commentary on Lord Townshend's administration. He was a nobleman, of whose merits, as a chief governor, it is extremely hard to form a just opinion, from the conflicting accounts which

have been transmitted to us of his mode of administering the affairs of Ireland; and, indeed, the task which he was called upon to execute, was such as required a combination of good humour and firmness, of conciliation and vigour, that is not easily to be found. His instructions were, to break down the oligarchy without emancipating the parliament; by transferring, to the government in England, the power and the influence which it was felt so inconvenient to leave any longer in the hands of the undertakers in Ireland. He, therefore, united in an opposition to him parties who never before had acted in unison together; those who were threatened with the loss of their power, and those who

pose—ministerial measures are always for the public advantage, and that those who oppose them, under the character of patriots, have no view but to be bribed out of their opposition. I shall admit, that a perpetual and causeless opposition to government, produces all the evils that he has deduced from it, and, from these very premises, I shall endeavour to prove, that a place-bill is absolutely necessary. In the first place, I must observe, that the honourable gentleman has paid a very bad compliment to those who are now place-men, and those that shall be so; for he supposes that the government found, and will find it necessary to engage them to support good measures by bestowing lucrative favours upon them. He tells us, that, if this bill passes, the government will have no inducement to bestow such favours upon the members of this house; the inducement, therefore, is to secure them as advocates for court measures; now, upon his supposition, that court measures are generally good, it follows, that these gentlemen would not have concurred to support good measures without a bribe, which is rather a worse character than that, being bribed, they supported bad measures; for in the one case, the natural propensity is supposed to be right, and in the other it is supposed to be wrong. I confess I am not willing to think so hardly of these gentlemen. I am inclined to believe that they would rather do right than wrong, supposing all foreign influence out of the question. But we must, indeed, suppose, upon the honourable gentleman's principles, that those who now do right, in consequence of being provided for, would, before, have done wrong, that they might be provided for. Now, sir, upon this view of the matter, the holding of places and pensions, by the members of this house, is the cause both of the implicit opposition to government, on the one hand, and the implicit concurrence with government on the other. If no gentleman was permitted to hold a place or pension, with a seat in this house, no gentleman in this house would persist in a causeless opposition to government, with a view to obtain a place or a pension, except he preferred the place or pension to his seat, which the honourable gentleman does not suppose would be the case; for he laments that his friends, the place-men, would, if this bill should pass, relinquish the places they held. Supposing the measures of government, in general, to be right or wrong, a place-bill is equally necessary; if right, it is necessary to prevent a causeless opposition from interested views; if wrong, it is necessary to prevent an implicit concurrence from interested views; if the measures of government are sometimes right and sometimes wrong, it is necessary to suspend the influence of the minister by this bill, that the members of this house may be influenced only by the merits of the measure, either to oppose or to expose it. As to what the honourable gentleman has been pleased to say against the bill, as a measure that will prevent our natives from sharing any of the revenues that we are taxed to pay, I cannot help saying that it appears to be as ridiculous as the excuse sometimes made for gluttony, that a great quantity of victuals is eaten to prevent its being wasted; as eating to excess is the worst waste of victuals, so the bestowing

were thwarted in their pursuit of independence. The whole class of borough proprietors, the newly awakened legion of patriots, the stout assertors of popular privileges, and the strenuous contenders for old abuses—in fact, the catchpoles and the thieves, the drones and the bees, for once made common cause, and united to buzz about and to sting the man by whom, as it was represented, the one were about to be robbed, and the other murdered.

Nor was the government careful, by a cautious exercise of its power, to avert the hostility, or to allay the suspicions, which had been thus excited. On the

contrary, the origination of a money bill in the privy council, and the indiscreet alteration which was made in England of the bill for securing the independence of judges, seemed to confirm all the apprehensions of the patriotic party, and served to give a vigour and a virulence to their hostility, by which the viceroy was grievously molested, and the intentions of government all but defeated.

For the purpose of softening or buying off that opposition, corruption was largely employed; and many a bustling patriot was won over by the wit and the convivial pleasantry of the jovial Lord

the sums raised amongst us, in a manner that will divide this legislative body into implicit opponents to government and advocates for it, without regard to right or wrong, is the worst waste of money. An impartial regard to the true interest of the public, and a candid, dispassionate, and disinterested examination of public measures in this house which must take place, if expectations of private advantage from the contrary conduct is cut off, will be a benefit to this nation more than equivalent to the enriching our natives with our whole revenue, and the keeping every placeman among us to the day of his death. To the reasons that I have already alleged, in favour of this bill, I might add the authority of example in our sister country. Such a law was thought necessary there, though their parliaments are septennial, and, certainly, it would there have been thought more necessary if the seat of their members had been vacated only by death. We have been alarmed with the evils of contested elections, but I should think, sir, that if a gentleman of fortune and character, who has always been attentive to the true interest of his country, and has given his voice sometimes for the court, and sometimes against it, as the measure proposed appeared to him to be good or bad, should, by any accident, have a place offered him, he would have very little to apprehend from an opposition, and consequently, that there would be very little encouragement to oppose; if a worthless character should be distinguished as a favourite, a man without fortune and without reputation, a contest on his re-election, would, I think, produce no very dreadful consequences. The worst that are pretended are a temporary dissipation and expense, animosity, and confusion; and what is this dissipation and expense, this animosity and confusion in a borough, or even a country in comparison of the perpetual opposition supposed to be kept up in this house, merely by the possession or the hope of lucrative employments? I do not, indeed, admit that all who oppose court measures do it only in expectation of court favour; but that is the principle of the honourable gentleman, who spoke against the bill, and, therefore, I choose rather to argue upon it than confute it. But, supposing those who oppose, to oppose upon principle, it is certain that those who adopt, adopt from interest; for what else could cause a difference of conduct? It cannot be supposed that there should secretly be a difference of opinion; for it would be strange, indeed, if all who had received favours from government, should, at once, see things in a different light, and draw different conclusions from the same premises. The capacity of gentlemen who have seats in this house, to hold places and pensions, substitutes another and a predominant aim for that of promoting the public interest; I mean that of private emolument; and a member of this house, sir, should have hopes of advantage only from his constituents, who can never use their influence for bad purposes; the advantage of the constituents separately, is aggregately the advantage of the nation. I hope, therefore, sir, that the bill will not be cast aside at all, much less with the contempt that has been proposed. I do not insinuate that any undue influence will be exerted by the present ministry; but the best time to guard against the evils of a bad ministry, is certainly that in which we enjoy the benefits of a good one. I shall, therefore, oppose the motion, that the chairman of this committee should leave the chair."

Lieutenant; and either dropt off from the ranks of opposition, or took his seat amongst the supporters of administration. It could not, therefore, be, that Lord Townshend's character would not be differently represented by those who partook of his hospitalities, and those who only knew him, or affected only to know him, as the enemy of Irish liberty. By the one, he was extolled for his good humour and brilliancy in conversation; and great credit was given to him for individual integrity and good intentions. By the other, he was denounced as the very incarnation of personal and political profligacy, who made use of the patronage of the government for the purpose of corrupting the honesty of the parliament, and employed private debauchery as a means of destroying the public morality of the people. Allowing for the exaggerations so natural on both sides, the truth, perhaps, may be fairly said to lie between these opposite representations; and while the crime of employing the means at this disposal, for the purchase of parliamentary support, must be conceded by his friends; that this was not done in any direct contravention of established usages, and that he possessed many kindly and commendable qualities, must be admitted by his enemies.

But, whatever may be thought of the man, there can be no doubt that the effect of his government was, to break down the power of a party which had hitherto opposed an effectual resistance to almost all measures for the amelioration of Ireland. Thenceforth, the influence of the undertakers was no more. By the octennial bill, the parliament, which might be said to have been, before, without form and void, assumed a constitutional shape; and Lord Charlemont and his friends had the satisfaction of seeing the commencement of a new order of things, from which, at no distant period, they might fairly expect much of national happiness and prosperity.

Lord Townshend was succeeded by Lord Harcourt, a man whose style of living was more decorous, and who was attended by a secretary, Mr. (afterwards, Lord) de Blacquire, who is said to have understood the management of the passions and propensities of public men, better, at that

period, than any other individual in existence. He was spirited, fair spoken, and very convivial; so that the duty which Lord Townshend discharged in person, Lord Harcourt performed by deputy; and while something was gained by the increased decorum of the court, nothing was lost which could be secured by profuse hospitality and plausible representations.

There were many who conceived that the change portended good, and who were well disposed to give the new chief governor a fair trial. There were many who were quite conscious of having carried a vexatious opposition too far, and who were well pleased at the opportunity that presented itself of now appearing in a more moderate character. And some show of a laudable economy, which was early made by the new Lord Lieutenant, so captivated many of the patriotic members, that the tempest of hostility, by which Lord Townshend's government was so nearly wrecked, subsided to a gentle murmur of not unmusical discontent, which scarcely ruffled the surface of parliament.

Now it was, that Flood's defection was complained of by his friends. Lord Charlemont early suspected that he was about to leave them; and never did he, on any occasion, exhibit more of firmness or more of feeling, than in his expostulation with his distinguished friend upon the course which he was about to adopt, and by which, his lordship feared, he would compromise, not only his own honour, but the welfare of Ireland. But this subject has been already too fully enlarged on in our sketch of that distinguished man, to justify any extended mention of it here; and we shall only refer to the extracts from Lord Charlemont's letters which we then presented to the reader, for a proof of the noble and disinterested zeal by which he was actuated, and the severe struggle which he underwent, while public principle was contending against private affection. Flood took the course which his prudence or his judgment dictated; and we will not deny that patriotic motives might not have been at the bottom of a resolution which separated him, for a considerable time, from many of his friends, and brought him into a suspicious alliance with administration. But,

although no breach of friendship took place, all cordial and confidential intercourse between him and Lord Charlemont ceased; nor was it ever fully resumed, even after he had broken from his ties to the government, and became once more identified with the cause of the people.

But Flood had scarcely seceded from the ranks of opposition, when the popular cause experienced a vast accession of strength, by the return to parliament of Grattan for the borough of Charlemont. That event, so pregnant with important consequences, was facilitated by a calamity, which converted for a season the house of Lord Charlemont into a house of mourning. His brother, who represented the borough, was drowned on his passage from Parkgate to Dublin, to attend his duties in the House of Commons. By the benignant nobleman the loss was long and keenly felt; but private affliction, any more than private interest, did not prevent him from discharging his public duty; and his judgment, as well as his disinterestedness, was equally manifested, when he called Grattan to take his place in the senate house, at the most eventful period in the history of Ireland.

Of this election, Mr. Hardy tells us he always spoke with peculiar satisfaction; and, in fact, he regarded it as one of those events which peculiarly mark the dispensations of Providence, causing "satisfaction and self-approbation to arise from the bosom of misfortune, and the triumphs of a nation from the overwhelmings of the deep."

Of the absentee tax, by which Mr. Flood vainly hoped to make his acceptance of office acceptable to the people, it is not our intention to speak at large. Suffice it to say, that it was proposed and rejected; the government being rather an acquiescing, than a very anxiously interested party to its introduction, and the great landed proprietors, especially those who were the principal objects of the tax, having combined against it with a vigour and a vehemence that was seldom equalled in parliament.

Lord Charlemont, who, at first, approved of such a measure, was led, by a more mature consideration of it, to consider its advantage as more than

doubtful. He, therefore, took no particular pains to procure for it advocates amongst his friends; and although Flood, who felt convinced of its utility, laboured, with his accustomed ability, for its adoption by the legislature, the combination of those who disliked and of those who disapproved of it, proved more than a match for him and his colleagues; and the first efforts of the patriotic place-man only terminated in the signal discomfiture of administration. The government were compelled to withdraw their countenance from the measure; and it, accordingly, fell to the ground.

Indeed, the many serious grievances under which Ireland, at that period, laboured, made the drain which she suffered from her absentees appear a matter of very inconsiderable moment. She was without trade, and without a constitution; and until her manufactures were enfranchised by the one, and her freedom guaranteed by the other, it was felt that nothing effectual could be done for her prosperity and independence. That this was the feeling of Lord Charlemont, is abundantly manifest; and that hopes were now entertained by him and his friends, that England might be induced to relinquish the commercial and legislative monopoly by which their country was impoverished and provincialized, was made plain by the boldness of their language and the vigour of their measures, when they came to discharge their duty in parliament.

The commercial restraints under which the country laboured were now severely felt, and all the energies of the friends of Ireland were bent for the attainment of some measures of relief which might afford some prospect of support to the starving manufacturers of the kingdom. The struggle with America, in which England was made to feel that she must put forth all her strength, enabled the patriots in this country to contend for what they deemed their rights with every prospect of success; and Mr. Grattan, Mr. Daly, and others who, in conjunction with them, began about this time to lead and animate that public spirit which Flood had created, failed not to impress upon the government the absolute necessity of concession to the

trade of Ireland, if they would not encounter the wrath of a justly discontented people.

This determination was very clearly intimated, even before Grattan appeared in parliament, in a speech of the speaker, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Perry, delivered at the close of the session of 1773, at the bar of the House of Lords.

Having stated that the commercial restrictions of Ireland were *not* advantageous to England, he thus proceeded :—

“ If Great Britain reaped the fruits of their policy, the commons of Ireland would behold it without repining; but it aggravates the sense of their misfortunes to see the rivals, if not the enemies of Great Britain in the undisturbed possession of those advantages; to which they think themselves entitled upon every principle of policy and justice. *It is the expectation of being restored to some, if not to all those rights, and that alone, which can justify to the people the conduct of their representatives, in laying so many additional burdens upon them in the course of this session; and no time can be more favourable to their wishes than the present, when the public councils are directed by a minister, who has judgment to discern and courage to pursue the common interest of the empire; and when the throne is filled by a monarch the sole object of whose ambition is to render all his people happy.*”

Lord Charlemont justly considered this speech as the initiative of those measures which were afterwards pursued; and he and his friends failed not to follow up the blow thus given, until the government were compelled to take a part with the people, and every vestige of the obnoxious monopoly was rescinded.

But, much as Lord Charlemont was busied in politics, he never lost sight of literature; and about this period he meditated a history of Italian poetry, from the time of Dante to that of Metastasio. For such a task he was not ill qualified, if we may believe Barretti, who, in his dedication to him of his “account of the manners and customs of Italy,” thus writes—“Your knowledge of the manners and language of Italy, is hardly less than my own, who am a native of that country; and your knowledge of its literature

much more extensive.” Nor are we dependant upon the complimentary language of an Italian dedicatory for this acknowledgment. The work which he now meditated, although interrupted for a time, he afterwards brought to a completion; and it remains a very creditable memorial of his critical as well as of his classical attainments.

But it is, undoubtedly, as a patron and not as an author, that he is chiefly to be regarded. He was not so ambitious of shining himself, as desirous of enabling others to shine; and his duties (for such he deemed them,) as an encourager of rising merit, may be said to have so engrossed his thoughts as to have superseded, in a great degree, his efforts as an original writer; in which character, the reader has already seen that he might have left behind him something well worthy of preservation.

With Barretti he always maintained a kindly intimacy; and we cannot resist the pleasure of presenting to the reader an extract from one of the letters of that singular man, which, for graceful naivete, and piquant, delicate satire, is almost unrivalled. Lord Charlemont had rallied him upon his indifference about politics, and, possibly, had hazarded some pleasant remarks upon his ultra-tory predilections. Barretti's reply is as follows :—

“ Coming now back to speak of my dear self, I must, for once, and very gravely, expostulate with your lordship as to that oblique, but degrading accusation, of my being little less than apathetically indifferent about politics. Jesus! Jesus! How wrong and unjust those lords are apt to be, when they take it in their heads so to be. Is such an accusation to be brought against a man, who has for these four months past been impairing his sight, wearing out his thumbs, and exhausting his patience in diligently collating half a dozen editions of Machiavel's works, in order to strike out a new one in three enormous quartos. Come forth of thy back shop, thou Tom Davies, bookseller, *de mis Pecados!* Come forth to bear witness against this lord, as how I have been, and am still, sunk into the very deepest abyss of politics Machiavelian! Was not Machiavel the identical bell-wether of all, and every one of the political flock? The first, the best, the damndest of them all? and how am I to be taxed with indifference

about politics, who am now invested by bookseller's authority, with the power of supervising and ushering the chief code of that science into a new edition, and am actually doing it. However, though a thorough politician, I will be so far honest as to own, there was a time when I was tainted with doctrines unsound; for instance, there was a time, when my notion of liberty, (and liberty is the axis round which all manner of politics turns) when my notion of liberty was, that any native of any land was a freeman, provided he had wherewithal to fill his guts after his own taste, together with a tolerable share of prudence; there was a time when I thought the French to be no slaves, but when actually tugging at the oar in the galleys; when I was persuaded it was matter of indifference, whether rogues were hanged by a dozen of shop-keepers, or a dozen of senators; when I thought it bestly, that some hundreds of hot-headed rascals should presume to turn a thief into a legislator, and to bring him among some honest custard-eaters, that he might grow fat as a pig, when he deserved to be kept as lean as a lizard. 'There was a time, my lord, when I thought that a bastard kind of liberty, that did permit a multitude of Catoes, Brutuses, Senecas, and Socrates' to call Johnson a hireling, Warburton an atheist, Burke a jesuit, Mansfield an ass, Wilkes a saint, and Junius the saviour of his country. A multitude of such foolish notions, I own, I once fostered in my idle pate. But my long meditations on Machiavel, together with a careful perusal of Algeron Sidney's works, and Molesworth's account of Denmark, have turned me into a genuine lover of liberty. So huzza, my boys, Wilkes and liberty for ever, and a plague upon my former apathy about politics.'"

Up to the period of which we write, Lord Charlemont possessed no fixed residence in Dublin; and, it was quite as much from a sense of duty as from inclination, that he set about building the beautiful edifices, the one of which at present adorns Rutland Square, and the other of which constitutes his suburban villa of Marino. In these Lord Charlemont displayed his accustomed judgment and refinements; and the beholder cannot fail to admire the symmetry and the classical elegance by which they are distinguished. They may serve, indeed, as models of the mind of their illustrious proprietor, and

clearly show how much he profited by his study of the works of art, which engaged so large a portion of his attention during his travels through Greece and Italy. He would, no doubt, have been more in his element in patronising the fine arts, than in taking an active part in the troublous politics of the times in which he lived; the one was a congenial, the other must have been, to a great degree, a distasteful employment. But when he thus *fixed* himself in Ireland, he must have been very conscious that he had taken up his abode in a country as yet far behind most other European countries in all that indicated refinement and civilization, and he could have had no motive for so doing, but one which is creditable to him, as evincing patriotic predilections. He preferred expending himself upon the improvement of his own country, to enjoying the improvements of others, and must have experienced no small satisfaction from perceiving that his labours were not altogether in vain, and that Dublin was rising into beauty and magnificence by the inspiring influence of his example.

It is, undoubtedly, the truth, that all the buildings in our metropolis, in which we may take a national pride, were erected during the period in which this distinguished nobleman may be said to have presided, as the arbiter elegantiarum, over the architectural genius of Ireland. We may instance the Courts of Law, the Exchange, the Parliament House, and the Custom House. There is another little erection which does great credit to the taste of the period in which it was built, and to which we allude, because it now exhibits ample evidence of the decline of that spirit which characterised what may be emphatically called, the age of Lord Charlemont. We mean St. Thomas's Church, the front of which we have always admired for its modest elegance and simplicity, and which required only to be surmounted by a pedestal, such as was contemplated in the original plan, and provided for, as we know, by a grant of the Irish Parliament, in 1761, to be greatly ornamental to that part of the city in which it stands. But the pedestal never was raised, and the church itself being lately to undergo some repair, it was resolved, we suppose from motives of economy, in-

stead of completing the original design, to mar it, by clapping a sort of Dutch pent-house over the beautiful Grecian portico, a proceeding by which the effect which was intended to be produced, is completely extinguished. It is as if a Quaker bonnet were placed on the head of the Medicean Venus; and reminds us of the cap drawn over the head of a culprit just before he is hanged. This medley of meanness and magnificence is disgustingly incongruous; and the beholder cannot but be reminded by it of a sight which is not unfrequently witnessed in some of the half-desolated cities of Greece, where the shaft of the Ionic column furnishes part of the materials which serve to construct the Arab hut, in which squalidness and misery appear combined with relics of ancient taste and grandeur. It may be added, that our *civilized* architects have done from choice, what the barbarian of the desert only does from necessity. How would the spirit of Charlemont be grieved, could he now behold this profanation! and how would his mind have been overcast, if, when he bestirred himself so patriotically in diffusing a sentiment of refinement and elegance amongst his countrymen, he could have anticipated, that, at no very distant period, a sordid economy would do more to degrade and to vilify the arts, than his generous patronage to cherish and to expand them.

Of his motives in thus expending a large sum of money in adorning the Irish metropolis and its vicinity, it is right to suffer himself to speak. They are alike creditable to his head and to his heart, and we give them, in the hope that they may not be without their influence upon other great proprietors, who are more fond of considering their rights than their duties, and who, while they draw large revenues from the industry of the people, seldom deem it necessary to expend any considerable portion of them in promoting the prosperity of their native land.

“As I had left Ireland, when almost a child, I had few, or no acquaintances there. At least, none of that class which, holding a place between friendship and acquaintance, are in a high degree interesting to the heart. All my connexions had been formed among Englishmen, the attractive force of which circumstance I quickly per-

ceived, and being thoroughly sensible that it was my indispensable duty to live in Ireland, determined, by some means or other, to attach myself to my native country; and, principally with this view, I began those improvements at Marino, which have proved so expensive to me. My health, to which sea-bathing, and the social neighbourhood of a metropolis, were absolutely necessary, would not allow me to settle on my estate in the north, and without some pleasant and attractive employment, I doubted whether I should have resolution enough to become a resident, and residence is the first of our political duties, since, without it, all others are impracticable.

“It is the nature of man to assimilate himself to those with whom he lives, or, at least, to endeavour such assimilation, especially where his adopted countrymen, exalted in his own private opinion above himself, effect to deride his native manners and partialities. The Irishman in London, long before he has lost his brogue, loses, or casts away, all Irish ideas; and, from a natural wish to obtain the good will of those with whom he associates, becomes, in effect, a partial Englishman, perhaps more partial than the English themselves. In the east, it is well known that Christians meet no enemies so bitter, or so dangerous, as renegadoes. Let us love our fellow subjects as our brethren—let us at all times act in concert, for the universal good of the empire; but let us consider, that we are best enabled to perform that duty, by contributing to the prosperity of our own country, which forms so capital a portion of that empire. What can the unconnected Irishman perform in England? Whatever his consequence may be at home, it is lost in the vast circle of English importance. The resident Irishman may be of consequence even in England. The English Irishman never can. He gets into Parliament, and by so doing, takes upon himself a new duty, independent of, and perhaps contrary to that to which he was born,—the service of his constituents. He may enrich himself as a courtier, or gain applause as a patriot; he may serve his party; he may serve himself; but Ireland must be served in Ireland. The love and service of our country is, perhaps, the widest circle in which we can hope to display an active benevolence.—Universal philanthropy is, no doubt, a god-like virtue; but how few are there who can hope or aspire to serve mankind? Although our fervent wish ought always to extend to the service of mankind, our

endeavours ought to be more particularly pointed to the practice of that most extended duty, patriotism, to which they are adequate. If every man were to devote his powers to the service of his country, mankind would be universally served."

Indeed, he could not well have lived without the refined literary intercourse to which he was accustomed. This, he periodically enjoyed, in great perfection, when he visited London, which he did, generally, once a year, and the correspondence of his distinguished friends, who delighted as much in him as he did in them, were, amidst the turmoil of politics, a frequent source of gratification to him in Ireland. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making here a few extracts from some of Beauclerk's letters, for the purpose of exhibiting the rare epistolary talents of that gifted man, as well as the intensity of esteem with which he regarded Lord Charlemont.

Urging Lord Charlemont to visit London, he thus writes—

"What an abominable world do we live in, that there should not be above half a dozen honest men in the world, and that one of those should live in Ireland. You will, perhaps, be shocked at the small portion of honesty that I allot to your country; but a sixth part is as much as comes to its share; and, for any thing I know to the contrary, the other five may be in Ireland too, for I am sure I do not know where else to find them. Your philanthropy engages you to think well of the greatest part of mankind; but every year, every hour adds to my misanthropy, and I have had a pretty considerable share of it, for some years past. Leave your parliament and your nation to shift for itself, and consecrate that time to your friends, which you spend in endeavouring to promote the interest of half a million of scoundrels. Since, as Pope says,

"Life can little else supply,
Than just to look about us, and to die."

"Do not let us lose that moment that we have, but let us enjoy all that can be enjoyed in this world, the pleasures of a true uninterrupted friendship. Let us leave this island of fog and iniquity, and sail to purer regions, not yet quite corrupted by European manners. It is true, you must leave behind you Marino, and your medals, but you will likewise leave behind you the S—s, and R—bys of this

place. I know you will say you can do all this without flying to the other pole, by shunning the society of such wretches; but what avails it to me, that you are the very man I could wish, when I am separated from you by sea and land? If you will quit Marino, and sail with me, I will fly from Almack's, though, whatever evil I may have suffered from my connection with that place, I shall always with gratitude remember, that there I first began my acquaintance with you; and in the very sincerity of truth I can say, that I would rather have such a friend as you, even at three hundred miles distance, than both the Houses of Parliament for my friends in London. I find when I have once begun to converse with you, I cannot leave off;—you have spoiled me, my Lord, and must take the consequence.—Why should fortune have placed our paltry concerns in two different islands? If we could keep them, they are not worth one hour's conversation at Elmsly's. If life is good for any thing, it is only made so by the society of those whom we love. At all events, I will try to come to Ireland, and shall take no excuse from you for not coming early in the winter to London. The club exists but by your presence; the flourishing of learned men is the glory of the state. Mr. Vesey will tell you, that our club consists of the greatest men in the world, consequently you see there is a good and patriotic reason for you to return to England in the winter."

Again, he writes, pressing the same object:

"If you do not come over, I will bring all the club over to Ireland, to live with you, and that will drive you here in your own defence. Johnson shall spoil your books, Goldsmith pull your flowers, and Boswell talk to you;—*stay then if you can.*"

Again, alluding to Lord Charlemont's feverish political anxieties, he thus expresses himself, disclosing at the same time, his affection for his friend, and the cynical aspect with which his peculiar temperament led him to look upon human nature. No doubt, the instance which he specifies might well have justified even a severer reprehension.

"Why should you be vexed to find that mankind are fools and knaves? I have known it so long, that every fresh

instance of it amuses me, provided it does not immediately affect my friends or myself. Politicians do not seem to me to be much greater rogues than other people; and as their actions affect, in general, private persons, less than other kinds of villany do, I cannot find that I am so angry with them. It is true that the leading men in both countries at present are, I believe, the most corrupt, abandoned people in the nation;—but now that I am upon this worthy subject of human nature, I will inform you of a few particulars relating to the discovery of Otaheite, which Dr. Hawkesworth said, placed the king above all the conquerors in the world; and if the glory is to be estimated by the mischief, I do not know whether he is not right. When Wallis first anchored off the island, two natives came alongside of the ship, without fear or distrust, to barter their goods with our people. A man called the boat keeper, who was in a boat that was tied to the ship, attempted to get the things from them without payment. The savages resisted, and he struck one of them with the boat-hook, upon which they immediately paddled away. In the morning great numbers came in canoes of all sizes about the ship. They behaved, however, in the most peaceable manner, still offering to exchange their commodities for any thing that they could obtain from us. The same trick was played by attempting to take away their things by force. This enraged them, and they had come prepared to defend themselves with such weapons as they had; they immediately began to sling stones, one of which went into the cabin window. Wallis, on this, ordered that the guns, loaded with grape-shot, should be fired; this you may imagine, immediately dispersed them. Some were drowned, many killed, and some few got on shore, where numbers of the natives were assembled. Wallis then ordered the great guns to be played, according to his phrase, upon them. This drove them off; when he still ordered the same pastime to be continued, in order to convince them, as he says, that our arms could reach them at such a distance. If you add to this, that the inhabitants of all these islands are eat up with vile disorders, you will find, that men may be much worse employed, than by doing the dirtiest job that ever was undertaken by the lowest of our clerk-ministers. These particulars I had from a man who went the last voyage, and had them from the

gunner of Wallis's ship. We have one of the natives here, who was wounded in that infernal massacre."

Edmund Burke was also one of his Lordship's correspondents. The following letter bears date 1776, and was written for the purpose of introducing to his notice Arthur Young, then about to enter upon his well-known tour through Ireland—

"Westminster, June 4th, 1776.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Permit me to make Mr. Young acquainted with you. To his works and his reputation you can be no stranger. I may add, that in conversing with this gentleman, you will find, that he is very far from having exhausted his stock of useful and pleasing ideas in the numerous publications with which he has favoured the world. He goes into our country to learn, if any thing valuable can be learned, concerning the state of agriculture, and to communicate his knowledge to such gentlemen as wish to improve their estates by such methods of enlightened culture, as none but people of good fortune can employ, especially in the beginning. But examples may be given, that hereafter will be useful, when you can prevail on yourselves to let the body of your people into an interest in the prosperity of their country. Your lordship will think it odd, that I can conclude a letter to you without saying a word on the state of public affairs. But what can I say that will be pleasing to a mind formed like yours? Ireland has missed the most glorious opportunity ever indulged by heaven to a subordinate state—that of being the safe and certain mediator in the quarrels of a great empire. She has chosen, instead of being the arbiter of peace, to be a feeble party in the war waged against the principle of her own liberties. But I beg pardon for censuring, or seeming to censure, what I perhaps so little comprehend. It certainly is much above me. Here we are, as we are. We have our little dejections for disappointments, our little triumphs for advantages, our little palliatives for disgraces, in a contest, that no good fortune could make less than ruinous. I return to Mr. Young, whom I am sure you will receive with the hospitality which you always shew to men of merit. Mrs. Burke joins me in our best compliments to Lady Charlemont."

But the aid which the parliament of

Ireland afforded government in the American war, and of which Burke here complains, was both short-lived and unavailing. The prudence and the skill of Washington soon convinced the British generals that it was no ordinary enemy with whom they had to contend; and the prospect of a successful issue to the Americans, which now appeared, interested in their cause some of the leading powers in Europe.

Lord Harcourt was now recalled, and was succeeded by Lord Buckinghamshire, who came over attended by Mr. Richard Heron as his secretary—a gentleman who had recommended himself to his excellency by having long acted with skill and fidelity as his law agent, and supervisor of his estates, but who had no experience of public affairs, and was ignorant even of the political aspect of such a country as Ireland.

Had it been the design of the cabinet in England to provoke that out-break of national feeling which took place in this country shortly after the arrival of the new Lord Lieutenant, they could not have acted more skilfully with a view to such an object than by the precise appointments that were made. Mr. Heron was a man who, however estimable in private life, possessed neither the wit, the conviviality, the information, or the resources by which, either more or less, almost every previous secretary had been distinguished. He was a plain, dull, dry, ledgerman, who would have been much more in his place in a counting house, than at the castle, where he had to transact business with men of great and varied talents and attainments, whose dexterity was to be parried, while their humours and caprices were to be consulted, and whose public hostility could only be diverted by the skilful presentation of personal objects.

Had a peasant been taken from the plough, for the purpose of commanding a king's ship during an impending hurricane, the appointment would have been scarcely more ridiculous or extravagant than that of Mr. Heron as secretary for Ireland. By the progress of the war, the linen trade of the north had been almost ruined, and by the operation of the embargo, the provision trade of the south had been all but completely destroyed. The sad

commercial depression which the country suffered, was felt even by the government, in the decline of the revenue, and the consequent inability to pay or to equip the additional troops which were required for the defence of the country.

France was now in open alliance with America; and her statesmen, no doubt, deemed that they were dealing a master-stroke of policy, when they thus treacherously aided in inflaming the discontents of the revolting colonies, and promoting the dismemberment of the British empire. Little did the crafty advisers of Louis foresee that the evil would react upon themselves; and that the very troops whom they sent out to the new world were destined to bring home with them the political principles, by the operation of which, at no distant period, the French monarchy was to be upturned from its foundations. When we tell the reader that the Marquess La Fayette learned in America those lessons in revolutionary policy which he imported into France, he will be at no loss to understand the whole extent of that righteous retribution which awaited this act of her unprincipled aggression.

Nor did the progress of events afford any reasonable prospect of the sudden dispersion of that gloom by which the fortunes of England seemed overcast. Already the star of Washington was ascendant in America, and two British armies had laid down their arms. Discontent and distress were at their height in Ireland, of which the French seemed disposed to take advantage, by making a descent upon our coast. Of this the people of Belfast, who had experienced somewhat of the same calamity about eighteen years before, began to be sensitively apprehensive; and they applied to government for some extraordinary protection, which might avert or repel the threatened invasion. The answer of the *sage* Mr. Heron, as Flood called him, was short and simple, viz. that "government had none to give;" and never was oracular response productive of more talismanic effect, than this piece of doltish political simplicity. Immediately the north took fire, by a spark struck, as it were, by the hand of an unconscious idiot. What the government would not, or could not do for

them, they were resolved to do for themselves. An armed association was immediately formed for their protection against external dangers ; and such was the military ardour which took possession of the people, that every man capable of bearing arms was speedily enrolled and equipped at his own expense, and the new corps soon exhibited an appearance of organization and vigour, which enabled them to bid a proud defiance to foreign enemies.

But that was not all. The military fervor did not confine itself to the north. The whole island took the alarm, or caught the phrenzy of the hour, and military organization spread and ramified, until Ireland started up an armed nation. Such was the origin of the Volunteers. With that institution Lord Charlemont's history peculiarly blends itself, as he was their chosen chief, and continued for many years to preside over them with a dignity and a moderation which gave almost a constitutional character to one of the most hazardous political experiments that ever was made, and one which might easily have been turned to a mischievous account by any leader of more turbulent zeal, or more unprincipled ambition. Indeed we know not that Lord Charlemont ever performed greater services to his country than in his character of citizen soldier.

Thus were the volunteers called into being, by the destitution of government, and a pressing sense of public danger. But not with the danger or the destitution did this formidable combination pass away. Their numbers, their unity, their energy, and their military array, impressed upon them a proud sense of their national importance ; and, as embodied they were, so embodied they resolved to remain, until the great objects upon which the people had now set their hearts were fully attained, and the shackles had fallen off from their country, which so long held her in a state of provincial vassalage and degradation.

We who live at a period when imaginary grievances constitute the stock in trade of the mischievous agitator, cannot readily conceive the extent of

real grievances of which Ireland had to complain, when she thus bristled into an attitude of energetic, military expostulation. There was scarcely any act of local oppression which one nation could suffer from the domination of another, which she was not, in a greater or less degree, made to feel ; nor was this tyranny the more endurable, because inflicted by a foreign legislature, and ratified, after a semblance of free discussion, by the shadow of a domestic parliament. In trade, in commerce, and in agriculture, a vexatious system of laws was established, by which the enterprise of the country was crippled, and its industry paralysed ; and what made the injury thus inflicted the more galling, was, that England did not gain what Ireland lost, and that the whole empire was weakened and impoverished, often for the benefit of the common enemy.

By a statute passed in the eighteenth year of Charles the Second, the exportation of cattle, butter, and other necessaries from Ireland was prohibited, with a view to keep up the value of English land, although the gain thus accruing to the landlord, in one shape, must be lost in another, by the increased price which he must pay the manufacturer for his goods, in consequence of the increase which dear provisions would make in the wages of labour.

Nor was this the only injury which England suffered from its illiberal restrictive laws.

"As every prohibition on the trade of Ireland," observes Mr. Hutchinson, "produces a monopoly in England, every such prohibition must, of necessity, hurt the trade of England ; for, a monopoly always adds an artificial value to the commodity, and consequently must prevent the exportation of it to foreign parts, whither the same commodity is sent from countries in which it bears only its natural value."

The exclusion of our provisions from the English market, induced the landlords in Ireland to encourage the breeding of sheep, with a view to the production of wool ; which soon increased to such a degree as gave rise to various woollen manufactures, which we

* "An inquiry concerning the restrictions on the trade of Ireland."

have good reason to believe, might have been prosecuted with great advantage.

But here, again, the jealousy of England took the alarm. Instead of regarding the Irish as subjects, she feared them as rivals, and seemed to think the preservation of a vicious monopoly of more importance than the infusing of new life into this prostrate and neglected portion of the empire. Accordingly, the tenth and the eleventh of William the Third were enacted, which prohibited the exportation of manufactured wool from Ireland, except only to England and Wales.

Grievously as these enactments struck at the root of Irish prosperity, they were demonstrably proved by Mr. Hutchinson to be still more injurious to England. British or Irish wool was an article which was found by foreigners to be indispensable for rendering their own wool fit for the market.

"The wool of southern nations," Mr. Hutchinson observes, "is so tender and fine, that it cannot be woven into strong, thick, close cloth, such as is fit for general use. The wool of the northern countries is so coarse and harsh, that it cannot be manufactured into cloth sufficiently soft and fine for general consumption. But either being mixed with our wool, which, like a middle quality, reduces both extremes, may be made into excellent cloth, that will rival our own, and if more cheaply manufactured, supplant it at the foreign market, by selling at a less price."

This made it a matter of the utmost importance to prevent the exportation of our wool; and the laws which were enacted for that purpose so far coincided with our interests as a manufacturing people, that, generally speaking, it was no man's interest to evade them. But, when Ireland was restrained from exporting her woollen manufactures, this was no longer the case; the interests of the people began to be arrayed against the laws; and the clandestine exportation of wool took place to an extent that was quite enormous.

It would lead us far from our proper subject if we pursued, in detail, all the evils which this pernicious step-mother policy engendered. England was practically deprived of the monopoly

of Irish wool, and foreigners were put in possession of a material which enabled them to undersell her in foreign markets. The contraband trade *out*, begat a contraband trade *home*, to the great loss of the revenue, and injury of the fair trader; and the high price which was received for our wool, was a great inducement to landlords to throw their lands into pasture, to the manifest injury of the inhabitants, who were thus, in great numbers, thrown out of employment. But there is still another point in which the subject must be viewed, and in which the disadvantage arising from the restrictive law is even more apparent.

"Every pack of Irish wool," observes Mr. Hutchinson, "would work up at least two packs of French wool, none of which could be wrought up without it, into any stuff that would rival us in the market. For every pack, therefore, of wool, wrought into any such stuff, that would have rivalled us in a foreign market from Ireland, if her ports had been open, there are now three packs so manufactured. The disadvantage, therefore, to England, arising from the sale of one pack of Irish raw wool to France, is greater, as three to one, than the disadvantage she would have suffered, if Ireland had exported the same quantity wrought into cloth; with this aggravation, that France, our rival and enemy, gains what we lose, instead of Ireland, a sister kingdom, subject to the same prince, and united by the same interest. Thus do we put a foreign and hostile state into possession of the advantages which we forego, which is just doubling our loss and their gain."

The restraint upon our trade to the East and West Indies, was another grievance by which not merely Ireland, but the empire at large suffered a serious injury from churlish and ignorant legislation. We could not receive sugar or molasses from the colonies, unless they were first landed at an English port. This restriction formerly extended to other branches of trade, and the consequence was, that we were driven to a contraband trade with other countries, by which, it was computed, that, one year with another, Ireland paid one hundred thousand pounds to foreigners, for commodities which she might have had from her own co-

lonies, "and which, since the prohibition to import those articles has been taken off, she has from our plantations again."*

It was, therefore, argued, and most convincingly, that the restriction upon molasses and sugar should be taken off also. But, into any question of that kind, it is not our object now to enter; as, not only every vexatious regulation has been rescinded, but, (as if for the purpose of atoning for past neglect,) a monopoly in favour of Ireland, has been established in articles of prime necessity, respecting which England formerly possessed herself of a monopoly against her. It was, however, necessary, to allude to the condition of this country, at the first formation of the volunteers; as the indignant public spirit which was manifested by that formidable body, can scarcely find a satisfactory justification, unless viewed in connection with the oppressive and illiberal enactments, by which Ireland had been made to assume more the appearance of a Turkish dependency than an integral member of the British empire.

This was, emphatically, one of those cases, in which real grievance generated discontent, and not one of those cases in which discontent generated fictitious grievance. And when a nobleman like Lord Charlemont put himself at the head of the movement, by which the long arrear of injuries of which his country had reason to complain, was to be redressed, his conduct was the very opposite of that of the mischievous agitator, who inflames the public mind for his own advantage.

The emancipation of our trade, therefore, from the restraints by which it had been all but annihilated, now became, with our patriots, a first object. And the disasters of England in America, furnished topics of exulting congratulation to those who conceived that the British minister must now see the danger of pushing matters to extremities in Ireland. The national spirit was at its highest point in the one country, when the power to check or to control that national spirit was at its lowest point in the other, and an unanimity pervaded the mass of the people respecting the measures indispensable for their relief, such as, at no former or subsequent period of their

annals, the historian can note with admiration.

Undoubtedly there never was a period when an unruly and ambitious demagogue might have played his own game, with more prospect of personal advantage; and had Lord Charlemont been tainted with any of the vices of the professional patriot, he might have enacted, with more success, in Ireland, the part which Phillippe Egalité afterwards attempted in France. Had personal vanity been his ruling foible, he might have anticipated La Fayette, in precipitating, in his own country, a giddy and a heartless revolution. But Lord Charlemont's single-mindedness was as conspicuous as his public spirit, and self never, in the slightest degree, warped or perverted his zeal for the public good. Popularity he loved, but it rather followed him than he it; and he could, at any time, encounter popular odium, rather than forfeit the conscious approbation of his own mind. His object was, not to overturn a government, but to restore a people; not to separate Ireland from the British crown, but raise her to her proper rank amongst the nations of the world. And when the time came for a demonstration of patriotic ardour such as might be attended with decided success, Lord Charlemont was as anxious that it should not transgress its proper bounds, as he was desirous of conducting it to a prosperous issue in giving legislative independence to Ireland.

It may be, that his foresight was not equal to his patriotism, and that in gaining that for which he contended, he was unconsciously sowing the seeds of that which he would have most sincerely deprecated, and against which he would have contended even to the death. It was no part of his system to nurture anti-anglican prejudices, until they attained a pernicious maturity, which threatened the dismemberment of the empire. Yet, such *was* the inevitable tendency of all the measures of the great body of which he was now the acknowledged head; and if that tendency did not earlier manifest itself, his prudence and his disinterestedness were at least as much the cause, as any other circumstances which imposed a temporary restraint upon the restless spirits who now began to agitate the mercurial population of Ireland.

* Inquiry concerning the Restriction, &c. &c.

THE THREE WISHES.

Concluded from page 315.

"AGAIN a bright torrent of unearthly radiance rushed upon my newly recovered sight: as its overpowering effect subsided, the ample spaces and sublime proportions of the hall of destiny grew distinct to my view. As my quivering and agonizing nerves became composed, the perception of the senses once more expanding through the members of an entire frame, communicated a sensation of delightful astonishment—for a moment I even doubted of the too great bliss. I had never, during the entire of my last horrid sufferings, altogether lost a strange illusory sense of a body, over the limbs of which I had no power; so that there not unnaturally lingered some distrust. But the use of my sight confirmed the impression of the other senses. I recognised my own dear little self with an affection only to be understood by those who may have undergone a separation, which I can assure your sovereign lordship is worse than death.

The genie lifted his eyebrows, and looked sublimely indifferent.

"Long did I in this condition lie revolving on the turns of my singular fate, and contemplating the infelicity of those who exchange the delights of imaginary splendour for the grandest realities on earth. The visions of my youth—delightful to memory, and more so by the recollected constraints, privations, and severities from which they were as a refuge and a rest—were far more full of all satisfaction, than any state I had found from real experience. Was I splenetic—heads fell, limbs writhed under the lash, fields were strewn, dungeons packed with vanquished foes: they were, to be sure, shadows—but had they been more, I should scarcely be more delighted; the feelings exercised were real. Again—I was neither the slave of accident or error—all changed according to my will. It is true, I mostly grew weary when I had completed my scheme of enjoyment.

The genie's face distended into a portentous yawn. The old man and dogs caught the infection. The mer-

chant gave a reproving shake of his head. The third old man continued without heeding—But then I had only to change the vision. How widely different were the realities of my fatal experience?—the mightiest monarch sat exposed to domestic treason and external hostility—the fiery plate in the dungeon—the scimitar in the field. For the politic minister and the commanding warrior, anxiety and peril lay in constant watch—the rival's hate—the despot's caprice—the perils without the honours of the throne. Yet could I now resolve to sink back contentedly into my former state? No—I had seen too much of substantial realities to be any longer contented with shadows.

"I had suffered indignities more than mortal: were they to pass unavenged? The Armenian doctor was to repay a fearful debt of suffering. The Georgian king—should he not be humbled? All the vultures in Caucasus—should they not be exterminated? My heart swelled with that fearful passion—the craving of vindictive animosity. 'What,' I said, 'were the power and grandeur of Solomon, should they escape.'

The genie looked respectfully at the speaker.

"But the question now arose—by what means was I to combine these anxious objects? how avoid the dangers which had hitherto baffled my best intentions? 'The king is liable,' I said within myself, 'to the casualties of the man—his arm is shortened by error, ignorance, the limits of his power, and the strength of his adversary. The power that brought me here must be the greatest upon earth; I will be some great magician—it is resolved.' Having framed this wise resolution, I started to my feet, and fevered by the intensity of many conflicting emotions, I traversed the broad pavement of the ample hall. I was rather at a loss how to proceed. I should fix on some particular magician, and how could I still be sure—my foe, the Armenian, might exceed in power. I turned on my steps—your majesty may judge of my astonishment—who

but my deadly foe should stand before me; it was the Armenian himself. Had I force equal to my will, I might have torn him in pieces—had I courage equal to my fury, I should at least have made the trial. In the person of the Tartar, I had stood half a foot above him in height, and more in robustness; now I was as far beneath him. I consoled myself in the keen purposes of my heart. He smiled on me with an eye of derision, veiled by assumed pity.

“My dear friend,” said he, grasping at my hand, which I wanted firmness to withdraw, “how has my heart bled for you; I would have saved you all suffering, but for the unlucky accident of that fatal night. Dreadfully harsh your sufferings have been; but your father, poor dear man—forgive me if I weep—we had planned the whole for your escape.”

“I did not believe a word he said; but I resolved to play his own game with him; and looked as simple and credulous as possible.

The genie smiled.

“But how, my poor friend, did you escape, or when?—did your spirit fly hither, from that fatal blow, or did it continue yet imprisoned in the severed head?”

“I told him all.

“Various were the emotions with which he heard the wondrous tale; and I could perceive that it cost him much effort to preserve even a decorous appearance of sympathy. When I told him of the pangs of the cauter, the exclamation ‘beautiful,’ burst from his lips; as I proceeded with the shocking narrative, the look of forced pity forgot itself into the radiance of delight. ‘Wonderful,’ ‘superb,’ ‘delicious,’ were the slightest of his exclamations.

“‘O my son,’ said he, as I concluded the harrowing and pathetic tale, ‘what kingly glory has ever approached the supreme felicity you enjoyed. To no mortal has it hitherto been granted to obtain so near and distinct a view of the shadowy barriers of life and death. O head supremely honoured—had but a wink my son given testimony of your life, immortal had been your honour; we should have set you in a frame of diamond, and fixed you up for the worship of the learned of all future ages.

Had but the twinkling of your eye assured us of life, King Malek would have showered honours upon his sages, and you would have been the pride and boast of the glorious art.’

“I was overwhelmed by his volubility—he suddenly came to a pause: ‘What,’ said he, ‘will you do next? I came to assist you with my skill.’

“‘I have resolved to be a mighty enchanter,’ I replied, ‘but know not who to name.’

“A shade of alarm crossed his visage—he was evidently trembling for himself. It would not, however, satisfy my purpose, to take a form which I desired to torture, so I hastened to reassure him.

“‘Can you,’ said I, ‘O sage Armenian, guide my wishes to their object. I would take the form of the greatest enchanter upon earth. Thou shalt have thy reward—my gratitude will not fail.’ As I spoke, there rose in his eye a mysterious and malignant twinkle. ‘Thou hast some potent enemy,’ said I, ‘O father, of whom thou wilt thus avenge thyself, by placing a friend in his stead.’

“‘Two, my son, two,’ answered he significantly; ‘thy choice shall avenge me on both. Name Senechus, the sage, my son; his power is boundless; his wealth is great; he rules the king of the Tartars.’

“‘But I would see him, O father, first. I have been twice deceived by haste.’

“‘The third,’ said he, ‘shall end thy troubles. Look in yonder mirror on which Sumarcand is inscribed, and watch until you see your man—you will recognise him by a sign not to be mistaken. Wait for ten days—farewell; we shall meet again.’

“So saying he began to walk quietly away until he reached the centre of the hall, and crossing the bright volume of light which descended on its floor—I saw him no farther.

“Ten days! it was an eternity to the fever of revenge. I pass it over—it was a season of suffering beyond endurance; but I was gifted with some supernatural force to bear prolonged misery. I never before was so distinctly enabled to form some notion of eternity. The ten days seemed to have no end. At first I continued to charm away the wolfish internal pang

of craving emptiness—a hunger that would devour one's grandfather—by watching the quick and splendid changes of the vast mirror of Tartary : it was like the brilliant forms of vapour which open and unfold in the zenith of a frosty night. Such changes ! Again I saw the cruel king who caused me to be blinded and howstrung : the pang of famine intermitted while I vowed revenge. I saw King Mulek who mutilated me in the plain of Teflis, and beheaded me in the ravine at Kortene ; he was in chains at the Tartar's throne. 'Both !' I thought—it was a pleasure too grand for a common mortal ; and to crown the glorious prospect, I saw my most accursed foe the archtraitor, the Armenian, conversing with a venerable old man, of the most commanding aspect, upon whom even the king looked with reverence. He was dressed as the chief of the magicians, but with a splendour far beyond any one else I saw, and he seemed to deliver his sentiments with a leisurely and emphatic dignity, which shewed the respect his sayings ensured. It was enough ; pain itself—and much was the pain I endured—could not keep me from the enjoyment of my varied plans of vengeance and of power.

The tedious lapse of days was spent. I looked around for the little silver bell : it was near me. I seized it with the hurried hand of expectation, and rung it with a violent jerk. Low and melancholy music dropped liquidly, as a trickling dew-drop from the snowy cup of the lily it resembled ; loud and fierce rung back the ponderous vibration of the solemn dome above. The last long and low chord scarce died on the shadowy brightness of the hall of destiny, when the beautiful fairy was standing before me, with her pensive eye and sparkling cup. The sight of her brought back the memory of all my woes.

"Invited by the gentle and soothing expression of her mild and sympathising countenance. I narrated the whole story of my disappointments. She listened with a placid interest, but without apparent surprise. I was indeed a little disappointed by the small impression I could make ; the slight and almost imperceptible movement of her features was unnatural. When any face of

mortal mould on which I had ever before had the honour to exert the powers of language, would have been twitched into all the changes of a day in autumn ; a scarcely perceptible shadow of a smile or frown swept over her statue-like features, like the faint ruffling of a fountain, when the summer breeze touches it with its softest breath.

The genie's face was twisted into contortions of impatience, more hideous than the spasms of a parturient mountain. The merchant trembled with dismay. 'For the love of Allah, brother, get on with your tale,' said he, 'and shorten your descriptions.'

The old man seemed to be short of hearing, and went on coolly. 'Mortal,' said she, when I had concluded, 'to be the teller of such a tale, is a distinction for which you should be thankful—privileged beyond the common lot, if your errors have made you wise, and your sufferings brought experience—the true object and end of existence. The events of life are linked together by a chain, of which the links are human follies and virtues—that which is fortune to the prudent, leads the fool to misery, and destiny cannot change the course of things, though virtue may. As you sow you shall reap ; drink this and follow your destiny. If you meet with further mishap and escape with life, you must wander over all the world till you find yourself—farewell.'

"While the fairy made this speech I held the cup in my hand—as she uttered the last words, I had drained it. I did not stay even to see her vanish ; fairy and pillared hall passed as the shadow of a dream from my sight ; my right hand was in the Armenian's grasp—his eye fixed on mine ; his face wore the expression of one listening with interest ; there was yet profound silence ; a sudden thought lit up his earnest eye.

"Father," said he, "are you taken suddenly ill ? why pause you thus ?"

"I am suddenly affected with pain in the head, my son," answered I. I thought it the wisest way to conceal from my enemy the change, for which I knew him to be on the watch. He mused a while in silence.

"But, O father, the words of the wise are more precious than the dia-

monds of Giamechid. Wilt thou but repeat thy three last words, which I was so unhappy as to miss.'

"I forgot myself so far as to look puzzled. He eyed me with an expression of singular excitement. 'My friend,' said I, 'tease me not with repeated questions. I am in too much pain to comply with thy desires.' The Armenian smiled with the same ominous gleam of malignity I had already so often remarked.

"'Well, father,' he replied, 'I urge thee not—thou wilt need repose, as thou art expected to shew a singular specimen of thy power and knowledge before the king to-morrow morning—till then, farewell.' So saying, in a tone of very disagreeable significance, the Armenian left the little room in which we were.

"Anxious to ascertain the full extent of my powers, and the entire advantages of my situation, I now began to examine myself and the place. It was a small apartment. Many rolls of written paper were piled in the corners; some lay on a marble slab, on which various instruments were laid out as if for use. I could not conjecture the uses of the instruments, nor could I read the characters of the scrolls. This perplexed me somewhat—for though every round gave testimony to the extraordinary knowledge of my predecessor; yet I found myself not yet perfectly clear as to where my knowledge was to be found. 'No matter,' thought I, 'if I am less wise than he was, yet I know pretty well that a few wise words may conceal much ignorance. I shall take care not to be found wanting in assurance—a little confident smatter and impudence will always impose on the vulgar, who love to be duped.'

"With these thoughts I set myself to consider how I might best ascertain the real nature and extent of my magical powers, and how they were to be carried into action. I bade the inkstand be turned into a mouse—but to my dismay it continued still to be an inkstand. I next rubbed an old lamp which stood in a niche in the wall with some pertinacity—but no subject genie appeared. There was a large ring on my finger, which I tried next with the same anxious wish, and the same success. I saw that there were

engraved upon it certain talismanic characters—but I could not read them. I sat down to deliberate—but no bright ray of intelligence dawned upon my puzzled imagination. Having exhausted conjecture, I rose to try what a more extended search might throw in my way.

"It was all in vain. I tried a hundred objects, but found that I could understand nothing. In some other apartment I might perchance discover a clue for my proceedings. 'If,' thought I, 'I am not wiser to-morrow than to-day, I shall cut a pretty figure at court.' It now occurred to me what, I was surprised had not sooner occurred, that where power consisted in knowledge, I had vainly obtruded myself into the sage's place. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'the best thing I can do for myself, is to run away.' I immediately resolved to put this wise resolution into practice, and having huddled up a variety of strange things, of which I did not know either the name or use, I looked for the door. To my extreme dismay, there was none to be found. This was a serious inconvenience—yet I knew that the Armenian must have gone out somewhere. With this thought I looked overhead—the walls of the apartment shot up to an amazing height, as perpendicularly as a wall, and as smooth as glass. I was in a ticklish position. I plainly saw that there was no escape. Alone, without food or drink, and in the power of an inveterate foe, what could I now do? Towards evening I became both hungry and thirsty. Looking round in this distressing situation, my eye was caught by certain vessels upon shelves, which were carefully made up. Upon looking I found them to contain various portions of animals, floating in some bright fluid. They were excessively disgusting; but hunger and thirst are like relentless creditors, and will not be put off; so I—

Here the old man stopped and made a face which made his hearers step out of the way.

"After this horrid banquet, a sense of horror and self-batred fell upon my frame. I threw myself on the floor, and by degrees fell into a torpor. How long this continued I know not. When I came to myself, a flood of unbearable splendour deluged the little room; it

came from a small cup of some bright liquid that lay on the centre of the floor. I turned my head and was surprised to see the Armenian's hateful eye gleaming over me. An icy thrill ran through my frame. 'What light is this,' said I, wishing to begin the conversation in an easy and confidential tone.

"This, O sage Senechus, thou knowest to be sunshine."

"And how did it come here?"

"By a distillation from pumpkins, O sage, thou knowest."

"And what seekest thou here, learned Armenian, at this hour of sleep?"

"A sour smile crossed the Armenian's visage as he replied: 'My venerable master forgets that he has given permission to the humblest of his pupils to try his skill upon the preparations necessary for his new trial to-morrow before the king.'

"And hast thou completed thy task my son," asked I, in a patronising tone.

"Thy wisdom may judge," said the Armenian, rising and walking across the room, until he laid his hand on a pretty large spheroidal object, which was something like a large water melon, and hung suspended as if by its own buoyancy upon the air. It was fastened down by a strong cord to an iron ring in the floor.

"It is nicely adapted," said he, "for the weight it is to bear, and no precaution has been neglected to guard against an accident which might deprive the Alchemick science of its father and ornament." As he uttered these words the Armenian bent his head with a complimentary expression of countenance.

"I thank thee for thy pious duty, my sweet pupil," said I; "and the further to practise thy science, let me ask thee to state distinctly the intent and use of this new invention of thy master's."

"O venerable master, in the morning when the King and court, and the entire city shall have first assembled around this thy dwelling, this carpet, on which thy honoured limbs are now extended, shall be attached to yonder bulb, which has been inflated with bituminous vapor from beneath the ruins of Babylon. This done, thy

pupil shall reverently wish thee a good voyage, and loosen the bands, upon which thou shalt ascend to astonish the world with a proof of skill never before known to human science."

"And how high, my son, thinkest thou that I shall ascend?" said I, with the air of one giving instruction.

"I count that thou mayst mount some five or six miles, if thy wisdom so desire it, venerable master."

"My son," said I with a patronising smile, "I am meditating new honours for thy successful diligence. I shall forego the honour to be derived from this exploit in thy favour. Thou shalt thyself be the first mortal to ascend the heavens in my new machine. I would myself witness the effect upon the spectators, and gaze on thy sublime ascent from below."

"I am not worthy, O most venerable, and the king would be enraged at so unworthy a substitute. But I leave thee to thy rest—my master will have need of all his strength and spirit to buffet with the winds, and stand encounter with the clouds in the cold upper regions of the thin morning air." So saying, he turned down a large cup over the brilliant fluid that lit the chamber, and I was in total darkness.

"Not to weary your lordship's highness with the painful reflections of a night spent in the terror of frightful anticipations—the morning came. I was lying in a half torpid state upon my back, and gazing with imperfect consciousness up the lofty shaft or funnel overhead, where it seemed to ascend into the very zenith—the cold grey light from which came down as through the dim tube of a hollow cylinder of tarnished steel. The gathering hum of voices came faintly also from above, and grew louder and louder, until a loud shout as of a host came ringing on my ears. At the instant a side panel was drawn on the opposite side of the apartment, and half-a-dozen figures entered in succession. One of them approached the centre of the room, and stooping down uncovered the same bright cup of light which I have already mentioned to your lordship. It was the Armenian—a smile of mockery sat upon his long drawn lips, and wreathing upward in many a deep line, blended with the wrinkles of an insolent leer of triumph that twinkled

in his crafty eye. Words were needless to tell his cruel thoughts.

"Approaching me with gestures of mock reverence, he informed me that it was time to begin, and that the king and court awaited my ascent. While he spoke, the persons who had entered with him deliberately took up the four corners of the carpet on which I lay, and placed me under the buoyant spheroid which I have described; four cords hung from its opposite sides, which they quickly hooked to four rings in the carpet.

"It now only remains to cut this cord, O venerable enchanter, and the wisest of mankind shall be seen floating up into the morning. I need not inform thy wisdom, that when thou hast satisfied the curious glances of the admiring multitude, thou mayst throw out one or two of these little iron balls, and thy ascent will become more easy. But," added he, after a long pause, during which the smile of malignity which sat on his face shifted its revolting lines into the form of demoniac rage, 'but before I part with thee, I would learn from thy wisdom what punishment can be devised for the insult of which thou knowest.'

"What insult, my son?"

"Rememberest thou of the vale of Kortene, when the fool's spirit in the black eunuch's base body dishonoured an Armenian sage with the bastinado."

"I lay confounded; his eyes flashed fire from their hellish orbs, as he turned to the attendants and said, 'cut the cord.'

"The word was scarcely spoken, when I was ascending slowly through the shaft, and I had not yet recovered from my first amaze, when I emerged into the morning light. A tremendous shout called me to myself. A scene of magnificence beyond the power of words to paint, lay a few fathoms beneath me. The king with all his court occupied a vast platform, which was raised against an opposite building. Squadrons of Tartar cavalry were drawn up beneath; outside these the population of the city, swelled by thousands from the surrounding country extended their thronged multitudes. My eye was dazzled by the variegated glitter of their array. A million of shawls and scarfs rippled like the billows of a sea beneath me, and a deep

murmur of wonder and delight breathed from the vast surface. Gradually, however, the crowd and the city of Samarcand dwindled into a smaller compass, as the surrounding hills came together in the expanded compass of my glance. A stream of air carried me off some distance toward the sunrise; but ascending very little further, I entered a very chill current, which slowly carried me back upon the same course, until I stood poised exactly over the platform on which the gorgeous crowd were yet gazing on me from beneath. I could, notwithstanding the distance, plainly descry the King reclining on a chair of state, with his hand across his forehead, as he looked up, and my foe, the wicked Armenian, standing next him, with the action of one relating some tale of interest. I could even perceive that much laughter was excited by his narration. I had no doubt of the subject of their merriment. His voice came up with surprising distinctness; 'Hold fast up there, Huckabac,' said he, in a laughing tone, 'and do not fall upon us'—a thought flashed across my mind; 'my turn is at hand,' thought I—as I selected a few of the weightiest of the iron balls from the bag at my right hand; for a moment I dallied with my vengeance—while I took an aim—and letting go—the laugh was not out of his mouth, when the metal plumped precisely on the Armenian's accursed face.

The genie laughed, and rubbed his hands together.

"The ball had scarcely left my hand when I had the satisfaction to see him roll prostrate on the platform. As I began to rise rapidly at the same instant, I feared to lose the remainder of my vengeance, so that I cast a couple more in rapid succession—neither seemed to tell; but my revenge was ampler than I had even hoped. A violent commotion was raised among the courtiers, and every one was rushing from side to side; at once the platform gave way—a crash, mingled with a mighty yell, came up with surprising loudness, as king and court were poured like corn from the winnower's hand off the sloping floor, and thundered down upon the confused troops beneath. A volume of dust came up; and a confused uproar, beginning fiercely and wildly at the

centre, ran outward over the dense mass. 'I have not wished in vain,' was the thought that rushed over my heart.

"The clatter from beneath died upon my ear, as I rose to such a height that all the lesser details of the scene were lost in the grey obscurity beneath. I now seemed to have entered a very rapid stream of air, and the country below was fleeting away eastward with a cloudlike motion.

"I was passing above the waters of Aral, when I was suddenly startled by a sudden sound of heavy wings, and before I could turn my head a rush of white plumage came round me like a torrent. The air for some moments was filled by a double file of wild swans. The concussion of their wings upon the air communicated an exceedingly singular motion to my vehicle. I uttered a cry of anger and alarm; and in an instant the whole flock precipitated itself down the steep air until they reached the surface of the lake below. They were just beginning to throw themselves on the waters with a great foam; but before the half of their number were settled, a note of alarm sounded up the air; and again they began to wind their way up in magnificent spirals. As they rose nearer I began to perceive a dark fowl of stronger wing, towering up with dart-like ascent from beneath them; in a moment it stood in the air many thousand fathoms above, and appeared to be balancing for a stoop upon its prey, when my approaching vehicle attracted its notice.

"In an instant it was near. It was the most astonishing sight to see that splendid bird towering in the free field of its own unbounded element. Its eyes sparkled with a diamond lustre; there was a calm and kingly sternness upon them. The wave of its outstretched wing told exulting power. I envied the magnificent creature, as without effort he rose, and stooped, and wheeled in countless dizzy circles all around my airy way.

The genie stared at the old man's volubility—he went on with accelerated velocity.

"It was easy to perceive, my Lord genie, that the powerful creature was considering in its own mind, upon eating me up. You may conceive that I was not quite at ease. Yet, in truth,

I was beginning to become seasoned to all sorts of terrors and alarms, and now began to feel as much wonder and curiosity as fear. Truly, O sovereign, king of genies, if half the strange things to which I have been the unwilling witness, were told me by another person, I should have pronounced him the greatest liar in the whole world.

The genie laughed significantly.

"As I was saying, the great bird seemed to have a monstrous mind to eat me. The hungry expression grew more and more intense as every wheel brought it nearer. But the strangeness of my vehicle protected me; and perhaps the form and features of my kind produced the effect which they commonly have on all the inferior tribes of animals. I had yet half a bag full of iron balls; but I had found that every ball I parted, I rose so many fathoms higher; and I was aware that my only chance depended upon my keeping below the level of the high ridge of the Caucasus, to which my course was directed. While I was in this anxiety, by no means satisfied with my travelling companion, a new incident, for a time at least, set me at ease. About half-way beneath me, and the western shore of this inland sea, a flight of gannets came sweeping on in a lengthened line beneath. In a trice my persecutor was down among them. Away they scattered on every side. One was singled out, and there began a chase, which, in spite of cold, hunger, and my strange and fearful situation, I could not help viewing with all a hunter's interest. Often, indeed, my lord, had I heard of the enlivening enthusiasm of the chase, but never till now did I know what it is. Borne upon a rapid breeze, I dashed after them as they swept along, straining every inch of feather; the gannet impelled by fear, the eagle by hunger. We had considerably lowered; fear and fatigue had increased my weight, and a heavy moisture, contracted in passing through some dense masses of cloud, had also contributed to the same effect. Away we went over a thousand hills, and plains, and populous villages; and I could perceive the interest which so singular a chase naturally caused among the population of the whole

country ; crowds were congregated on the hills, and horsemen were endeavouring to keep pace with us ; but all our terrene pursuers were quickly distanced as we rushed on in a southern direction towards the shore of the Caspian Sea. Soon the Caspian waters were spread beneath our flight ; the birds darted impetuously on, and the chase, from its duration, acquired added interest. The eagle was rather gaining on the gannet, yet not so fast as to put the event beyond doubt—both had a little slackened in their speed. Huge clouds lay beneath us, through the rifts of which the dark waters of the Caspian appeared far below, like the depths of some vast abyss. A little above these damp grey masses, the chase and flight swept on ; still swift, yet with a more laborious flight, the gannet evidently losing distance in every league. I lost sight of them for a few minutes ; for the cloudy stratum was ascending on the air, and the chase became enveloped in its misty masses. A few minutes more and I was myself wrapped in the cold wet mist through which I could not see a foot. After a few minutes, however, I emerged from beneath. It was the most fearful sensation I ever felt ; if you can conceive the sudden precipitation from a vast plain of clouds, which concealed from the eye the dreadful depth beneath, into the awful void—the clear emptiness of thin, insubstantial objectless space between me and the sea, two miles below.

The genie lifted his eyebrows with supercilious impatience.

“ I struggled against the painful sensation, and looked around for the chase. The gannet was in great extremity. Its winged pursuer appeared to be within a snap of its tail ; still it held on with a perseverance truly wonderful to behold. With greatly diminished speed the two strong birds seemed to reel and stagger onward in their flight ; I had gained upon them, and was now enabled to see their very eyes—the gannet’s were shrunk with terror, the eagle’s quite divested of their nobler and more kingly beams, and contracted into a look of the steadfast rancor of baffled hate. I came up to them just as we passed a large black cloud. I was a few feet below the gannet, the eagle flew about two feet above it ; suddenly

the poor gannet, making a desperate effort, pitched itself into the carpet on which I sate. On this the eagle uttered the loudest scream I ever heard from any living thing, and made a similar effort, but it fell short ; and in spite of its strongest efforts we were leaving it far behind. It was a fearful thing, my lord, to watch the fierce creature’s straining fury as it flapped after us. Its beak was a little open, and a black scum had worked out upon its vast chaps, which extended behind nearly to the broad burning eye-ball that flashed a livid fire. It had thus acquired the appalling and demoniac expression which your lordship may have remarked in a mad cat. My lord, I am by nature the most benevolent of mortals, so your lordship may judge of the human satisfaction I felt at the safety of the poor dear gannet. I rejoiced to think that the poor bird had after all its terror and fatigue escaped from that fell beak. Besides it was, indeed, no small gain to one who had not tasted food for I know not how long, to become thus unexpectedly possessed of a fine fat piece of game. I now began to feel the pangs of intolerable hunger, and lost no time in putting my new *protégé* into a fitting condition to supply the demands of appetite. In short, my lord, I eat the gannet without much cookery.

“ We had now nearly crossed the Persian empire ; the snowy ridge of Caucasus began to appear far away, walling the horizon from north to south as far as the eye could measure. The tired eagle, was yet in sight, sinking downward to the plains with flagging wings. My spirits were lightened. The rapid changes of climate, the fleetness with which seas, lakes, rivers, cities, mountains, forests, and banks of clouds swept by, as I glided onward without labour or intervention, had the effect of exhilarating me. Caucasus grew broad and rugged as it approached the eye ; and I had every hope of safely landing on its firm declivities.

“Vast masses of clouds came floating around me in all directions, as I floated in among the spacious recesses of this enormous range. For a time I glided on a few yards above a dense, wet, level surface, in which—will your lordship believe me—I saw my whole

apparatus reflected with the minutest precision. Having past this, the bluish black gulph of a deep mountain defile opened beneath me—it was formed by two projecting buttresses of broken granite, which approached each other from opposite sides. Each was turbaned with a huge wreath of black cloud from which it fell sheer down into a blackness of depth that I could not fathom with my straining eye. I now discovered what, to your lordship, must be familiar; that great depths of space appear more formidable to the eye, when measured along some steep surface, than while merely seen apart from all objects. I did not till now discover much difference between looking down from five miles or from one; or to speak accurately, as I approached the earth, it was more unpleasant to look down. But I know not how it was, these solid masses of precipitous rock imparted a fearful sense of falling to the heart, and I now began to contemplate my position with much terror. While I was thus embayed in the centre nearly of this breezeless recess, and hanging almost without motion in the thin but sultry air, a sudden clap of thunder, the loudness of which almost annihilated all my faculties, reverberated from one of the dense clouds upon the opposite heights, and a dazzling sparkle, more swift than sight, quivered and vanished over the centre of the hollow interval. It was as instantaneously, as loudly, and as brightly returned from the opposite cloud. And the two clouded precipices thus continued for some time assailing each other, like two gigantic demons mailed in adamantine panoply, and armed with the elements, their feet in the infernal regions and their heads among the clouds of heaven.

The genie looked supercilious and critical.

“My lord, you will easily imagine my horror when I discovered that I was myself slowly approaching to the very centre of this awful collision, with a motion which I could only account for on the supposition of an attraction, which I conjectured to be owing to some magical property in my vehicle. It was a truly fearful moment; nothing I could do had the slightest effect on the motion with which I felt myself carried forward like an airbubble on

the edge of some vast cataract, to the point at which opposite deaths were meeting every second moment. I had advanced insensibly so near as to perceive the sulphury smell which these fierce explosions threw out upon the sultry atmosphere, when suddenly I was by some unseen power sent like an arrow back to the point from which the contrary force had first attracted me.

“Well, my lord, this most horrible alternation of opposite powers continued so long that I began to think myself the subject of contention among the powers which were thus at strife among the elements, when suddenly the air was darkened overhead by a vast mass of sable clouds, which all of a sudden opened their black depths with a roar which made all the mountain heads tremble like reeds, and rend into a thousand new enormous fissures which ran downward with a loud crackling like the sifting together of all the cities in the world. A broad volume of the intensest light accompanied the crash. It was for a time followed by the blackness of perfect darkness. Torrents of water came streaming from the sable canopy; and in a few moments I had the supreme luxury of being drenched from head to foot. My thirsty members drank at every pore, the liquid refrigeration of the freshening element.

The genie looked puzzled.

“The mass of clouds began to disperse and settle in small masses among the surrounding steeps, and I now had the pleasure to witness the same tremendous uproar of conflicting elements going on about half a mile below me, while the heights around and above stood basking in the brightness of a splendid evening sun.

“A chillness beyond words to express, came over my steaming limbs; but I had the gratification to feel myself perceptibly sinking down into a lower region. I sunk down until I was at the level at which the wooded region commenced. I approached slowly towards an inlet where cliffs and stunted copses, with here and there some blasted trunk of larger growth, lay intermingled in vast confusion. A cloud of vultures (my old enemies) now came gathering around me from all the neighbouring steeps.

If your sovereign lordship has ever witnessed the shoal of large fishes collecting round a bait or prey as it sinks down under the deep blue billows of the Erythryan sea, it will give some idea of the appearance of these ferocious looking monsters of the sky as they shot by, or dived beneath or balanced near on hovering wing, turning on me their spectral, devouring eyes. None, however, ventured to approach within cast of the iron ball with which I had in my fear armed myself.

"I presently came close enough to a tuft of stunted oak to lay hold of a bough and draw myself into the centre of the thicket, where, to my infinite relief, I quitted the strange vehicle in which I had lain for fourteen hours at the mercy of all the winds. I now found the true cause of the immense clatter which my approach had occasioned among the feathered inhabitants of this savage region. I had scarcely emerged from the entanglement of the matted boughs, when I found myself on the flat summit of a crag, which was more than half occupied by an enormous nest, in the middle of which two great birds, covered with yellow down, lay screaming with wide opened jaws. To approach them was a service of danger, as the fierce mother came flapping round with an outcry that daunted me seriously. By the help of one of my iron balls I struck sparks from the hard cliff, and succeeded in setting fire to the dry sticks and withered leaves of which the nest was built. It was the first sensation of real comfort I had felt for a long time. A canopy of smoke spread itself around and shut out the vulture flock. I stretched my chilled limbs before a brilliant fire, and as my appetite was revived by the steam of the grilling vultures, I quickly indemnified my stomach for the last three hours' famish in the mountain air. Of all the birds in the air, the most delicate is the young vulture.

"It was too late to think of descending into the plains. It would, I perceived, be unsafe to face the wilderness of steep and broken crags that lay beneath, in the uncertain twilight of the hour. I therefore resolved to remain where I was until the morning. The mountain birds had gone to roost, save

when at distant intervals some huge dark fowl, of noiseless wing, floated cloudlike by. A faint girdle of light lay far off on the north-eastern horizon, while a deep gloom concealed the plains. Out of this arose scattered groups of twinkling lights, from the numerous villages. Close around me the broad shadows fell from crags of grotesque shape, and from the shrubby tufts and stunted bushes. The innumerable mountain herbs exhaled a grateful odour on the night air. The red embers of my fire threw a genial warmth. I slept a while; but a dream of falling down some steep awaked me; and while I lay composing myself for another nap, I thought I could faintly hear the sound of human voices, at no great distance, shouting in extravagant mirth. The direction was quite uncertain; nor could I by the closest attention conjecture from whence it proceeded; but what was, for the moment at least, better, my ear caught the pleasant music of water trickling among the rocks. I was devoured with thirst, so that I ventured to follow the sound, and, cautiously groping my way, I had the unspeakable delight to bathe my parched lips and burning throat in a glorious draught of the pure mountain element. Composed by the grateful draught I sunk once more into a refreshing slumber, and slept until near dawn.

"When I awoke, a glowing crimson stained the eastern distance; the Persian lark sung far beneath among the grey mists. By degrees, a multitude of broader and richer hues lay heaped and scattered along the horizon until it glowed, my lord, like the counter of an eastern merchant, when he displays his richest stuffs to the chief Sultana of the magnificent Haroun. Many sounds floated up the morning air; and last, like the golden dome of some gigantic Mosque of Stamboul or Cairo, the sun appeared above the distant eastern plain.

"It was time I thought for breakfast; nor was I long in cooking my morning meal. On this, I need not dwell; but simply to apprise your lordship of the important fact, that vultures' flesh is not quite so palatable on the second day.

"I now took to exploring about me with serious diligence, but to little

purpose; I could discover no downward path consistent with safety. As I was about to lie down to rest, after much vain fatigue, my eye was caught by a thin column of smoke which rose out of a small rocky crevice not far below. I was considering how to make my way down, when suddenly, as if from the mountain side, a little lower, some half dozen of tall ferocious looking men came out and stood upon a little shrubby platform; they looked like braves before the door of some house of ill resort; they were half drest, and had something of the lazy, rakish, and lounging look of such persons in the morning after a hard night's drinking—I did not at all like their looks.

“‘I wonder whither Hassan can have taken himself,’ said one of these strange persons.

“‘He was not with us at supper,’ said another.

“‘He came in when thou wert drunk as a Frank,’ said the first.

“‘Ay,’ said a fourth voice, ‘he slipped away before dawn; and I say it cannot be for nothing that he is thus every day stealing off and not seen again till midnight.’

“‘He has too much wit to be trusted,’ observed the second voice.

“‘Sadak would keep all our confidence to himself,’ said the first.

“‘Nay, brethren,’ said Sadak, ‘Hassan has been thus ever since our council refused to make him sole treasurer.’

“‘Take care,’ said the fourth voice, ‘that he is not at this moment engaged in procuring a key in yonder village. I saw him two mornings since in close debate with little Doubar the smith.’

“‘I propose that we try that without delay,’ said the first.

“‘And seize little Doubar,’ said the second.

“‘And force him to confess,’ said the third.

“‘And seize all his goods,’ said the fourth.

“‘Come on, then, lads, let us speed,’ said a fifth, who had been till now silent.

“I had, on the first discovery of these persons, concealed myself behind some bushes, through which I could securely watch them; there I remained until they came forth again.

Their number was now increased to eleven—they were drest in short cloaks, and armed. They threw themselves with much agility down among the steepes, and were quickly out of sight. ‘Now,’ thought I, ‘for the treasure.’

“I could not immediately descend from where I stood, so resolved on trying a little further for some practicable way. In the search I was forced to ascend considerably. I did not go far before I reached a deep hole from which some great stones had been imperfectly rolled away. In this hole a thick rope, which was fastened to a tree, descended. As the hole sloped in its descent, I resolved to explore it for a little way. A few fathom brought me to the edge of a steep cavern, into which the rope hung, having been at this point formed into a kind of ladder. The cavern was very spacious and by no means dark; it received light from a great many small chinks. I thought at first that I had reached the dwelling of the robbers; but, on descending, found that it was nothing less than the treasury itself! This was, indeed, something; after all my mishaps I had by this accidental turn of my affairs attained the most immense wealth. Though neither a monarch nor a magician, here at least were ample means to command all the substantial enjoyments of this world. Though I could not flatter myself with the hope to cut off the Armenian's head, or burn out the eyes of the Georgian King; yet I should have the pleasure to astonish the coxcombs of Cairo. I should mortify those who had insulted my poverty with purseproud insolence; I should bathe in the most generous vintage, and roll in sugar comfits; I should eat of crystal and gold; and attire myself in the farsought splendors of eastern magnificence. I could not for some time compose my spirits for the precautions necessary to secure this newfound fortune. And it was not until I had in imagination contrived a grand palace, with a secure treasury large enough to contain the whole immense wealth that lay around me on every side, that I began seriously to consider the necessity of first securing the possession of it. I did not ponder long on this subject, when I chanced to cast my eyes on a small cask, which, by the care with which it was treasured

among the most costly things, I inferred to be some priceless jewel, which might perhaps be worth every thing else there; in this error I was more confirmed when I found it inscribed, 'an easy way to be greater than the king.'

"On opening it, my nostrils were greeted by a rich and pungent odour; and a sparkling chrystaline liquor met my eye; it was far more generous than the strongest wine; and as I found, by reading a scroll which was carefully folded and laid up in the same crypt, it was extracted from a grain called barley, by a process which imparts a pleasant flavour of the smoking fuel.

The genie smacked his lips with a thundering sound.

" 'When there is smoke,' thought I, 'there must be the vital and essential element of fire.' I at once comprehended, my lord, that the effect of this generous beverage, would be to restore my youthful strength. And as I had found an honest means to enrich myself, by restoring all this plunder to fair circulation; so I should thus gain strength and spirit to effect this laudable purpose. 'When I become greater than the king,' said I, 'I need not fear a den of robbers.' So saying, I took a long and vigorous draught. It was scarcely down, when an astonishing flow of brilliant and airy conceptions came pouring pell-mell into my head. My notions, always grand, became attired with new magnificence. Not being able to restrain the gay impulses which had seized both mind and body, I sang, shouted, made speeches to imaginary public assemblies: I danced and tumbled in heaps of gold and silver.

"I was for a moment reposing myself in a state of pleasing delirium, after so much delightful excitement, when my ear was caught by a low scrambling sound, which I could not at first trace to any particular direction. I at first supposed it might be some long-headed rat engaged in gnawing its way to affluence. Rapidly the sound increased, and the fall of some gravel and small fragments of rock, turning my eye to the aperture, from which the rope ladder yet hung—to my surprise I saw a gigantic leg thrust down; it was followed by another of the same formi-

dable proportions, descending step by step. The huge stature of a man, such as might be expected from such precursors, revealed itself to my fear-struck scene. His back was turned as he came down. 'This,' thought I, 'is the thief of the world, Hassan—come to rob the robbers—what a superlative villain must he be.' As this thought flashed across me, the robber touched the floor, and turned nearly half round. He did not yet see me—his eager eye seemed to devour the glittering heaps, by which he was surrounded. I never before or since remember to have seen a face so strongly marked with the intention of purpose. Although the desire of acquisition was the obvious expression of the moment; yet other passions were legibly traced in its harsh and deep lines:—it was easy to see that his eye was familiar with murderous deeds, and that he would think very lightly of killing one, if the whim seized him. 'Destiny,' thought I, 'has served me a pretty trick.' He did not yet see me. Without a moment's hesitation, he caught up a large leathern sack, from which he expertly turned out the contents, a shining heap of silver coins. I could not help envying the force displayed by the plundering ruffian. He next strode over bags and boxes, and heaps of divers riches, until he reached a large porphyry vase, from which he took jewels in huge handfuls and deposited them in his bag. Having emptied the vase, he took up his bag and came straight across to where I lay. The ruffian's large eye quickly turned upon me; the effect was not what I expected. No words can express the startled look he gave—the eye of inflamed cupidity changed so quickly into affright, that it startled me to see such a grimace. It was strange to see the broad-shouldered robber look so startled at one so weak as I.

" 'In the name of the Prophet, what art thou?' said he, with a gulping breath.

" 'Hassan,' said I, 'I am the genie to whom this cave belongs—I give thee freely what thou hast taken—but he-gone quickly, and come back no more.' The fellow's courage seemed to return as I spoke—my voice came thick with a drunken lisp—his eye fell upon the vessel from which I had been drinking

—it was nearly full. He lifted it, and putting it to his lips, drank off its contents at a draught.

“‘You are drunk,’ said he.

“‘I came here for that sole purpose, my son,’ said I.

“‘And so you say this is your cave,’ said he, with a tone half-questioning, half-ferocious—‘do you know whose wine you are drunk with?—answer that.’

“‘It belongs,’ said I, ‘to my beloved son, your captain.’

“A ferocious smile flashed from the ruffian’s face, as he said—‘And what is the name of that beloved son of yours.’

“‘I felt sadly pined—‘You know that well enough, without troubling me with disrespectful questions—pray leave me, I am sleepy.’

“‘Ho, ho, ho! you are a nice sort of a genie—drunk, sleepy, and a blunderer.’

“‘I was becoming dreadfully alarmed. ‘Leave me, my son—leave me, before you provoke me to shew my power.’

“‘It is not every day one has the honour to get drunk with genies—come, you must let me see some of your tricks.’

“The ruffian sat down opposite me.

“‘I cannot do any thing till I am sober, my son,’—the fellow laughed aloud.

“‘Come,’ said he, ‘my good fellow, that won’t go down with me—you are only pretending to be drunk—come, conjure, you old rogue of a genie; let me see you conjure.’

“‘Name but your wish, my son,’ said I, ‘and you shall have it in the morning, if you leave me now.’

“Again the same fierce smile came over his face.

“‘That,’ said he, ‘will just suit my purpose;’ his tone grew confidential as he went on, ‘thou knowest that it is my purpose to carry off the whole of this treasure, and that I must prevent all suspicion among my comrades, until I have it secured. Now, if thou wilt be found lying like one slain at the door of the outward cave, I can easily lead them to suspect that thou hast been carrying away the treasure, when they come to miss it.’

“My blood ran cold within me—‘but they will quickly discover the cheat, my dear comrade,’ said I, ‘and kill me outright.’

“‘I can play a saser trick than that,’ said the ruffian with a confidential wink, ‘I will warrant thee safe from their daggers.’

“‘But I cannot see how, my dear son.’

“‘For a genie, thou art of the dallest,’ said he, with a caustic but smiling stare, ‘I’ll tell thee, I will kill thee myself—nay, do not look so thunder-struck—you are as frightened as if you were no genie at all; sure you will come to life when you grow sober.’

“‘I will—be sober—enough—if you kill me—my—dear—son,’ said I, unable to articulate distinctly.

“‘Arn’t you terribly afraid for a genie,’ said he.

“‘I only fear your plan must fail.’

“‘You have a violent anxiety for my plans,’ said he, tauntingly.

“‘I have a great regard for you, my son,’ said I.

“‘Did you ever see me before,’ said he.

“‘Often,’ said I.

“‘You tell lies faster than a camel can trot,’ said he, ‘but come, we are wasting our precious time, my dear friend, stand up if thou are able, and I will help thee up yon ladder.’

“‘I saw that he could not kill me where we were, without leaving some sign that he had been in the cave himself—his object was evidently to drive me down the mountain, as far as the other cave, and there execute his purpose.

“‘I am not yet able to stir,’ said I.

“The ruffian, laughing loudly, sprang on his feet, and in a trice, emptying a large bag, approached me with it.

“‘What is that for?’ said I.

“‘You are a very curious old fellow,’ said the ruffian, ‘come, put your feet in here, and you shall know.’

“‘I’ll not go to be murdered,’ shrieked I.

“‘Wont you, indeed,’ said he, as he began to shuffle me into the great bag. When he had me in to the waist, my hand came into accidental contact with the handle of his dagger, which came away so easily that the robber did not perceive the incident. I felt my advantage. I had latterly noticed that he had but one eye.

“Not having force of arm to give a sure blow to any other part, I now watched my advantage as he stooped over me, and just as he was jeeringly

saking me if I felt quite at ease, I gave him an inch of his own dagger in the soundeye: uttering the loudest yell I ever heard, the murderous ruffian threw up both his hands to the wound, and, giving an enormous backward spring, fell over a heap of bags.

"I lost not an instant in extricating myself from the entanglement of the bag, and with as little noise as possible creeping away from the spot. I was not too soon; the ruffian instantly guessed what I was about, and with wonderful self-command sprung on his feet, cautiously, yet quickly feeling his way, he began to grope about for me. In spite of my best efforts, he was several times on the point of seizing me, the noise of my feet guided him. His hands were clenched—his teeth set—the muscles of his cheeks played convulsively—from his quenched eyeball large drops of blood rolled down his grim visage, or dropped on the floor as he changed his attitude. It was rather trying to my nerves, as he now and then groped within a few feet of me, to feel that a chance spring must place me in his iron gripe. Even yet, I cannot, without a shudder, recollect the numerous hair-breadth escapes of that horrid hour—ten times was his hand on the point of seizing me, and as often I escaped by stooping from beneath his grasp.

"At last a bright thought seized me. Taking up a couple of golden coins, I gently tossed them one by one, so that they fell a little beyond him. The device took, he groped after the sound. Being thus allowed to pick my steps, I stole without noise to his bag of plunder, which I gently lifted to my shoulder. The ruffian listened: I repeated the former stratagem—he was again deceived. As he made much noise, I found it no hard task to make my way to the rope ladder, near which I fortunately stood. Cautiously, with trembling frame, I climbed up to the mouth of the cavern. A falling splinter of stone drew the attention of my blind foe. Immediately changing his course, he began to move towards the centre of the cavern, groping in the air as for the rope. In his course he approached a small door, which, when he perceived he made a desperate effort to tear open; it resisted his utmost force. It was, I suspect, the regular entrance from

the robber's den. I now saw that the robber was fairly caught in his own trap, and—having drawn up the pendant ladder—I resolved to pay him for his insolence. With a gentle voice I called 'Hassan.'

"'Oh my venerable friend,' answered he, 'are you there—speak again.'

"'What idle game are you playing in this dangerous moment? come hither.'

"The ruffian followed my voice; he presently stood beneath me. I could scarcely resist the opportunity to throw the bag of jewels at his head—love of wealth however restrained me. 'You see,' said I, 'how little is to be got by treachery and violence—you are in my power.'

"'But you are too generous to oppress a conquered enemy; throw down the ladder, and I will repay your mercy with a bag of jewels, worth all the rest of this treasure.'

"'I have secured your bag,' said I, 'and cannot trust you quite so far; but I wish you no ill, and will return your dagger.'

"'What can I do with a dagger?' said the crest-fallen ruffian.

"'You may try that little experiment you proposed to me on yourself. It will save you from the tender mercies of your comrades.'

"The ruffian winced at the idea of the punishments which awaited him.

"I caught the hint adroitly, 'you will be embowelled alive—you will be roasted over a slow fire—you will be impaled—you will be flayed and hung out for the vultures of Caucasus.'

"'Good father,' said he, interrupting, 'you are much misled by your tender fears for me. I am as apprehensive for your own safety, which you have overlooked in your generosity. Listen, when I shall be found here, it will be easy to satisfy my comrades, by a specious tale. I shall persuade them that I have suffered thus cruelly in defending this treasure. You will then be hunted out, and taught lessons in the mystery of torture, which shall astonish your weak mind.'

"'It is quite true,' thought I, my desire for tormenting the ruffian giving way to fear. He went on speaking, but I did not wait to hear a word further. Having scrambled out of the

dini passage, I found my way down to the robbers' cave. I was too much exhausted to make further efforts without food.

"I entered the cave. It was a spacious apartment, boarded off rather neatly. Several doors indicated a spacious well-contrived dwelling in this cavern of the rocks. A long carpet ran along the centre, by the side of which were numerous large hassocks and cushions. But my attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a lad of fourteen years of age, who sat tied in a corner, regarding me with a steady eye.

"Are thou a captive here?" said I.

"I am, as thou seest, venerable sir; if thou wilt cut this band, I may do thee good service."

"With Hassan's dagger I cut the cord which bound the youth, and asked him to shew me where the robbers kept their food. The youth cast a long keen look upon the dagger; and then, without a word, opened a large press, from which he laid before me several dishes of rice, some butter, and the remains of a roasted kid. The effect of the strong wine upon my empty stomach and wearied frame, was to produce a ravenous appetite; and I now fell upon the meat in such a manner as to astonish the lad, who sat gazing on me in silent wonder, while the several dishes vanished under my active celerity of tooth.

"And now, good sir," said the youth, "what chance or design has brought thee hither?"

"My sufferings had taught me caution; so I told him in as few words as possible, something very far from the ordinary veracity of my narrations, and then pressed upon him that he should be my guide to the plains, in return for his liberty, and a reward which I assured him I could well give.

"The youth agreed, but not until he had strongly urged me to remain; he said that the robbers were not cruel; and never attempted to rob poor travellers. His reasons had no weight with me, further than to excite a little distrust of the adviser; I therefore stepped forth with an air of decision, and he followed. I now explained that it was my desire to reach the plains by some way unfrequented by the robbers, and the lad, in his rapid and silent manner, struck at once into a narrow

way among the rocks, leading in the same direction in which I had first approached the robbers' cave. We wound among cliffs and bushes for nearly a league, until we reached the very spot where I had first landed from the flying gourd.

"Though the effect of repeated misadventures had the natural effect of considerably abating the sanguine spirit of my expectations, yet I began now to hope that fortune was about to smile upon one who had so long been her plaything. I had of late escaped from the most serious and perplexing trials; and the end of all, was wealth sufficient to purchase the richest merchant in the wealthy Cairo. I determined to avoid enquiry and fraud, by setting up a shop and selling my own jewels; until the whole being converted into money, I would then purchase a splendid house in the outlets, built in the centre of a delicious garden, and complete in baths, fountains, aviaries, haram, treasury, banquetting room, and all other appointments of a luxurious and costly abode. There I would live apart from kings, courtiers and magicians. No doctor should ever approach to make anatomical experiments upon me; but forgetful of the ambition, the perils and vicissitudes—the conjurations and confusing adventures of that great stage of witchery and craft—the world—I would forget my past cares in an even course of peaceful and untroubled enjoyment; as the poet Sadi has written—

Forgetful of men, and to be forgotten by them.

"While these thoughts amused the toil of our difficult path, we had reached the place where I had landed on the previous day. The distrust with which I regarded my young companion had worn off, and in the native frankness of my temper, I had told him my adventures, all of which he listened to with great indifference until I came to tell of my escape from the cavern. His features, hitherto listless, then at once sharpened into a ferocious interest that alarmed me; he looked so keen, determined, and crafty, that I had enough to do to remind myself of his youth. In truth, from that moment, a more manly, thoughtful, and firm expression came over his whole appearance. The deepest distrust came over me. The lad was evidently meditating some determined course of action; and trying

to conceal his abstraction. From time to time he asked questions to which he endeavoured to give a driftless tone.

"Surely," he would say, 'it was a rash thing to leave the rope ladder in the vicinity of the cavern; had I not better return and secure it.'

"This of course I did not assent to. He also pressed very much to be allowed to carry the dagger which I wore still about my person; and I was much struck by the earnest glances with which his eye rested upon it. To my questions he gave very reserved and doubtful answers from the moment I had told him of my escape: but before that I had ascertained that he was the son of one of the robbers; that he and his father had concerted their escape; that in the absence of his father, he was beaten and tied up as I had found him, by the rest of the gang. He also told me that the entrance by which I had entered the treasure, was but recent and not known to the gang.—There was, he said, a door and long passage out of the den, by which the robbers had access. He also informed me that the robbers were but twelve, and had no captain; but that all enterprises and public acts were decided in council.

"It now became necessary to determine my next movement. The descent before us was fearful; the night just setting in. A strong line of light on the eastern plain, defined the vast shadow of this lofty range, and showed that the sun was near the other horizon; the darkness of the intermediate vale showed how low it must be.

"We must rest here for the night," said the lad.

"The necessity was evident; so we addressed ourselves to our several arrangements for the night. The lad had providently enough loaded himself with abundant materials for our supper; and this being dispatched, we were quickly nooked in such positions of rest as the place admitted. Suspecting the lad, I caused him to lie so that my eye rested upon him as he lay. For some hours I lay severed with busy thought: we were close above the steep, and in the mountain recess beneath, the blackness of darkness lay so intensely, that it gave, by contrast, a clear and transparent lustre to the soft darkly azure concave overhead, from which countless starry groups and

clusters shot down a pure unearthly lustre from their remote æthereal depths.

The genie lifted his eyebrows critically, and stroked his chin.

"At last it began to grow intensely cold, and as the lad whom I perceived to be as restless as myself, began to breathe through his nostrils, I resigned myself to sleep.

"I awoke about midnight: there was moonlight. To my astonishment the lad was gone. I felt for my bag of jewels, and was rejoiced to find them safe. In lying down I had secured the dagger, by putting it into the bag; it was still there; what then could be the object of the little thief; I could not conjecture, but resolved to change my place; and to conceal myself more fully. Taking up the little robber's bag, which to my surprise he had left; I clambered up about thirty fathoms until I reached the edge of a steep cliff, projecting over the place where we had lain. Looking about me here, I found the flying vehicle, firmly tied down where I had left it. I was glad to repose myself on its soft carpet; and fortified myself with a vigorous cup of wine.

"I was not long in this position, when I heard voices whispering not very far off. I could not be mistaken; it was Hassan's harsh growl; he had fallen over a stump or stone, and uttered a curse as he arose.

"Hush, father, or you will rouse the thief," whispered the lad's voice.

"They were coming slowly on; I saw my peril, and the necessity of the moment, and matured a plan of consummate art and daring. Joining the cord which secured the bags, the lad's, my own, and the heavy bag of iron balls, together with some of the cordage of the air carriage, I formed a long rope with a running noose at one end, to which I also fastened a weight of iron to make it swing at will. Arranging this for my purpose, I let the loop down from the overhanging steep. The moon-light lay brightly on the spot below, as with stealthy step I saw the gigantic form of Hassan, led by the young robber, come with a groping step into the clear light.

"Father," said the youth, 'the thief is gone, what shall we do?'

"Hush, my son; he may have rolled or moved a little way; search

cautiously about; let us not lose our vengeance."

"The little robber now began a slow search into all the surrounding hollows and crevices of the platform on which they stood. I had laid the keen-edged dagger at my side; disposed every thing for my ascent, if necessary, and began to watch the motions of the lad. A step brought him into my snare.

"'Father!—father!—father!—I am caught by the leg; I am caught.'

"'Where are you my son,' shouted Hassan, springing to the spot.

"'Oh father! father! your hand! I am over your head! Oh father, jump up.'

"'I cannot reach you, my son—oh you have broken my skull you little imp.'

"'Oh father, I cannot help it, I am swung—o-o-ogh.'

"'Hollo-ogh, my son.'

"'Make a catch at me, father dear, oh father.'

"'Where are you now?'

"'Oh here, here, here.'

"'Loud and fearfully the last words rung back from the dark hollows of the opposite steep, as cutting the rope that tied me down, I was slowly lifted into the night air, with the little robber dangling thirty fathoms beneath, over the dark and dreadful abyss.

"'Oh father—father—here—here—here.'

"'Hassan, where art thou?' shouted I.

"'Ha, Satan,' roared the frantic ruffian, as he rushed forward with a bound; five steps precipitated him head over heels into the empty gulf of glimmering obscurity; from which his garment sent up a flashing reflection of the moonlight as he vanished into a deeper darkness below.

"'Oh my father; my poor father,' screamed the youth.

"The tone of bitter grief saved the little wretch's life; I was about to drop him into the darkness, when a feeling of sympathy arrested me. We were rather descending than rising, and the moonbeams were strongly reflected from the little fellow's face, as he swung over the dim hollow of night. I resolved to land him the first instant it became possible. I became the more anxious to effect this, as the little wretch presently began a low heart-breaking cry; partly, I believe, the effect of pain; which was

multiplied by a thousand ghastly echoes; so that it sounded as if the wailing of the enemies of the Prophet, came up from the black abyss, over which I hung in the melancholy moonlight.

"'Stop that dismal howl,' said I, 'or I will drop thee into the gulf.'

"The echo of my own voice reverberated like the taunt of some master fiend, quelling the outcry of the eternal woe. The youth stopped.

"We had now sunk considerably; the vast shadows of an inferior region, floated upward in the ghastly gloom; the dim outline of a broken pinnacle swelled upon the eye, like a sunken rock from the surface of a sable ocean.

"'Oh my father—my father—my dear father,' screamed the little lad.

"A red glisten came up from the splintered cliff, and some dark form was stretched across it; in which I could indistinctly perceive the distorted outline of the human form: the little lad was bending over it.

"Seeing him thus in safety, I untied the cord by which he was bound to the machine—the instant effect was startling. Thus reduced in weight, it darted up with arrowy speed.

"In a single minute I was standing in the moonlight on a level with the everlasting snows upon the summit of the Caucasus. The cold was beyond endurance, the air was painful to inhale. My head became confused; I lost all consciousness.

"When I awoke, the evening sun gleamed upon my eyes. My lord, this was the most wonderful of all my adventures. I had passed in my long sleep, or rather trance of a night and day across numerous regions, homeward to the valley of the Nile; and now awoke lying on my back on the very spot where all my misadventures had begun. The air carriage was gone, I know not how; I must have rolled out when it touched the summit of the pyramid; the wonderful machine had passed away to astonish distant regions, or soared up into the first heaven; but alas! sovereign king of the genies; alas! it carried with it my bag, my inestimable bag, won with so much pain and toil." Here the old man blubbered aloud.

The genie frowned.

The old man, recovering himself, concluded thus:—"I knew, my lord,

that no one could recognise me in my present form. So waiting till the first blush of morn I sallied forward to find my poor dear lost body ; and begged my way until I came to this place.

" I do not believe one word of your story," said the genie. " Nevertheless, because you are the biggest liar I

ever met, I consent to pardon the remaining third of the merchant's crime."

So saying, the genie stamped on the ground, which, opening beneath him with a hideous yawn, he sank instantly out of sight.

THE RUINED ABBEY.

Pause—for the spirit of the past
Broods o'er these mouldering walls :
And spectres of departed power
Haunt the deserted halls.

Pause—for the place is holy ground,
Hallowed by praise and prayer ;
By human suffering, human tears,
Repentance and despair.

Oh, could these crumbling walls but speak,
How many a tale they'd tell :
Of hearts, dark superstition doomed
For ever here to dwell.
The stifled shriek, they only heard,
The tear forbid to flow :
The restless vigil, night of pain,
And day of hopeless woe.

All silent now—bare, desolate, lone,
All silent as the dead ;
Save when some fast-decaying tomb
Re-echoes back thy tread.
Save when the wind, low moaning sweeps
O'er these decaying piles ;
And voices more than earthly, talk
In whispers, through yon aisles.

Yet here, even here, all is not Death's,
Nor undisturbed his sway :
From yonder grave, sweet violets spring,
Fresh verdure from decay.
O'er altar, cell, and moss-grown stone,
Is wreathed the wild wall-flower,
Green ivy veils the broken shrine,
And clasps the falling tower.

Above is spread the glorious heaven,
It shines as brightly blue,
As when these halls, in all their pride,
First met the gazer's view.
As gently break the lake's still waves,
In murmurs at their feet,
And to the quiet earth and sky,
The self-same tale repeat.

Shall we not pause then, here, and muse,
How all man's works decay,
And he, and his proud monuments
Together, pass away.
While still unchanging, and the same,
Nature to every age,
For the pure heart to muse and learn,
Unfolds her gracious page.

ESSAYS ON THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. I.—GEORGE HERBERT.

We have pretty often thought of seeking to interest our readers in the study of the earlier English poets—selecting such passages of their works as, in spite of uncouth orthography and antiquated language, are worthy of being again and again perused—and occasionally bringing before them some of the characteristic features of states of society now forgotten, and which, whatever be the changes of decay or of improvement through which we are to pass, it is impossible should reappear. To accomplish the purposes which we have in view, it will be necessary to go back to periods earlier than that in which George Herbert lived, and to deal with the works of men of higher genius than his. Some preparation, too, in the arrangement of our materials, will be necessary. The task is not without its trouble, for in a hundred instances we shall have to brush away the dust from neglected volumes, often for the purpose of disproving narratives indolently copied from book to book, and substituting truth for romance. When we look round us on the shelves where Ellis and Warton, and Headley are looking down invitingly, we shrink from a task, to accomplish which worthily, would not only require such application, as may be easily promised by a man addressing himself to a task which he loves, but also the command of such libraries as do not exist in Ireland. In the public libraries in Ireland—our College library especially,—the collection of our elder poetry has been at all times disregarded—a few rare or perhaps even *unique* volumes are there, and we believe also some unexamined manuscripts; but whatever treasures of this kind that library possesses, have been brought together by accident. Our selections must, therefore,—should we find our readers sufficiently interested by the subject to proceed with it in successive essays as we propose—be chiefly derived from printed books. The lives of our elder poets are often more interesting than romance;—many of them were among the most accomplished and able statesmen of their day;

and their biography, illustrated by their works, cannot, we think, but possess a charm for some of our readers. The very names of Sidney and Surrey are not without their charm—and passages of their writings, which, unconnected with the illustrative incidents of their lives, with the characters of the princes whom they served and the romantic dangers with which, both in peace and war, that service was often attended, will be read with a feeling somewhat different from that with which they are now met, like Dante's melancholy Spirits, in the Inferno of Chalmers. A month or two must pass in indolent tumbling over papers and books before we are in the temper to begin our proposed task. Meanwhile let us look over these little books: "The Temple—sacred poems and private ejaculations, by George Herbert"—and, "The Remains of that sweet singer of the Temple, George Herbert"—which Pickering, *Aldi discipulus Anglus*, has lately published.

The fate of George Herbert's poems has been peculiar. Our collectors and reprinters of all the old rubbish which has preserved a doubtful life in the lumber rooms of public libraries, have, we think, done some injustice to the "sweet singer of the Temple." The whole works have not been collected till now, though all of them easily enough attainable; and a better class of writers have dealt with him more harshly. The truth is, that to love Herbert's poems, it is necessary to have one's heart and affections not only wholly Christian, but the formularies, the ritual, the discipline of the Church of England must, so to speak, be almost inseparably blended with the idea of Christianity; so that every disunion from her will imply schism—nay, almost heresy. The fancy of a man reading Herbert in the spirit in which he wrote, must be engaged by all the accompanying incidents, as well as his imagination elevated and rendered holy by the sublime objects of our worship. A writer such as Herbert is not satisfied with pouring out a hymn of thanksgiving for the wonderful mys-

series of redeeming love, but so wholly is he—and at all times, and in all moods of mind—engaged with his subject, that he will describe to us with fanciful minuteness the communion plate, and the communion table. The clerk and sexton are not forgotten. The churchwarden and the overseer of the poor are each the subject of their paragraphs of praise and admonition; and the minute accuracy with which all these things are wrought out, has a tendency

to give the whole an air of trifling to a person who is either without Herbert's affection towards the church as such, or without the power of imagination which can impersonate, and, for a time, appropriate the feelings with which such poems are written. To illustrate what we mean, we transcribe a poem from "*The Synagogue, or the Shadow of the Temple—Sacred Poems, in imitation of Mr. George Herbert:*"

THE SEXTON.

"The church's key-keeper opens the door,
And shuts it, sweeps the floor,
Rings bells, digs graves, and fills them up again;
All emblems unto men,
Openly owning Christianity,
To mark and learn many good lessons by.

"O thou that hast the key of David, who
Open'st and shuttest so,
That none can shut or open after thee,
Vouchsafe thyself to be
Our soul's door-keeper, by thy blessed spirit:
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

"Cleanse thou our sin-soiled souls from the dirt and dust
Of every noisome lust,
Brought in by the foul feet of our affections:
The besom of afflictions,
With the blessing of thy spirit added to it,
If thou be pleased to say it shall, will do it.

"Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,
Jangled they have, and jarr'd
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
They seem not now the same.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them so, that they may chime all in.

"Let all our sins be buried in thy grave,
No longer rant and rave,
As they have done, to our eternal shame,
And the scandal of thy name.
Let's as door-keepers in thine house attend,
Rather than the throne of wickedness ascend."

The sectarian piety which occasions the demand for any thing that has the name of religion—which is gratified by ten thousand hymn-books, is more likely to be offended by Herbert's devotional attachment and obedience to his "mother," the Church of England, than pleased with the expression of feelings always subdued or exalted by his reverential regard for old forms and ceremonies, for "the decaying sancti-

ties" of our cathedrals and chapelries. Headley, and Campbell, and Ellis, all of whom have published specimens of Herbert—nay, Montgomery—have, we think, from this cause, underrated the great beauty of these poems. The poems all depend for their power of giving pleasure on associations, which have been violently disturbed, and which it requires a peculiar education, and peculiar habits of thinking to en-

joy. The higher tones of passion never mingle with Herbert's verse, and where the Church does not appear almost as a part of nature—and the sun and moon rolling in the heavens, to be for signs of her seasons of fasting and of festival—the affections, on which his poetry rests, will have no existence. To the affections these poems were addressed—from the affections they flowed—but yet we cannot avoid feeling, that they must by many be now judged as if they were mere plays of the fancy, submitting itself arbitrarily to admiration of things which are valuable, but in as far as they are emblematical—that already the emblem and the symbol have passed away for many,—and that in the changes which the demands of new states of society require, much of this volume will, even to the zealous churchman, have little other interest than that of antiquarian curiosity. Montgomery's want of sufficient admiration, or rather affection for Herbert, seems to us most naturally accounted for in this way. At an earlier period, Baxter, with all his nonconformity, was delighted and edified with these poems. The reader of an essay on these old poems will not be indisposed to pardon Baxter's accidental quaintnesses of expression—to make any alteration in which would be yielding too much to the insipid uniformity which characterises most of the writing of our day.

"Next to the scripture poems," says Baxter, "there are none so savoury to me as Mr. George Herbert's and Mr. George Sandys's. I know that Cowley and others far excel Herbert in wit and accurate composure; but as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words, feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest, so Herbert speaks to God like one that really believes a God, and whose business in the world is most with God. Heart-work and heaven-work make up all his books."

Of the admiration in which he was held, we have abundant evidence, and the only difficulty can be in selection. Lord Bacon dedicated to him his translation of some of the psalms, "it

being," as he says, "his manner for dedications, to choose those that I hold most fit for the argument." If, however, the merit of the psalms, tortured into rhyme by this great man, afford, as he seemed to think, any estimate of George Herbert's merits—if the compliment of the dedication is to be judged of by the value of the work dedicated, it was one that could not be felt very flattering. But to many a noble and gentle spirit have these works been a source of deep delight in prosperous estate, and in affliction among the best means of consolation. The last days of Charles the First were soothed by these poems. To more than one of our own everlasting poets have they been a source of admiration and love. In the dark and troubled narrative in which Cowper describes his first access of disease, we find the following passage :

"I was struck not long after my settlement in the Temple with such a dejection of spirits as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was on the rack; lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached. The classics had no longer any charms for me: I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it. At length I met with Herbert's Poems; and Gothic and uncouth as they were, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long; and though I found not here what I might have found, a cure for my malady, yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading him."

Crashaw, a writer of unaffected piety, has recorded his love and admiration of Herbert.—The name of his volume of poems, "Steps to the Temple," was, we are told, given to it in allusion to his passing his time almost constantly in St. Mary's Church, Cambridge. "There," says the author of the preface to his poems,—a preface which Mr. Chalmers has not preserved,—"he lodged under Tertullian's

roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallows near the house of God; there, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these poems, steps for happy souls to climb heaven by." This, perhaps, was the allusion; yet we think it more probable that the title of Herbert's book suggested that of Crashaw's.—We transcribe Crashaw's poem, "On Mr. G. Herbert's book, entitled, 'The Temple of Sacred Poems,' sent to a Gentlewoman :—

" Know you, fair, on what you look?
Divinest love lies in this book :
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings.
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh.
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well-perfumed prayer.
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to heaven will send you,
To take acquaintance of the sphere,
And all the smooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe
These devotions, fairest, know
That while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine."

Coleridge, we are told in the book before us, contemplated publishing an edition of Herbert; and a few notes from him increase the interest of Mr. Pickering's volume.

The life of Herbert, by Izaak Walton, forms necessarily a part of this publication.—From what we have before said, our readers will feel that unless accompanied with some account of the poet's life the poems would lose a considerable part of their effect. The details are themselves not without interest.

"The father of our George," says Izaak Walton, "was Richard Herbert, Knight, the son of Richard Herbert, Knight, the son of the famous Sir

Richard Herbert of Colastrooke, in the County of Monmouth, Banneret,* who was the youngest brother of that memorable William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, that lived in the reign of King Edward IV."

Lord Herbert of Cherbury,† the elder brother of George, has supplied us with a sketch of the character of his ancestor, which is worth transcribing :

"My father I remember to have been black-haired and bearded, as all my ancestors of his side are said to have been; of a manly or somewhat stern look, but withal very handsome, and well compact in his limbs, and of a great courage, whereof he gave proof when he was so barbarously assaulted by many men, in the churchyard at Lanervil, at what time he would have apprehended a man who denied to appear to justice; for, defending himself against them all, by the help only of one John ap Howell Corbet, he chased his adversaries, until a villain, coming behind him, did over the shoulders of others wound him on the head behind with a forest bill, until he fell down, though recovering himself again, notwithstanding his skull was cutt through to the Pia Mater of the brain, he saw his adversaries fly away, and after walked home to his house at Llys-syn, where, after he was cured, he offered a single combat to the chief of the family, by whose procurement it was thought the mischief was committed; but he, disclaiming wholly the action as not done by his consent, which he offered to testify by oath, and the villain flying into Ireland, whence he never returned, my father desisted from prosecuting the business any farther in that kind, and attained, notwithstanding the said hurt, that health and strength, that he returned to his former exercises in a country life, and became the father of many children. As for his integrity in his places of Deputy Lieutenant of the county, Justice of the Peace, and Custos Rotulorum, which he, as my grandfather before him, held, it is

* In the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, this Sir Richard Herbert signalized himself. He and his brother, the first Earl of Pembroke, were taken prisoners after the battle of Danesmore, on July 26, 1469, and beheaded. Hall in his Chronicle relates that the Earl, when he laid his head on the block, said to Sir John Conyers, "Let me die, for I am old; but save my brother, who is young, lusty, and hardy, mete and apt to serve the greatest Prince of Christendom."

† His full title was Baron Herbert of Cherbury, and of Castle Island, of Kerry, in Ireland.

so memorable to this day that it was said his enemies appeal'd to him for justice, which they also found on all occasions. His learning was not vulgar, as understanding well the Latin tongue, and being well versed in history. My grandfather was of a various life, beginning first at court, where, after he had spent most part of his means, he became a soldier, and made his fortune with his sword, at the battle of St. Quintens, in France, and other wars, both in the north and in the rebellions hapning in the times of King Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary, with so good success, that he not only came off still with the better, but got so much money and wealth as enabled him to buy the greatest part of that livelihood which is descended to me. . . . My grandfather was noted to be a great enemy to the outlaws and thieves of his time, who robbed in great numbers in the mountains of Montgomeryshire, for the suppressing of whom he went often both day and night, to the places where they were; concerning which though many particulars have been told me, I shall mention one only.

"Some outlaws being lodged in an alehouse upon the hills of Llandinam, my grandfather and a few servants coming to apprehend them, the principal outlaw shot an arrow against my grandfather, which stuck in the pommel of his saddle, whereupon my grandfather coming up to him, with his sword in his hand, and taking him prisoner, he shewed him the said arrow, bidding him look what he had done: whereof the outlaw was no farther sensible than to say, he was sorry that he left his better bow at home, which he conceived would have carryed his shot to his body; but the outlaw being brought to justice, suffer'd for it.

"My grandfather's power was so great in the country, that divers ancestors of the better families now in Montgomeryshire were his servants, and rais'd by him. He delighted also much in hospitality, as having a very long table twice covered

every meal with the best meats that could be gotten, and a very great family. It was an ordinary saying in the country at that time, when they saw any fowl rise, 'Fly where thou wilt thou wilt light at Black-hall;' which was a low building, but of great capacity, my grandfather erected in his age; his father and himself in former times having lived in Montgomery castle. Notwithstanding yet these expenses at home, he brought up his children well, married his daughters to the better sort of persons near him, and bringing up his younger sons at the University. Notwithstanding all which occasions of expense, my grandfather purchased much lands without doing any thing yet unjustly or hardly.

"My great-grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert, was steward, in the time of King Henry the Eighth, of the lordships and marches of North Wales, East Wales, and Cardiganshire, and had power in a martial law to execute offenders. He was just and conacionable; for if a false or cruel person had that power committed to his hands, he would have raised a great fortune out of it, whereof he left little, save what his father gave him, unto posterity. He lyeth buried in Montgomery; the upper monument of the two placed in the chancell being erected for him.

"My great-great-grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert, of Colebrook, was that incomparable hero, who (in the History of Hall and Grafton as it appears) twice past through a great army of northern men alone, with his poll-ax in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt, which is more than is famed of Amadis de Gall, or the Knight of the Sun. I shall, besides this relation of Sir Richard Herbert's prowess in the battle at Beaulieu or Edgcote-hill, deliver some traditions concerning him, which I have received from good hands: one is, that the said Sir Richard Herbert being employed, together with his brother William, Earle of Pembroke, to reduce certain"

* "It was an insurrection in the ninth year of Edward IV., headed by Sir John Comiers and Robert Riddesdale, in favour of Henry VI. This William, Earle of Pembroke, and his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, being sent against them, were to be joined by the Earle of Devonshire, but a squabble happening between the two Earls about quarters, the Earle of Devonshire separated from Pembroke, who engaging the enemy at Danesmoore, near Edgcote, in Northamptonshire, was defeated and taken prisoner, with his brother, and both were put to death, with Richard Widville Earle Rivers, father of the Queen, by command of the Duke of Clarence and the Earle of Warwick, who had revolted from Edward."—*Lord Orford*.

rebells in North Wales, Sir Richard Herbert besieged a principal person of them at Harlech Castle, in Merionethshire, the captain of this place had been a soldier in the wars of France, whereupon he said he had kept a castle in France so long, that he made the old women in Wales talk of him, and that he would keep the castle so long that he would make the old women in France talk of him; and indeed as the place was almost impregnable but by famine, Sir Richard Herbert was constrained to take him in by composition, he surrend'ring himself upon condition, that Sir Richard Herbert should do what he could to save his life, which being accepted, Sir Richard brought him to King Edward the Fourth, desiring his Highness to give him a pardon, since he yielded up a place of importance, which he might have kept longer, upon this hope; but the King replying to Sir Richard Herbert, that he had no power by his commission to pardon any, and therefore might, after the representation hereof to his Majesty safe deliver him up to justice; Sir Richard Herbert answered he had not yet done the best he could for him, and therefore most humbly desired his Highness to do one of two things, either to put him again in the castle where he was, and command some other to take him out, or if his Highness would not do so, to take his life for the said captain's, that being the last proof he could give that he used his uttermost endeavour to save the said captain's life. The King finding himself urged thus far, gave Sir Richard Herbert the life of the said captain, but withall he bestowed no other reward for his service.

"The other history is, that Sir Richard Herbert, together with his brother the Earle of Pembroke being in Anglesey, apprehending there seven brothers which had done many mischiefs and murders; in these times the Earle of Pembroke thinking it fit to root out so wicked a progeny, commanded them all to be hanged; whereupon the mother of them coming to the Earle of Pembroke, upon her knees desired him to pardon two, or at leastwise one of her said sons, affirming that the rest were sufficient to satisfy justice or example, which request also Sir Richard Herbert seconded; but the Earle finding them all equally guilty, said he could make no distinction betwixt them, and therefore commanded them to be executed together; at which the mother was so aggrieved, that with a pair of

woollen beads on her arms (for so the relation goeth) she on her knees cursed him, praying God's mischief might fall to him in the first battle he should make. The Earle after this, coming with his brother to Edgcote field, as is before set down, after he had put his men in order to fight, found his brother Sir Richard Herbert in the head of his men, leaning upon his poll-ax, in a kind of sad or pensive manner, whereupon the Earle said, what doth thy great body (for he was higher by the head than any one in the army) apprehend any thing, that thou art so melancholy, or art thou weary with marching, that thou doest lean thus upon thy poll-ax? Sir Richard Herbert replied, that he was neither of both, whereof he should see the proof presently; only I cannot but apprehend on your part, least the curse of the woman with the woollen beads fall upon you. This Sir Richard Herbert lyeth buried in Abergavenny, in a sumptuous monument for those times, which still remains, whereas his brother the Earle of Pembroke being buried in Tintirne Abby, his monument, together with the church lye now wholly defaced and ruin'd.

"My mother was Magdalen Newport, daughter of Sir Richard Newport, and Margaret, his wife, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Bromley, executor of King Henry the Eighth. By these ancestors I am descended of Talbot, Devereux, Gray, Corbett, and many other noble families, as may be seen in their matches extant in the many fair coats the Newport's bear.

"My brother George was so excellent a scholar, that he was made the publick Orator of the University in Cambridge, some of whose English works are extant, which tho' they be rare in their kind, yet are short of expressing those perfections he had in the Greek and Latin tongue, and all divine and human literature. His life was most holy and exemplary, in so much that about Salisbury where he lived benefited for many years, he was little less than sainted. He was not exempt from passion and choler, being infirmities to which all our race is subject, but that excepted, without reproach in his actions."—*Life of Edward Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, by himself*, pp. 2—12.

The name of Lord Herbert of Cherbury has been transmitted to us as that of an infidel. This word, however, includes many shades of un-

belief; Lord Herbert's system of deism was founded on the supposition that Natural Religion included almost all the truths of Revelation,—a supposition in which, while it is demonstrable that he was wrong, there is no reason to suppose that he was insincere.—The accidental circumstance of his book having received some half dozen systematic answers has alone prevented its sleeping in peaceful quiet with the fast-and-feast sermons of its day, doing mankind as little good or harm as the most orthodox of them.—The vanity of authorship was strong upon Lord Herbert, and Grotius advised

the publication of his book. It is fit to state that we have Aubrey's authority for saying, that Lord Herbert had prayers in his house twice a-day, and "on Sundays would hear his chaplain read one of Smyth's Sermons." While we see no reason to doubt the fact, it is one on which, considering the period, we lay but little stress, as it may have been no more than a compliance with the manners of the times, or evidence of the piety of some other member of his family. The lines, which he wrote a few days before his death, for his epitaph, are characteristic, and worth transcribing.

" The monument which thou beholdest here,
Presents Edward Lord Herbert to thy sight;
A man who was so free from either hope or fear
To have or lose this ordinary light,
That when to elements his body turned were,*
He knew that as those elements would fight,
So his immortal soul should find above,
With his Creator, peace, joy, truth, and love!"

Our task, however, is with George Herbert. He was educated at Westminster School; where, says Walton, he seemed to be marked out for piety, and "to become the care of heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him."

At the age of fifteen, he being then a King's Scholar, he was elected out of that school for Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1609; was elected minor fellow in 1614; major fellow in 1615, and in 1619 was "substituted to the office of Orator, in the absence of Sir Francis Nethersole, then abroad on the King's business."†

During all this time his greatest recreation from study was the practice of music, of which he used to say, "that it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above the earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven before he possess them."

The office of Orator was one that even to a person less highly connected than Herbert, might have reasonably suggested ambitious hopes. His two

immediate predecessors in the office were, Sir Robert Naunton, and Sir Francis Nethersole;—the first had been made Secretary of State, and Sir Francis, soon after being Orator, was made Secretary to the Lady Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. Herbert continued Orator for eight years, and the times were favourable to his most ambitious hopes,—in the very year of his appointment King James was busy in enacting the character of Solomon, and felt his literary character of more importance than his crown.

He made a solemn present of his book the "*Basilicon Doron*" to the University, and their Orator returned the thanks of the University in a letter, probably then regarded as eloquent, and which is still preserved. We cannot venture on a translation: "the sinews weak of our native language," to use a phrase of Milton's, are unable to support the weight of such compliments, "*Nos nunc conspersi atramento regio nihil non sublime et excelsum cogitabimus, perrumpemus controversas omnes, superabimus quoscunque*:" the

* This line is thus printed both by Sir Egerton Brydges, and by Ellis. We, however, suspect some misprint.

† Bursar's Books of Trinity College, Cambridge.

next sentence is yet more amusing, and we cannot but think the euphuistic orator, and many of his audience must have smiled at it—“*Jam dari nobis vellemus Jesuitam aliquem, ut ex afflicto libri vestri hominem illico contundamus.*”

The epistle concludes with a curious simile: “*Si in vestro regno Hibernico lignum nascitur permanens contra omnia venena validum; quanto majis virtutes istæ in dominum agri transferendæ sunt ut sic scripta vestra omni deute tum edacis temporis tum venenatorum hæreticorum insit vi suâ liberentur.*” The letter was so suited to the genius of the king, that he asked the orator's name. The question was addressed to the Earl of Pembroke, whose answer was, “that he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman, but he loved him more for his learning and virtue than for that he was of his name and family,” at which the king smiled, and asked the Earl leave that he might love him too, for that he took him to be the jewel of that University.”

With the Universities—with Cambridge particularly—James sought to be on the best terms. When he went to hunt in the neighbourhood at Newmarket and Royston, he was almost always invited to Cambridge; comedies, “suited to his pleasant humour,” were acted for him, and the Orator's public duty was to welcome him with applauses and congratulations. In the following year the opportunity of improving his acquaintance with the king increased, and he was given a small sinecure—which fell vacant—the same that Sir Philip Sidney had enjoyed—of the value of one hundred and twenty pounds a year. Walton tells us that on this increase to his income he took the opportunity of indulging his taste for courtlike company, &c. “seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the King were there—but then he never failed.”

Prince Charles's romantic visit to Spain to see his proposed wife—so unlike the movements of royal personages, and under all the circumstances an act of such generous gallantry—furnished our courtly poet with the subject of a most elaborate oration, which we can make no attempt to translate or transcribe. It is tedious to an extent that seems incredible till

it is told that every sentence sparkles with some conceit or other. All the circumstances that lead men to marry are shown to be yet more applicable to princes. The orator, however, is embarrassed by a class of recollections, which could have risen no where but on the magic ground of a university theatre; he remembers he is addressing a body of men who worship the unmarried Minerva and the Virgin Muses—this difficulty is soon disposed of; a rapid transition is made to the glories of war and the blessings of peace. Clouds, and thunder, Tiberius, and the King of Spain, and William the Conqueror, and Apollo, and Daphne follow in glorious confusion. Daphne fortunately comes in time to suggest a termination to the discourse—*Noster enim princeps habuit Daphnen suam cujus amor deinceps in triumphos et laurus mutabitur.*

Such was the language in which Cambridge then welcomed kings and princes; but Herbert, who at this time was determined to push his fortune at court, had other opportunities of offering incense to James, which he did not neglect. Hacket, in his life of Archbishop Williams, after remarking that the king, on the opening of the parliament in 1623, “feasted the two houses with a speech, than which nothing could be apter for the subject or more eloquent for the matter,” tells us in proof of James's “wit,” and “art,” and “wisdom,” that Mr. George Herbert, when prælector in the rhetoric school in Cambridge, anno 1618, passed by those fluent orators that domineered in the pulpits of Athens and Rome, and insisted to read an oration of King James, which he analysed, showed the continuity of the parts, the propriety of the phrase, the height and power of it to move the affection, the style, *utterly unknown to the ancients*, who could not conceive what “kingly” eloquence was; in respect of which those noted demagogi were but hirelings and triobuluary orators.

There is no reason to distrust the general sincerity of these strange compliments. They are not more high-flown than the language used by Lord Bacon in his dedication to King James, of the Advancement of Learning.

Mr. Forster, in his admirable *Life of Strafford*, published in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, quotes the words of that dedication, and thinks we can detect something like irony in the words in which Bacon speaks of its being "almost a miracle that a king and a king born should possess any thing more than the superficial shows of learning." The language, however, is that of the age, not of the man, and in James's earnestness there was something of good. His talents—as those of all the Stuarts—have been underrated, more especially in our days, when the sciences of king-craft, and witchcraft, and the other studies which were the glory of our Solomon, are rated at their proper

value. It is not unamusing, nor un-instructive, though the lesson is not without humiliation, to read the praises of their princes in our elder poets. We give a few sentences from Phineas Fletcher. It is but fair to him to say that James was dead at the time the lines which we quote were written. In "the Purple Island" the moral faculties, under their leader Eclecta, are attacked by the Vices, and the victory of the former secured by the interference of an angel who appears in answer to Eclecta's prayers. The lines are of exceeding beauty, and we believe that they have not been before printed separately from the entire poem:—

" With that a thund'ring noise seem'd to shake the sky,
As when with iron wheels through stony plain
A thousand chariots to the battle fly;
Or when with boist'rous rage the swelling main,
Puft up by mighty winds, does hoarsely roar;
And beating with his waves the trembling shore,
His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks Earth's rampart door.

" And straight an angel,* full of heavenly might,
(Three sev'ral crowns circled his royal head)
From northren coast heaving his blazing light,
Through all the Earth his glorious beams dispread,
And open lays the beast's and dragon's shame;
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.

" A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty Earth with thund'ring knell;
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,
' Babel, great Babel lies as low as hell:
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her heaven-exalted tow'rs in dust are drown'd:
Babel, proud Babel's fall'n, and lies as low as ground.†

* Our late most learned sovereign in his *Remonstrance and Complaint on the Apocalypse*.

† The passage that follows we cannot omit quoting, though it does not illustrate our immediate subject. It is such to our mind, as even in Dante would be felt of surpassing power.

" The broken heav'ns dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight;
Well knew the dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceiv'd that day must be his last;
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his troops aghast.

A volume open upon our table—
one of the most delightful books in
the world—"Cowley's Essays"—sup-
plies us with another angel of the
same family. In the essay on the
government of Oliver Cromwell, the
poet having just discovered at the end of
a long dialogue what kind of an angel
had been engaged in defending the pro-

tecterate, is thus addressed by his
spiritual companion :—

"My dominion (said he hastily, and
with a dreadful furious look) is so great
in this world, and I am so powerful a
monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed
that you should know me; and that you
may see I know you too, I know you to

"Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride,
Though oft he strove, and had been foil'd as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd :
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,
With boundless spite he long'd to try again
A second loss, and new death;—glad and fain
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd in vain.

"So up he arose upon his stretched sails
Fearless expecting his approaching death;
So up he arose, that th' air starts and fails,
And over-pressed, sinks his load beneath :
So up he arose, as does a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with shadows black doth shroud :
So up he arose, and through the weary air he row'd.

"Now his almighty foe far off he spies;
Whose sun-like arms dar'd the eclipsed day,
Confounding with their beams less glitt'ring skies,
Firing the air with more than heav'nly ray;
Like thousand suns in one;—such is their light;
A subject only for immortal sprite;
Which never can be seen, but by immortal sight.

"His threat'ning eyes shine like that dreadful flame,
With which the thunderer arms his angry hand:
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither earth nor heav'n could understand;
A hundred crowns, like tow'rs, beset around
His conq'ring head: well may they there abound,
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are richly crown'd.

"His armour all was dy'd in purple blood:
(In purple blood of thousand rebel kings)
In vain their stubborn pow'rs his arm withstood;
Their proud necks chain'd, he now in triumph brings,
And breaks their spears, and cracks their traitor swords;
Upon whose arms and thigh in golden words
Was fairly writ, 'The King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

"His snow-white steed was born of heav'nly kind,
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills;
More strong and speedy than his parent wind:
And (which his foes with fear and horror fill)
Out from his mouth a two-edg'd sword he darts:
Whose sharpest steel the bones and marrow parts.
And with his keenest point unbreasts the naked hearts.

Purple Island, Canto 12.

be an obstinate and inveterate malignant ; and from thence to the court of justice,
 and for that reason I shall take you along and from thence you know whither. I
 with me to the next garrison of ours ; was almost in the very pounces of the
 from thence you shall go to the tower, great bird of prey,

When lo, e'er the last words were fully spoke,
 From a fair cloud, which rather op'd, than broke,
 A flash of light, rather than lightning, came
 So swift, and yet so gentle was the flame.
 Upon it rode, and in his full career,
 Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here,
 The comeliest youth of all th' angelic race ;
 Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.
 The frowns with which he strook the trembling fiend,
 All smiles of human beauty did transcend,
 His beams of locks fell part dishevell'd down,
 Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral crown,
 Such as the *British* monarchs us'd to wear ;
 If gold might be compared with angels' hair.
 His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,
 They seem'd both made of woven silver light :
 Across his breast an azure ribband went,
 At which a medal hung, that did present,
 In wondrous living figures, to the sight,
 The mystic champion's, and old dragon's fight,
 And from his mantle's side there shone afar,
 A fixed, and, I believe, a real star.
 In his fair hand (what need was there of more ?)
 No arms but th' *English* bloody cross he bore,
 Which when he tow'rd the affrighted tyrant bent,
 And some few words pronounced (but what they meant
 Or were, could not alas, by me be known,
 Only I well perceiv'd Jesus was one)
 He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away ;
 Mad to quit thus his more than hoped-for prey.
 Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes,
 (Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize)
 Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws
 The bleating lamb from out his rav'nous jaws.
 The shepherd fain himself would he assail,
 But fear above his hunger does prevail.
 He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone ;
 He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on."

The taste of our age, when the feeling of loyalty is not likely to express itself in extravagant compliments, may not perhaps pardon these excesses. But in Herbert's case there is the apology of early youth, he being at the time but five-and-twenty years of age—admired more than any man of his university, and attracted by the powerful inducements which the society of the court held out to him. A few years and all this was felt to be but vanity. Herbert's health became impaired—so that he often thought of leaving the university, and giving up all study. He

had frequent fevers, and was threatened with consumption—however, either he could not afford the expenses of travelling abroad, which he at one time proposed, or he felt with his mother, who resisted all his movements towards leaving the university, that the probabilities of advancement were too strong to have it wise of him to leave Cambridge, till his fortunes were determined in one way or other. Walton quotes some stanzas of a poem, which we will print without abridgment, and says, that they refer to the hindrances which he met with at this time.

AFFLICTION.

“ When first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
 I thought the service brave :
 So many joys I writ down for my part,
 Besides what I might have
 Out of my stock of natural delights,
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
 And made it fine to me ;
 Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine,
 And 'twice me unto thee.
 Such stars I counted mine : both Heaven and earth
 Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
 Where joys my fellows were ?
 Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
 No place for grief or fear ;
 Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
 And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face :

At first thou gavest me milk and sweetnesses ;
 I had my wish and way :
 My days were strow'd with flowers and happiness ;
 There was no month but May.
 But with my years sorrow did twist and grow.
 And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
 Sicknesses clave my bones,
 Consuming agues dwell in every vein,
 And tune my breath to groans :
 Sorrow was all my soul ; I scarce believed,
 Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
 And more ; for my friends die :
 My mirth and edge was lost ; a blunted knife
 Was of more use than I.
 Thus thin and lean, without a fence or friend,
 I was blown through with every storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
 The way that takes the town.
 Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
 And wrap me in a gown :
 I was entangled in the world of strife,
 Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
 Not simpering all mine age,
 Thou often didst with academic praise
 Melt and dissolve my rage.
 I took thy sweeten'd pill, till I came near ;
 I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
 In my unhappiness,
 Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
 Into more sicknesses.

Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show :
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade : at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek ;
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah, my dear God ! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not."

While Herbert was lingering in Cambridge, or attending court, repeating perhaps the lines which have been so often murmured by expectants since the days of Spenser—

*Full little knoweth he who hath not tried
What hell it is in suing long to bide, &c.*

his powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, died ; and not long after King James died also, "and with him all Mr. Herbert's court hopes." He retired to the house of a friend in Kent ; his mind endured many conflicts, for he doubted whether he should enter into holy orders, or return to what Walton calls the painted pleasures of a court life. The conflict ended in his entering into deacon's orders in the course of that year. In some short time after, (July 15, 1626,) he obtained the prebend of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln.

"This Layton Ecclesia is a village near to Spalden, in the county of Huntingdon, and the greatest part of the parish-church was fallen down, and that of it which stood was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the parishioners could not meet to perform their duty to God in public prayer and praises : and thus it had been for almost 20 years, in which time there had been some faint endeavours for a public collection, to enable the parishioners to rebuild it, but with no success, till Mr. Herbert undertook it ; and he by his own and the contribution of many of his kindred, and other noble friends, undertook the re-edification of it, and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless till he saw it finished as it now stands : being for the workmanship a costly Mosaic : for the form an exact cross ; and for the decency and

beauty, I am assured, it is the most remarkable parish-church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscotted, as to be exceeded by none ; and, by his order, the reading-pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height : for he would often say, 'they should neither have a precedency or priority of the other ; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.

"Before I proceed farther, I must look back to the time of Mr. Herbert's being made prebendary, and tell the reader, that not long after, his mother being informed of his intentions to rebuild that church, and apprehending the great trouble and charge that he was likely to draw upon himself, his relations, and friends, before it could be finished, sent for him from London to Chelsea, (where she then dwelt,) and at his coming said, 'George, I sent for you, to persuade you to commit simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given you ; namely, that you give him back his prebend ; for, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse to undertake to build churches.' Of which he desired he might have a day's time to consider, and then make her an answer. And at his return to her the next day, when he had first desired her blessing, and she given it to him, his next request was, 'that she would at the age of thirty-three years allow him to become an undutiful son ; for he had made a vow to God, that if he were able he would rebuild that church.'"
— Walton.

In the course of that year he married, and was presented by King Charles with the living of Bemerton. The advowson of Bemerton belonged to the Earl of Pembroke, Herbert's relation ;

but on the promotion to a bishoprick of Dr. Curle, who held it, the right of presenting on the vacancy so created, came to the crown—and the King, at the Earl of Pembroke's request, gave it to Herbert, accompanying the gift with very kind language. We again take up old Isaac Walton's unimprovable language—

"I have brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it! A life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am hot; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now. But it becomes not me to censure. My design is rather to assure the reader, that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

"When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell (as the law requires him,) he staid so much longer than an ordinary time before he returned to those friends that staid expecting him at the church-door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar: at which time and place (as he after told Mr. Woodnot,) he set some rules to himself, for the future management of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them."

"And that he did so may appear in many parts of his Book of Sacred Poems; especially in that which he calls 'The Odour;' in which he seems to rejoice in the thoughts of that word, *Jesus*, and say, that the adding these words *my Master* to it, and the often repetition of them seemed to perfume his mind, and leave an oriental fragrant in his very breath. And for his unforced choice to serve at God's

altar, he seems in another place of his poems ('The Pearl,' Matt. xiii.) to rejoice and say,—'He knew the ways of learning; knew what nature does willingly; and what, when it is forced by fire; knew the ways of honour, and when glory inclines the soul to noble expressions; knew the court; knew the ways of pleasure, of love, of wit, of music, and upon what terms he declined all these for the service of his Master Jesus;' and then concludes, saying—

That through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit:

But thy silk-twist let down from heaven to me
Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

"The third day after he was made Rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her—"You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know, that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility: and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original, as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so; and her doing so, begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her; and this love followed her in all places as inseparably, as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

"It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton, to view the church, and repair the chancel; and, indeed, to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down, or decayed, by reason of his predecessor's living at a better parsonage-house."

"His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went

twice every week on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury; and at his return would say, 'That his time spent in prayer, and cathedral music, elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth.' But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, 'Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.'

"In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after, to load his horse; the poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, 'that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast.' Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him 'he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment; his answer was, 'that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments.'

This last passage we have been led to quote in order to have an excuse for mentioning Mr. Major's edition of Walton's lives, in which the incident is illustrated by a very beautiful engraving. Of Herbert's life as a parish priest, a most lovely account is given by Walton; of this picture the value is the particularity of the details, and we think we are per-

forming a duty, for which every one of our best country clergymen will be likely to return us thanks, when we point out the passage to them. Walton's lives is a book printed in so many forms that we could have no excuse for a citation, which, to be of practical use, we should find it necessary to prolong to considerable length, and Herbert's detailed picture of the parish priest in his various duties was probably drawn from his own practice. The little book called "A Priest to the Temple," is one which it is quite impossible to read without loving the author, and feeling that his heart is speaking in every word. Many of the forms which were then lingering in the land have since wholly, or almost wholly past away. The feast days and the fasting days which were then anxiously—perhaps sanctimoniously—observed, must have afforded opportunities of comfort to many, and recalled to thoughts which we habitually drive away, many a wandering heart. Discipline was not yet wholly forgotten, and the pastor was feared as well as loved in his little district. The volume will be read by many for the charm of its style, which, with great simplicity, is absolutely perfect—the meaning of the writer never once being left doubtful; and not only the results of thinking, but almost all his associations—the links by which he thought—brought clearly and beautifully before the reader; the light of a better world is shining in upon us, and the objects, which had heretofore diverted and distracted us seen in that light assume a new and calm loveliness. Nothing can be more remote from ascetic devotion, than the piety of Herbert; so familiar is he with divine things that we often smile at the childlike playfulness with which he plays almost with thoughts which are by almost all of us regarded with severe solemnity. Herbert is as a child in his father's house; "of such is the kingdom of heaven." We take a chapter from the little book without much selection. Perhaps our own habits would lead us to give some passage that happens to illustrate manners past away, or which, exhibiting the peculiarities of a state of society in a remote country district, might have an accidental interest for the antiquarian, but this would not be fair in an article, the object of which is to give the character of the man, and we

feel too, that after our extracts from his college declamations on kings and princes, it is due to him to shew the contrast which was created by the service, into which he had now entered with the devotion of his whole heart and strength.

"The Country Parson preacheth constantly; the pulpit is his joy and his throne; if he at any time intermit it is either for want of health, or against some great festival, that he may the better celebrate it, or for the variety of the hearers, that he may be heard at his return more attentively. When he intermits, he is ever very well supplied by some able man, who treads in his steps, and will not throw down what he hath built; whom also he intreats to press some point, that he himself hath often urged with no great success, that so, in the mouth of two or three witnesses the truth may be more established. When he preacheth, he procures attention by all possible art, both by earnestness of speech, it being natural to men to think, that where is much earnestness, there is somewhat worth bearing; and by a diligent and busy cast of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he observes who marks, and who not; and with particularising of his speech now to the younger sort, then to the elder, now to the poor, and now to the rich. This is for you, and this is for you; for particulars ever touch, and awake more than generals. Herein also he serves himself of the judgments of God, as of those of ancient times, so especially of the late ones; and those most, which are nearest to his parish; for people are very attentive at such discourses, and think it behoves them to be so, when God is so near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them stories, and sayings of others, according as his text invites him; for them also men heed, and remember better than exhortations; which though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people; which are thick, and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal, and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but stories and sayings they will well remember. He often tells them, that sermons are dangerous things, that none goes out of church as he came in, but either better or worse: that none is careless before his Judge, and that the word of God shall judge us. By these and other means, the parson procures attention; but the cha-

racter of his sermon is holiness; he is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but holy. A character, that *Hermogenes* never dreamed of, and therefore he could give no precept thereof. But it is gained first, by choosing texts of devotion, not controversy, moving and ravishing texts, whereof the Scriptures are full. Secondly, by dipping, and seasoning all our words and sentences in our hearts, before they come into our mouths, truly affecting, and cordially expressing all that we say; so that the auditors may plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep. Thirdly, by turning often, and making many apostrophes to God, as, O Lord, bless my people, and teach them this point; or, O my Master, on whose errand I come, let me hold my peace, and do thou speak thyself; for thou art love, and when thou teachest, all are scholars. Some such irradiations scattering in the sermon, carry great holiness in them. The prophets are admirable in this. So Isaiah lxiv. "Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, &c." And Jeremiah x. after he had complained of the desolation of Israel, turns to God suddenly, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself, &c."—Fourthly, by frequent wishes of the people's good, and joying therein, though he himself were with St. Paul, even sacrificed upon the service of their faith. For there is no greater sign of holiness, than the procuring and rejoicing in another's good. And herein St. Paul excelled in all his epistles. How did he put the Romans in all his prayers? Romans i. 9. And ceased not to give thanks for the Ephesians, Eph. i. 16. And for the Corinthians, chap. i. 4. And for the Philippians made request with joy, chap. i. 4. And is in contention for them whether to live or die; be with them, or Christ, verse 23, which, setting aside his care of his flock, were a madness to doubt of. What an admirable epistle is the second to the Corinthians! how full of affections! he joys, and he is sorry; he grieves, and he glories; never was there such care of a flock expressed, save in the great Shepherd of the fold, who first shed tears over Jerusalem, and afterwards blood. Therefore this care may be learned there, and then woven into sermons, which will make them appear exceeding reverend, and holy. Lastly, by an often urging of the presence and majesty of God, by these, or such like speeches. Oh let us all take heed what we do! God sees us, he sees whether I

speak as I ought, or you hear as you ought; he sees hearts, as we see faces: he is among us; for if we be here, he must be here, since we are here by him, and without him could not be here.—Then turning the discourse to his Majesty—And he is a great God, and terrible, as great in mercy, so great in judgment. There are but two devouring elements, fire and water, he hath both in him; his voice is as the sound of many waters, Rev. i. And he himself is a consuming fire, Heb. xii. Such discourses show very holy. The parson's method in handling of a text, consists of two parts: first, a plain and evident declaration of the meaning of the text; and secondly, some choice observations drawn out of the whole text, as it lies entire and unbroken in the Scripture itself.—This he thinks natural, and sweet, and grave. Whereas the other way of crambling a text into small parts, as the parson speaking, or spoken to, the subject, and object, and the like, hath neither in it sweetness, nor gravity, nor variety, since the words apart are not Scripture, but a Dictionary, and may be considered alike in all the Scripture. The parson exceeds not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency, and he that profits not in that time, will less afterwards, the same affection which made him not profit before, making him then weary, and so he grows from not relishing, to loathing."

"His little book," the Country Parson, says Walton, "is so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that country parson that can spare *twelve pence*, and yet wants it, is scarce excusable; because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it."

This little tract consists but of an hundred pages, and ought to be reprinted separately.

Herbert's exemplary life was prolonged for but a few years more. The details of his own and his wife's charities are given by Walton with a minuteness, which will fatigue uninterested readers, but which is not unlikely to suggest to the better-disposed, many plans of practical usefulness. When advised to frugality, as he might have children, he refused to look at danger so far off, or, on this account, to limit his charities.

"About one month before his death,

his friend Mr. Ferrar (for an account of whom I am by promise indebted to the reader, and intend to make him, sudden payment,) hearing of Mr. Herbert's sickness, sent Mr. Edmond Duncon, (who is now rector of Fryer Barnet, in the county of Middlesex,) from his house of Gidden Hall, which is near to Huntingdon, to see Mr. Herbert; and to assure him, he wanted not his daily prayers for his recovery; and Mr. Duncon was to return back to Gidden, with an account of Mr. Herbert's condition. Mr. Duncon found him weak, and at that time lying on his bed, or on a pallet; but at his seeing Mr. Duncon, he raised himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness inquired the health of his brother Ferrar; of which Mr. Duncon satisfied him; and after some discourse of Mr. Ferrar's holy life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr. Duncon, 'Sir, I see by your habit that you are a priest, and I desire you to pray with me:' which being granted, Mr. Duncon asked him, 'What prayers;' to which Mr. Herbert's answer was, 'O, Sir, the prayers of my mother the Church of England; no other prayers are equal to them! but at this time I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint,' and Mr. Duncon did so. After which, and some other discourse of Mr. Ferrar, Mrs. Herbert provided Mr. Duncon a plain supper and a clean lodging, and he betook himself to rest. This Mr. Duncon tells me; and tells me that at his first view of Mr. Herbert he saw majesty and humility so reconciled in his looks and behaviour, as begot in him an awful reverence for his person; and says, 'his discourse was so pious, and his motion so genteel and meek, that after almost forty years yet they remain still fresh in his memory.'

"The next morning Mr Duncon left him, and betook himself to a journey to Bath, but with a promise to return back to him within five days; and he did so; but before I shall say any thing of what discourse then fell betwixt them two, I will pay my promised account of Mr. Ferrar—

"Mr. Nicholas Ferrar (who got the reputation of being called 'St. Nicholas' at the age of six years,) was born in London, and doubtless had good education in his youth; but certainly was at an early age made Fellow of Clare Hall in Cambridge; where he continued to be eminent for his piety, temperance, and learning. About the 26th year of his age, he betook himself to travel; in which he added to his Latin and Greek, a perfect

knowledge of all the languages spoken in the western parts of our Christian world, and understood well the principles of their religion and of their manner, and the reasons of their worship. In this his travel he met with many persuasions to come into a communion with that Church which calls itself Catholic; but he returned from his travels as he went, eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England. In his absence from England, Mr. Ferrar's father (who was a merchant) allowed him a liberal maintenance; and, not long after his return into England, Mr. Ferrar had, by the death of his father, or an elder brother, or both, an estate left him, that enabled him to purchase land to the value of four or five hundred pounds a year, the greatest part of which land was at Little Gidding, four or six miles from Huntingdon, and about eighteen from Cambridge, which place he chose for the privacy of it, and for the hall, which had the parish-church or chapel belonging and adjoining near to it; for Mr. Ferrar having seen the manners and vanities of the world, and found them to be, as Mr. Herbert says—'a nothing between two dishes,' did so condemn it, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortifications, and in devotion, and charity, and to be always prepared for death: And his life was spent thus:—

"He and his family, which were like a little college, and about thirty in number, did most of them keep Lent and all the Ember-weeks strictly, both in fasting and using all those mortifications and prayers that the church hath appointed to be then used; and he and they did the like constantly on Fridays, and on the vigils or eves appointed to be fasted before the Saints'-days; and this frugality and abstinence turned to the relief of the poor; but this was but a part of his charity, none but God and he knew the rest.

"This family, which I have said to be in number about thirty, were a part of them his kindred, and the rest chosen to be of a temper fit to be moulded into a devout life; and all of them were for their dispositions serviceable and quiet, and humble and free from scandal. Having thus fitted himself for his family, he did, about the year 1630, betake himself to a constant and methodical service of God, and it was in this manner:—He, being accompanied with most of his family, did himself use to read the common-prayers, (for he was a deacon,) every day at the appointed hours of ten and four, in the

parish church, which was very near his house, and which he had both repaired and adorned; for it was fallen into a great ruin, by reason of a depopulation of the village, before Mr. Ferrar bought the manor: and he did also constantly read the matins every morning at the hour of six, either in the church or in an oratory, which was within his own house; and many of the family did there continue with him after the prayers were ended, and there they spent some hours in singing hymns or anthems, sometimes in the church, and often to an organ in the oratory. And there they sometimes beset themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the psalms; and, in case the psalms were not always read in the day, then Mr. Ferrar, and others of the congregation, did at night, at the ring of a watch-bell, repair to the church or oratory, and there betake themselves to prayers and lauding God, and reading the psalms that had not been read in the day; and when these, or any part of the congregation, grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung, sometimes before and sometimes after midnight, and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying or singing lauds to God, or reading the psalms; and when after some hours they also grew weary and faint, then they rang the watch-bell, and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society, which continued their devotions (as hath been mentioned) until morning. And it is to be noted that in this continued serving of God, the psalter or whole book of psalms, was in every four-and-twenty hours sung or read over, from the first to the last verse; and this was done as constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

"Thus did Mr. Ferrar and his happy family serve God day and night:—Thus did they always behave themselves, as in his presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strictest rules of temperance; eat and drink so as to be ready to rise at midnight, or at the call of a watch-bell, and perform their devotions to God. And it is fit to tell the reader, that many of the clergy that were more inclined to practical piety and devotion, than to doubtful and needless disputations, did often come to Gidding Hall, and make themselves a part of that happy society,

and stay a week or more, and then join with Mr. Ferrar, and the family in these devotions, and assist and ease him or them in the watch by night. And these various devotions had never less than two of the domestic family in the night; and the watch was always kept in the church or oratory, unless in extreme cold winter nights, and then it was maintained in a parlour, which had a fire in it, and the parlour was fitted for that purpose. And this course of piety, and great liberality to his poor neighbours, Mr. Ferrar maintained till his death, which was in the year 1639."

"After this account," (says Walton,) "of Mr. Ferrar, I proceed to my account of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Duncon, who, according to his promise, returned from Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr. Herbert much weaker than he left him; and, therefore, their discourse could not be long; but at Mr. Duncon's parting with him, Mr. Herbert spoke to this purpose:—'Sir, I pray give my brother Ferrar an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me; and let him know that I have considered *that God only is what he would be*; and that I am, by his grace, become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him; and tell him, that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health; and tell him my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is

only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience.' Having said this, he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look said to him, 'Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master; in whose service I have found perfect freedom; desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of '*The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*;' of which Mr. Ferrar would say, 'There was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page; and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety.' And it appears to have done so; for there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression."

The Sunday before his death he rose suddenly from his bed, called for one of his instruments; and, having tuned it, played and sung one of his hymns:—

"Oh day most calm and bright!
The fruit of this,—the next world's bud!
The indorment of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend,—and with his blood;
The week were dark, but for thy light!"

He was told on his death-bed of his charities, and of his rebuilding the church of Layton; "they be good works," said the dying man, "if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, but not otherwise." He intreated his wife and nieces, who were weeping beside his bed, to leave the room, and delivered his will into the hands of his executors.

"I do not," said he, "desire you to be just, but I charge you by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of my wife and nieces." And then added, "I am ready to die."

"I wish," says Izaak Walton, his pious biographer, "if God shall be so

pleased, that I may be so happy as to die like him."

The life of Herbert, by Barnabas Oley, which is reprinted in these volumes, from the first edition of "*The Country Parson*," does not contain much that is of moment, which is not given by Walton. We extract the most important passage.

"He was moreover so great a lover of church music, that he usually called it heaven upon earth, and attended it a few days before his death. But above all, his chief delight was in the holy Scriptures, one leaf whereof he professed he would not part with, though he might have the whole world in exchange. That

was his wisdom, his comfort, his joy; out of that he took his motto, 'less than the least of all God's mercies.' In that substance, Christ, and in Christ remission of sins, yea, in his blood he placed the goodness of his good works. It is a good work, (said he of building a church,) if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ."

Our essay has been prolonged to a greater extent than we at first anticipated—and we have left unaccomplished the part of our task from which our readers will probably receive most pleasure—the selection of a few of these spiritual poems:

SIN.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

" Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness
The sound of Glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences:
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

" Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away."

THE QUEEN.

" The merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me."

" First, Beauty crept into a rose;
Which when I pluckt not, sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
' But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.'

" Then Money came, and chimking still,
What tune is this, poor man? said he:
I heard in music you had skill:
' But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.'

" Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, but who but he;
He scarce allow'd me half an eye:
' But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.'

" Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
' But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.'

" Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
And then they have their answer home."

JESU.

"Jean is in my heart, his sacred name
 Is deeply graven there; but the other week
 A great affliction broke the little frame,
 E'en all to pieces; which I went to seek:
 And first I found the corner where was J,
 After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
 When I had got these parcels, instantly
 I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
 That to my broken heart he was I EASE YOU,
 And to my whole is JESU."

PEACE.

"Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
 Let me once know.
 I sought thee in a secret cave,
 And ask'd if Peace were there.
 A hollow wind did seem to answer, No:
 Go seek elsewhere."

"I did; and going, did a rainbow note:
 Surely, thought I,
 This is the lace of Peace's coat:
 I will search out the matter.
 But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,
 The crown imperial: Sure, said I,
 Peace at the root must dwell.
 But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
 What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man;
 Whom when for Peace
 I did demand, he thus began;
 There was a prince of old
 At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
 Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
 His life from foes.
 But after death out of his grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
 Which many wondering at, got some of those
 To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
 Through all the earth:
 For they that taste it do rehearse,
 That virtue lies therein;
 A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
 By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you;
 Make bread of it: and that repose
 And Peace, which every where
 With so much earnestness you do pursue,
 Is only there.

"THE GLIMPSE.

" Whither away, delight ?
 Thou camest but now ; wilt thou so soon depart,
 And give me up to night ?
 For many weeks of lingering pain and smart
 But one half hour of comfort for my heart ?

" Methinks delight should have
 More skill in music, and keep better time.
 Wert thou a wind or wave,
 They quickly go and come with lesser crime :
 Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

" Thy short abode and stay
 Feeds not, but adds to the desire of meat.
 Lime begg'd of old (they say)
 A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat ;
 Which by the spring's access grew much more great.

" In hope of thee, my heart
 Pick'd here and there a crumb, and would not die ;
 But constant to his part,
 When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
 A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

" Yet if the heart that wept
 Must let thee go, return when it doth knock :
 Although thy heap be kept
 For future times, the droppings of the stock
 May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

" If I have more to spin,
 The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
 Thou know'st how grief and sin
 Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
 Who by thy coming may be made a court !"

A.

JANE SINCLAIR ; OR, THE FAWN OF SPRINGVALE.—PART III.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

" Author of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*"

In the history of the affections we know that circumstances sometimes occur, where duty and inclination maintain a conflict so nicely balanced as to render it judicious not to exact a fulfilment of the former, lest by deranging the structure of our moral feelings, we render the mind either insensible to their existence, or incapable of regulating them. This observation applies only to those subordinate positions of life which involve no great principle of conduct, and vio-

late no cardinal point of human duty. We ought neither to do evil nor suffer evil to be done, where our authority can prevent it, in order that good may follow. But in matters where our own will creates the offence, it is in some peculiar cases not only prudent but necessary to avoid straining a mind naturally delicate, beyond the powers which we know it to possess. We think, for instance, that it was wrong in Mr. Sinclair, at a moment when the act of separating from Osborne might

have touched the feelings of his daughter into that softness which lightens and relieves the heart, abruptly to suppress emotions so natural, by exacting a proof of obedience too severe and oppressive to the heart of one who loved as Jane did. She knew it was her duty to obey him the moment he expressed his wish; but he was bound by no duty to demand such an unnecessary proof of her obedience. The immediate consequences, however, made him sufficiently sensible of his error, and taught him that a knowledge of the human heart is the most difficult task which a parent has to learn.

Jane, conducted by her parents, having reached another apartment, sat down—her father taking a chair on one side, and her mother on the other.

"My darling," said Mr. Sinclair, "I will never forget this proof of your obedience to me, on so trying an occasion. I knew I might rely upon my daughter."

Jane made no reply to this, but sat apparently wrapped up in an ecstasy of calm and unbroken delight. The smile of happiness with which she contemplated Osborne, on taking her last look of him, was still upon her face, and contrasted so strongly with the agony which they knew she must have felt, that her parents, each from an apprehension of alarming the other, feared openly to allude to it, although they felt their hearts sink in dismay and terror.

"Jane, why do you not speak to you papa and me?" said her mother; "speak to us, love, speak to us—if it was only one word."

She appeared not to hear this, nor to be at all affected by her mother's voice or words. After the latter spoke she smiled again, and immediately putting up her long white fingers through the ringlets that shaded her cheek, she pulled them down as one would do who felt anxious to take out the curls—pressing them with slight convulsive energy as they passed through her fingers.

"Henry, dear, what—what is the matter with her?" inquired her mother, whose face became pale with alarm. "Oh! what is wrong with my child!—she does not know us!—Gracious heaven, what is this!"

"Jane, my love, wont you speak to

your papa?" said Mr. Sinclair.—"Speak to me, my darling,—it is I,—it is your own papa that asks you?"

She looked up, and seemed for a moment struggling to recover a consciousness of her situation; but it passed away, and the scarcely perceptible meaning which began almost to become visible in her eye, was again succeeded by that smile which they both so much dreaded to see."

The old man shook his head, and looked with a brow darkened by sorrow, first upon his daughter, and afterwards upon his wife.

"My heart's delight," he exclaimed, "I fear I have demanded more from your obedience than you could perform without danger to yourself. I wish I had allowed her grief to flow, and not required such an abrupt and unseasonable proof of her duty. It was too severe an injunction to a creature so mild and affectionate,—and would to God that I had not sought it!"

"Would to heaven that you had not, my dear Henry.—Let us try, however, and move her heart,—if tears could come she would be relieved."

"Bring Agnes in," said her father, "bring in Agnes,—she may succeed better with her than we can,—and if Charles be not already gone, there is no use in distressing him by at all alluding to her situation. She is only overpowered, I trust, and will soon recover."

The mother, on her way to bring Agnes to her sister, met the rest of the family returning to the house after having taken leave of Osborne. The two girls were weeping, for they looked upon him as already a brother; whilst William, in a good-humoured tone, bantered them for their want of firmness.

"I think, mother," said he, "they are all in love with him, if they would admit it. Why here's Maria and Agnes, and I dare say they're making as great a rout about him as Jane herself!—But bless me! what's the matter, mother, that you look so pale and full of alarm?"

"It's Jane—it's Jane," said Agnes. "Mother, there's something wrong!" and as she spoke she stopped, with uplifted hands, apparently fastened to the earth.

"My poor child!" exclaimed her

mother,—“for heaven’s sake come in, Agnes.—Oh heaven grant that it may soon pass away. Agnes, dear girl, you know her best—come in quick; her papa wants you to try what you can do with her.”

In a moment this loving family, with pale faces and beating hearts, stood in a circle about their affectionate and beautiful sister. Jane sat with her passive hand tenderly pressed between her father’s, smiling; but whether in unconscious happiness or unconscious misery, who alas! can say?

“You see she knows none of us,” said her mother. “Neither her papa nor me. Speak to her each of you, in turn. Perhaps you may be more successful. Agnes,—

“She will know me,” replied Agnes; I am certain she will know me:”—and the delightful girl spoke with an energy that was based upon the confidence of that love which subsisted between them. Maria and her brother both burst into tears; but Agnes’s affection rose above the mood of ordinary grief. The confidence that her beloved sister’s tenderness for her would enable her to touch a chord in a heart so utterly her own as Jane’s was, assumed upon this occasion the character of a wild but mournful enthusiasm, that was much more expressive of her attachment than could the loudest and most vehement sorrow.

“If she could but shed tears,” said her mother, wringing her hands.

“She will,” returned Agnes, “she will. Jane,” she exclaimed, “Jane, don’t you know your own Agnes?—your own Agnes, Jane?”

The family waited in silence for half a minute, but their beloved one smiled on, and gave not the slightest token of recognizing either Agnes’s person or her voice. Sometimes her lips moved, and she appeared to be repeating certain words to herself, but in a voice so low and indistinct that no one could catch them.

Agnes’s enthusiasm abandoned her on seeing that that voice to which her own dearest sister ever sweetly and lovingly responded, fell upon her ear as an idle and unmeaning sound. Her face became deadly pale, and her lip quivered, as she again addressed the unconscious girl. Once more she took her hand in her’s, and placing

herself before her, put her fingers to her cheek in order to arrest her attention.

“Jane, look upon me; look upon me;—that’s a sweet child,—look upon me. Sure I am Agnes—your own Agnes, who will break her heart if my sweet sister doesn’t speak to her.”

The stricken one raised her head, and looked into her face; but it was, alas! too apparent that she saw her not; for the eyes, though smiling, was still vacant. Again her lips moved, and she spoke so as to be understood; turning her eyes at the same time towards the door through which she had entered.

“Yes,” she exclaimed, in the same low, placid voice, “yes, he is beautiful! Is he not beautiful? Fatal beauty!—fatal beauty! It is a fatal thing—it is a fatal thing!—but he is very, very beautiful!”

“Jane,” said Maria, taking her hand from Agnes’s, “Jane, speak to Maria, dear. Am not I, too, your own Maria? that loves you not less than—my darling, darling child—they do not live that love you better than your own Maria;—in pity, darling, in pity speak to me!”

The only reply was a smile, that rose into the murmuring music of a low laugh; but this soon ceased, her countenance became troubled, and her finely- pencilled brows knit, as if with an inward sense of physical pain.—William, her father, her mother, each successively addressed her, but to no purpose. Though a slight change had taken place, they could not succeed in awakening her reason to a perception of the circumstances in which she was placed. They only saw that the unity of her thought, or of the image whose beauty veiled the faculties of her mind was broken, and that some other memory, painful in its nature, had come in to disturb the serenity of her unreal happiness; but this, which ought to have given them hope, only alarmed them the more. The father, while these tender and affecting experiments were tried, sat beside her, his eyes labouring under a weight of deep and indescribable calamity, and turning from her face to the faces of those who attempted to recall her reason, with a mute vehemence of sorrow which called up from the depths of their sis-

ter's misery a feeling of compassion for the old man whom *she* had so devotedly loved.

"My father's heart is breaking," said William, groaning aloud, and covering his face with his hands. "Father, your face frightens me more than Jane's ;—dost, father, dost. She is young,—it will pass away—and father dear where is your reliance upon higher—upon higher aid !"

"Dear Henry," said his wife, "you should be our support. It is the business of your life to comfort and sustain the afflicted."

"Papa," said Agnes, "come with me for a few minutes, until you recover the shock which—which——"

She stopped, and dropping her head upon the knees of her smiling and apparently happy sister, wept aloud.

"Agnes—Agnes," said William, (they were all in tears except her father) "Agnes, I am ashamed of you—ashamed of you ;"—yet his own cheeks were wet, and his voice faltered. "Father, come with me for a little. You will, when alone for a few minutes, bethink you of your duty—for it is your duty to bear this not only as becomes a Christian man but a Christian minister, who is bound to give us example as well as precept."

"I know it, William, I know it ;—and you shall witness my fortitude, my patience, my resignation under this—this—. I will retire. But *is* she not—alas ! I should say, was she not my youngest and my dearest ! You admit yourselves she was the *best*."

"Father, come," said William.

"Dear father—dear papa, go with him," said Agnes.

"My father," said Maria, "as he said to *her*, will be himself."

"I will go," said the old man ; "I know how to be firm ; I will reflect ; I will pray ; I will—weep. I must, I must——"

He pressed the beautiful creature to his bosom, kissed her lips, and as he hung over her, his tears fell in torrents upon her cheeks.

Oh ! what a charm must be in sympathy, and in the tears which it sheds over the afflicted, when those of the grey-haired father could soothe his daughter's soul into that sorrow which is so often a relief to the miserable and disconsolate !

When Jane first felt his tears upon her cheeks, she started slightly, and the smile departed from her countenance. As he pressed her to his heart she struggled a little, and putting her arms out, she turned up her eyes upon his face, and after a long struggle between memory and insanity, at length whispered out "papa !"

"You are with me, darling," he exclaimed ; "and I am with you, too : and here we are all about you,—your mother, and Agnes, and all."

"Yes, yes," she replied ; "but papa,—and where is my mamma ?"

"I am here, my own love ; here I am. Jane, collect yourself, my treasure. You are overcome with sorrow. The parting from Charles Osborne has been too much for you."

"Perhaps it was wrong to mention his name," whispered William. "May it not occasion a relapse, mother ?"

"No," she replied. "I want to touch her heart, and get her to weep if possible."

Her daughter's fingers were again involved in the tangles of her beautiful ringlets, and once more was the sweet but vacant smile returning to her lips.

"May God relieve her and us," said Maria ; "the darling child *is* relapsing !"

Agnes felt so utterly overcome, that she stooped, and throwing her arms around her neck wept aloud, with her cheek laid to Jane's.

Again the warmth of her tears upon the afflicted one's face seemed to soothe or awaken her. She looked up, and with a troubled face exclaimed :—

"I hope I am not !—Agnes, you are good, and never practised deceit,—am I ? am I ?"

"Are you what, love ? are you what, Jane, darling ?"

"Am I a cast-away ? I thought I was. I believe I am.—Agnes ?"

"Well, dear girl !"

"I am afraid of my papa."

"Why, Jane, should you be afraid of papa. Sure you know how he loves you—doats upon you ?"

"Because I practised deceit upon him. I dissembled to him. I sinned, sinned deeply ;—blackly, blackly. I shudder to think of it ;" and she shuddered while speaking.

"Well, but Jane dear," said her mother soothingly, "can you not weep for your fault. Tears of repentance can wipe out any crime. Weep, my child, weep, and it will relieve your heart."

"I would like to see my papa," she replied. "I should be glad to hear that he forgives me: how glad! how glad! That's all that troubles your poor Jane; all in the world that troubles her poor heart—I think."

These words were uttered in a tone of such deep and inexpressible misery, and with such an innocent and child-like unconsciousness of the calamity which weighed her down, that no heart possessing common humanity could avoid being overcome.

"Look on me, love," exclaimed her father. "Your papa is here, ready to pity and forgive you."

"William," said Agnes, "a thought strikes me,—the air that Charles played when they first met has been her favourite ever since: you know it—go get your flute and play it with as much feeling as you can."

Jane made no reply to her father's words. She sat musing, and once or twice put up her hand to her side-locks, but immediately withdrew it, and again fell into a reverie. Sometimes her face brightened into the fatal smile, and again became overshadowed with a gloom that seemed to proceed from a feeling of natural grief. Indeed the play of meaning and insanity, as they chased each other over a countenance so beautiful, was an awful sight, even to an indifferent beholder, much less to those who then stood about her.

William in about a minute returned with his flute, and placing himself behind her, commenced the air in a spirit more mournful probably than any in which it had ever before been played. For a long time she noticed it not: that is to say, she betrayed no external marks of attention to it. They could perceive, however, that although she neither moved nor looked around her, yet the awful play of her features ceased, and their expression became more intelligent and natural. At length she sighed deeply several times, though without appearing to hear the music; and at length, without uttering a word to any one of them, she laid

her head upon her father's bosom, and the tears fell in placid torrents down her cheeks. By a signal from his hand Mr. Sinclair intimated, that for the present they should be silent; and by another addressed to William, that he should play on. He did so, and she wept copiously under the influence of that charmed melody for more than twenty minutes.

"It would be well for me," she at length said, "that is, I fear it would, that I had never heard that air, or seen him who first sent its melancholy music to my heart. He is gone; but when—when will he return?"

"Do not take his departure so heavily, dear child," said her father. "If you were acquainted with life and the world you would know that a journey to the continent is nothing. Two years to one so young as you are will soon pass."

"It would, papa, if I loved him less. But my love for him—my love for him—that now is my misery. I must, however, rely upon other strength than my own. Papa, kneel down and pray for me,—and you, mamma, and all of you; for I fear I am myself incapable of praying as I used to do, with an undivided heart."

Her father knelt down, but knowing her weak state of mind, he made his supplication as short and simple as might be consistent with the discharge of a duty so solemn.

"Now," said she, when it was concluded, "will you, mamma, and Agnes, help me to bed; I am very much exhausted, and my heart is sunk as if it were never to beat lightly again. It may yet; I would hope it,—hope it if I could."

They allowed her her own way, and without any allusion whatsoever to Charles, or his departure, more than she had made herself, they embraced her; and in a few minutes she was in bed, and as was soon evident to Agnes, who watched her, in a sound sleep.

Why is it that those who are dear to us are more tenderly dear to us while asleep than when awake? It is indeed difficult to say; but we know that there are many things in life and nature, especially in the heart and affections, which we feel as distinct truths, without being able to satisfy ourselves why they are so. This is

one of them. What parent does not love the offspring more glowingly while the features are composed in sleep? What young husband does not feel his heart melt with a warmer emotion, on contemplating the countenance of his youthful wife, when that countenance is overshadowed with the placid but somewhat mournful beauty of repose?

When the family understood from Agnes that Jane had fallen into a slumber, they stole up quietly, and standing about her, each looked upon her with a long gaze of relief and satisfaction; for they knew that sleep would repair the injury which the trial of that day had wrought upon a mind so delicately framed as her's. We question not but where there is beauty it is still more beautiful in sleep. The passions are then at rest, and the still harmony of the countenance unbroken by the jarring discords and vexations of waking life; every feature then falls into its natural place, and renders the symmetry of the face chaster, whilst its general expression breathes more of that tender and pensive character, which constitutes the highest order of beauty.

Jane's countenance, in itself so exquisitely lovely, was now an object of deep and melancholy interest. Upon it might be observed faint traces of those contending emotions whose struggle had been on that day so nearly fatal to her mind for ever. The smile left behind it a faint and dying light, like the dim radiance of a spring evening when melting into dusk;—whilst the secret dread of becoming a cast-away, and the still abiding consciousness of having deceived her father, blended into the languid serenity of her face a slight expression of the pain they had occasioned her while awake.

Unhappy girl! There she lay, in her innocence and beauty like a summer lake whose clear waters have settled into stillness after a recent storm; reflecting, as they pass, the clouds now softened into milder forms, which had but a little time before so deeply agitated them.

"Oh no wonder," said her father, "that the boy who loves her should say he would not leave her, and that separation would break down the strength of his heart and spirit. A fairer thing—a purer being never

closed her eyelids upon the cares and trials of life. Light may those cares be, oh! beloved of our hearts; and refreshing the slumbers that are upon you; and may the blessing and merciful providence of God guard and keep you from evil! Amen! Amen!"

Maria on this occasion was deeply affected. Jane's arm lay outside the coverlid, and her sister observed that her white and beautiful fingers were affected from time to time with slight starting twitches, apparently nervous. This, contrasted with the stillness of her face, impressed the girl with an apprehension that the young mourner, though asleep, was still suffering pain; but when her father spoke and blessed her, she felt her heart getting full, and bending over Jane she imprinted a kiss upon her cheek;—affectionate, indeed, was that kiss, but timid and light as the fall of the thistle-down upon a leaf of the rose or the lily. When she withdrew her lips, a tear was visible on the cheek of the sleeper—a circumstance which, slight as it was, gave a character of inexpressible love and tenderness to the act. They then quietly left her, with the exception of Agnes, and all were relieved and delighted, at seeing her enjoy a slumber so sound and refreshing.

The next morning they arose earlier than usual, in order to watch the mood in which she might awake; and when Agnes, who had been her bedfellow, came down stairs, every eye was turned upon her with an anxiety proportioned to the disastrous consequences that might result from any unfavourable turn in her state of feeling.

"Agnes," said her father, "how is she?—in what state?—in what frame of mind?"

"She appears much distressed, papa—feels conscious that Charles is gone—but as yet has made no allusion to their parting yesterday. Indeed I do not think she remembers it. She is already up, and begged this moment of me to leave her to herself for a little."

"I want strength, Agnes," said she, "and I know there is but one source from which I can obtain it. Advice, consolation, and sympathy, I may and will receive here; but strength—strength is what I most stand in need of, and that only can proceed from Him who gives rest to the heavy laden."

“ ‘You feel too deeply, Jane,’ I replied; ‘you should try to be firm.’

“ ‘I do try, Agnes; but tell me, have I not been unwell, very unwell?’

“ ‘Your feelings, dear Jane, overcame you yesterday, as was natural they should—but now that you are calm, of course you will not yield to despondency or melancholy. Your dejection, though at present deep, will soon pass away, and ere many days you will be as cheerful as ever.’

“ ‘I hope so; but Charles is gone, is he not?’

“ ‘But you know it was necessary that he should travel for his health; besides, have you not formed a plan of correspondence with each other?’

“ ‘Then,’ proceeded Agnes, “she pulled out the locket which contained his hair, and after looking on it for about a minute, she kissed it, pressed it to her heart; and whilst in the act of doing so, a few tears ran down her cheeks.”

“ ‘I am glad of that,’ observed her mother; “it is a sign that this heavy grief will not long abide upon her.’

“ ‘She then desired me,” continued Agnes, “to leave her, and expressed a sense of her own weakness, and the necessity of spiritual support, as I have already told you. I am sure the worst is over.”

“ ‘Blessed be God, I trust it is,” said her father; “but whilst I live, I will never demand from her such a proof of her obedience as that which I imposed upon her yesterday. She will soon be down to breakfast, and we must treat the dear girl kindly, and gently and affectionately; tenderly, tenderly must she be treated; and, children, much depends upon you—keep her mind engaged. You have music—play more than you do—read more—walk more—sing more. I myself will commence a short course of lectures upon the duties and character of women, in the single and the married states of life; alternately with which I will also give you a short course upon *Belles Lettres*. If this engages and relieves her mind, it will answer an important purpose; but at all events it will be time well spent, and that is something.”

When Jane appeared at breakfast, she was paler than usual; but then the expression of her countenance, though pensive, was natural. Mr. Sinclair

placed her between himself and her mother, and each kissed her in silence ere she sat down.

“ ‘I have been very unwell yesterday, papa. I know I must have been; but I have made my mind up to bear his absence with fortitude—not that it is his mere absence which I feel so severely, but an impression that some calamity is to occur either to him or me.”

“ ‘Impressions of that kind, my dear child, are the result of low spirits, and a nervous habit. You should not suffer your mind to be disturbed by them; for, when it is weakened by suffering, they gather strength, and sometimes become formidable.”

“ ‘There is no bearing my calamity, papa, as it ought to be borne, without the grace of God, and you know we must pray to be made worthy of that. I dare say if I am resigned and submissive that my usual cheerfulness will gradually return. I have confidence in heaven, papa, but none in my own strength, or I should rather say in my own weakness. My attachment to Charles resembles a disease more than a healthy and rational passion. I know it is excessive, and indeed I think its excess is a disease. Yet it is singular I do not fear my heart, papa, but I do my head; here is where the danger lies—here—here;” and as she spoke, she applied her hand to her forehead, and gave a faint smile of melancholy apprehension.

“ ‘Wait, Jane,” said her brother; “just wait for a week or ten days, and if you don’t scold yourself for being now so childish, why never call me brother again. Sure I understand these things like a philosopher. I have been three times in love myself.”

Jane looked at him, and a faint sparkle of her usual good nature lit up her countenance.

“ ‘Didn’t I tell you,” he proceeded, addressing them—“look; why I’ll soon have her as merry as a kid.”

“ ‘But who were you in love with, William,” asked Agnes.

“ ‘I was smitten first with Kate Sharpe, the Applewoman, in consideration of her charming method of giving me credit for fruit when I was a school-boy, and had no money. I thought her a very interesting woman, I assure you, and preferred my suit to her with

signal success. I say *signal*, because you know she was then, as she is now, very hard of hearing, and I was forced to pay my court to her by signs."

"Dear William," said she, "I see your motive, and love you for it; but it is too soon—my spirits are not yet in tone for mirth or pleasantry—but they will be—they will be. I know it is too bad to permit an affliction that is merely sentimental to bear me down in this manner; but I cannot help it, and you must all only look on me as a weak foolish girl, and forgive me, and pity me. Mamma, I will lie down again, for I feel I am not well; and oh, papa, if you ever prayed with fervour and sincerity, pray for strength to your own Jane, and happiness to her stricken heart."

She then retired, and for the remainder of that day confined herself partly to her bed, and altogether to her chamber; and it was observed, that from the innocent caprices of a sickly spirit, she called Agnes, and her mother, and Maria—sometimes one, and sometimes another—and had them always about her, each to hear a particular observation that occurred to her, or to ask some simple question, of no importance to any person except to one whose mind had become too sensitive upon the subject which altogether engrossed it. Towards evening she had a long fit of weeping, after which she appeared more calm and resigned. She made her mother read her a chapter in the Bible, and expressed a resolution to bear every thing she said, as became one she hoped not *yet* beyond the reach of divine grace and Christian consolation.

After a second night's sleep she arose considerably relieved from the gloomy grief which had nearly wrought such a dreadful change in her intellect. Her father's plan of imperceptibly engaging her attention by instruction and amusement was carried into effect by him and her sisters, with such singular success, that on the lapse of a month she was almost restored to her wonted spirits. We say almost, because it was observed that, notwithstanding her apparent serenity, she never afterwards reached the same degree of cheerfulness, nor so richly exhibited in her complexion that purple

glow, the hue of which lies like a visible charm upon the cheek of youthful beauty.

Time, however, is the best philosopher, and our heroine found that ere many weeks she could, with the exception of slight intervals, look back upon the day of separation from Osborne, and forward to the expectation of his return, with a calmness of spirit by no means displeasing to one who had placed such unlimited confidence in his affection. His first letter soothed, relieved, transported her. Indeed, so completely was she overcome on receiving it, that the moment it was placed in her hands, her eyes seemed to have been changed into light, her limbs trembled with the agitation of a happiness so intense; and she at length sank into an ecstasy of joy, which was only relieved by a copious flood of tears.

For two years after this their correspondence was as regular as the uncertain motions of a tourist could permit it. Jane appeared to be happy, and she was so within the limits of an enjoyment, narrowed in its character by the contingency arising from time and distance, and the other probabilities of disappointment which a timid heart and a pensive fancy will too often shape into certainty. Fits of musing and melancholy she often had without any apparent cause, and when gently taken to task, or remonstrated with concerning them, she has only replied by weeping, or admitted that she could by no means account for her depression, except by saying that she believed it to be a defect in the habit and temper of her mind.

His tutor's letters, both to Charles's father and her's, were nearly as welcome to Jane as his own. He, in fact, could say that for his pupil, which his pupil's modesty would not permit him to say for himself. Oh! how her heart glowed, and conscious pride sparkled in her eye, when that worthy man described the character of manly beauty which time and travel had gradually given to his person! And when his progress in knowledge and accomplishments, and the development of his taste and judgment became the theme of his tutor's panegyric, she could not listen without betraying the vehement enthusiasm of a passion, which absence

and time had only strengthened in her bosom.

These letters induced a series of sensations at once novel and delightful, and such as were calculated to give zest to an attachment thus left to support itself, not from the presence of its object, but from the memory of tendernesses that had already gone by. She knew Charles Osborne only as a boy—a beautiful boy it is true—and he knew her only as a graceful creature, whose extremely youthful appearance made it difficult whether to consider her merely as an advanced girl, or as a young female who had just passed into the first stage of womanhood. But now her fancy and affection had both room to indulge in that vivacious play which delight to paint a lover absent under such circumstances in the richest hues of imaginary beauty.

"How will he look," she would say to her sister Agnes, "when he returns a young man, settled into the fullness of his growth? Taller he will be, and much more manly in his deportment. But is there no danger, Agnes, of his losing in grace, in delicacy of complexion, in short, of losing in beauty what he may gain otherwise?"

"No, my dear, not in the least; you will be ten times prouder of him after his return than you ever were. There is something much more noble and dignified in the love of a man than in that of a boy, and you will feel this on seeing him."

"In that case, Agnes, I shall have to fall in love with him over again, and to fall in love with the same individual twice, will certainly be rather a novel case—a double passion, at least, you will grant, Agnes."

"But *he* will experience sensations quite as singular on seeing you, when he returns. You are as much changed—improved I mean—in your person, as he can be for his life. If he is now a fine, full-grown young man, you are a tall, elegant—I don't want to flatter you, Jane—I need not say graceful, for *that* you always were, but I may add with truth, a majestic young woman. Why, you will scarcely know each other."

"You *do* flatter me, Agnes; but am I *so much* improved?"

"Indeed you are quite a different

girl from what you were when he saw you."

"I am glad of it; but as I told him once, it is on his account that I *am* so glad; do you know, Agnes, I never was vain of my beauty until I saw Charles?"

"Did you ever feel proud in being beautiful in the eyes of another, Jane?"

"No, I never did—why should I?"

"Well, that is not vanity—it is only love visible in a different aspect, and not the least amiable either, my dear."

"Well, I should be much more melancholy than I am, were not my fancy so often engaged in picturing to myself the change which may be on him when he returns. The feeling it occasions is novel and agreeable, sometimes, indeed, delightful, and so far sustains me when I am inclined to be gloomy. But believe me, Agnes, I could love Charles Osborne even if he were not handsome. I could love him for his mind, his principles, and especially for his faithful and constant heart."

"And for all these he would deserve your love; but you remember what you told me once: it seems he has not yet seen a girl that *he* thinks more handsome than you are. Did you not mention to me that he said when he did, he would cease to write to you, and cease to love you? You see he *is* constant."

"Yes; but did I not then tell you the sense in which he meant it?"

"Yes; and now you throw a glance at yourself in the glass! Oh Jane, Jane, the best of us and the freest from imperfection is not without a little pride and vanity; but don't be too confident, my saucy beauty; consider that you complained to William yesterday, about the unusual length of time that has elapsed since you received his last letter, and yet he could write to his fa—What, what, dear girl, what's the matter? you are as pale as death."

"Because, Agnes, I never think of that but my heart and spirits sink. It has been one of the secret causes of my occasional depressions ever since he went. I cannot tell why, but from the moment the words were spoken, I have not been without a presentiment of evil."

"Even upon your own showing

Jane, that is an idle and groundless impression, and unworthy the affection which you know, and which we all know he bears you ; dismiss it, dear Jane, dismiss it, and do not give yourself the habit of creating imaginary evils."

"I know I am prone to such a habit, and am probably too much of a visionary for my own happiness ; but setting that gloomy presentiment aside, have you not, Agnes, been struck with several hints in his letters, both to me and his father, unfavourable to the state of his health."

"That, you will allow, could not be very ill, when he was able to continue his travels."

"True, but according to his own admission his arrangements were frequently broken up, by the fact of his being 'unwell,' and 'not in a condition to travel,' and so did not reach the places in time to which he had requested me to direct many of my letters. I fear, Agnes, that his health has not been so much improved by the air of the Continent as we hoped it would."

"I have only to say this, Jane, that if he does not appreciate your affection as he ought to do, then God forgive him. He will be guilty of a crime against the purest attachment of the best of hearts, as well as against truth and honour. I hope he may be worthy of you, and I am sure he will. He is now in Bath, however, and will soon be with us."

"I am divided, Agnes, by two principles—if they may be called such—or if you will, by two moods of mind, or states of feeling ; one of them is faith and trust in his affection—how can I doubt it?—the other is my malady I believe, a gloom, an occasional despondency for which I cannot account, and which I am not able to shake off. My faith and trust, however, will last, and his return will dispel the other."

This, in fact, was a true state of the faithful girl's heart. From the moment Osborne went to travel, her affection, though full of the tenderest enthusiasm, lay under the deep shadow of that gloom, which was occasioned by the first, and we may say the only act of insincerity she was ever guilty of towards her father. The reader knows

that even this act was not a deliberate one, but merely the hurried evasion of a young and bashful girl, who, had her sense of moral delicacy been less acute, might have never bestowed a moment's subsequent consideration upon it. Let our fair young readers, however, be warned even by this very slight deviation from truth, and let them also remember that one act of dissimulation may, in the little world of their own moral sentiments and affections, lay the foundation for calamities under which their hopes and their happiness in consequence of that act may absolutely perish. Still are we bound to say that Jane's deportment during the period stipulated upon for Osborne's absence was admirably decorous, and replete with moral beauty. Her moments of enjoyment derived from his letters, were fraught with an innocent simplicity of delight in fine keeping with a heart so full of youthful fervour and attachment. And when her imagination became occasionally darkened by that *gloom* which she termed her malady, nothing could be more impressive than the tone of deep and touching piety which mingled with and elevated her melancholy into a cheerful solemnity of spirit, that swayed by its pensive dignity the habits and affections of her whole family.

'Tis true she was one of a class rarely to be found among even the highest of her own sex, and her attachment was consequently that of a heart utterly incapable of loving twice. Her first affection was too steadfast and decisive ever to be changed, and at the same time too full and unreserved to maintain the materials for a second passion. The impression she received was too deep ever to be erased. She might weep—she might mourn—she might sink—her soul might be bowed down to the dust—her heart might break—she might die—but she never, never, could love again. That heart was his palace, where the monarch of her affections reigned—but remove his throne, and it became the sepulchre of her own hopes—the ruin, haunted by the moping brood of her own sorrows. Often, indeed, did her family wonder at the freshness of memory manifested in the character of her love for Osborne. There was nothing transient,

nothing forgotten, nothing perishable in her devotion to him. In truth, it had something of divinity in it. Every thing past, and much also of the future was present to her. Osborne breathed and lived at the expiration of two years, just as he had done the day before he set out on his travels. In her heart he existed as an undying principle, and the duration of her love for him seemed likely to be limited only by those laws of nature, which, in the course of time, carry the heart beyond the memory of all human affections.

It would, indeed, be almost impossible to see a creature so lovely and angelic, as was our heroine, about the period when Osborne was expected to return. Retaining all the graceful elasticity of motion that characterised her when first introduced to our readers, she was now taller and more majestic in her person, rounder and with more symmetry in her figure, and also more conspicuous for the singular ease and harmony of her general deportment. Her hair, too, now grown to greater luxuriance, had become several shades deeper, and, of course, was much more rich than when Charles saw it last. But if there was any thing that more than another, gave an expression of tenderness to her beauty, it was the under-tone of colour—the slightly perceptible paleness which marked her complexion as that of a person whose heart though young had already been made acquainted with some early sorrow.

Had her lover then seen her, and witnessed the growth of charms that had taken place during his absence, he and she might both, alas, have experienced another and a kinder destiny.

The time at length arrived when Charles, as had been settled upon by both their parents, was expected to return. During the three months previous he had been at Bath, accompanied of course by his friend and tutor. Up until a short time previous to his arrival there, his communications to his parents and to Jane were not only punctual and regular, but remarkable for the earnest spirit of dutiful affection and fervid attachment which they breathed to both. It is true that his father had, during the whole period of his absence, been cog-

nizant of that which the vigilance of Jane's love for him only suspected—I allude to the state of his health, which it seems occasionally betrayed symptoms of his hereditary complaint.

This gave Mr. Osborne deep concern, for he had hoped that so long a residence in more genial climates would have gradually removed from his son's constitution that tendency to decline which was so much dreaded by them all. Still he was gratified to hear, that with the exception of those slight recurrences, the boy grew fast and otherwise with a healthy energy into manhood. The principles he had set out with were unimpaired by the influence of continental profligacy. His mind was enlarged, his knowledge greatly extended, and his taste and manners polished to a degree so unusual, that he soon became the ornament of every circle in which he moved. His talents now ripe and cultivated, were not only of a high, but also of a striking and brilliant character—much too commanding and powerful, as every one said, to be permitted to sink into the obscurity of private life.

This language was not without its due impression upon young Osborne's mind; for his tutor could observe that soon after his return to England he began to have fits of musing, and was often abstracted, if not absolutely gloomy. He could also perceive a disinclination to write home, for which he felt it impossible to account. At first he attributed this to ill health, or to those natural depressions which frequently precede or accompany it; but at length on seeing his habitual absences increase, he inquired in a tone of friendly sympathy, too sincere to be doubted, why it was that a change so unusual had become so remarkably visible in his spirits.

"I knew not," replied Osborne, "that it was so; I myself have not observed what you speak of."

"Your manner, indeed, is much changed," said his friend; "you appear to me, and I dare say to others, very like a man whose mind is engaged upon the consideration of some subject that is deeply painful to him, and of which he knows not how to dispose. If it be so, my dear Osborne, command my advice, my sympathy, my friendship."

"I assure you, my dear friend, I was perfectly unconscious of this. But that I have for some time past been thinking more seriously than usual of the position in society which I ought to select, I grant you. You are pleased to flatter me with the possession of talents that you say might enable any man to reach a commanding station in public life. Now, for what purpose are talents given? or am I justified in slinking away into obscurity when I might create my own fortune, perhaps my own rank, by rendering some of the noblest services to my country. The wish to leave behind one a name that cannot die, is indeed a splendid ambition!"

"I thought," replied the other, "that you had already embraced views of a different character, entered into by your father to promote *your own happiness*."

Osborne started, blushed, and for more than half a minute returned no answer. "True," said he at last, "true, *I had forgotten that*."

His tutor immediately perceived that an ambition not unnatural, indeed, to a young man possessing such fine talents, had strongly seized upon his heart, and knowing as he did his attachment to Jane, he would have advised his immediate return home, had it not been already determined on, in consequence of medical advice, that he himself should visit Bath for the benefit of his health, and his pupil could by no arguments be dissuaded from accompanying him.

This brief view of Osborne's intentions, at the close of the period agreed on for his return, was necessary to explain an observation made by Agnes in the last dialogue which we have given between herself and her younger sister. We allude to the complaint which she playfully charged Jane with having made to her brother concerning the length of time which had elapsed since she last heard from her lover. The truth is, that with the exception of Jane herself, both families were even then deeply troubled in consequence of a letter addressed by Charles's tutor to Mr. Osborne. That letter was the last which the amiable gentleman ever wrote, for he had not been in Bath above a week when he sank suddenly under a disease of the heart, to which he had for some years been

subject. His death, which distressed young Osborne very much, enabled him, however, to plead the necessity of attending to his friend's obsequies, in reply to his father's call on him to return to his family. The next letter stated that he would not lose a moment in complying with his wishes, as no motive existed to detain him from home, and the third expressed the uncommon benefit which he had, during his brief residence there, experienced from the use of the waters. Against this last argument the father had nothing to urge. His son's health was to him a consideration paramount to every other, and he wrote to Charles that if he found himself improved either by the air or the waters of Bath, he should not hurry his return as he had intended. "Only write to your friends," said he, "*they are as anxious for the perfect establishment of your health as I am*."

This latter correspondence between Mr. Osborne and his son, was submitted to Mr. Sinclair, that it might be mentioned to serve as an apology for Charles's delay in replying to her last letter. This step was suggested by Mr. Sinclair himself, who dreaded the consequences which any appearance of neglect might have upon a heart so liable to droop as that of his gentle daughter. Jane, who was easily depressed, but not suspicious, smiled at the simplicity of her papa, as she said, in deeming it necessary to make any apology for Charles Osborne's not writing to her by return of post.

"It will be time enough," she added, "when his letters get cool, and come but seldom, to make excuses for him. Surely, my dear papa, if any one blamed him, I myself would be, and ought to be the first to defend him."

"Yet," observed William, "you could complain to me about his letting a letter of yours stand over a fortnight, before he answered it. Jane—Jane—there's no knowing you girls; particularly when you're in love; but indeed, then you don't know yourselves, so how should we?"

"But, papa," she added, looking earnestly upon him; "it is rather strange that you are so anxious to apologise for Charles. I cannot question my papa, and I shall not; but yet upon second thoughts, it is very strange."

"No, my love, but I would not have you a day uneasy."

"Well," she replied, musing—but with a keen eye bent alternately upon him and William; "it is a simple case, I myself have a very ready solution for his want of punctuality, if it can be called such, or if it continues such."

"And pray what is it, Jane," asked William.

"Excuse me, dear William—if I told you it might reach him, and then he might shape his conduct to meet it—I may mention it some day, though; but I hope there will never be occasion. Papa, don't you ask me, because if you do, I shall feel it my duty to tell you; and I would rather not, sir, except you press me. But why after all, should I make a secret of it. It is papa, the test of all things, as well as of Charles's punctuality,—for, of his affection I will never doubt. It is time—time; but indeed I wish you had not spoken to me about it; I was not uneasy."

The poor girl judged Osborne through a misapprehension which, had she known more of life, or even closely reflected upon his neglect in writing to her, would have probably caused her to contemplate his conduct in a different light. She thought because his letters were nearly as frequent since his return to England, as they had been during his tour on the continent, that the test of his respect and attachment was sustained. In fact, she was ignorant that he had written several letters of late to his own family, without having addressed to her a single line; or even mentioned her name, and this circumstance was known to them all, with the exception of herself, as was the tutor's previous letter, of which she had never heard.

It was no wonder, therefore, that her father, who was acquainted with this, and entertained such serious apprehensions for his daughter's state of mind, should feel anxious, that until Osborne's conduct were better understood, no doubt of his sincerity should reach the confiding girl's heart. The old man, however, unconsciously acted upon his own impressions rather than on Jane's knowledge of what had occurred. In truth, he forgot that the actual state of the matter was unknown

to her, and the consequence was, that in attempting to efface an impression which did not exist, he alarmed her suspicion by his mysterious earnestness of manner, and thereby created the very uneasiness which he wished to remove.

From this day forward, Jane's eye became studiously vigilant of the looks and motions of the family. Her melancholy returned, but it was softer and sorer than it had ever been before; so did the mild but pensive spirit of devotion which had uniformly accompanied it. The sweetness of her manner was irresistible, if not affecting, for there breathed through the composure of her beautiful countenance an air of mingled sorrow and patience, so finely blended, that it was difficult to determine, on looking at her, whether she secretly rejoiced or mourned.

A few days more brought another letter from Osborne to his father, which contained a proposal for which the latter, in consequence of the tutor's letter, was not altogether unprepared. It was a case put to the father for the purpose of ascertaining whether, if he, Charles, were offered an opportunity of appearing in public life, he would recommend him to accept it. He did not say that such an opening had actually presented itself, but he strongly urged his father's permission to embrace it if it should.

This communication was immediately laid before Mr. Sinclair, who advised his friend, ere he took any other step, or hazarded an opinion upon it, to require from Charles an explicit statement of the motives which induced him to solicit such a sanction. "Until we know what he means," said he, "it is impossible for us to know how to advise him. That he has some ambitious project in view, is certain. Mr. Harvey (his tutor's) letter and this both prove it."

"But in the meantime, we must endeavour to put such silly projects out of his head, my dear friend. I am more troubled about that sweet girl, than about any thing else. I cannot understand his neglect of her."

"Few, indeed, are worthy of that angel," replied her father, sighing; "I hope he may. If Charles, after what has passed, sports with her happiness,

he will one day have a fearful reckoning of it, unless he permits his conscience to become altogether seared."

"It cannot happen," replied the other; "I know my boy, his heart is noble; no, no, he is incapable of dishonour, much less of perfidy so black as that would be. In my next letter, however, I shall call upon him to explain himself upon that subject, as well as the other, and if he replies by an evasion, I shall instantly command him home."

They then separated, with a feeling of deep but fatherly concern, one anxious for the honour of his son, and the other trembling for the happiness of his daughter.

Mr. Sinclair was a man in whose countenance could be read all the various emotions that either exalted or disturbed his heart. If he felt joy his eye became irradiated with a benignant lustre, that spoke at once of happiness; and, when depressed by care or sorrow, it was easy to see by the serious composure of his face, that something troubled or disturbed him. Indeed, this candour of countenance is peculiar to those only who have not schooled their faces into hypocrisy. After his return from the last interview with Mr. Osborne, his family perceived at a glance that something more than usually painful lay upon his mind; and such was the affectionate sympathy by which they caught each other's feelings, that every countenance, save one, became partially overshadowed. Jane, although her eye was the first and quickest to notice this anxiety of her father, exhibited no visible proof of a penetration so acute and lively. The serene light that beamed so mournfully from her placid but melancholy brow, was not darkened by what she saw; on the contrary, that brow became, if possible, more serene; for in truth, the gentle enthusiast had already formed a settled plan of exalted resignation that was designed to sustain her under an apprehension far different from that which Osborne's ambitious speculations in life would have occasioned her to feel had she known them.

"I see," said she with a smile, "that my papa has no good news to tell. A letter has come to his father, but none to me; but you need not fear for my firmness, papa. I know from whence to expect support; indeed, from the be-

ginning, I knew that I would require it. You often affectionately chide me for entertaining apprehensions too gloomy; but now they are not gloomy, because, if what I surmise be true, Charles, and I will not be so long separated as you imagine. The hope of this, papa, is my consolation."

"Why, what do you surmise, my love," asked her father.

"That Charles is gone, perhaps irretrievably gone in decline; you know it is the hereditary complaint of his family. What else could, or would—yes, papa, or *ought* to keep him so long from home—from his friends—from me. Yes, indeed," she added with a smile, "from me, papa—from his own Jane Sinclair, and he so near us, in England, and the time determined on for his return expired."

"But you know, Jane," said her father, gratified to find that her suspicion took a wrong direction, "the air of Bath, he writes, is agreeing with him."

"I hope it may, papa; I hope it may; but you may rest assured, that whatever happens, the lessons you have taught me, will, aided by divine support, sustain my soul, so long as the frail tenement in which it is lodged may last. That will not be long."

"True religion, my love, is always cheerful, and loves to contemplate the brighter side of every human event. I do not like to see my dear child so calm, nor her countenance shaded by melancholy so fixed as that I have witnessed on it of late."

"Eternity, papa—a happy eternity, what is it, but the brighter side of human life—here we see only as in a glass darkly; there in our final destiny, we reach the fulness of our happiness. I am not melancholy, but resigned; and resignation has a peace peculiar to itself; a repose which draws us gently, for a little time, out of the memory of our sorrows; but without refreshing the heart—without refreshing the heart. No, papa, I am not melancholy—I am not melancholy; I could bear Charles's death, and look up to my God for strength and support under it; but," she added, shaking her head, with a smile marked by something of a wild meaning, "if he could forget me for another,—no I will not say for another, but if he could only forget me, and his

vows of undying affection, then indeed—then—then—papa—ha!—no—no—he could not—he could not.”

This conversation, when repeated to the family deeply distressed them, involved in doubt and uncertainty as they were with respect to Osborne's ultimate intentions. Until a reply, however should he received to his father's letter, which was written expressly to demand an explanation on that point, they could only soothe the unhappy girl in the patient sorrow which they saw gathering in her heart. That, however, which alarmed them most, was her insuperable disrelish to any thing in the shape of consolation or sympathy. This, to them, was indeed a new trait in the character of one who had heretofore been so anxious to repose the weight of her sufferings upon the bosoms of those who loved her. Her chief companion now was Ariel, her dove, to which she was seen to address herself with a calm, smiling aspect, not dissimilar to the languid cheerfulness of an invalid, who might be supposed as yet incapable from physical weakness to indulge in a greater display of animal spirits. Her walks too, were now all solitary, with the exception of her mute companion, and it was observed that she never, in a single instance, was known to traverse any spot over which she and Osborne had not walked together. Here she would linger, and pause, and muse, and address Ariel, as if the beautiful creature were capable of comprehending the tenor of her language.

“Ariel,” said she one day, speaking to the bird; “there is the yew tree, under which your preserver and I first disclosed our love. The yew tree, sweet bird, is the emblem of death, and so it will happen; for Charles is dying, I know—I feel that he will die; and I will die, early; we will both die early; for I would not be able to live here after him, Ariel, and how could I? Yet I should like to see him once—once before he dies; to see him, Ariel, in the fullness of his beauty; my eye to rest upon him once more; and then I could die smiling.”

She then sat down under the tree, and in a voice replete with exquisite pathos and melody sang the plaintive air which Osborne had played on the

evening when the first rapturous declaration of their passion was made. This incident with the bird also occurred much about the same hour of the day, a remembrance which an association, uniformly painful to her moral sense, now revived with peculiar power, for she started and became pale.

“Alas, my sweet bird,” she exclaimed, “what is this; I shall be absent from evening worship again—but I will not prevaricate now; why—why is this spot to be fatal to me? Come, Ariel, come; perhaps I may not be late.”

She hastened home with a palpitating heart, and unhappily arrived only in time to find the family rising from prayer.

As she stood and looked upon them, she smiled, but a sudden paleness at the same instant overspread her face, which gave to her smile an expression we are utterly incompetent to describe.

“I am late,” she exclaimed, “and have neglected a solemn and a necessary duty. To me, to me, papa, how necessary is that duty.”

“It is equally so to us all, my child,” replied her father; “but,” he added, in order to reconcile her to an omission which had occasioned her to suffer so much pain before; “we did not forget to pray for you, Jane. With respect to your absence, we know it was unintentional. Your mind is troubled, my love, and do not, let me beg of you, dwell upon minor points of that kind, so as to interrupt the singleness of heart with which you ought to address God. You know, darling, you can pray in your own room.”

She mused for some minutes, and at length said, “I would be glad to preserve that singleness of heart, but I fear I will not be able to do so long.”

“If you would stay more with us, darling,” observed her mamma, “and talk and chat more with Maria and Agnes, as you used to do, you would find your spirits improved. You are not so cheerful as we would wish to see you.”

“Perhaps I ought to do that, mamma, indeed I know I ought, because you wish it.”

“We all wish it,” said Agnes, “Jane dear, why keep aloof from us? Who in the world loves you as we do; and

why would you not, as you used to do, allow us to cheer you, to support you, or to mourn and weep with you ; any thing—anything,” said the admirable girl, “rather than keep your heart from ours ;” and as she spoke, the tears fell fast down her cheeks.

“Dear Agnes,” said Jane, putting her arm about her sister’s neck, and looking up mournfully into her face ; “I cannot weep for myself—I cannot weep even with you ; you know I love you—*how* I love you—oh how I love you all ; but I cannot tell why it is—society, even the society of them I love best, disturbs me, and you know not the pleasure—melancholy I grant it to be, but you know not the pleasure that comes to me from solitude. To me—to me there is a charm in it ten times more soothing to my heart than all the power of human consolation.”

“But why so melancholy at all, Jane,” said Maria, “surely there is no just cause for it.”

She smiled as she replied, “Why am I melancholy, Maria ?—why ? why should I not ? Do I not read the approaching death of Charles Osborne in the gloom of every countenance about me ? Why do you whisper to each other that which you will not let me hear ? Why is there a secret and an anxious, and a mysterious intercourse between this family and his, of the purport of which I am kept ignorant—and I alone ?

“But suppose Charles Osborne is not sick,” said William ; “suppose he was never in better health than he is at this moment—” He saw his father’s hand raised, and paused, then added, carelessly, “for supposition’s sake I say merely.”

“But you must not suppose that William,” she replied, starting, “unless you wish to blight your sister. On what an alternative then, would you force a breaking heart. If not sick, if not dying, where is he ? I require him—I demand him. My heart,” she proceeded, rising up and speaking with vehemence—“my heart calls for him—shouts aloud in its agony—shouts aloud—shouts aloud for him. He is, he is sick ; the malady of his family is upon him ; he is ill—he is dying ; it must be so ; ay, and it *shall* be so ; I can bear that, I can bear him to die, but never to become faithless to a

heart like mine. But I am foolish,” she added, after a pause, occasioned by exhaustion ; “Oh, my dear William, why, by idle talk, thus tamper with your poor affectionate sister’s happiness ? I know you meant no harm, but oh, William, William, do it no more.”

“I only put it, dear Jane, I only put it as a mere case,”—the young man was evidently cut to the heart, and could not for some moments speak.

She saw his distress, and going over to him, took his hand, and said, “Dont, William, dont ; it is nothing but merely one of your good-humoured attempts to make your sister cheerful. There,” she added, kissing his cheek ; “there is a kiss for you ; the kiss of peace let it be, and forgiveness ; but I have nothing to forgive you for, except too much affection for an unhappy sister, who, I believe, is likely to be troublesome enough to you all ; but, perhaps not long—not long.”

There were few dry eyes in the room, as she uttered the last words.

“I do not like to see you weep,” she added, “when I could have wept myself, and partaken of your tears, it was rather a relief to me than otherwise. It seems, however, that my weeping days are past ; do not, oh do not—you trouble me, and I want to compose my mind for a performance of the solemn act which I have this evening neglected. Mamma, kiss me, and pray for me ; I love you well and tenderly, mamma ; I am sure you know I do.

The sorrowing mother caught her to her bosom, and, after kissing her passive lips, burst out into a sobbing fit of grief.

“Oh, my daughter, my daughter,” she exclaimed, still clasping her to her heart, “and is it come to this ! Oh that we had never seen him !”

“This, my dear,” said Mr. Sinclair to his wife, “is wrong ; indeed, it is weakness ; you know she wants to compose her mind for prayer.”

“I do, papa ; they must be more firm ; I need to pray. I know my frailties, you know them too, sir ; I concealed them from you as long as I could, but their burthen was too heavy for my heart ; bless me now, before I go ; I will kneel.”

The sweet girl knelt beside him, and he placed his hand upon her stooping head, and blessed her. She then raised

herself, and looking up to him with a singular expression of wild sweetness beaming in her eyes, she said, leaning her head again upon his breast,

"There are two bosoms, on which I trust I and my frailties can repose with hope; I know I shall soon pass from the one to the other—

"The bosom of my father and my God."

Will not that be sweet, papa?"

She spoke this with a smile of such unutterable sweetness, her beautiful eyes gazing innocently up into her father's countenance, that the heart of the old man was shaken through every fibre. He saw, however, what must be encountered, and was resolved to act a part worthy of the religion he professed. He arose, and taking her hand in his, said, "You wish to pray, dearest love, that is right; your head has been upon my bosom, and I blessed you; go now, and, with a fervent heart, address yourself to the throne of grace; in doing this, my sweet child, pliously and earnestly, you will pass from my bosom to the bosom of your God.—Cast yourself upon his, my love; above all things, cast yourself with humble hope and earnest supplication upon his. This, my child, indeed, is sweet; and you will find it so; come, darling, come."

He led her out of the room, and after a few words more of affectionate advice, left her to that solitude for which he hoped the frame of mind in which she then appeared was fitable.

"Her sense of religion," said he, after returning to the family, is not only delicate, but deep; her piety is fervent and profound. I do not therefore despair but religion will carry her through whatever disappointment Charles's flighty enthusiasm may occasion her."

"I wish, papa," said Agnes, "I could think so. As she herself said, she might bear his death, for that would involve no act of treachery, of falsehood on his part; but to find that he is capable of forgetting their betrothed vows, sanctioned as they were by the parents of both—indeed, papa, if such a thing happen—"

"I should think it will not," observed her mother; "Charles has, as you have just said, enthusiasm; now, will not that give an impulse to his love, as well as to his ambition?"

"But if ambition, my dear, has become the predominant principle in his character, it will draw to its own support all that nourished his other passions. Love is never strong, where ambition exists—nor ambition where there is love."

"I cannot entertain the thought of Charles Osborne being false to her," said Maria; "his passion for her was more like idolatry than love."

"He is neglecting her, though," said William; "and did she not suppose that that is caused by illness, I fear she would not bear it even as she does."

"I agree with you, William," observed Agnes; "but after all, it is better to have patience until Mr. Osborne hears from him. His reply will surely be decisive as to his intentions. All may end better than we think."

Until this reply should arrive, however, they were compelled to remain in that state of suspense which is frequently more painful than the certainty of evil itself. Jane's mind and health were tended with all the care and affection which her disinclination to society would permit them to show. They forced themselves to be cheerful in order that she might unconsciously partake of a spirit less gloomy than that which every day darkened more deeply about her path. Any attempt to give her direct consolation, however, was found to produce the very consequences which they wished so anxiously to prevent. If for this purpose they entered into conversation with her, no matter in what tone of affectionate sweetness they addressed her, such was the irresistible pathos of her language, that their hearts became melted, and, instead of being able to comfort the beloved mourner, they absolutely required sympathy themselves. Since their last dialogue, too, it was evident from her manner that some fresh source of pain had been on that occasion opened in her heart. For nearly a week afterwards her eye was fixed from time to time upon her brother William, with a long gaze of hesitation and enquiry—not unmingled with a character of suspicion that appeared still further to sink her spirits by a superadded weight of misery.

Nearly a fortnight had now elapsed

since Charles Osborne ought to have received his father's letter, and yet no communication had reached either of the families. Indeed the gradual falling off of his correspondence with Jane, and the commonplace character of his few last letters left little room to hope that his affection for her stood the severe test of time and absence. One morning about this period she brought William into the garden, and after a turn or two, laid her hand gently upon his arm, saying,

"William, I have a secret to entrust you with."

"A secret, Jane—well, I shall keep it honourably—what is it, dear?"

"I am very unhappy."

"Surely that's no secret to me, my poor girl."

She shook her head.

"No, no; that's not it; but this is—I strongly suspect that you all know more about Charles than I do."

She fixed her eyes with an earnest penetration on him as she spoke.

"He is expected home soon, Jane."

"He is *not* ill, William; and you have all permitted me to deceive myself into a belief that he is; because you felt that I would rather ten thousand times that he were dead than false—than false."

"He could not, he dare not be false to you, my dear, after having been solemnly betrothed to you, I may say with the consent of your father and his."

"*Dare not*—ha—there is meaning in that, William; your complexion is heightened, too; and so I have found out your secret, my brother. Sunk is my heart, you see I have greater penetration than you dreamt of. So he is not sick, but false; and his love for me is gone like a dream. Well, well; but yet I have laid down my own plan of resignation. You would not guess what it is? Come, guess: I will hear nothing further till you guess."

He thought it was better to humour her, and replied in accordance with the hope of his father.

"Religion, my dear Jane, and reliance on God."

"That was my first plan; that was my plan in case the malady I suspected had taken him from me—but what is my plan for his falsehood?"

"I cannot guess, dear Jane."

"Death, William. What consolation like death? what peace so calm as that of the grave? Let the storms of life howl ever so loudly, go but six inches beneath the clay of the churchyard and how still is all there!"

"Indeed, Jane, you distress yourself without cause; never trust me again if Charles will not soon come home, and you and he be happy. Why, my dear Jane, I thought you had more fortitude than to sink under a calamity that has not yet reached you. Surely it will be time enough when you find that Charles is false to take it so much to heart as you do."

"That is a good and excellent advice, my dear William; but listen, and I will give a far better one: never deceive your father; never prevaricate with papa; and then you may rest satisfied that your heart will not be crushed by such a calamity as that which has fallen upon me. I deceived papa; and I am now the poor hopeless *castaway* that you see me. Remember that advice, William—keep it, and God will bless you."

William would have remonstrated with her at greater length, but he saw that she was resolved to have no further conversation on the subject. When it was closed she walked slowly and composedly out of the garden, and immediately took her way to those favourite places among which she was latterly in the habit of wandering. One of her expressions, however, sunk upon his affectionate heart too deeply to permit him to rest under the fearful apprehension which it generated. After musing for a little he followed her with a pale face and a tearful eye, resolved to draw from her, with as much tenderness as possible, the exact meaning which, in her allusion to Osborne's falsehood, she had applied to *death*.

He found her sitting upon that bank of the river which we have already described, and exactly opposite to the precise spot in the stream from which Osborne had rescued Ariel. The bird sat on her shoulder, and he saw by her gesture that she was engaged in an earnest address to it. He came on gently behind her, actuated by that kind curiosity which knows that in such unguarded moments a

key may possibly be obtained to the abrupt and capricious impulses by which persons labouring under impressions so variable may be managed.

"I will beat you, Ariel," said she. "I will beat you—lie upon you. You an angel of light—no, no—have I not often pointed you out the spot which would have been fatal to you, were it not for him—for him! Stupid bird! there it is! do you not see it? No, as I live your eye is turned up sideways towards me, instead of looking at it, as if you asked why, dear mistress, do you scold me so? And indeed I do not know, Ariel. I scarcely know—but oh, my dear creature, if you knew—if you knew—it is well you dont. I am here—so are you—but where is he?"

She was then silent for a considerable time, and sat with her head on her hand. William could perceive that she sighed deeply.

He advanced; and on hearing his foot she started, looked about, and on seeing him, smiled.

"I am amusing myself, William," said she.

"How my dear Jane—how?"

"Why, by the remembrance of my former misery. You know that the recollection of all past happiness is misery to the miserable—is it not? but of that you are no judge, William—you were never miserable."

"Nor shall you be so, Jane, longer than until Charles returns; but touching your second plan of resignation, love, I dont understand how death could be resignation."

"Do you not? then I will tell you. Should Charles prove false to me—that would break my heart. I should die, and then—then—do you not see—comes Death, the consoler."

"I see, dear sister; but there will be no necessity for that. Charles will be, and is, faithful and true to you. Will you come home with me, dear Jane?"

"At present I cannot, William; I have places to see and things to think of that are pleasant to me. I may almost say so; because as I told you they *amuse* me. Let misery have its mirth, William; the remembrance of past happiness is mine."

"Jane, if you love me come home with me now?"

"If I do. Ah, William, that's ungenerous. You are well aware that I do, and so you use an argument which you know I wont resist. Come," addressing the dove, "we must go; we are put upon our generosity; for of course we *do* love poor William. Yea, we will go, William; it is better, I believe."

She then took his arm, and both walked home without speaking another word; Jane having relapsed into a pettish silence which her brother felt it impossible to break without creating unnecessary excitement in a mind already too much disturbed.

From this day forward Jane's mind, fragile as it naturally was, appeared to bend at once under the double burthen of Osborne's approaching death, and his apprehended treachery; for wherever the heart is forced to choose between two contingent evils, it is also by the very constitution of our nature compelled to bear the penalty of both until its gloomy choice is made. At present Jane was not certain whether Osborne's absence and neglect were occasioned by ill health or faithlessness; and until she knew this the double dread fell, as we said, with proportionate misery upon her spirit.

Bitterly indeed did William regret the words in which he desired her "to suppose that Charles Osborne was not sick." Mr. Sinclair himself saw the error, but unhappily too late to prevent the suspicion from entering into an imagination already overwrought and disordered.

Hitherto, however, it was difficult, if not impossible, out of her own family, to notice in her manner or conversation the workings of a mind partially unsettled by a passion which her constitutional melancholy darkened by its own gloomy creations. To strangers she talked rationally, and with her usual grace and perspicuity, but every one observed that her cheerfulness was gone, and the current report went, by whatsoever means it got abroad, that Jane Sinclair's heart was broken—that Charles Osborne proved faithless—and that the beautiful Fawn of Springvale was subject to occasional derangement.

In the mean time Osborne was silent both to his father and to her, and as time advanced, the mood of her mind became too seriously unhappy and

alarming to justify any further patience on the part either of his family or Mr. Sinclair's. It was consequently settled that Mr. Osborne should set out for Bath, and compel his son's return, under the hope that a timely interview might restore the deserted girl to a better state of mind, and reproduce in his heart that affection which appeared to have either slumbered or died. With a brow of care the excellent man departed, for in addition to the concern which he felt for the calamity of Jane Sinclair and Charles's honour, he also experienced all the anxiety natural to an affectionate father, ignorant of the situation in which he might find an only son, who up to that period had been, and justly too, inexpressibly dear to him.

His absence, however, was soon discovered by Jane, who now began to give many proofs of that address with which unsettled persons can manage to gain a point or extract a secret, when either in their own opinion is considered essential to their gratification. Every member of her own family now became subjected to her vigilance; every word they spoke was heard with suspicion, and received as if it possessed a double meaning. On more than one occasion she was caught in the attitude of a listener, and frequently placed herself in such a position when sitting with her relations at home, as enabled her to watch their motions in the glass, when they supposed her engaged in some melancholy abstraction.

Yet bitter, bitter as all this must have been to their hearts, it was singular to mark, that as the light of her reason receded, a new and solemn feeling of reverence was added to all of love, and sorrow, and pity, that they had hitherto experienced towards her. Now, too, was her way over them more commanding, though exercised only in the woeful meekness of a broken heart; for, indeed, there is in the darkness of unmerited affliction, a spirit which elevates its object, and makes unassuming nature humble in its presence. Who is there that has a heart, and few, alas, have; that does not feel himself constrained to bend his head with reverence before those who move in the majesty of undeserved sorrow?

Mr. Osborne had not been many

days gone, when Jane, one morning after breakfast, desired the family not to separate far about an hour, as if they did, to certainly reassemble within that period. "And in the meantime," she said, addressing Agnes, "I want you, my dear Agnes, to assist me at my toilette, as they say. I am about to dress in my very best, and it cannot, you know, be from vanity, for I have got one new to gratify but yourselves—come."

Mr. Sinclair beckoned with his hand to Agnes to attend her, and they accordingly left the room together.

"What is the reason, Agnes," she said, "that there is so much mystery in this family? I do not like these nods, and beckonings, and gestures, all so full of meaning. It grieves me to see my papa, who is the very soul of truth and candour, have recourse to them. But, alas, why should I blame any of you, when I know that it is from an excess of indulgence to poor Jane, and to avoid giving her pain that you do it?"

"Well, we will not do it any more, love, if it pains or is disagreeable to you."

"It confounds me, Agnes, it injures my head, and sometimes makes me scarcely know where I am, or who are about me. I begin to think that there's some dreadful secret among you; and I think of coffins, and deaths, &c. of marriages, and wedding favours, and all that. Now, I can't bear to think of marriages, but death has something consoling in it; give me death the conqueror: yet," she added, muttering, "we shall not die, but we shall be all changed."

"Jane, love, may I ask you, why you are dressing with such care?"

"When we go down stairs I shall tell you. It's wonderful, wonderful!"

"What is, dear?"

"My fortitude. But those words were prophetic. I remember well what I felt when I heard them; so be sure he placed them in a different light from what I at first understood them in; but I am handsomer now, I think. You will be a witness for me below Agnes, will you not?"

"To be sure, darling."

"Agnes, where are my tears gone of late? I think I ought to advertise for them, or advertise for others, 'Wanted for unhappy Jane Sinclair'—"

Agnes could bear no more. "Jane," she exclaimed, clasping her in her arms, and kissing her smiling lips, for she smiled while uttering the last words, "oh, Jane, don't, don't, my darling, or you will break my heart—your own Agnes's heart, whom you loved so well, and whose happiness or misery is bound up in yours."

"For unhappy Jane Sinclair!—no I won't distress you, dear Agnes; let the advertisement go; here, I will kiss you, love, and dry your tears, and then when I am dressed you shall know all."

She took up her own handkerchief as she spoke, and after having again kissed her sister, wiped her cheeks and dried her eyes with childlike tenderness and affection. She then looked sorrowfully upon Agnes, and said—"Oh, Agnes, Agnes, but my heart is heavy!—heavy!"

Agnes's tears were again beginning to flow, but Jane once more kissed her, and hastily wiping her eyes, exclaimed in that sweet, low voice with which we address children, "Hush, hush, Agnes, do not cry, I will not make you sorry any more."

She then went on to dress herself, but uttered not another word until she and Agnes met the family below stairs.

"I am now come, papa and mamma, and William, and my darling Maria—but, Maria, listen—I won't have a tear, and you, Agnes,—I am come now to tell you a secret."

"And, dearest life," said her mother, "what is it?"

"What made them call me the Fawn of Springvale?"

"For your gentleness," love, said Mr. Sinclair.

"And for your beauty, darling," added her mother.

"Papa has it," she replied quickly; "for my gentleness, for my gentleness. My beauty, mamma, I am not beautiful."

While uttering these words, she approached the looking-glass, and surveyed herself with a smile of irony that seemed to disclaim her own assertion. But it was easy to perceive that the irony was directed to some one not then present, and that it was also associated with the memory of something painful to her in an extreme degree.

Not beautiful! Never did mortal form gifted with beauty approaching nearer

to our conception of the divine or angelic, stand smiling in the consciousness of its own charms before a mirror.

"Now," she proceeded, "I am going to make everything quite plain. I never told you this before, but it is time I should now. Listen,—Charles Osborne bound himself by a curse, that if he met, during his absence, a girl more beautiful than I am—or than I was then, I should say,—he would cease to write to me—he would cease to love me. Now, here's my secret,—he *has* found a girl more beautiful than I am,—than I was then, I mean,—for he *has* ceased to write to me—and of course he has ceased to love me. So mamma, I am *not* beautiful, and the Fawn of Springvale—his own Jane Sinclair is forgotten."

She sat down and hung her head for some minutes, and the family, thinking that she either wept or was about to weep, did not think it right to address her. She rose up, however, and said:

"Agnes is my witness: Did not you, Agnes, say that I *am* *now* much handsomer than when Charles saw me last?"

"I did, darling, and I do."

"Very well, mamma—perhaps you will find me beautiful yet. Now the case is this, and I will be guided by my papa. Let me see—Charles may have seen a girl more beautiful than I was *then*,—but how does he know whether she is more beautiful than I *am now*?"

It was—it was woful to see a creature of such unparalleled grace and loveliness working out the calculations of insanity, in order to sustain a broken heart.

"But then," she added, still smiling in conscious beauty, "why does he not come to see me now? Why does he not come?"

After musing again for some time, she dropped on her knees in one of those rapid transitions of feeling peculiar to persons of her unhappy class; and joining her hands, looked up to Agnes with a countenance utterly and indescribably mournful, exclaiming as she did it, in the same words as before:—

"Oh Agnes, Agnes, but my heart is heavy!"

She then laid down her head on her

sister's knees, and for a long time mused and murmured to herself, as if her mind was busily engaged on some topic full of grief and misery. This was evident by the depth of her sighs, which shook her whole frame, and heaved with convulsive quiverings through her bosom. Having remained in this posture about ten minutes, she arose, and without speaking, or noticing any of the family, went out and sauntered with slow and melancholy steps about the places where she loved to walk.

Mr. Sinclair's family at this period, and indeed for a considerable time past were placed, with reference to their unhappy daughter, in circumstances of peculiar distress. Their utter ignorance of Osborne's designs put it out of their power to adopt any particular mode of treatment in Jane's case. They could neither give her hope, nor prepare her mind for disappointment; but were forced to look passively on, though with hearts wrung into agony, whilst her miserable malady every day gained new strength in its progress of desolation. The crisis was near at hand, however, that was to terminate their suspense. A letter from Mr. Osborne arrived, in which he informed them that Charles had left Bath, for London, in company with a family of rank, a few days before he reached it. He mentioned the name of the baronet, whose beautiful daughter, possessing an ample fortune, at her own disposal, fame reported to have been smitten with his son's singular beauty and accomplishments. It was also said, he added, that the lady had prevailed on her father to sanction young Osborne's addresses to her, and that the baronet, who was a strong political partizan, calculating upon his pre-eminent talents, intended to bring him into parliament, in order to strengthen his party. He added, that he himself was then starting for London, to pursue his son, and rescue him from an act which would stamp his name with utter baseness and dishonour.

This communication, so terrible in its import to a family of such worth and virtue, was read to them by Mr. Sinclair, during one of those solitary rambles which Jane was in the habit of taking every day.

"Now, my children," said the white-

haired father, summoning all the fortitude of a Christian man to his aid,—
"now must we show ourselves not ignorant of those resources which the religion of Christ opens to all who are for his wise purposes grievously and heavily afflicted. Let us act as becomes the dignity of our faith. We must suffer: let it be with patience, and a will resigned to that which laid the calamity upon us,—and principally upon the beloved mourner who is dear, dear—and oh! how justly is she dear to all our hearts! Be firm, my children—and neither speak, nor look, nor act as if these heavy tidings had reached us. This is not only our duty, but our wisest course, under circumstances so distressing as ours. Another letter from Mr. Osborne will decide all, and until then we must suffer in silent reliance upon the mercy of God. It may, however, be a consolation to you all to know, that if this young man's heart be detached from that of our innocent and loving child, I would rather—the disposing will of God being still allowed—see her wrapped in the ceremonies of death than united to one, who with so little scruple can trample upon the sanctions of religion, or tamper with the happiness of a fellow-creature. Oh, may God of his mercy sustain our child, and bear her in his own right hand through this heavy woe!"

This affecting admonition did not fall upon them in vain,—for until the receipt of Mr. Osborne's letter from London, not even Jane, with all her vigilance, was able to detect in their looks or manner any change or expression beyond what she had usually noticed. That letter at length arrived, and, as they had expected, filled up the measure of Osborne's dishonour and their affliction. The contents were brief but fearful. Mr. Osborne stated that he arrived in London on the second day after his son's marriage, and found, to his unutterable distress, that he and his fashionable wife had departed for the continent on the very day the ceremony took place.

"I could not," proceeded his father, "wrench my heart so suddenly out of the strong affection it felt for the hope of my past life, as to curse him; but, from this day forward I disown him as my son. You know not, my

friend, what I feel, and what I suffer; for he who was the pride of my declining years has, by this act of unprincipled ambition, set his seal to the unhappiness of his father. I am told, indeed, that the lady is very beautiful—and amiable as she is beautiful—and that their passion for each other amounts to idolatry;—but neither her beauty, nor her wealth, nor her goodness could justify my son in an act of such cruel and abandoned perfidy to a creature who seems to be more nearly related to the angelic nature than the human.”

“You see, my children,” observed Mr. Sinclair, “that the worst, as far as relates to Osborne, is before us. I have nothing now to add to what I have already said on the receipt of the letter from Bath. You know your duty, and with God’s assistance I trust you will act up to it. At present it might be fatal to our child were she to know what has happened; nor, indeed, are we qualified to break the matter to her, without the advice of some medical man, eminent in cases similar to that which afflicts her.”

These observations were scarcely concluded when Jane entered the room, and as usual, cast a calm but searching glance around her. She saw that they had been in tears, and that they tried in vain to force their faces into a hurried composure, that seemed strangely at variance with what they felt.

After a slight pause she sat down, and putting her hand to her temple, mused for some minutes. They observed that a sorrow more deep and settled than usual, was expressed on her countenance. Her eyes were filled, although tears did not come, and the muscles of her lips quivered excessively; yet she did not speak; and such was the solemnity of the moment to them, who knew all, that none of them could find voice sufficiently firm to address her.

“Papa,” said she, at length, “this has been a day of busy thought with me. I think I see, and I am sure I feel my own situation. The only danger is, that I may feel it too much. I fear I have felt it—(she put her hand to her forehead as she spoke)—I fear I have felt it too deeply already. Pauses—lapses, or perhaps want of

memory for a certain space, occasioned by—by——” she hesitated. “Bear with me, papa, and mamma; bear with me; for this is a great effort; let me recollect myself, and do not question me or speak to me until I——. It is, it is woful to see me reduced to this; but nothing is seriously wrong with me yet—nothing. Let me see; yes, yes, papa, here it is. Let us not be reduced to the miserable necessity of watching each other, as we have been. Let me know the worst. You have nearly broken me down by suspense. Let me know the purport of the letter you received today.”

“Today, love!” exclaimed her mother.

“Yes, mamma, today. I made John show it me on his way from the post-office. The superscription was Mr. Osborne’s hand. Let me, O let me,” she exclaimed, dropping down upon her knees, “as you value my happiness here and hereafter, let me at once know the worst—the very worst. Am I not the daughter of a pious minister of the Gospel, and do you think I shall or can forget the instructions I received from his lips? Treat me as a rational being, if you wish me to remain rational. But O, as you love my happiness here, and my soul’s salvation, do not, papa, do not, mamma, do not, Maria, do not, Agnes, William,—do not one or all of you keep your unhappy sister hanging in the agony of suspense! It will kill me!—it will kill me!”

Suppressed sobs there were, which no firmness could restrain. But in a few moments those precepts of the Christian pastor, which we have before mentioned, came forth among this sorrowing family, in the same elevated spirit which dictated them. When Jane had concluded this appeal to her father, there was a dead silence in the room, and every eye glanced from him to her, full of uncertainty as to what course of conduct he would pursue.—He turned his eyes upwards for a few moments, and said:

“Can truth, my children, under any circumstances, be injurious to——”

“Oh no, no, papa,” exclaimed Jane; “I know—I feel the penalty paid for even the indirect violation of it.”

“In the name of God, then,” exclaimed the well-meaning man, “we

will rely upon the good sense and religious principle of our dear Jane, and tell her the whole truth."

"Henry, dear!" said Mrs. Sinclair, in a tone of expostulation.

"Oh papa," said Agnes, "remember your own words!"

"The truth, my papa, the truth!" said Jane. "You are its accredited messenger."

"Jane," said he, "is your trust strong in the support of the Almighty?"

"I have no other dependences, papa."

"Then," said he, "this is the truth: Charles Osborne has been false to you. He has broken his vows;—he is married to another woman.—And now, my child, may the God of truth, and peace, and mercy, sustain and console you!"

"And he will, too, my papa!—he will!" she exclaimed, rising up;—"he will! he will!—I—I know—I think I know something. I violated truth, and now truth is my punishment. I violated it to my papa, and now my papa is the medium of *that* punishment. Well, then, there's a Providence proved.—But, in the mean time, mamma, what has become of my beauty? It is gone—it is gone—and now for humility and repentance—now for sackcloth and ashes. I am now no longer beautiful!—so off, off go the trappings of vanity."

She put her hands up to her bosom, and began to tear down her dress with a violence so powerful, that it took William and Maria's strength to prevent her. She became furious. "Let me go," she exclaimed, "let me go; I am bound to a curse; but Charles, Charles—don't you see he will be poisoned; he will kiss her lips and be poisoned; poisoned lips for Charles, and I to see it!—and mine here with balm upon them, and peace and love! My boy's lost, and I am lost, and the world has destroyed us."

She wrought with incredible strength, and attempted still, while speaking, to ~~tear~~ her garments off; but finding herself overpowered, she at length sat down and passed from this state of violence into a mood so helplessly calm, that the family, now in an outcry of grief, with the exception of her father who *appeared* cool, felt their very hearts shiver at the vacant serenity of her countenance.

Her mother went over, and, seizing her husband firmly by the arms, pulled him towards her; and with an ashy face and parched lips, exclaimed, "There, Charles—all is now over—our child is an idiot!"

"Oh do not blame me," said the broken-hearted father; "I did it for the best. Had I thought—had I thought—but I will speak to her, for I think my voice will reach her heart—you know how she loved me."

"Jane," said he, approaching her, "Jane, my dearest life, will you not speak to your papa?"

She became uneasy again, and, much to their relief, broke silence.

"I am not," said she calmly; "it is gone; I *was* once though—indeed, indeed I *was*; and it was said so; I was called the Fawn of—of—but it seems beauty passes like the flower of the field."

"Darling, speak to me, to your papa."

"I believe I am old now; an old woman, I suppose. My hair is grey, and I am wrinkled; that's the reason why they scorn me; well I was once both young and beautiful; but that is past. Charles," said she, catching her father's hand and looking into it, "you are old, too, I believe. Why—why—why, how is this? Your hair is long and white. Oh, what a change since I knew you last. White hair! long, white, venerable, hair—that's old age—"

"Pity old age within whose silver hairs Honour and reverence evermore do lie."

[We have inserted as much of this beautiful love tale as we could afford space for in this month's publication. The conclusion we are forced to defer until next month.—Ed.]

SONGS OF THE GREEKS.

No. I.

"Like orient pearls at random strung."

I.

We have burst the yoke that bound us;
We have spurned a foreign sway;
And the chains that were linked around us
Shall moulder in rust away.

Oh! countless were the tyrant's bands,
Millions of coward slaves;
The tall ships of a thousand lands
Came bounding o'er the waves.

But the spirits of our fathers
Were gathered round each height,
And unearthly voices spake
In the silence of the night.

By the memory of your shores
The blood within each vein,
The woes that wait the vanquished,
The dungeon and the chain.

Strike for your homes and children,
Strike for your native land;
And let the oppressor feel
The weight of the freeman's hand.

Come every dark-eyed maiden
And welcome home the brave,
Come with the laurel garlands—
None now need wed a slave!

For we burst the yoke that bound us,
We spurned a foreign sway;
And the chains that were linked around us
Shall moulder in rust away.

II.

SONG OF HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

BY CALLESTRATUS.

Wreath, with myrtle boughs, my sword,
Like the weapon of the free,
When to Athens they restored
Her rights and liberty.

Loved Harmodius, still thy fame
Lives amid the shades below.
Noble souls revere his name
Who laid Hipparchus low.

Yes! the myrtle wreath entwine,
As entwined of yore the brave,
Who, before Minerva's shrine,
Death to the tyrant gave.

Lives their glory ever more,
Loved their names for aye shall be,
Still heroic hearts adore
The brave who made us free.

III.

SONG OF A SLAVE.

And can ye say that liberty
Hath made this clime her home?
And can ye boast yourselves as free
As the wild ocean-foam?

And dare ye hope such empty words
Will wipe away the brand
That slavery's cursed finger stamps
So deeply on your land?

Ye basest, meanest, of mankind,
Tyrants in heart and soul,
How dare ye chain your fellow men,
Yet spurn at all control?

Pretend ye worship liberty,
Yet hold a tyrant's rod,
And mock with such hypocrisy
A just and angry God?

Think ye that vengeance comes not here?
Shall ye unpunished go?
No; by each groan, and sigh, and tear,
Your tyranny made flow,

Yet shall ye bend beneath the yoke,
Yet serve a conquering foe,
And vainly-penitent confess,
'Twas justice aimed the blow.

IV.

ὦν ἀντιπρὸς γυμνασίου.

Oh! would some god but lend an ear,
And grant a suppliant's prayer,
I'd be the gale that sighs amid
The curls of thy dark hair.

The dream that floats around thy couch,
And soothes the hours of rest;
The happy flower that gladly dies
Upon that snowy breast;

The harp thy taper fingers touch,
To murmur forth thy praise;
The starry sky that spreads above,
With countless eyes to gaze;

And thus my passion bids me seek
Whate'er thou lov'st, to be,
And envies every thing so blest
As to give joy to thee.

V.

TO HEALTH.

All hail! thou blessed visitant,
To cheer our sorrows given;
Oh! may I ever dwell with thee,
Thou brightest boon of heaven.

Wealth, wine, love, revelry, and mirth,
 Glory, and power, and arms ;
 Whatever of joy is found on earth,
 From thee derive their charms.

Thou shedd'st new beauty o'er each scene,
 New fragrance on each flower ;
 Even care beneath thy smile serene,
 Almost forgets his power.

Oh ! deign my humble roof to bless,
 Oh ! deign to dwell with me ;
 With thee alone is happiness—
 Each joy attends on thee.

VI.

Whence have I come ? where must I go ?
 Why sent upon this earth ?
 Alas ! alas ! I only know
 That all of human birth
 Must moulder to decay, and pass
 As quickly as the flowers and grass.

That hope is but a transient beam,
 Scarce seen ere it hath vanished ;
 And memory but a mournful dream
 Of joys for ever banished.
 All, all that seems like happiness,
 But vanity and emptiness.

VII.

Thou art not dead, my love,
 Thou hast but gone before :
 A little sooner past
 The cloud-enveloped shore ;
 A little sooner reached
 That blessed land of joy,
 Where never clouds shall lower,
 Nor angry storms annoy.

And soon shall I be there,
 Love calls me to the tomb,
 And holds his cheering lamp
 To guide me through the gloom.
 Then drink not Lethe's stream
 Until I come to thee,
 But cherish—cherish still
 Thoughts of the past and me.

VIII.

We will not yield—we will not yield,
 Though host with host unite ;
 'Tis freedom calls us to the field,
 And nerves us for the fight—
 How dare the coward cravens speak
 Of chains and slavery to a Greek ?

Our sires, unaided and alone,
 Could countless hosts withstand ;
 Could brave the might of Persia's throne
 To free their native land.
 Their souls would shudder in their graves
 To think their sons could e'er be slaves.

The soil they trod of yore, we tread ;
 Their footsteps yet are there ;
 The presence of the glorious dead
 Thrills in the very air.
 Strike home, and show still live the fires
 That burned of old within your sires.

Accursed be he that falters,
 Accursed the coward hand :
 'Tis for our hearths, our homes, our altars,
 'Tis for our native land.
 If they must conquer—it shall be
 Above the corpses of the foe.

IX.

THERMOPYLÆ.

BY ANONYMOUS.

Within the narrow pass,
 The warriors stood arrayed
 Around Leonidas
 Foredoomed, yet undismayed.

They fought as fight the brave,
 They fell as became the free,
 And found a glorious grave
 In dark Thermopylæ.

Oh blessed are the dead
 Who die for their native land ;
 And let no tears be shed
 To mourn that valiant band.

Yes! glorious was their doom
 Their fame shall never die ;
 Nor rust deface the tomb
 Where the Spartan heroes lie.

Children shall list each name
 Revered for evermore :
 And grey-haired sires exclaim
 Thus fought the men of yore.

J. T. B.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XLVIII.

DECEMBER, 1836.

VOL. VIII.

ON THE ORIGIN OF ALPHABETIC WRITING.*

A sober inquirer into the history of human knowledge must soon notice the slow discovery and uniformly tardy reception of truths, and the abundance as well as easily acquired popularity of theories and systems. Of nearly the whole of our real knowledge, it may be said, that the truth has been the result of laborious experience, research and experiment; and seldom exactly such as human sagacity would have anticipated—while the theory devised by human conjecture has derived its easy acceptance from its conformity with the impressions of the mind, and the seemings which have produced them. For the vulgar it is enough if it can be said for a theory, that no better way can be thought of to explain a fact. And similarly, where the ingenious enquirer has hit on the specious guess, which is to explain all that seems otherwise inexplicable, it is curious and melancholy how much he will take for granted, and what scanty proofs will satisfy him. These reflections we are about to illustrate at some length. They can never find an easier or fuller illustration than may be drawn from the curious and interesting controversy, which is the chief matter of Dr. Wall's work on the supposed discoveries of the Egyptian writing, and on the invention of letters.

To conjecture that alphabetic writing might—in that order of human progress which is so familiar—be the result of some less perfect mode of writing, seems to imply no extraordinary sagacity. It seems to follow from an analogy as gross and palpable as that from which the rude Indian inferred that the world must be supported by an elephant standing on the back of a tortoise. The transition of art from a ruder to a more refined state, appears the universal condition of the social system: and as the world grows older, the transition becomes more rapid and more perceivable. This law of progress has become an element of our knowledge, and instead of being difficult to conceive, it is hard to disentangle the mind from it, sufficiently to reason without prejudice on a state of things to which it is less or differently applicable. To perceive the real difficulties which must attend every enquiry into the first advances of mankind into knowledge, and the beginnings of art, requires more sound judgment, governed by more patient and self-denying forbearance, caution, and candour, than commonly falls to the share of the ingenious visionary, whose delight is among the mysteries of the antiquarian schools.

Before the requisite moral and in-

* An Examination of the Ancient Orthography of the Jews, and of the original state of the text of the Hebrew Bible. Part I. containing an inquiry into the origin of alphabetic writing, &c. London: Whitaker. 1835.

tellectual powers to dispel the day-dreams of theory can be brought into a field so foreign from their ordinary direction, and under circumstances sufficiently favourable to enquiry, numerous difficulties will have accumulated before them. A system of fallacious learning will have been constructed; expensive libraries put together; much costly scholarship acquired, and many fluent tongues garnished with the pomp of sounding and recondite erudition; much plausible error, and much sagacious conjecture will have been interwoven with that portion of truth which is to be found constantly mixed with human error. A system of inference and research, too, will have lent solidity and speciousness to the whole; and much just reasoning on fallacious principles will, as in many well-known cases, divert men's thoughts from the flimsy foundation. With all these warping influences, great reputations, like the nominal capital of the South Sea bubble, may have been made, and names haloed round by brilliant error, have been consecrated in the public mind. With these, the leading voices of the time, the reviewers and the diplomatists of the literary republic, not always deeply versed in the arcana of philosophical history, will have been absorbed into the current of opinion; and by fierce invective, or by the frothy special pleading which practice makes so easy—be prompt to avenge the scepticism which ventures to break the pleasing dreams of the archaeological schools. Such are the obstacles which await the hardy reasoner who ventures to look below the surface on which the prejudices and prepossessions of the day are floating. His task is no less than to effect a revolution in the minds of men. An error is easily maintained by a loose appeal to the seemings out of which it has arisen—it must be opposed, in opposition to these seemings. But this is not all—this exposure demands an effort which no specious system of popular error ever requires—the proving of negations—the actual discovery of truths which are at the remotest verge of human observation. Such is the position of Dr. Wall.

It was easy for Warburton to imagine that hieroglyphic writing passed,

no matter how, into alphabetic. It was easy to assume, without much scruple, the steps of this transition, on the assumption that *such a transition must have taken place, and that there could be no other way.* On the same principle, his conjectures found unsuspecting allowance: his theory was assented to, not for his reasoning, or the soundness of his analysis—for he does not even preserve the seeming of either—but simply as being the only imaginable solution of a seemingly easy problem.

This being admitted, that the alphabet originated from the hieroglyphic, it was an easy and even allowable step to put a construction on old authorities, according with the only sense they could have upon that hypothesis. This rule of interpretation is (with certain limitations) authorised and abundantly used. A little force, therefore, upon the construction of an obscure old Grecian, for the purpose of *making him speak the truth*, might seem no great liberty in the most ingenious of Shakespeare's commentators. The sagacious critic who discovered in Pope a philosophy which he never dreamt of, and converted Virgil's poetry into a profound enigma, might reasonably demand unlimited allowance for any liberties he might think it necessary to take with Clemens Alexandrinus.

This auspicious beginning of a science was not less happily succeeded by a discovery which seemed to confirm the hopes which it revived. The fact that the Egyptian writing on some ancient stones could actually be deciphered into a species of writing, which was at least to some extent alphabetic, was a discovery too grateful to the curious brotherhood to be very narrowly examined. Replete as even the first statements of this discovery were with inferences fatal to their expectations, they were received with universal acclamation. We are far from censuring an infatuation from which we do not pretend to have been free. It was too seductive to human curiosity to have the shadowy recesses of an unexplored antiquity thus thrown open to our eager curiosity. We ourselves became by anticipation wise in the "learning of the Egyptians." For an instant forgetting those damning proofs of barbarism, which are invariably mingled with all the remains of

these worshippers of vermin, and tomb-builders for bulls, we gave vent to our first ebullitions of raptured rhetoric in the pages of all the reviews; we hoped for no less than to peruse the state papers of the Pharoahs—to discover the first glimmering of the profound sciences of magic and fortune-telling, and delight ourselves with the glimmering rudiments of Greek mythology. With our learned brethren of the London and Edinburgh press, we committed ourselves by our authoritative sanction, as we sharpened our pens for the expected task of ushering the reanimated wisdom of these “learned Thebans” from the tombs of buried Egypt to the pale glimpses of Paternoster-row.

Dr. Wall has undertaken the invidious task of demolishing this recondite branch of erudition, and we think with much success.

As we are not without a strong desire to awaken the attention of many readers who have not hitherto felt any interest in the subject, we must endeavour to give in as few words as we can, a rapid outline of the whole question; after which we may be enabled with sufficient clearness to select amongst an immense mass, such points as we think sufficient to maintain our decision.

Warburton, who in his well-known work on the divine legation of Moses, endeavoured to prove the high antiquity of the Egyptians by an argument from their method of writing—endeavours, with considerable shew of learning, to trace the derivation of the alphabetic mode of writing from the hieroglyphic. His argument,* when cleared from the strange sophism which pervades it, (of this we shall presently speak,) amounts implicitly to this. From the observation of the great variety of brute sounds, men arrived at that very refined and peculiar analysis on which the *invention* of an alphabet depends. The precise steps of this process of discovery cannot be stated, but as this analysis must have somehow or other been made, it may be safely taken for granted. This being done, nothing remained but to

find a method of notation adapted to this new and compendious mode of writing words by means of their elementary sounds—this was effected by the progress of the picture writing into *arbitrary characters*, which from being first the symbols of ideas, became by an (*assumed*) transition representations of mere sound. This argument, the real value of which is concealed in a great measure by Warburton's method of stating it, (of this the reader shall judge,) and which owes whatever real validity it may be admitted to have, to the tacit assumption that alphabetic writing must have been invented in some such way, is supported by an appeal to authorities. Of these the most express and authoritative is Clemens, the Alexandrian. The first part of this argument turns, therefore, on the metaphysical consideration of the probability and possibility of the above mentioned modes of origination—the second, on the sense and authority of Clemens.

Long after Warburton's learned argument had been consigned to that safe oblivion which so often attends the barren speculations of learned commentators, whose arguments have rather been allowed to pass, because they were not worth discussing than for their intrinsic force. This curious enquiry received an impulse from the discovery of the Rosetta stone, and from the labours of Dr. Thomas Young.

In this century, some French pioneers dug up in the ditch of a fortress at Rosetta, a slab of black basalt, inscribed with characters of three different kinds. This soon after fell into the hands of the British, and was deposited in the British museum, where we have ourselves had the pleasure of examining it. The three inscriptions on this stone were all to the same purport, and written in the Greek, the sacred, and the enchorial characters; the authority for this enumeration being the inscription itself.

Here was evidently a clue to discovery. Some progress was accordingly soon made, in the obvious comparison from which the known might

* We shall do Warburton the justice to state his argument in his own language, when we come to examine it.

afford a key to the unknown. There was yet the seemingly insuperable difficulty of a lost language; and it was also too fond, of characters which by no means presented those precise recurrences which should follow the recurrences of the same word, on the assumption of alphabetic writing. By exertions of surprising industry and sagacity, Dr. Young overcame these difficulties to an extent which, we believe, to be the utmost the case really admitted. The study of the ancient *Ægyptic* supplied him with the nearest kindred tongue, and the adoption of a sagacious and ingenious method of approximate conjecture, enabled him to identify several names in the hieroglyphics with those in the Greek: and thus he discovered the phonetic use of several characters, from which an alphabet was put together.

So far, and no farther, the progress of discovery went. And the discovery thus effected might have cautioned the observant and cautious explorer against the indulgence of very sanguine expectations of a much further progress. This reading was quickly found to apply almost exclusively to proper names; and these were separated from the context by a species of parenthetical mark to which the name of *Cartouche* has been given. On a strict investigation too, Dr. Young ascertained that the remaining hand (the enchorial or writing of the country) was nothing more than a precise imitation of the hieroglyphics which they accompanied, and were therefore subject to the same conditions, whatever these might be.

Of this the first distinct result was the abandonment of Warburton's conclusion, that the epistolical writing was alphabetic; and the application of the inquiry to other assumptions.

During the now considerable time since the labours of Young, little, even allowing the utmost, has been effected by the greatest industry, aided by great ingenuity. Many able, intelligent, and learned gentlemen have devoted themselves to the ungrateful task, with an industry worthy of better success, and of which the reflective mind will regret the lamentable waste.

Dr. Wall, after proposing some strict definitions of which we shall presently state such as the understanding of his argument may require, proceeds to

show, on metaphysical considerations, that Warburton's conjectures were not maintainable. He next examines Clemens Alexandrinus, and settles the correct translation on very satisfactory grounds. His next direct argument is to get clear of the objection to be derived from the supposed discovery of Champollion—this he effects by establishing several decided limitations to the antiquity of the phonetic writing of the Egyptians, and by tracing its actual commencement to their intercourse with the Greeks. These arguments in their course, he extends to other cases of ancient writing; and having thus, with great learning and much logical force concluded the negative argument, he proceeds to trace the alphabetic writing to its probable origin.

From his title page it will be seen, that Dr. Wall's object in entering on the subject was altogether distinct from the professed students of the Egyptian writing; and that his investigations on the subject were but subsidiary to a much more important enquiry, the nature of which, however, essentially involved him in the difficulty of meeting such theories as contained decided objections to his own. Warburton's dogmas were recollected and reasserted, when the nature of his argument was forgotten; and Champollion's confident affirmations far outstripping his actual results, and received on trust by those who had prejudged in their favour, made it impossible to pass them by without the fullest refutation. This refutation is attended with such enormous disadvantages, that the utmost soundness of view and clearness of reason is hardly adequate to countervail them. The prepossessions of the public we have noticed. There is yet one much more serious, the predisposition of the human mind against the conclusion of his whole argument. His reasoning is anticipated by a sense difficult to be resisted, that it must be fallacious, because it leads to an absurd conclusion. The reader—struck by the magnitude of the inference—feels unconsciously that in the most conclusive step, there must be something wrong—some subtle artifice and minute oversight which he does not see. We shall commence our view of the argument by some remarks which may diminish

this unsafe anticipation, by exhibiting the antecedent probability of the learned author's conclusion.

"Not a single instance," says the profound Niebuhr, "can be shown of a state really savage, passing spontaneously into civilization."* Of the beginning of the social state we can, both in history and in the constitution of the world, discern marks enough, which go as far (and not farther,) as to confirm the oldest and most authentic record of Moses.

Now, there is one very important condition by which this truth becomes an important first step of the question on which we are to enter. The primitive forms of civilization were rude, simple, and unrefined. The earliest traces of history, and of the moral and intellectual records of the first nations, exhibit the rudest and most artificial states of the mind; and, what is here the point of moment, a degree in the scale of social advancement, altogether inconsistent with the invention of certain primary notions, arts, and institutions; which nevertheless, we can distinctly ascertain to have been coexistent with the earliest and rudest glimmers of civilization. Amid the first traces of human existence, may be discerned a few institutions preeminent in compass and fertility of application; instinct with the whole vitality of life through all its future forms; and if rightly viewed, not merely essential, as the very foundation of a building, to the

progress of society, but even refined and comprehensive beyond modern science to have reached: if indeed there be not some contradiction in the thought, which would attribute to science a self-creating power. These first arts, utterly inconsistent with the rude and simple civilization, from which they have been transmitted, gathering compass and branching into manifold sciences, as they have been handed down from period to period and from empire to empire, exhibit themselves among the far-off clouds of Babylonian, or Persian, or Egyptian antiquity, unaccompanied by any traces of their real origin, and apart from all the principles on which any one unbiased by a theory and accustomed to distinct investigation of causes, can account for them:—the real elements of human progress, in the want of which it never had commenced. To this rudimental department of knowledge we would refer language, the first and simplest forms of law and social polity—the fundamental notions of theology, and the first necessary arts of life. These first elements must of necessity be referred back to the first design of a system; which is, in fact, nothing more than their development. It is not of course necessary, or even probable, that the whole were communicated at once; but during the long periods in which the special direction of the first mover was required, the successive periods of advance may reasonably be

* One of the most fatal errors of philosophy has been, to seek for the origin of things in the observed laws and processes of their continuance. Such were the *dogmatiques*—such the social contracts—and such is Warburton's theory in principle. The most important correction of this fallacy we know of, is that above-mentioned. It will be found explained and enforced with the most consummate clearness and skill, in the Fifth Lecture of "Whateley's Political Economy." As we have made it the step of an argument, we must put the reader in possession of the general facts in which it is involved. Among the many known cases of the savage state, there cannot be traced the slightest progress towards spontaneous civilization. The efforts to introduce it have been attended with such difficulties, as to show that it could not have commenced without these efforts. So far as the first steps of human progress can be distinctly traced, they have not arisen from the savage state, but from external communication. Lastly, our actual knowledge of man, in the lower stages of education, and of the real workings of the inventive powers of mind, may, by an investigation too metaphysical for a short note, be very clearly traced to laws of progress, inconsistent with the notion. In the work we have referred to, the learned author concludes, that the progress of civilization begins at a certain stage, which he does not undertake to fix.—It must still be a point beyond such first steps as can be shown to be essential to progress—and have included those primary notions, which the savage wants.

supposed to have been met by precisely the infusion of its appropriate element until the whole groundwork of rudiments was laid.

To this highly probable source, both on general and special grounds, Dr. Wall's argument reduces the origin of an art, absolutely essential to that stage of human progress, in which it first distinctly and incontrovertibly appears, the origin of alphabetic writing. Such is a very summary and imperfect view of the previous probability of this question. We have, at the risk of being felt to be digressive by many, been the more particular in thus placing it at the head of the direct argument, because we feel that there is a prejudice not unnatural, to be dispelled before this argument can be fairly dealt with.

Before we enter on the discussion of Warburton's argument, we must bespeak attention to it, by assuring the reader, that although the fallacies which we have to notice are such as to give a seemingly frivolous appearance to their minute discussion, yet the most serious and important results are at issue; and depend on the inference, which is not exclusively applicable to Warburton's argument, but absolutely involves the question in its fullest extent. This, we trust to exhibit to the satisfaction of every reasonable mind. If, therefore, we should seem to dwell disproportionately on some points, which appear at first sight to deserve little notice, it will, we trust, be felt that it is for the sake of more distinctly expanding principles which involve latent difficulties. A main source of the error of Warburton and his followers, is to be found in the exceeding difficulty of conceiving justly, or distinctly analyzing processes of the mind in states or stages different from those with which use and education has familiarized us. In Warburton's essay (div. leg. b. 4, sec. 4) it is assumed throughout that the alphabet must have been invented; and that in assuming the most probable course of this invention, it could not be necessary to reason out every step of a process, which must at all events have taken place; the difficulties must, in some way or other, have been conquered, and if it be granted that such was the principle, it little matters how. In a word, the question was never fairly before his

mind; and he stepped lightly over those steps in which a more scrupulous and less theoretical reasoner would, with Dr. Wall, have discerned all its difficulties, and reasoned out the true solution of a question, which was not before the minds of his predecessors. Had Warburton been forced upon the support of these assumptions, he would not have failed to discern the vast chasm that lay between his premises and the inference which he endeavours to extort from them, and probably learned to share in the wonder, and concur in the inferences with which he charges Plato and Tully.

"The not attending to this natural and easy progress of hieroglyphic images to alphabetical letters, made some amongst the ancients, as Plato and Tully, when struck with the wonderful artifice of an alphabet, conclude that it was no human invention, but a gift of the immortal gods."

These profound and subtle thinkers were not so easily satisfied with a theory as Warburton.

The steps of Warburton's theory may be extracted from himself—

"Before the institution of letters to express sounds, all characters denoted only THINGS. 1. By representation. 2. By analogy or symbols. 3. By arbitrary institution." (p. 180.)

From this last he derives the alphabetic sign.

"The last advance of hieroglyphics towards alphabetic writing." (p. 125.)

These arbitrary signs—

"If they be signs of things, they can be nothing but hieroglyphics; if they be signs for words, they may be, and I suppose always are alphabetic characters."—(p. 130.)

And again, p. 153, he says—

"For those hieroglyphic marks which were SIGNS OF THINGS BY ARBITRARY INSTITUTION, partook of the proper hieroglyphics in being signs for things, and of alphabetic letters, in being signs by institution. And the contrivance of employing these arbitrary marks to design all the primitive sounds of the human voice was inventing an alphabet. This was what the Egyptians called their epistolic writing."

The reader is now, so far as our argument is concerned, possessed of Warburton's own statement of the se-

veral prepositions in the above sentence; and it is to be observed, that the "contrivance" he describes in the last sentence but one, contains the error which we shall have to point out as pervading his whole theory. While he admits the necessity of an analysis of sound, he reasons as if the invention were nothing more than the adaptation of signs to the "primitive sounds of the human voice," on the assumption that they had been already discovered. That is to say, that it was not the invention in question, in the only sense in which it is worth a moment's consideration. If the system of elementary sounds had been once observed, it needed no transition from hieroglyphics to find arbitrary signs for them. Our first step must now be to shew the improbability of such a transition. To follow this more clearly, the reader must have distinct ideas of the meaning of our language.

"Of written signs," says Dr. Wall, "then, those are called *ideographic*, which immediately express ideas; and those *phonetic*, which solely express articulate sounds, or the elements of such sounds."

A little further on he lays down the following important distinction—

"'Phonetic,' as appears from the definition, includes 'alphabetic;' but still these words are very far from being synonymous. All collections of phonetic characters are not alphabets, but only such as consist of a limited number of terms; for the essential principle of alphabetic writing, and that which gives it a decided superiority over every other kind of graphic system, is its being confined to a comparatively small number of signs."

The reader is now prepared to enter into the merits of the first question, whether or not the alphabetic letter, as it actually exists in known alphabets;—as it is defined by Dr. Wall;—and as it is admitted by Warburton;—could be arrived at by transition from hieroglyphics. Now, Dr. Wall denies that there existed in the hieroglyphic method any tendency to suggest or in any way lead to the discovery of the pure phonetic powers of human speech. To this proposition the reader's attention is particularly invited, as there has been much confusion from the oversight of confusing the phonetic sign with the

phonetic sound; and as we have already remarked, concluding from the one to the other. In truth, if we suppose the pure system of "primitive sounds" to be once arrived at, it needs no investigation to discover signs.—The enquiry would be childish in the extreme, if such were all its aim. The reflections should indeed of itself suggest to the reader of the divine legation, that Warburton's investigation amounts to nothing—unless this important chasm be supplied. We shall now, therefore, distinctly analyze the effort by which he attempts it.

"How this extension, from the idea to the sound, in the use of the real character first arose, will be easily conceived by those who reflect on the numerous tribe of words in all languages, which is formed on the sound emitted by the thing or animal."—*Div. Leg.* 156.

We shall presently offer some comment on this extract. But first, granting the assumption it contains, that the pure phonetic was previously known, let us analyze the proposed "extension from the idea to the sound." On this we shall extract Dr. Wall's comment:

"Now, that the formation of one set of arbitrary characters might lead to that of another set; or that the *shape* of letters might be formed on the model of arbitrary hieroglyphic marks, *after the use of letters had been learned from some other source*; and still further, that from associating the hieroglyph with the idea it was employed to represent, the mind might be led to associate it with the articulate sound which was the name of that idea in the language of the reader; all this is very possible. But that the use of a character, as the sign of an idea, should lead the way to its use, as the sign of something totally unconnected with that idea, viz., of an element of articulate sound, having by itself neither meaning nor sound, is a supposition which cannot be rationally sustained. Let us, however, take the case most favorable to the hypothesis of the transition from an ideographic to an alphabetic use of characters being effected by an intrinsic cause, through a natural tendency in the one use to conduct to the other; and let us suppose the name of an idea to be itself an elementary articulate sound; also a rude alphabet to be constructed of letters with syllabic powers, each of which de-

noted each a sound; yet even so, the assumed tendency cannot be made out; or rather, it can be disproved by showing that the assumption involves a contradiction. The mind of the reader will now indeed advance one step in the process, and pass from the idea to the elementary sound which is to become the power of one of the letters just described; but the very same principle of association which has occasioned this step to be taken, will put a stop to the still further one which the Bishop's theory requires, and prevent the reader from divesting that sound of its customary meaning. Thus, to give a familiar example, 2 is an ideographic character denoting immediately a particular number, and through that suggesting to an Englishman the word *two*. But it is possible that men might agree in using it immediately as the sign of the same sound, without any meaning attached to it, in which case it would become a letter of syllabic power, and might be substituted for the syllable to in writing any word of which that syllable was an ingredient. Both uses of the character are possible, but the former one never could lead to the latter; for in the numeric employment of it, the mind is conducted to the sound only through the sense, and therefore could not be thus brought to use it without sense. Indeed the ideographic use of signs, instead of leading towards the phonetic one, has actually the very opposite tendency, and draws off the mind from the practice adopted in alphabetic reading of using the elementary sounds without any signification, and combining these to form significant words. Wherever then is found a phonetic employment of ideographic characters, the phenomenon must have arisen from some source totally independent of, and foreign to, the intrinsic nature of hieroglyphic writing."

- Dr. Wall in this extract, points out very satisfactorily the metaphysical difficulty of the proposed transition from the sign of a word or significant sound, to the mere sound. And for this difficulty to exist, it is not even necessary to suppose this mere sound a pure phonetic. The first obstacle depends on the familiar principle of association or habitual suggestion, so well known to every reader, whereby ideas habitually received together, continue by some mental process the most constant and common we know of, to come together as parts of the same idea; so

closely bound up together that even when reason strives to disjoin them, the same law of habit possesses them indissolubly still together as equally performing this amalgamating process, whether the decomposition be by some essential link or by some arbitrary institution. Keeping this principle in view, it must be seen that if men were to invent the most favorable one and suppose a language, the syllables of which were actually alphabetic sounds, thus eliminating another great impediment, still that gas might escape before the result in question could be arrived at. For though this assumption amounts to the virtual possession of an alphabet; yet to discover this fact, we must suppose a very singular and unnatural revolution of thought. The whole texture of the spoken or written method (whether it be referred to language or ideas simply) should be completely freed from the law of habitual suggestion; and every sign or word be decomposed from the ideas with which it has grown together, and become one. The sign must have ceased to be the vehicle of either an idea or a word, and similarly the word must have lost the meaning which it carried inseparably. And with this added obstacle—which every one may easily recognize—that it is one of the laws of every medium of communication, that the idea or image is uniformly presented so as to exclude the word (*as a mere sound*) that is connected with it. The mind can entertain but a single idea, at one time; and if the word contains any, it must exclude the notion of mere sound. Now, if it be allowed, that the assumed process of transition from ideas to words, and from words to mere sounds (for such is the only construction of the method), is the first step as opposed to the natural operations of the mind, as the reversion of the blood in its circulation would be in the body; and that the second still offers the entire difficulty, of reversing a settled law of the mind, it must be felt how improbable even with the increased facilities we have here proposed, it would be that an alphabet should be arrived at. We have been assuming instead of the theory of Warburton, a purely alphabetic language, for the purpose of exhibiting the main difficulty alone. The extension from the idea to the

sound," though a variation of the mental process, may, either by accident or design, take place; but not by any natural operation or by any operative principle in the nature of signs or words. It could not, therefore, happen to any extent, or without the application of the most laborious and complicated investigation, for which the use of an alphabet would be itself an indispensable preliminary. Before any thing is gained by making the sign become arbitrary, much more is to be done.—The arbitrary signs must by some unexplained process become not merely arbitrary, but change their law of application and lose their significance—they must cease to exist. Retaining its existence, the sign, before it becomes alphabetic, must lose its particular intent, and become the representation of an idea of a *different nature*—it must be transferred from one sense to another. And thus if we assume this process to any extent, before one method of signs can be thus acquired, another must be lost: the learned Theban must have forgotten to speak in order to learn to write. It may be answered to much of this, that we have exaggerated the extent of the process supposed by Warburton—perhaps so, it is not worth contending. The object of the argument, to this point, was not to prove the impossibility of inventing an alphabet from any given data; but simply to show that in one method there was no tendency to lead to the other, and that where facilities were assumed, difficulties alone existed. There cannot, indeed, as we shall have farther on to point out, be a more perfect illustration of this fundamental difficulty, than the mixed Egyptian writing which has been actually discovered. Upon the most liberal allowance to the most sanguine interpreter, it exhibits the actual existence of the very difficulties which we have been endeavouring to explain. But of this hereafter—we must pass from this point, requesting the reader to bear in mind, that the transition required was from one *principle* to another *wholly different*—and that no system of signs can be supposed to pass from the analogy by which they are applied, into another; without first being divested of all proper significance.

Before we enter upon the next step,

the object of which must be, to explain the real difficulty to be encountered in the invention of an alphabet, we must ask the reader, distinctly to reflect on the precise description of an alphabetic letter. It is not merely the sign of a sound which has no particular idea combined with it, but which may be said only to exist in combination with other similar sounds, into which it enters, and is combined into a single compound. Thus a syllable of six letters contains them all in a latent form; and although it would be altered by the removal of any one of them, yet it is itself to the ear as single and short a sound as any of them singly. The apparent sound of the letter is a word that spells it—not that which it has in the syllable: *e. g.*, *be* represents *b*; while in the syllable *eb*, its real sound is different. Even the vowels, which are the exceptions to this rule, vary their sound, and are absorbed in the consonants to which they give use. To find them, therefore, implies the analysis of the human voice. This Warburton admits:—

"Yet the use to which this new connexion might be applied, would never be thought of till the nature of human sounds had been well studied."

Assuredly not. But in this the whole difficulty is involved. In truth this assumption—(which is very much like a method of birdcatching once familiar to us in our younger days)—may be logically described in language attributed to Mr. Barrowes—the learned writer "begs his premises and jumps to his conclusion." Such a refined and difficult process, would, (it is true,) lead to the construction of an alphabet, but by a method wholly different from that proposed.—Warburton cannot, however, be accused of altogether omitting the important step in which the whole essential process lay. His error lay in not distinctly contemplating it. To obviate this he seems to have thought any assumption sufficient; and accordingly he assumes gratuitously and boldly—and, unfortunately, without taking any care to reconcile this assumption with the other parts of his theory.

"But when men had once observed (and this they could not but observe early and easily, by the brute and inarti-

culate sounds which they were perpetually hearing emitted) how small the number is of primitive sounds, and how infinite the words are which may be formed by varied combinations of those simple sounds, it would naturally and easily occur to them, that a very few of those marks, which had before casually excited the sensation of those simple sounds, might be selected and formed into what has been since called an alphabet, to express them all. And then, their old accustomed way of combining primitive sounds into words, would as naturally and easily direct them to a like combination of what were now become the simple marks of sound, from whence would arise literary writing.

"In the early language of men, the simple, primitive sounds would be used, whether out of choice or necessity, as significative words or terms, to denote the most obvious of those things with which they perpetually conversed. These sounds, without arbitrary institution, would incite the idea of the thing, sometimes as its *audible image*, sometimes as its *natural representative*.* Therefore, the old marks for things, to which words of this original belonged, would certainly be first thought of for the figures of those alphabetic letters, by the ingenious inventor of this wonderful contrivance."

This extract surely exhibits to what strange lengths the love of theory can transport the mind. The subtlest analysis of *brute sounds* could never exhibit that which they do not contain—the elementary articulations of *human speech*: he might as well analyze the wind for them. And if they did contain these elements—the difficulty would be much increased by taking so large a compass. The letters of the most refined alphabet will, on a little examination, be found incapable of representing any sounds but those of the human voice, and those within a limited use of it; they could not, there-

fore, be found in any other. The "small number of primitive sounds" could only become apparent when the analysis was complete.

But, says Warburton, "In the early language of men, the simple primitive sounds would be used as significative words." Now this assumption is both groundless and abandoned the theory. First, it is groundless: for, not to say that no reason is offered and no record adduced, if we suppose the primitive language to be a rude result of imitation of natural sounds, it would be composed of words still further from the elements of human articulation—unless the fourfooted and feathered tribes can be first ascertained to have had an alphabet for their primitive language also. The probability is rather, that the primitive sounds were combinations similar to those of all human languages of ancient time, of which any record survives. A language composed of a system so refined and compendious as to suggest the principle of an alphabet, must have been perfect in contrivance beyond any language known. But on this we shall not dwell.—The rude and simple mimicry of bird and beast, of wave and wind, must have past away long before a system of picture-writing, having first become arbitrary, could next pass into an alphabet. The primal alphabetic language must have become complicated and extended, before men can be supposed advanced enough for this "wonderful contrivance." Thus it may be seen that both the gradual steps of the invention, and the study of "the nature of human sound" are by turns abandoned, as the argument requires.

We should have to apologize for dwelling so minutely on so flimsy a theory, but that, as we have already hinted, we consider it as a step in a

* "For example, (to use the words of St. Austin,) when we say in Latin, *aris tinnitum, equorum, hinnitum, ovium balatum, turbarum clangorum, stridorum catenarum, perspicis hæc verba ita sonare, ut res quæ his verbis significantur.*"—Warburton's Note.

A writer of Warburton's research must have been sadly perplexed for want of examples when he resorted to this irrelevant citation, which (if it warrants any inference) leads clearly to an opposite conclusion. Such imitations of sound could never have led to any analysis of sound; they are more complex than any other words, and are, in fact, a step further from the supposed analysis. It is the using of concealment to effect discovery.

more important argument. To remove the notion that we have been examining, we do not think that the discussion of the Egyptian, or any other particular writing, can afford any very clear advance in this negative argument, beyond a particular inference; without pursuing the laborious process of a complete investigation of each separate probability.

An easy extension of the argument, however, leads us to an inference more general, and enables us to conclude against any method of invention having been used. The steps of this are simple and obvious. First to point out the essential operations implied in the invention of an alphabet. And then, assuming them to have been adopted, to ascertain the consequences of such an assumption. Lastly, the question arises, whether these consequences are exhibited in any ancient alphabet. To pursue this question in this form, the reader will find it convenient to recollect that the important principle of alphabetic signs, namely, their limited number, depends on the fact, that there is a natural limit to the articulations of the organs of speech. And that the phonetic powers of an alphabet *are nothing else than the elementary results of the analysis which resolves language into these elements.* Such an analysis must therefore, necessarily, have place in any process of invention by which these results could be obtained.

Now there are but two possible ways in which such a process could be effected—the *analysis of words*, or that of the *voice itself*. The improbability of the first is clearly shown by Dr. Wall, who has demonstrated the varied obstacles to such an undertaking. Its complex nature—the latent existence of the elementary sound—there being nothing in words, to suggest either the letter, or the limit, which is the alphabetic principle: which amount to the fact, that the resources of *alphabetic writing*, and an *advanced literature* would be necessary for the operation. The second method—the analysis of vocal utterance—is seemingly easier. But what is here important to notice is, that any analysis whatever, in order

to arrive at an alphabet, must necessarily *pass through this*. The letters being, as we have said, *the elements of this very analysis*.

Next, assuming an alphabet to have been invented, and this *essential* process performed, the question we have to deal with is,—what should be the consequences; and are these consequences exhibited in any of the known primitive alphabets.

Now, assuming this method to form, or enter into the supposed analysis, the consequences are, first—that there *cannot have been any partial discovery of a few syllabic letters—still less of pure alphabetic ones*: for this process, may by the concession of adversaries, be assumed to be too simple for the subtle contriver to miss its entire application.* From this consequence the result is, that no partial admixture of syllabics, however approaching to the alphabetic character, could have arisen from the *invention* of an alphabet—though they might, from its having been communicated from abroad. An alphabet, to have any recognized existence, must be a system, and, (*as such*), complete, however rude. This argument applies also to the traditional inventions of Cadmus and other mythological persons. The letters they imported into Greece, if we give any weight to such traditions, must have been borrowed from an alphabet imperfectly learned.

Secondly. Such an invention must have, in its process, necessarily suggested many refinements, of which we shall only notice three. A classification; the vowels; and a notation different from that of the Egyptians: and *excluding the method contended for*.

The necessity of a systematic classification will appear, not only because it is a law of human reason, when we assume the mind advanced so far as to be capable of the supposed analysis; but from the nature of the particular analysis. The assumption on which it is applicable being, that there is a limit to the possible articulations of the human organs. In analyzing these articulations, it becomes *necessary* to class them, for the mere purpose of avoiding complication, as they could

*We should remind the reader, that this is not the process of invention contended for by Dr. Wall's antagonists, but tacitly assumed as a very simple step.

not otherwise be either distinguished, compared, or enumerated. The first step of such a process suggests the only point of distinction and classification that is susceptible of being otherwise noted by any characteristic mark—namely, the organic action by which a sound is formed. It is upon this organization that the assumed limit depends; and as modifications of sound are seemingly endless, it is not until this fact is noticed, that a distinct notion of such a limit can be seized on. The analysis must then, from the nature of things, be one of possible articulations; and it immediately becomes perceptible that there are articulations by the lips, by the teeth, palate, &c.

An alphabet, the result of human invention, would therefore, as necessitate, be not only complete, but classified.

It would also distinguish the vowel sounds as soon and as distinctly as the consonants; for the analysis of the voice gives each as simply.

Thirdly, it would exclude the phonetic method actually traced in the Egyptian writing of the letter periods. This needs no detailed proof. That method is not even pretended to be the result of such, or indeed of any analysis. The transition of a pictorial sign, through the medium of a syllabic word, into a letter,—were such a process not shown to be impossible,—could not lead to any such analysis. But, had such an analysis existed, or rather the precise and limited system of sounds to which it must have led, it should have excluded a notation of sounds in which there is no perceptible trace of any such analysis. The picture of a man, for instance, need not be used as a phonetic sound for the syllable man, had there been signs for the elementary articulations of the word—still less would it be used in combination with the symbolic method.

One, indeed, of the direct consequences of alphabetic invention would be, that of a limited notation; not merely because the convenience of such must be obvious, but because it is a necessary part of the process. The human mind cannot invent without the help of some species of sign, to denote its idea. An alphabet, therefore, consisting of an indefinite system of notation is impossible.

And lastly, which is a point of decisive moment,—the existing signs of words could not be applied to the added purpose of such an analysis, without extreme confusion of thought. The actual use, therefore, of the syllabic word, expressed by a picture or symbol, absolutely negatives the invention of the general and abstract method of the pure phonetic.

We may now dismiss this portion of the inquiry. On what follows we shall be more summary. The reader who has, without bias, accompanied us so far, will have studied no vain illustration of a fallacy but too common, in the solution of such questions. All difficulties of investigation can be surmounted, and the widest channels of argument supplied, if we allow the indefinite somehow or other, to have any weight. With this commendable instrument, to which Mr. Babbage's calculating machine is but a plaything, the language of bird and beast, the sound of wind and wave might easily be translated into the primitive elements of speech.

We pass to the question of authority. Upon a question which goes so far back into antiquity as to be placed beyond the limits of extant contemporary records, little decisive weight can be allowed to the clearest authority. The multitude of writers who have, after all, but glanced upon the subject, are, so far as their means of obtaining distinct information went, much on the same level with ourselves—in actual information we have attained some important advantages. Of these, most exhibit no accurate knowledge, and express no distinct opinion.

Any kind of writing may be loosely called letters, or assigned as their origin. To lay any stress on the authority of any ancient author, a special case must be made out to show that he had really any distinct knowledge of the subject. A vague expression of a surface notion, which does not even prove any thought on the subject; or the record of a national boast, such as history abounds with, can have no weight with a fair mind.

"These," says Dr. Wall, "might be disposed of; some of them, by showing that they had not at all the bearing attributed to them. And the rest, by adducing passages of an opposite

bearing, from the very same authors.

Of these old writings there is but one in which any decided stress can be laid. The authority of Clemens is direct, and, of all who have in any way touched the subject, has the best claim to be regarded as such. But the passage from his work, upon which the dispute turns, is involved in the uncertainty of a difficult construction. Its interpretation leads to the notions of the theorist, and must, therefore, to some extent, be allowed to depend on the light that can be borrowed from extrinsic considerations. The earlier theorists drew largely on such antecedent assumptions, and notwithstanding Dr. Wall's subtle and accurate grammatical analysis, he also derives much of his success from facts, which render the discussion of Clemens comparatively unimportant. His translation is, so far as he is concerned, true, whether his grammar be right or not. Warburton's translation was made to support a proposition which his followers have abandoned, and his followers have, each in his respective translation, uniformly found some dark corner for his creed to be extracted from. Dr. Wall's translation we shall give without much comment and without delaying to enter upon the controversial disquisition by which it is obtained.

"Now those who are educated among the Egyptians learn, first of all, the method of Egyptian writing, called *EPISTOLOGRAPHIC*; secondly, the *HIERATIC*, or sacerdotal method, which the sacred scribes employ; and lastly, the final or complete kind, the *HIEROGLYPHIC*: of which indeed there are two sorts, the one, *curiologic*, by means of the first elements (of words), [that is, plainly and directly expressive of words, by means of hieroglyphs employed as letters]; and the other, *symbolic*: [in modern language these two sorts would be called the *phonetic* and the *ideographic* species of the hieroglyphic method of writing]. Of the *symbolic* kind, again, there are three sorts; the first is *curiologic*, or plainly and directly expressive (of ideas), by means of imitation; [in other words, the characters of this sort are *pictorial*, being employed to denote directly those particular objects of which

they are immediate imitations]; the second is *tropic*, being written after the manner of *tropes* or metaphors; and the third is, on the contrary, *enigmatic*, expressing openly something different from the secret meaning, by means of certain *enigmas*, [which are of an opposite nature to that of the tropes in respect of their meaning being designedly obscure]. As an instance of the *direct mimetic* species, they indicate the sun by a circle, and the moon, by the lunar shape, a crescent. According to the *tropic* species they insculpt their characters in stone in three ways; partly, making such lesser changes or transfers of their meaning as is consistent with familiarity, [this is, such, that the object to which the signification of each character is transferred should be of the same family or class with that which it primarily and directly denoted]; partly, altering their significations in a more decided manner without the preceding restriction; and partly, changing their forms in a great variety of ways; [in the modern style of expression, the tropes, or characters turned and transferred from their primary and direct use to pictures, would be said to be formed by three operations; partly, by making the pictures *general* in their signification; partly, by making them *metaphoric* in their signification; and partly, by making them *arbitrary* in their shape]. Transmitting then the praises of their kings in narratives told in the theologic style, they make their inscriptions by means of these insculptures. Of the *enigmatic*, or third species of symbolic writing, let this serve as an example: as to the other [circumvolvent] luminaries, on account of the erratic nature of their motions, they represented them by the bodies of serpents; but the sun, by that of the beetle, in consequence of the spherical shape of the bull of cow-dung, which this insect makes [to deposit eggs in], and forms by rolling it round in a situation facing the sun."

A few words will point out the chief disputes on this passage. Warburton, whose object was to identify the Epistolographic and Hieratic method, with alphabetic writing, translates the sentence so as to refer to this method several portions of the following sentences, by means of which his view might be supported.* From this he infers that

"Clemens says, *the epistolic and sacer-*

* "Now those who are instructed in the Egyptian wisdom, learn first of all the method of their several sorts of letters; the first of which is called epistolic; the

total were by letters of an alphabet, and the hieroglyphic by symbols—the first part of the explanation is exact.”

It will be observed by the attentive reader, that Dr. Wall's construction refers to the hieroglyph, what Warburton's applies to the two former. The result of Young's research, however, places the point beyond all further comment, having clearly settled that on the numerous MSS. on papyrus, as well as on the the Rosetta stone, the hieratic writing is simply a modified transcript of the hieroglyphic.

“‘We discover,’ says Young, ‘that every character of the distinct hieroglyphics has its *corresponding trace* in the running-hand; sometimes a mere dash or line, but often perfectly distinguishable, as a coarse copy of the original delineation, and always alike when it answers to the same character. The particular passages which establish this identity, extending to a series of above ten thousand characters, have been enumerated in the *Museum Criticum*; they have been copied in adjoining lines, and carefully collated with each other; and their number has been increased by a comparison with some yet unpublished rolls of papyrus lately brought from Egypt. A few specimens from different MSS. will be sufficient to show the forms through which the original representation has passed, in its degradation from the *sacred* character, through the *hieratic*, into the *epistolographic* or common running hand of the country.’”—*Supp. of Enc. Brit.* article *Egypt*, p. 54.

We have thus to deal with the hie-

rogllyphic alone, and it is no slight fact, that while the recent discoveries have overturned Warburton's reference of the alphabet to these methods, the shrewdness of this acute observer has similarly rejected the hieroglyphic as containing the contrivance which he so justly calls wonderful.

The question being transferred to the consideration of hieroglyphics, several points occur which we cannot afford to notice. The main points are, do the hieroglyphics contain a method of alphabetic writing? Of phonetic writing of any kind, and what? And a question which has been recently forced into an undue importance, do they constitute a *written language*? This trivial point we notice first to dismiss it—it is liable to some ambiguity. The Egyptians, says Warburton, employed them “to record openly and plainly their laws, policies, and history, &c.” Now the question not unnaturally suggests itself, how this can be performed otherwise than by a *written language*? Assuredly, unless the word language be taken in a very wide extension, so as to take all distinct sense from the supposed question, it can.—Picture writing has no *necessary* reference to words, and may easily be supposed extensive enough to include the whole of that class of facts and notions which constitute all that can be discovered of ancient Egypt. It must be remembered that by far the larger portion of human ideas pass through the mind without any direct reference to words: the whole class of

second sacerdotal, as being used by the sacred scribes; the last, with which they conclude their instructions, hieroglyphical. Of these different methods, the one is in the plain and common way of writing by the first elements of words, or letters of an alphabet; the other by symbols. p. 402.

“In a word, then, the plain and easy meaning of Clemens is this:—

“The Egyptian method of writing was epistolic, sacerdotal, and hieroglyphical; of this method, the epistolic and sacerdotal were by letters of an alphabet; the hieroglyphical, by symbols: symbols were of three kinds, curiologic, tropical, and allegorical.” p. 142.

• The idea of some necessary and constant connexion between thought and language has doubtless been a mean of deceiving many thinkers on this and many other important questions. But there is no error so easily dispelled by a moment's appeal to the commonest experience. The ordinary objects by which thought is governed, are ideas of that class, which are often termed images, because they are recollected appearances of things. Any one who has, for instance, taken a morning's walk through the British Museum, shall readily discover how little words have to do with his recollections in the evening.—A name, when thought on, is but the recollection

ideas which relate to externals, occur to the mind before their names can be thought on, or to a great extent even known; and it is probably to this elementary principle that the hieroglyphic owes its best known uses: it was ideographic and pictorial, before we can prove it to have received any phonetic application whatever. Nor let the reader deceive himself by the laughable sophism—that it must be a language, because it must be read into language—such is the condition of expressing things: a landscape, a picture, a passion—seen, felt, or thought of, without any intervention of words. The strong association between words and ideas, conceals from the shallow how independent the thought is of the word, until we arrive at a class of thoughts which from their peculiar nature, are dependant on some conventional sign—e. g., *abstract terms*. It is granted that without reference to language, writing must soon cease to be intelligible.—But this is probably the reason why the language of Egypt has been lost, and why its writing is unintelligible, save in the modern instances in which the phonetic method has been partially adopted and therefore partially read. But to say a picture writing cannot be read is trifling—to call it a language incorrect. The recent discoveries, if this view be fully applied, seem nearly to establish the further point, that so far from having an alphabetic method, the Egyptians seem, until comparatively recent times, to have had not even a

written language in the lowest sense.—Nothing can be more certain that a great part of the attempts which have been made to decipher them, proceed on the assumption of the direct representation, or the symbolization, tropical or metaphorical of thought. In this question, Dr. Wall's argument is in no way concerned—for it may and indeed must be allowed that alphabetic writing in the strictest sense required by the argument, is not essential to a written language. Of this the Chinese writing is a proof and example.

According to the most liberal interpretations, and by fully allowing all that is on any specious grounds pretended for the Egyptians, their sculptures exhibit such a notion of alphabetic writing as to exclude all possibility of their being supposed to have acquired it, otherwise than by external communication. The hieroglyphic method betrays ignorance of the *principle* and *chief uses* of an alphabet. To infer that they were possessed of these, we must find some other kind of writing for them. And as Warburton's notion has been on all hands abandoned, there is no ground for imagining any such. There are paintings, and sculptures, and *papyrus* found in their sepulchral recesses—but the most prosperous excavator of buried temples and tombs has discovered no remnant of a volume or scroll of any writing but the same barbarian symbol, with the same superstitious iteration of solemn and shallow enigmas. They had no letters and required none; but

of a sound; and there is, in the nature of the thing, no reason why it should be more palpable to thought than that of a colour or a form. On the contrary, language itself can be shown to be, in a great measure, borrowed from ideas of sight, which are more necessarily associated with things, and therefore more readily seized by the mind. A man, accustomed to walk through a large city, can recall, instantaneously, a hundred turnings, for which he has not the names. A person who labours to commit to memory a series of names, or a description of places, or things, mostly begins by endeavouring to reduce them to some system of combined thought. Of this nature was the artificial system, Mnemonics, so much adopted a few years ago.

A people habitually conversant with externals, and not far advanced in the abstractions of metaphysical reasoning, would naturally adopt (had they even a choice) a writing that addressed the eye rather than the ear. The modern languages, accruing from the refined abstractions of ages of logical and scientific progress, are adapted to the expression of trains of thought, involving much abstraction from outward sense. Hence, there has been a slow revolution in language, from a long-continued generalization of thought itself. A new principle has grown upon the nature of the mind; and it has become difficult to think correctly of old things, because it is hard to disentangle the mind from its associations.

of this presently. We simply offer these reflections, to apologise for the scanty notice we shall take of Dr. Wall's elaborate argument to limit the antiquity of the mixed phonetic, of the Rosetta and other inscriptions, out of which modern ingenuity has made such wonderful discoveries. The great danger of Dr. Wall's having taken so extended a compass is this—that his real line of argument is in some degree concealed by it, and by being attacked in many unessential points, his proposition is liable to be dismissed by a side-wind. It is quite enough for him to prove that the hieroglyphic alphabet exhibits progress—imperfect use, and the evidence of being engrafted on the symbolic method. From these premises, the rest will follow.

The point of any importance which next presents itself, is derived from the necessity of disposing of the evidence which seems to arise from the mixed alphabetic writing which is actually found to exist in the Rosetta stone—the obelisk of Philæ—the table of Abydos, &c.

The difficulty of this is not very formidable, and Dr. Wall meets it by the various reasons which he has found for tracing it to the more recent origin of the Greek empire in Egypt. Herodotus, confirmed by Diodorus, mentions facts which lead to the inference that the Egyptians learned the Greek writing in the reign of Psammetichus, and it is not previously improbable that in the attempt to avail themselves of the convenience of the new method, the Egyptians would do so by a method which would combine it with that to which they were habituated: such is the actual process of the mind. To make the alphabetic word enter symmetrically into a hieroglyphic legend, hieroglyphic substitutes for the Greek letter would be found, without any stretch of ingenuity. While to suppose a method so rude, clumsy, and difficult as these phonetic symbols, to have been otherwise known, or in any way habitual, is inconsistent with all that is known of man's mind. So long as Warburton's hieratic and epistolic theory was allowed, this might be imagined. But this having been on all sides abandoned, the inference cannot be allowed to survive. The writing actually found to have been used, is re-

concilable with no supposition but recent use, and the engrafting of a new method upon an old one different in principle. It is absurd to suppose the inventors of the "wonderful contrivance" still ignorant of its only true use. Surely if the alphabetic system originated in early times from the application of arbitrary marks unassociated from their sense, to pure elementary primitive sounds, some documentary evidence of it should be found. This strikingly compendious and difficult contrivance, founded on a refined and subtle analysis, cannot be supposed to have lingered to the very last—the obliteration of Egyptian learning—in the amphibious form of a mixture of methods for which no name can be found, that does not involve some blunder. The inartificial compound of ideographic hieroglyphics with alphabetic hieroglyphics, could not have existed in a *land of arts and inventions* for two centuries, unless we assume causes fatal to every theory but the one proposed by Dr. Wall: namely—that the Egyptians derived their knowledge of the alphabet from the Greeks—that they partially adopted it for certain purposes, for which its convenience was too obvious not to be seen at once—and that it was, as the fact proves, chiefly confined to the expression of proper names. It was discovered that the ancient method of symbolizing persons was subject to the disadvantage of a confusion inconsistent with permanent record: the attributes which marked one royal character might belong to others, and were likely to be arrogated by the vanity of all—the virtues of their Gods too, would become the praises of kings, and in this inextricable confusion, Egyptian history would soon lose all its scanty significance. Such, in passing, we may observe was the fact: a remedy for this was hoped from the new method of recording the name instead of the thing. But it was imperfectly done, because the national, familiar and habitual symbol and picture writing stood in the way, and presented the difficulty of having settled associations to be broken up. We now come to see the actual reasons, in fact, by which this view is to be maintained. We cannot here enter upon the detailed analysis which is to be

found in Dr. Wall's book, from which a minute view of the discoveries of Young, Champollion and others clearly establish this view, *upon their own results and conclusions, and admitting all controverted points of verbal criticism.* Their discoveries may be said to terminate with proper names—these names are subsequent to the period assigned by Dr. Wall—the writing is partly picture, partly symbol, partly syllabic letter, partly pure letter; and further a gradual extension of this mixed method is demonstrable. On these facts, Dr. Wall's very plain inferences are—that the method was that which we have stated; he shows that no writing could have continued from extreme antiquity in this state, and that the ascertained extension indicates novelty and ascertains a recent limit.

To corroborate this view, Dr. Wall proves four decided limitations to the origin of this kind of writing—each of which commencing from distinct facts, meet at the same historic period. These we must be content with merely stating.

The first of these limitations is deducted from the facts which prove that at certain periods, the class of names were ideographically written, which were afterwards phonetic.

The royal inscriptions are frequently double. When so, the first has been called the prenom, the second, the noun cartouche. Of these, the former is admitted to be ideographically written in all the more ancient instances;* and until the inscription in honor of the Roman emperors. At this period the phonetic designations, hitherto confined to the cartouches, become diffused through both.

"This gradual extension of the system affords, I conceive, a very decisive proof of its comparative novelty; for if it was two thousand years old in the time of the Cæsars, there surely would have been no perceptible increase of its application in the short interval between them and the Ptolemies. But suppose the phonetic use of characters began only a little before the Greek dynasty, then some extension of it under the Roman dominion is just what might be expected. This is the first circumstance on which I rely, as indicating a limitation to the age of the whole system, and supplying a very strong objection against referring its commencement to an epoch further back than that already assigned in the reign of Psammetichus. And it is to be observed, that the ground of the argument here adduced is out of the reach of dispute; for if every character which M. Champollion claimed to be phonetic, were conceded to be such, there still would remain a sufficient difference between the Roman and the earlier prenoms, to point out, that, at the beginning of the imperial dynasty, the phonetic system of the Egyptians was in a state of transition—a state absolutely inconsistent with the supposition of that system having been established in use a great number of centuries before."

From the reign of Psammetichus, the change is traced by Dr. Wall, as distinctly as the nature of such investigations admit of: not only by very simply and satisfactorily disposing of the few objections and the very vague conjectures on which they are founded; but also by a very sufficient analysis of the examples in support of his proposition. Not merely showing the probability of the transition from the ideograph at that date to the mixed phonetic, but the very marked im-

* Champollion admits this in most instances, and Dr. Wall completely answers his reasoning in the remaining cases. The reader may be more clearly informed by an extract from a more advanced part of this work, from the evidence of the table of Abydos and Rosetta Stone, Dr. Wall infers,

"That the names of the Egyptian sovereigns were at first represented only by the prenoms, and that the nom cartouches were not added till after a considerable improvement had taken place in hieroglyphic writing. But, as the second cartouche was intended for a more perfect designation of the name, of course when a still superior mode of expressing it by means of phonetic signs was introduced, the new characters naturally occupied that cartouche. Thus on the first adoption of phonetic designations both cartouches expressed, though in different ways, the very same name. But when we come down to the age of the Ptolemies we find the prenom, still ideographically characteristic, representing no longer the principal name but surname."

provement in the method of both between this and the Greek sovereigns.

The second limitation is derived from a comparison of the catalogues of sovereigns of Egypt, made by Manetho, Herodotus, and Diodorus, from the same hieroglyphical documents. The nature of this argument and the force of Dr Wall's inference, will be enough for our readers. These lists differ so much, that it is impossible to suppose the documents from which they were read to be phonetic, though quite consistent with the conjectural reading of symbol writing. Again, this discordance diminishes or rather in a great measure ceases when they come to Psammetichus; thus confirming the former inference, that the phonetic writing commenced in that period.

"From his name downward there is a very marked improvement as to congruity, both of denomination and of arrangement in the several series; rendering clearly visible the effect which was produced by the introduction of Greek writing into Egypt."—Wall, p. 189.

This limitation is further confirmed by a very detailed analysis of M. Champollion's pretensions to have read the inscriptions on the table of Abydos; in which the wavering of the method, the inconsistency of the inferences are very satisfactorily shown. M. Champollion having affirmed that he had read the greater part of these inscriptions, is shown very clearly to have failed in the only two examples he ventured to publish. From this, and from the further fact that the comparison was made by striking out names from the catalogue of Manetho; it is made certain that no agreement has been made out between the table of Abydos and the catalogue of Manetho, so as to confirm the pretended accuracy of this latter. In the whole of this discussion nothing can be more illustrative of the true character of the whole investigation and its results, than the confidence which Mr. Champollion seems to have adopted both premises and conclusions; and the facility with which he has changed and abandoned them.

Postponing for a further stage of the argument, our notice of Dr. Wall's ingenious proposal of the true method of hieroglyphic investigation, we

arrive at his third limitation. The older prenom being ideographic, would originally have suggested the idea of the individual whose person it was designed to express—*independently* of his spoken name—with which, not being a verbal designation, it had no immediate relation, more than a picture or symbol of the same thing. An obvious ground of relation thus, therefore, arose, whereby the prenom, from merely suggesting the person or character of the individual, became convertible into his name. Thus acquiring a phonetic use quite distinct from that arising from letters or any directly phonetic principle: The nature of this was, that the ideographic *insignia* of this prenom, although directly legible into a compound of words expressing different ideas, became, by custom, the written substitute for the verbal name of the individual. At the period of the Greek sovereigns, it happened that several kings having the same name, it became convenient to add some verbal characteristic distinction. And for the same reason, their prenoms were to be also distinguished. Now it also appears that the first of the Ptolemies adopted a prenom from an Egyptian sovereign whose name cannot be discovered. The signification of the prenom is shown to have been that this ancient sovereign was "beloved by Phthah;" the succeeding Ptolemies were forced upon the necessity of some mark of distinction in the record of their names; for this purpose each succeeding monarch had simply but to change the prenominal insignia of his predecessor by the addition of some emblem or symbol. From the same cause adopting some distinctive name, (Soter, or Euergetes, or Epiphanes,) the graphic symbol became thus legible into the name, without any further relation than that of being *by coincidence* applicable to the same individual. The phonetic method, meanwhile improving, it gradually supplanted the older. This, while it may serve to expose to the reader a fertile field for errors among the modern decipherers, affording a beautiful evidence of the commencement of a series of changes, which, by running concurrently with, and exhibiting the growth and improvement of the mixed phonetic

writing, indicates unequivocally the precise period from which it must have commenced.

Dr. Wall deduces his last and strictest limitation from the table of Abydos, as this table exhibits the actual transition to have taken place in the reign of a sovereign whose designation occurs in the third row of its cartouches. This appears from the non-appearance of the phonetic characters in the older, and their appearance in the later part of this record. The investigation therefore is resolved into the question what sovereign is here designated.—From a comparison of the catalogues—from the evidence which fixes the date of the Flavian obelisk on which the same legend occurs, with a variety of coinciding testimonies, Dr. Wall leaves little ground for doubt that this sovereign was Amasis. The recurrence of the same legend, too, on many other monuments, seems to agree with the character and situation of this monarch, who was a prince of great “affluence, celebrity and power.” To these considerations Dr. Wall adds others, drawn from the internal evidence of the writing, and the coincidence of Dr. Young’s opinion, whose doubts he overrules, on sufficient grounds.

The attentive reader will have observed, that we have referred the real force of the *a posteriori* argument to the evidence of the admissions made by the decipherers themselves. The mixture of ideagraphy with phonetic writing, according to most sanguine pretension, clearly exhibits that it was used as a foreign language is used by those who do not understand it. This fact, when rightly understood, must settle the question. But Dr. Wall has pointed out a grammatic principle (c. vi. p. 283) which leaves no doubt on this point. It is the transfer, simply, of the grammatical relations of language to the relations of thought, which they actually represent, and thus tracing them in the hieroglyphs, on the assumption that they are ideagraphic. The obvious and comparatively easy success of this application, the agreement of its result with the admitted interpretations of others, and the consistent and simple extension which it affords of those readings, seem to fix the truth of the assumption beyond reasonable doubt. Now,

besides the proof thus arising, that the whole texture of the hieroglyphic writing is ideagraphic, it also exhibits, with undesigned force of evidence, the *real progress* of picture-writing from a simpler to a more improved method, proving actually the stage at which it would arrive by following the natural law of suggestion by which one step leads to another. The method mentioned by Dr. Wall would become obvious at an early stage of picture-writing: from the representation of things, action and passion, and all the physical modifications of being would consecutively follow; for all these have their *visible signs* in nature—the very notion of a symbol including that of substituting the sign of any correlative thought. Nor should we be surprised to find the method extended to any degree of refinement still preserving its essential principle of being ideagraphic. All progress tends towards the perfection of an art on its proper principles. And this is precisely the degree and kind of perfection which was antecedently to be looked for in the hieroglyphic. When therefore, we find its principle applied with so much apparent success, we are inclined to think not only that it is the true method, but that it confirms the general inference. It exhibits no empirical theory, but the known laws of human reason in the known way.

If after all it should be granted with some of the more recent theorists on this subject, that there is any decided reason to suppose the mixed phonetic to be much earlier than the limit assigned by Dr. Wall, it must yet be kept in mind that even this does not affect the general argument. It might be admitted, for example, that the Egyptians had learned the alphabet from their communication with the Hebrews in the reign of Solomon; and still on as competent grounds insisted that they did not *use* it, much less invent it. Although Dr. Wall, proceeding on his documents, has fixed a certain limit, his argument requires none to a much earlier date. He is concerned in two questions only. By what process an alphabet might or might not be invented? And what are the actual indications of the Egyptian and other antique writing? These points he has, we conceive, placed

clear of all the visionary guesses of the learned in this lapidary literature.—Rosellini may succeed in carrying back the invention of phonetics to any date that fancy may dare, and the arbitrary empiricism of conjectural system-building render specious; but, at the best, there is no sign of genuine alphabetic skill—or of that literature, the absence of which is disproof.

The records of Egypt, so far as the most laborious investigation has been able to exhumate them from the enigmatic rubbish of the hieroglyphics, are plainly not those of written history: with such their very existence, according to the most visionary of the conjectures and most precise examples, is plainly inconsistent. Nothing that has been deciphered can belong to a nation having a regular system of written language. The Egyptians have left no remains that indicate the theory of any science—no fragment of any form of literature. They have left no philosophy, no poetry—no language and no name.* For such history, laws, morals or religion as they can consistently with the analogy of history be conjectured to have had, no written language was necessary. The ideagraphy which we find applied to part, might serve for the whole.—Again, in these ancient recesses, where wonderful relics of such art as they are known to have had are found, there is nothing that indicates either literature or the stage of civilization which depends on it. If it be answered, that any cause within the opera-

tion of national change, may have destroyed so entirely all remains that could have belonged to the literature of a nation. Not to say that the assumption is gratuitous—we know that among the many accounts of ancient philosophers and historians who visited Egypt, there is no record of their having brought away any reflection even of such knowledge as seems to be implied. We have some accounts of grotesque and gloomy mysteries of superstition and wild and vague mythology—as well as some rudimental notions of science which absolutely fix the scanty limits of the knowledge of which they were a portion. There is no sign of a written language; nor no need for it; and much positive proof that such could not have existed. A written language would have been handed down through more violent and desolating changes than Egypt suffered. The Greeks would have preserved works which must have been felt to have some value: and some account of the learning and the history of a thousand years (to say no more) must have found its way into cotemporary history and language. Nations whose monuments have perished from the earth, survive in their language. Language is the more permanent of human records. The Egyptians have left their symbolled names, marks and inscriptions, the permanent record of their barbarism only—a magnificent and costly barbarism—but no more.

The necessities of a literature alone, would set invention upon so compli-

* The magnificence of the early monuments of art may be appealed to in evidence of the proportioned advance in civilization, which they have doubtless misled the enthusiasm of the antiquarian spirit to expect. But there is a distinction, which a more sober philosophy must quickly see.

The advance of those arts which result from the imagination and fancy, and which gratify the senses, are developed according to different laws of our compound nature, from those which have their commencement in the intellect. Of this there are many illustrations. The perfection of a statue from the hand of Phidias, may affect the uneducated spectator with a profound impression, while he is yet far beneath the level of attainment required to appreciate a profound application of a comprehensive principle. Ideas of the grand, &c. are replete with appeals to our passions and affections, as well as to our more refined associations; and were we writing expressly on the subject, we could easily point out the lines of transition, that separate barbarous art from civilized, and both, from that species of intellectual development which belongs to modern civilization, as distinguished from antique.

But, lastly, let us appeal to fact. The actual facts of Egyptian morality, science, and religion, which the very specimens in question indicate, are not those of a people having a real literature.

cated a contrivance, and the exigencies of much and varied writing would be necessary to bring it to perfection. An alphabet received from any of the sources of external communication which may be traced or probably conjectured up to the foundation of the Mosaic date, is easily reconciled to all that Champollion or his recent followers pretend to establish. It is a principle of easy application, to assume this communication, and then investigate the results in actual examples.—

The Ethiopic alphabet (see Wall, p. 105) will furnish us with a brief instance. It exhibits the effort to apply a consonantal alphabet to actual use, by presenting each letter in all its syllabic combinations. The analysis which discovered an alphabet would not have stopped at the easy step that remained, but by a simpler process have separated the vowel. But the analysis never having been thought of, the alphabet was extended by a process different from invention, but rendered obvious by application.

In like manner the Hebrew alphabet exhibits the same plain evidence of not having been the result of any process of invention. This is to be inferred from the absence of those letters, which would be the first results of the analysis of sound. The vowels are the substantive sounds, which first present themselves uncombined, in the study of vocal articulations. If, however, we assume that letters were first applied in the sacred record, it will be easy to account for the method being carried no further than the consonant, both from reverence and the analysis not being either thought of or required.

Dr. Wall, from many intrinsic circumstances, infers that the style of Moses, was formed on the hieroglyphic method. The book of Job affords strong internal evidence, both from its form and substance of having been actually written in that mode. The ideographic form of this language, which expresses every thing by graphic images and the omission of those auxiliary links of expression by which they should be linked together, exhibits, as strongly as the subject admits, that this book must have been written in hieroglyphics. The writings of Moses, while they indicate such a progress as the possession of an

alphabet must have caused, bear yet the stamp of a writer habituated to the older method and to a great extent shaping his sentences according to an accustomed style. The probability therefore seems to be, that Moses, the earliest known writer in the sacred volume, accommodated the book of Job to his collection, by a literal translation from the hieroglyphic writing, no matter whether his own or another's.

We are thus conducted into the positive branch of Dr. Wall's argument.

"If alphabetic writing be not an invention of man, it must be a miraculous gift to him from God."—Wall, p. 332.

The inference admits of no comment. The argument now, therefore, changes its character, and if the negative inference be admitted, the remaining step is easy and short. For if it be admitted that letters must have been a miraculous gift from God, it only remains to enquire how and when. That some evidence of a more directly affirmative nature may be found, is to be desired, but not to be demanded as necessary. The inference is absolute without it. We say this because the argument now before us derives something of its force from precisely considering the point to which it leads. As an argument to prove the fact, independently, it would be easy to overrate it, but referring to the question of time and manner, it assumes a decisive form. But we should mention its nature.

This argument is founded on the comparison of the accounts which Moses has given of the two set of tables, on which the commandments were written in Mount Sinai.

"Of the first set he tells us, that 'they were written with the finger of God.'—Ex. xxxi. 18, and Deut. ix. 10; and again, that 'the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables.'—Ex. xxxii. 16."—Wall, p. 333.

Again —

"When the breaking of the set rendered it necessary that they should be replaced by others, we find him ordered to write the second set himself. 'And the Lord said unto Moses, write *thou* these words,'—Ex. xxxiv. 27, 'and he wrote upon the table the words of the cove-

nant, the ten commandments.—Ex. xxxiv. 28.”—Wall, p. 333.

The inference seems too clear to require a lengthened discussion. We shall only notice a few of the considerations by which the reader of this argument should be governed. It has been rendered improbable that writing was invented: the invention would be difficult and unnecessary, and there is no evidence of its earlier use. At this time a necessity arose, and the first account of the earliest writing is given. This account is given in language which implies divine communication. But the question arises, why is not this extraordinary communication more explicit? There are no reasons why it should, and some why it should not. Dr. Wall mentions the modest and reserved character of the historian—some weight is due to the manner and subject of the communication. The manner was mysterious, and the matter too important to allow much weight for the mere circumstances:—the promulgation of the law made the communication of letters nothing worthy of notice. The formal annunciation under such circumstances was unlikely in the extreme. The forty days among the clouded summits indicate the commencement and the preparations for a mighty revolution; and much may be presumed to have passed which never could have transpired. The reader must bear in mind, that Dr. Wall demands no faith for a new independent miracle of his own suggestion; it is not even “the *dignus vindice nodus*,” to which he has resorted. The miracle was independent, and for the most awfully important purposes; the beginning of alphabetic writing, but an incident. One, it is true, so essential, that if not before communicated it must have been so then.

Dr. Wall supports his view with much acute and learned criticism which

cannot be compressed with sufficient clearness of evidence into our cursory view of his argument. We have rather endeavoured to mark its outline than to exhibit its real force, and have felt it necessary to omit many curious and some very cogent arguments. The essay concludes with a discussion on the nature of the powers of the Hebrew letters, from which the author draws some interesting conclusions—we recommend it strongly to the notice of the Hebrew student.

It is unnecessary to express a formal opinion of the merits of Dr. Wall's book. It exhibits every sign of a logical understanding, of patient and scrupulous investigation,* and of the application of no small discretion and common sense, to a study in which they are so much wanting and so little applied. The love of the Archaic is too nearly connected with the imagination, and the love of wonder and mystery not to require correction, and the check of a little sober scepticism. Dr. Wall must not, however, hope for popularity, but nerve himself to meet the fate of all reformers of prejudice and superstition. He cannot fail to meet abuse and hostile recrimination, and to be splashed with the slaver of antiquarian madness. But truth must be heard, and, however borne down for a moment, is sure to win all sound intellects to its side. It will be quickly recognized that the principles, the elementary facts, and main arguments of this laborious work are thoroughly secure from hostile criticism. Slight errors may and must be noticed. Omissions, consequent on not anticipating attack, may be noticed as not sufficiently guarded. But these are trifles, and the common property of books. We can assure the reader of much sound and valuable information, much curious and entertaining speculation, and a clear logical view of a difficult and profound enquiry.

* One defect of no slight magnitude appears on the titlepage. Why has Dr. Wall thought it necessary to publish, in London, a work printed in the Dublin University? There is nothing to be gained by this unmerited alight, which ought not to have proceeded from a Fellow of the University. It is a positive injury to the now admitted claims of this city to be the centre of its own literary talent. The same observations apply to Dr. O'Brien's recent publications.—Ed.

Dr. Wall's answer to the “Edinburgh Review” reached us after all our arrangements for this Number had been completed—it shall appear in our next.

THE MISER OF PADUA.

A TALE.

"Rest not in an ovation, but a triumph over thy passions. Let Anger walk hanging down her head; let Malice go manacled, and Envy fettered after thee. Behold within thee the long train of thy trophies, not without thee. Make the quarrelling apithytes sleep, and centaurs within thee be quiet. Chain up the unruly legion of thy breast; lead thine own captivity captive, and be Cæsar within thyself. Do this, or crime will ensue."—*Browne's Aphorisms.*

CHAP. I.

THERE lived in Padua, some few years ago, in the Via Rosa, a narrow street near the Albergo della Stella, one Geronimo Goldoni—no relation to the play-wright of that name—but a man of mystery and of might; of might, because possessed of a wealth so enormous, as scarcely ever to have been heard of out of a fairy-tale, or that family of the kings of the golden mines, the Barons Rothschild. Though the street was narrow and dirty where he lived, yet his gloomy and dilapidated palazzo was princely in point of space—the mosaics of its floors, and the paintings of its ceilings—but of furniture it was guiltless, saving the pall-like tapestry the spider had indefatigably woven for years. At the time our tale commences, it was some sixteen years since Goldoni had been established in this abode, and rejoiced in the title of the Miser of Padua. Difficult of access, morose and forbidding when seen, little was he known by his poorer brethren. His dealings were chiefly with the magnates of the land, among whom his influence was as extraordinary as it was universal. Was a loan to be negotiated between two countries, the supplies generally issued from his coffers; so that he was continually in correspondence with half the crowned heads in Europe; and not being of a temper likely ever to be guilty of making a bargain disadvantageous to himself, his footing was such in every court, that whenever either his business or his pleasure led him into other countries, he was as splendidly lodged, and as much adulated as though he had been a contemporary monarch. Was a nobleman ruined, Goldoni was the first to offer for his estate, palace, plate, pictures, statues, jewels, &c. &c. a price that

defied competition; and as he was continually completing purchases of this sort, he went on literally

"Building his fame—
Upon the ruins of another's name."

To the numerous gems of art he always had on hand to dispose of, he invariably affixed the highest possible price; and if any novice had the temerity to offend him, by offering him, nay but a ducat less than he asked—when they returned to give him his own terms, he was sure to adopt the sybil's plan, and double his demand. This laudable practice being pretty well known, his customers generally allowed him to have his own way in the first instance. In his house were to be seen a chaos of pictures, statues, jewels, gold and silver vases, of a most Belshazzar-like size and magnificence. Many of those fairy-like and exquisitely jewelled cups—the *chef d'œuvres* of Benvenuto Cellini—shreds of hangings, rare books, and rarer manuscripts, down to remnants of point lace, leaden looking charms against the "evil eye," and rags stained with the blood of San Gainerio. Skulls and skeletons, and defunct specimens of human deformity also found themselves amid the heterogeneous mass that strewn his floors, and made a good running commentary upon the gorgeous wealth that human folly had poured into this sewer of human avarice; but the owner of these himself served as their best homily. Goldoni's thin, bent, attenuated figure, generally clad in an old thread-bare brown surtout coat, boots that from their square toes and "lack lustre" hue, might have belonged to the great Frederick, and been bequeathed to their present owner after they had espoused all the dust of Potsdam, and

grown wrinkled under the sneers of Voltaire. In youth he must have been handsome, but the fire seemed to have left his eye to consume his heart, and the lines in his face were of that withered and furrowed kind that are more the work of those scorpions—human passions, than of the calm and even hand of time; the hair on his temples was thin, though his beard was thick, and had grown to a most rabbinical length. He seldom wore a hat, but one of those little black and gold Greek caps, which, like Scott's minstrel, though now "infirm and old," had certainly "seen better days;" his hands were long and shadowy to an almost supernatural degree, and though the choicest wines, "from humble port to imperial Tokay," stocked his cellars, one drop of them never appeared to have warmed his veins—indeed so perfectly bloodless did he appear, that no emotion of anger, pleasure, (if he ever felt it,) surprise, or fear brought the slightest tinge into his "sear and yellow" cheek—but the veins of his forehead swelled into a cordage that distorted his whole face into a painfully impotent imitation of phrenzy. Next to avarice, ambition was his ruling passion, and pride his corroding vice. He claimed (but always with due disdain, as though it were the least source of his pride) relationship with all the noblest houses in Italy. The Barberinis of Florence, the Colonnas of Rome, the Scaligers of Verona, the Cigoginas of Milan, and so on *ad infinitum*, and they so far from rejecting the claim, seemed flattered and pleased at his allowing it. Did a young noble make a foolish marriage, or do any thing else that required paternal forgiveness, Geronimo Goldoni was always applied to as being an infallible mediator, could he be brought, alias bribed, to undertake the mission—his mysterious and boundless influence extended even to the vatican—the papal seat seemed but part of the machinery of his vast *fantocini*, and not an indulgence was sold, or a hat given away, or a state secret whispered at Monte Cavello, but what he had something to say to it. Though penurious to the extreme in his way of living—yet let there be but a pageant in any degree out of the common way, and the equipage and paraphernalia of Gol-

doni were not excelled by the gilded and purple triumphs of ancient Rome. At the music meeting at Verona, when all the Emperors were assembled there, and standing room even was not to be had for love or money, his was the most ostentatiously gorgeous seat in the amphitheatre; and at a fete the Admiral of the Fleet gave at Venice some years after, the dull and silent waters of the Adriatic seemed flushed and noisy with the splendour of his flotilla, which might have rivalled the voluptuous magnificence of Cleopatra's on the Cydnus. He disdained the funeral trappings of the other gondolas, and the one especially occupied by himself was inlaid with ivory and gold of the most exquisite workmanship—the awning was of violet velvet richly embroidered, the cushions of the same, stuffed with the softest eider down, within whose soft mazes Geronimo lay ensconced in his usual mean attire, looking as though he endured every thing, and enjoyed nothing, with an expression of inward suffering more befitting a Procrustes bed than so luxurious a *dolce far niente*. This strange being had one daughter, who was, indeed,

"All that painting could express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love,"

even in her own sweet land of painting and of love; but whether her father most loved or hated her, it would have been impossible to decide from the contradictory inequalities of his manner and conduct towards her. Her education had been attended to, beyond that of most of her countrywomen. Italy could produce few such linguists as she was. English, German, Spanish, Latin, and French (of course) she knew, spoke, and wrote with the uttermost correctness and fluency. Selfishness on the part of her father might have contributed greatly to this knowledge; as, with his innumerable foreign correspondents, it was of infinite use to him. But as a painter and a musician, she boasted equal excellence. Sometimes, for days together he would not see her, and if he met her accidentally his looks were such that she dared not encounter them. Then, suddenly, without any apparent cause, he would summon her into his presence, and she was again

his *Carissima Guilietta*, his *Ragazza Bellissima*, his *Solo Tesoro*.

Of her mother she had never directly or indirectly heard. Once, and only once, she had ventured to ask her father, how old she was when her mother died, and this simple and very natural question threw him into such a paroxysm of rage, that it effectually terrified her into silence for ever after. Though of his two moods towards her, tenderness and moroseness, the latter, on an average, predominated, yet if her head but ached, he seemed perfectly miserable, and thought no trouble or expense sufficient to procure her ease; but, notwithstanding all this, with one of those strange anomalies in his character, he kept her to her embroidery frame as assiduously as if both their subsistence had depended upon it; compelling her to dispose of her work at the highest possible price, and even carry it home, unattended, to the most distant parts of the city. But whether from fear of the all-powerful miser, or respect for his daughter, who was known to every living soul in Padua, certain it is that in spite of her surpassing beauty she went and came on all these to her painful and degrading missions perfectly unmolested. With all Goldoni's inordinate pride, he seemed to take a fierce and unnatural delight in humiliating her,—his beautiful, his only child. Often, when she would look with a natural, but melancholy curiosity at the innumerable treasures that vice and folly were pouring into her father's minotaur of a warehouse, he would angrily bid her not covet his wealth, as God knew whether he should leave her any of it. All depended. She might be a beggar. No one had cared how they had beggared *him*—how they had robbed him of much more than the rubbish she saw there. She had better get away to her work, as, by-and-by, she might be glad enough to earn her bread,—and a great deal more of such incoherent rhapsodies, which generally sent poor Guilietta away weeping to her room, and left him gloomy and morose for days.

The report of Guilietta's beauty and talents, but still more the certainty of her father's enormous wealth, had already procured for her, though scarcely seventeen, offers of marriage

from some of the noblest houses in Italy, the heads of which were, to be sure, a little distressed. But Goldoni took supreme delight in rejecting them all, as laconically and as haughtily as possible; and the higher the rank of the parties soliciting the alliance, the more pains he took to assure them, that if he ever allowed her to marry at all, he should look much higher for his daughter.

In the pageants before alluded to, Guilietta had been too young to appear; and as she advanced in years, her father thought the less she was seen in public (always excepting the journeys she made to sell her work) and the more she confined herself to the society of her *Dame de Compagnie*, and fellow *Brodeuse* Bianca Saterelli, the better; so that the solitary pleasurable episode in poor Guilietta's life had been an excursion, one summer, to Milan, which had by no means intoxicated her, as the extent of her dissipation consisted in one drive on the Corso, one visit to La Scala, and the *ne plus ultra* of seeing an amateur play, which the good citizens of Milan, in their Anglo mania, meant to be purely English; consequently, the scene was laid in England,—time, beginning of the reign of George the Third,—*dramatis persona*, *Miss Molly*, *Lord Jenny*! *Meestrius Snap*, and an apocryphal impropriety, an anonymous Abigail, all dressed as only English people,—and English people in the *war* could dress! But this was not all; the aider and abettor of the loves of *Miss Molly* and *Lord Jenny*! was no less a personage than Shakspeare! the immortal Shakspeare—our own Will,—who certainly never dreamt (except it was when he prophetically wrote, "To what base uses may we come at last!") that he should be turned into such a Will-o'-the-wisp, as to become the scape-goat of an Italian comedy. *Tempo*, George the Third! And indeed had that illustrious monarch seen the aforesaid comedy, he might, with that philosophical acumen which so particularly distinguished him—and which led him to wonder how the apples ever got into a pudding—have wondered still more how poor Shakspeare ever got into this most curious production.

As, for Guilietta, whose knowledge of English had given Shakespeare one idolater the more, her start was even greater than that of Miss Hawkins' classical friend, at finding the exclamation "Herolé!" in a translation of the "Amphitryon!" of Plautus. Such

having been the extent of Guilietta's experience of worldly delights, it was no wonder that she unnumberingly resigned herself to the time of life her father seemed to have chalked out for her.

CHAP. II.

"Oh there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine thro' the heart;
New as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years!
As tho' the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!"

MOORE.

"Dear Bianca," said Guilietta one morning, to her half-companion, half-duenna, "I am most selfishly sorry that you should be so unwell this morning, for I have finished the Principessa San Teodora's scarf,—and I do not know how it is, but I always hate going to those great people; not but what they are more civil than their inferiors, but their very civility humiliates me. Besides, it was to you she gave the directions about it, and if it is wrong, I shall not know what to say."

"Bah! bah! *Bambina*," said the invalid, between a laugh and a cough. "The Principessa is one of the sweetest ladies in all Padua, and if she had but a mate to match her, the old town would have something worth looking at beside the College. But the devil took to early rising while his education was going on; and there is no vice but what he gave him a smattering of. Still, give him his due, he has had the moderation not to propagate them; for he is childless. But then again, every thing has a wrong side to it; for it is somewhat churlish of the Principessa to copy the Venus of Praxiteles, and not leave the world her fellow."

A violent fit of coughing interrupted the good lady's harangue, and Guilietta had by this time put on the long, white muslin veil, which the middle classes of her countrywomen always wear, and which costume her father (notwithstanding his overweening pride) had commanded her to adopt. She took up the work, which

Bianca had folded into a little parcel, with a heaviness of heart which long custom, even, had not enabled her to subdue, and kissing her companion, bid her good-by, with an assurance that she would not be long away from her.

A quarter of an hour's walking, at her usual rapid pace, brought her to the Palazzo San Teodora. She had not long to wait, before she was conducted by a servant into the apartments of the Principessa. At the end of one of those long Italian pictured and pillared galleries sat, on a faded, but magnificent gold-tissue sofa, flowered with crimson velvet, a lady of about forty, of that gentle and moonlight sort of beauty with which melancholy sometimes mellows down features, that nature has originally traced with a sunbeam of more than usual brightness; her head was bent over a drawing she was finishing; a little, Blenheim dog sat beside her, with ears erect at Guilietta's appearance, and a collar of little, round, silver-bells, like those on the little dogs in Titian's pictures. At the other end of the sofa sat a young man of a princely mein, whose beauty was not quite that of his country, inasmuch as his eyes were blue, and his hair not very dark, though out of a full light it might have appeared so. He was reading to the lady when the miser's daughter entered. It was the second canto of the "Inferno," where Dante describes, in words that are between tears and blood, how the Almighty, in his good-

ness, has delegated to Beatrice the task of watching over the sinful mortal who had loved her with such undying love. Guilietta only caught the words :—

“L' amico mio, e non della ventura.”

Often had she read and admired the passage, but never had she felt all its meaning so intensely before. She stood for about a minute, suppressing her breath lest she should lose a single tone of the deep, low voice that uttered those thrilling words. It was not till that voice ceased, and the speaker, raising his eyes suddenly from the book, met her's, that she recollected her errand, and crimsoning to the very temples, she presented her work to the Principessa, expressing a hope that it would meet with her approbation.

The lady, after examining it minutely said, with a most gracious smile, that it greatly exceeded her expectation, and that she hoped Guilietta was sufficiently disengaged to undertake another piece of embroidery,—no less than a *calotte*, which she wished to present to the Pope, as she was going to Rome in about six months.

The miser's daughter answered, that she should feel much honored in being employed in the service of his Holiness.

“But that is not all,” interrupted the lady. “I understand, signora, that your father possesses a long row of fine Golconda diamonds, strung like beads, of the size and shape of large peas; I have in vain tried to obtain an interview with him, or prevail upon him by any other means to allow me to become the purchaser of so rare a treasure; his invariable answer is, that the time is not yet come for him to part with it. Now, if you would use your influence, and tell him that I wish to have the Pope's *calotte* embroidered with them, I am sure he could not refuse you.”

Guilietta shook her head.

“I fear Signora, if you have failed, I have but little chance of succeeding, and indeed, had you not laid your commands upon me, nothing could tempt me to broach the subject to my father, as whenever he has once expressed a resolution it always angers and irritates him, to have any one attempt to shake it, especially me; but what I can do

that I will do, and you shall know the result as early as possible, though it may be some days before I shall be able to see. I mean to converse with him on the subject,” added she, hesitating and colouring slightly. So saying, Guilietta courtesied to the Principessa, and, bowing to the young Cavaliero, (who, during this short interview had never once withdrawn his eyes from her,) arranged her veil, and took her departure.

When she reached the door, he was at her side ready to open it; and on gaining the first landing place, she looked backed involuntarily, and perceived that he still stood at the door gazing after her. The miser's daughter returned home that day more *distracted* than in her life she had ever been before.—She had not even experienced the humiliation and annoyance that she generally felt, at undertaking a new piece of work, as there had been none of the usual chaffering about the exorbitant prices her father compelled her to ask. On reaching home, she inquired whether he was within, and felt a sort of relief in hearing that he was not, as she dreaded the commission she had undertaken to execute for the Principessa. She walked slowly up stairs, and knocked softly at Bianca's door. The *entrata cara mia* that was coughed out by its occupant was no sooner obeyed by Guilietta, than she sat herself down on the old woman's bed, and after asking how she was? sank into a reverie.

“How, now,” said the former, “tired of so short a walk, Bambina?”

“No, not tired, but—but—

“But what?” interrupted Bianca; “I'm sure the Principessa is not the sort of lady to find fault either with your work or your prices.”

“No, indeed, she was all goodness, still I wish I had not been— How beautiful she is! and what a little darling of a dog she has. I think those little English dogs so much prettier than our own greyhounds—and—who was—I mean—I suppose—that young man that sat reading to her was her husband?” and here Guilietta looked inquiringly into her companion's face.

“Husband, indeed,” exclaimed Bianca so vehemently, that it brought on a fresh fit of coughing; “no, truly, the

sun must rise at midnight before you would see him reading to his wife, besides he is not young, and you say it was a young man, but describe to me this cavaliero, and I may be able to tell you who he is."

Guilietta put back her veil and fixed her beautiful eyes on Bianca, as though she feared the slightest inaccuracy in her description, would prevent her receiving the information she wished, as she answered.

"He is not *over* tall (I hate very tall men,) but was a most symmetrical figure; he has a beautiful head most aristocratically put on his shoulders—dark blue eyes; such eyes! if he had been born dumb they could speak for him; a very handsomely chiselled nose; *darkish* hair, not *black*, mind, Bianca—I hate *black* hair—dark moustachios—a very handsome throat, and the prettiest little ears, in the——

"Whew," said or rather whistled out the old woman; "bless the child, what an inventory she's made of the man; but it's so correct that without spectacles I see before me the young Count Antonio di Nova!"

"And who is Count Antonia di Nova, mia madre?" said Guilietta.

"Who is he!—why—who should he be but Nephew to the Principe San Teodora—his own sister's child, who died shortly after he was born, and as the Principe lost his only son at the same time, he adopted young Antonio, who has lived with him ever since."

"And has he never had any other child of his own?"

"Why, yes, he had a daughter a year after Antonio was born, but the poor little thing fell into the hands of the banditti in the alruzzo, and has never been heard of since. The poor Principessa was out of her senses for three or four years, but truly sorrows have come as thickly to her as blossoms to the spring, for she was in love with and betrothed to Alessandro San Teodora, the prince's brother; but as he was determined to have her himself, he manœuvred so as to get Alessandro out of the way to fight in Spain for two years, and then forging a story of his being married to another, and leaving no art or persuasion untried, in which he was stanchly backed by the Principessa's parents, (he being as the

elder brother a far better *parti* than Alessandro,) she at length married him, and has never known a day's happiness since. Shortly after her marriage, she had the unspeakable misfortune to receive a letter from her injured and calumniated lover, upbraiding her with her treachery and inconstancy, (for the Principe had taken care to misrepresent her as much to his brother, as he had traduced him to her.) Alessandro concluded his letter by saying, 'that she nor his brother should ever hear of him more, till time had avenged him, and punished them.'"

"And have they never heard of him since?" asked Guilietta.

"Never!" said Bianca; "and it is supposed that he died soon after his disappearance, for——"

Here their colloquy was interrupted by Goldoni's hoarse thin voice calling from the foot of the stairs: "Guilietta, Guilietta, where art thou child? haste, I want thee."

"I am coming, father," said she opening the door.

"God grant he be not in one of his tremontanas," said the old woman, "for he is seldom in haste but what he is in anger—*Madre de Dio*, protect the poor child!"

"Amen," said Guilietta, as she flew down the wide and desolate steps to meet her father, whom she found encircling two dark-looking leathern bags, which rested on the ample balustrade, while his head was thrown back looking up the stairs for his daughter's appearance, and his right foot kept up an impatient tattoo upon the first step of the stairs.

"Here, child," said he, "undo the keys from my girdle, and follow, or rather go before me and open the door of the coin room, for I have a day's work for you, and a treasure worthy of Ghino di Tacco, the illustrious brigande, whom Dante and Boccaccio make such honourable mention of, and whom the Pope knighted because he always robbed so aristocratically, that is, by wholesale. *Corpo di Baccho*, the Popes of those times were fine fellows, and knew what was due to a gentleman; but now, you never hear of their encouraging any robberies, beyond the pale of the church. No, they and the cardinals are all pirates, their pillages being confined to the *see* in truth; the

benefits of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which used to be so abundant to those philanthropists, who are all for the distribution of wealth, are now exclusively restricted to the Holy See.—Look,” continued he, as with considerable exertion he succeeded in lifting the huge bags from off the balustrade—“Look, Piccolina, here are gold coins of all sizes, from the time of the Emperor Claudius, down to the last of the Tribunes; and I’ll warrant Cola’s head will be safer in my keeping, than it ever was on his own shoulders; and you, my *Rosamunda*, shall have the amusement of sorting and classing them, which, as I before said, will be a nice day’s work for you.”

Guilietta was delighted to see her father in such unusually good humour, thinking it would give her a favourable opportunity of making the Principessa San Teodora’s request, touching the string of diamonds, and therefore expressed her eagerness to begin her task.

Goldoni’s small sunken eyes actually sparkled, as he laid the flattering unction to his soul, that Guilietta was beginning to feel some sympathy with his own sordid pursuits. How seldom is it that the *real* motives for our actions are known, (even perhaps to ourselves). Half the world believe that Thais made Alexander burn Persepolis, in the mere wantonness of female despotism, simply to shew her power; but it is quite as likely that she may have been instigated to it by desecrating a handsomer woman than herself, gazing at his triumphal entry, from the upper window of some narrow street, and the fear that *he* might see her too.

When they had reached the end of the gallery, Goldoni looked round him on every side, before he let Guilietta turn the ponderous key in the door; as none but himself and his daughter were ever allowed to enter there. Seeing that the coast was perfectly clear—

“Thou mayest open the door, child,” said he, “and take the key inside when thou hast done so.”

After placing the two bags on a long black leather library table, equally covered with dust, and tape-tied papers, he bid her sit down opposite to him, and commence arranging the coins; he then seated himself, and hanging his cap on the back of his high oak

chair, took a bundle of papers from the heap before him, the indorsements of which he began to read over half aloud—

“Humph! Cardinal Barberini’s letter; all Baccaficca’s, and Falernian—not worth answering—A hem!—Austrian loan sent to Milan yesterday—eh! Prince of Salerno’s three millions of ducats—King of Sardinia’s Herculean bronzes not sent yet—tush! the Sicilian Anchovy company; have nothing to do with them—ah! let me see, offer of the refusal of the purchase of the furniture of the Doge’s Palace at Venice, in the time of Dandelo; good speculation that—quadruple the outlay among the English—pshaw! the Marchesa della Rosa’s fourth offer about the diamonds—sha’nt have ’em.”

“Did you say diamonds, father?” asked Guilietta, pausing in her employment, and looking in Goldoni’s face with that desperate courage which fear alone can inspire, as she thought now or never was the time to make her request.”

He put down the papers in his hand, folded his arms upon the table, and fixed his keen small eyes full on her face, in perfect amazement, at her having, for the first time in her life, dared to interrupt his avocations by so impertinent a thing as a question of her’s.

“Yes, diamonds, child, didst thou never see or hear of a diamond before, that you seem so startled at the word?”

“Yes, father, but the Principessa San Teodora begged me to say that she would give any sum you liked for a string of Golconda diamonds you possess; and with which she wishes to have a calotte embroidered for the Pope, and I did not know whether those were they that the Marchesa Della Rosa wants, and I would rather the Principessa had them; and so I thought I would ask you, that is all.”

“And enough too,” replied Goldoni, biting his thin lips, while the veins in his forehead blackened, and swelled into that fearful cordage, that always denoted an internal storm; “and pray,” continued he in a taunting deliberate voice, pausing between every word, as he fixed his subtle eyes on her like a rattlesnake watching its prey; “may I inquire what Signora Guilietta Gol-

doni knows of that most illustrious *ho-no-rable* and *ex-emplary* lady the Principessa San Teodora, and how she comes to be so mightily interested about her?"

Poor Guilietta felt herself perfectly withered with the sarcasm of his voice, and the almost fiendish expression of his face, as he uttered these words.

"Scarcely anything," replied she, "for I never saw her but once, which was this morning, when I took home a scarf which I had embroidered for her; but she seemed one of those rare beings made to be loved at once, and never forgotten."

Goldoni ground his teeth, snatched a handful of the gold coins Guilietta had sorted, tossed them up into the air, caught them again within his clenched hand, and then bursting into a hoarse laugh, or rather yell, exclaimed—

"So, my young *Œdipus*, you have found that out, have you?—but she cannot have the diamonds—no, no, I have vowed a vow that I would never part with those imperial baubles till the object of my life is fulfilled—ha! you look amazed! and would ask what the object of my life is? a most laudable curiosity, and one that shall be gratified. Why, what should the object of a *doating father's life* be, but to see his only daughter married—yes, Guilietta, they shall be part of *your* bridal paraphernalia, when I can find you a fitting mate, one that I deem such at least; but you may go now, and hark ye child, tell your new *friend* the San Teodora, that she cannot have the diamonds."

So saying, Goldoni, almost pushed her out of the room and locked the door after her.

The next morning, Guilietta had descended to the garden on her way to the Palazzo San Teodora to inform the Principessa of the failure of her mission. It was one of those quaint old fountained and terraced boccaccio-looking Italian gardens. The Brenta flowed through it, shadowed by acacias that "waved their yellow hair" above it, and Inóbe-looking willows bathing in its clear waters. She stopped to feed a tame loorie that was spreading its gorgeous plumage to the sun as it flitted from bough to bough in a pomegranate tree. The bird, in the "wantonness of

its joy" bit her finger till the blood came. Guilietta made a faint exclamation of pain, but before she could bind up the wound she was startled by a slight rustling among the leaves of a myrtle hedge. She turned to look from what the noise proceeded, when, to her extreme surprise, she beheld the young Count Antonia di Nova.

"I fear," said he, advancing hastily towards her, "that villainous bird has hurt you severely; pray, lose no time in having the wound seen to. I will go instantly for *Giulò Chiavere*, he is the most skilful doctor in all Padua."

"Many thanks, signor," said Guilietta, blushing deeply; "but it is a mere scratch; I scarcely feel it; I am going," continued she, "to the Palazzo San Teodora, as I regret to say I have failed in obtaining the diamonds for the principessa."

"And I," said Antonio, "have come here to learn the result of your negotiation, and save you the trouble of going thither?"

While he was speaking, Goldoni appeared hastening down an avenue of lindens towards them, at which Guilietta looked excessively frightened, and the count appeared little less so; but it was too late to effect a retreat, so they had nothing to do but await the result. To their great surprise, instead of his usual frown, his parchment mouth had wrinkled into a smile, as taking off his cap and bowing to the ground, he said:

"The Count Antonio di Nova, if I mistake not?"

"You are right, signor; but I knew not that I had the honor of being known to you."

"It is your likeness to your noble father (who I hope fares well) that made me know you."

"And yet I am not thought like him," said Antonio—"but like my uncle."

"Those things will sometimes happen," replied Goldoni, and then added, with a laughing devil in his sneer, "but I have a talent for finding out all things, even likenesses—talking of finding things out, I yesterday made a discovery of some very curious ancient coins—perhaps you will do me the favor of walking in to look at them, and I may chance to have other things worth your attention; here child,"

continued he, giving a bunch of keys to Giulietta, "go on and open the door."

Never had she seen her father volunteer so much courtesy to any human being; and never had she seen any one towards whom she felt so glad that he should do so—did she love one whom she had seen but yesterday? It was even so; in our colder clime, such sudden passions seem unnatural, because with us they are almost impossible; but as in the countries of the sun, night succeeds to day instantaneously and without progression, so their inhabitants have seldom any of those long twilight glimmerings of feeling, which, with the children of

colder regions precede "the starry light and galaxy of love." With the former, too, love is like sound, the only thing capable of filling the *whole* space where it exists; and like sound it bursts upon them in all its fulness at once.

The sun was going down before Antonio di Nova left the Via Rosa and Goldoni appeared to court his society as much as he had shunned that of every other man in Padua; nor did he allow him to depart before he had given him a general and pressing invitation to his gloomy and silent dwelling, to the secret joy, but infinite surprise of the young count and of Giulietta.

CHAPTER III.

"Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckeless lot for to bemoane of those
Whom fortune in this maze of misery
Of wretched chance, most woful mirrors chose."

Thomas Sackville.

"Love, then, is fate, and fortune, and eternity."
Serles, Merchant of London.

Six months had passed away since the hour Antonio had first stood by Giulietta's side on the terrace in the miser's garden; and no day had come that did not find either him in the Via Rosa, or Giulietta at the Palazzo San Teodora; for once the course of true love *did* seem to run smooth. Goldoni not only appeared to approve their attachment, but to promote it. The principessa had almost adopted Giulietta, out of whose society she could not bear to be, and Bianca wore her best veil and pansey-coloured silk every day, that she might not, as she said, disgrace her dear child by looking as shabby as the rest of the household. There were but two slight drawbacks to all this happiness. Antonio's father had to arrive in Rome from Germany before his consent could be obtained to the marriage; but then there was no fear of his refusing what every one else was trying to get—namely, the wealth and the beautiful daughter of the miser of Padua; the other was even a minor *desagrement*. Goldoni could not be prevailed upon to have any intercourse with the San Teodoras; he said he had long renounced society,

and that it would be quite time enough for him to reappear in the world at his daughter's bridal, for which he had great preparations to make, as he intended that in the annals of their respective families this marriage should be unique. Things were at this juncture when, one evening, Giulietta, for the first time, had waited a few minutes beyond the appointed time for Antonio at their usual trysting place, the terrace, by the grove of lindens; at length he came, but without the joyous bound with which he generally sprang over the little myrtle hedge that divided the river from the terrace; he looked pale and agitated, and in his hand he held an open letter.

"Well, mine own," said he, trying to smile as he drew Giulietta towards him, "I have heard from my father at last; he is at Rome, and tomorrow I am to set out to meet him there, and —"

"And leave me," interrupted Giulietta, bursting into a passionate flood of tears; "then I know—I feel—we shall never meet again."

"Nay, my pretty Cassandra," said he, as he kissed away her tears, "such

a prophecy is worse than folly. It is true, my father *talks* of my marrying one of the Prince of Frauca Villa's Gorgan daughters; but then it is solely for her dower, and what is her's to yours; and there is no Jew in the *Getto* so mercenary as I am; for one ducat less, nay, one *bajacco* less than my own *Giulietta's* portion I would not accept of Venus herself; and I am sure my father will duly commend so much *prudence* in one of my years; besides the San Teodora's go to Rome in a fortnight; and my dear kind aunt has prevailed upon your father to let you accompany her, and he is to follow in time for our nuptials; so now my *dove-like raven* what have you to croak about in that most sweet and dulcet voice?"

"Nothing, Antonio, but that *I hope* it may be as you say—but——"

"But—me—no buts," said Antonio, taking both her hands in his and covering them with kisses, "it *will* be as I say; and now see, dearest, how the stars are coming out; have you never gazed upon the heavens till you fancied you had *looked the stars into the skies*? there, look at that magnificent one just above us; it is a bright omen, love! for when did such a star ever shine *upon the unfortunate*?"

Giulietta shook her head and smiled mournfully as she said, "Does not Petrarch mention the peculiar brightness of the stars on the night that Laura died? Were they not in all their splendour the night *Beatrice Vasi* betrayed her father? and did not 'a lustrous star of wondrous size' look down upon Bajardo, as he wrote that prophetic stanza in the last canto of the 'Innamorato'?"

"Mentre chio canto (oimè Dio redentore)
Veggio l'Italia tutta à fiamma e, a, foco
Per questi Galli, che che con gran valore
Vengon per disertar non sò che loco;
Però vi lascio in questo vano amore
Di Flordespina ardente a poco a poco:
Un altro fiata, se mi fia concesso,
Raconterovvi il tutto per espresso."

"But why, Giulietta Mia, look back to those unlucky stars," replied Antonio, "when we have so much to look forward to, the past of others should be no type to us, unless it has had a present like our own; and who ever yet was as happy as we *are*, and as we *will be*!"

In spite of all her lover could urge, Giulietta felt a foreboding heaviness at her heart that she had never experienced before; it was a train of those incommunicable warnings that the heralds of the dim future are apt to bring to those for whom fate prepares her worst, and which while they grapple with *their very souls*, "like to beleaguering fiends in fiery armour clad," are inaudible and invisible to every body else. It was not till a neighbouring clock had tolled twelve that Antonio and Giulietta separated.

"And if, dearest," said he as he returned for the twentieth time to say "*good night*," if your forebodings should be realized, and any thing befall me, remember, mine own, that no living thing can ever love you as I have done. There are *moments* in life to which fate lends the *power* of years and the wings of time, thereby enabling an instant to do the work of ages. Who has not felt that even a *word* can for ever scar the heart and bring on the *winter of life*? Sismondi relates an anecdote of Guariano Veronese (ancestor of the author of the "*Pastor Fido*,") who, having studied Greek at Constantinople, and brought from thence two cases of Greek manuscripts, the fruits of his indefatigable researches, lost one of them in a shipwreck; the grief of seeing the labour of years lost in a moment, turned his hair grey in one night! Happy they who cannot remember the *one event that made them old*."

The "if" in Antonio's parting speech had fallen upon Giulietta's heart like the knell of her last hope; the unhappy are always superstitious, and the faintest doubt is by them rivetted into a certainty.

"Yes, yes," said she, clasping her hands wildly, "*even he* now feels that we shall never meet again; that my forebodings are all too true;" and she sank down upon the steps in a state of insensibility, from which she was only aroused by the voices of Bianca and her father loudly calling upon her as they advanced, with torches in their hands, to the place where she lay.

"My poor dear Bambina," said the former, hobbling up to her, "what on earth has happened?"

"Why, Giulietta, child," chimed in Goldoni, holding the torch down to

her face, "how now? this passes pleasure, and love may chance to give you an ague; what! wince so, under a fortnight's parting, what wilt do at an eternal one?"

"I feel that it is an eternal one, father," said Giulietta, leaning her head on Bianca's lap, who seated herself on a step just above her.

"Pooh, pooh, not yet, child, not yet; death must part the fondest, but *that* is the catastrophe, before which must come the grand *scène* of Goldoni's daughter. The miser's daughter married by the pope himself to San Teodora's nephew! all Rome to witness my triumph: *your* triumph, I should say, and in the Sistine Chapel, too; for there is the last judgment! Come, come, cheer up, girl; my hand upon it, all this, ay, and *more* shall come to pass."

Giulietta shuddered as she took the rigid hand extended to her; and saw the fiend-like expression of Goldoni's face as the light glared on his dark and writhing features.

"Come in, my dove," said Bianca,

Thy parting looks at least were mine,
They still cling round my heart,
Like relics on some sainted shrine,
From life and fate apart.

The human change that aye must come
To every human thing,
To me may bring an early tomb—
To thee a second spring!

Then be it so—to know thee blest
Is all I ask of heaven;
Would that my joy, my hope, my rest—
All to *thee* were given;

Or that, like her the poets love,*
I parted from thee here,
But to watch o'er thee from above,
And guide thee to that sphere,

Which I have peopled with true prayers
For happiness to thee;
My soul is weary till it shares
Thine immortality!

Well sped the Grecian to life's goal,
That dearest dream to win,
(That e'en like happiness) the *soul*
Is ever born a twin.

helping her to rise, "the dews are falling fast, and bed is a fitter place for you than this cold garden."

About a week after Antonio's departure, Giulietta was sitting despondingly in a window, looking out upon the waters of the Brenta, that he and she had so often watched together. She had yet heard nothing from him, and she began to grow more uneasy than ever.

"I will go," said she, "to the Palazzo San Teodora, perhaps they have had letters; yet, no—the Principessa is too good, too kind not to have let me know if she had." Just as she was rising to go, Goldoni entered:

"Whither away, child? it is not often that I ask you to sing to me—for, sooth to say, it is not often I am in the humour to listen to music—but when a young girl marries, an old father has little chance of seeing much of her after. So get thy guitar, *Piccolina*, and for once let me hear thy voice again."

Giulietta did as he desired, and sang the following song:—

And oh! those gentlest ones that come
 Closest link'd from heaven,
 Most find it still their earthly doom
 Rudely to be riven.

But heed not that so dark has been
 The morning of our love,
 Since its eternal star is seen
 To light us from above!

Goldoni appeared lost in a deep reverie, so that his daughter had ceased singing for some minutes before he remarked it, then suddenly raising his head he exclaimed—"Oh, by the way, I have a letter for you—Count Antonio has arrived safely at Rome. I have another letter from his father, who joyfully consents to your marriage. You go to Rome with the San Teodoras next week; I shall follow in three; and then comes the end of all things."

So saying, he burst into one of his horrid yelling laughs, and flung the letter into Giulietta's lap, who was too eager to open it to observe the dark and sinister expression of his face, as with folded arms he strode out of the room. That letter made her as happy as she had before been miserable. She flew to impart the good news to Bianca, who thought she had taken leave of her senses, so impatient was she about every preparation for her departure. The longed-for week at length arrived that found her on the road to Rome, with the Principessa San Teodora and her husband, whom she had hitherto seen little of, and had always heard cited as a most disagreeable personage; on the contrary, she thought him particularly the reverse—but then, to be sure, he was Antonio's uncle, and she was in that happy frame of mind which makes all persons appear perfect, and all things agreeable. The truth is, happiness is the only thoroughly sincere, *undisguisable* philanthropist that exists—even the water at Siena she thought good, and the malaria in the campagna sweeter than the most flower-laden breezes of the Val d'Arno. The only part of the journey which she thought tedious, was the drive from the *Porta del Popolo* to the Villa Albani, where they were to take up their abode; but at length even that ended, and for three weeks she was as completely happy as any human being can be. At the expiration of this time, the morning

that was to see her and Antonio united for ever, dawned with even more than usual splendour. Albano and Tivoli were flooded with gold and purple light; every fountain in Rome seemed to throw up liquid diamonds as if in rival incense to the sun. Goldoni had written to say that he would meet the bridal party in the Vatican at nine, and had arranged so as that every thing should be conducted with the utmost splendour. True to his promise, Gialietta could scarcely stand under the weight of jewels that literally studded her dress. From Monte Cavallo up to the Vatican the ground was strewn knee-deep with the choicest flowers, and before the carriages walked beautiful children, carrying triumphal arches of roses, magnolias, and orange blossoms, like those used at the Festa della Madonna di Fiore at Naples. The Pope's guard received them when they alighted; and at the top of the steps were a conclave of cardinals ready to do homage to the Miser's daughter, and conduct the bridal party through the long galleries and private apartments to the Sistine chapel, where the Pope, in full pontificals awaited them. After he had bestowed the blessing, all the women ranged themselves on the left side of the altar and all the men on the right; then came the cardinals on either side, equally divided, and up this avenue of gorgeously apparelled human beings walked the sacristans, flinging incense from their golden censers to and fro, till the atmosphere was heavy with perfume. The ceremony now only waited for Goldoni; accustomed to lord it over every one with whom he came in contact, he seemed determined they *should* wait. Their patience was nearly exhausted, when at last the small door at the upper end of the chapel opened, and he appeared habited in a long loose gown of dark green velvet, embroidered

in wreathes of diamonds—round his hat was a broad bandean of the same, but more costly in point of size. Giving his hat to a page who followed him, he knelt before the papal chair, to receive the benediction, and then rising walked slowly towards the altar, bowing as he passed to the right and to the left. When he reached the spot where Giulietta stood with her hand linked in that of the Principessa San Teodora, he motioned to her to come forward, and looking round in his stern and peculiar manner, addressed the Marchese di Nova in the following words—

“Signor, you have consented to your son’s marriage with *my* daughter; in so doing I am convinced the *alliance* was all you sought, and her *dower* was no object to you. Honoured as I feel by such *disinterested* conduct towards me, I cannot repay it better than by evincing every candour towards you. The dower shall be what was stipulated—eighty millions of Venice sequins now, and every species of property I may die possessed of. So far things are as they were; but mark where the change begins. This young maiden is *not my* daughter!”

“Not his daughter!” was murmured from mouth to mouth—“*cosa stupenda!*”

“Not my daughter,” repeated Goldoni, as if in answer to the general panic; “but having played the part of her father so long, and, I hope, *so well*,” added he with one of his most withering sneers, “I am bound not to abandon her till I can find her a sire of at least equal merit. Let me see,” continued he, looking round—“this is a goodly company; the only difficulty is among so many where to choose. Ha! the Principe San Teodora—a thousand pardons for not recognising you before. In early life I had the honour of knowing you well; and your brother, Prince Alessandro, still better.” Here his wily and serpent looks seemed to coil round San Teodora’s very soul, so that turn which way he would he could not escape from them. “He was a revengeful, unforgiving wight that said Alessandro. If I mistake not, he left his betrothed bride under your care; you went a little beyond your trust, and determined she should always remain so;—you married her. Well,

brothers should be congenial in their tastes; but the silly fool could not forgive it, for he deated on her with all the fondness of ten thousand hearts. But he was poor, and *you* were rich; *she* wisely took you and left him—for what is one broken faith, and one broken heart in a world that might be paved with such? Well, as I said before, he was vindictive. At last you had a son, the heir to all your greatness; your sister, (Giulietta they called her,) who was married to my friend there, the worthy Marchese di Nova, had one also—born the same day. She died, poor soul, so did her child; but I know from good authority that Alessandro came and put your living child in the place of her dead one—and there he stands now,” shouted Goldoni, raising his hand solemnly and pointing to Antonio di Nova. “Hush!” continued he, in a hollow voice, “you have more to hear. Time brought you a daughter, on whom her mother doted; and Alessandro knew how *constant* and undying *her* affections were!” Here he turned slowly to the Principessa, and grasping her wrist with one hand, while he dragged the almost lifeless Giulietta forward with the other, continued, “Noble lady, you surely have not the ingratitude to forget the *kind friend* who, when you were overcome with a thousand pretty feminine fears in the Alruzzi, took charge of that daughter—behold him here!—I was that friend! And as he spoke he tore off the loose but splendid garment in which he had entered the chapel, and stood before the horrified group dressed and armed as a brigand, with innumerable cutlasses and pistols gleaming in his belt. “Take back your child—take back your *children*,” shouted he, *Alessandro is avenged!*”

One loud shriek rang through the chapel. Giulietta had sank lifeless on the step of the altar. Her mother bent over her with a smile; the light of reason had again left her eyes. She put her finger on her lip, and said “Hush, hush! you will wake my child. How cold the mountain air blows on her—there, there, cover her or she will be frozen;” and as she spoke, the poor maniac threw the gorgeous pelisse over her that Goldoni had thrown off. He turned to look at his work—one

solitary tear trickled down his dark and furrowed cheek. "Poor child," said he looking at the corse, "did I not tell thee this should be a happy day to thee; and have I not kept my word? for no human power can harm thee now."

So saying, he turned slowly away, and walked unmolestedly out of the

chapel—every one shrinking back as he passed, as though there had been contamination in his touch. Antonio became a monk, and now lies buried by the side of his ill-fated sister, in the Church of St. John of Lateran at Rome; but no one ever again heard of "The Miser of Padua."

ALPHA.

ATTRACTIONS OF IRELAND.—NO. III.

SOCIETY.

SOCIETY in Ireland is at present in one of the most interesting stages of its whole development. We are peculiarly in a transition state. Our present condition combines the characteristics of many epochs. We know of no other country in which the reciprocal effects of two essentially different states of society can be so closely studied. You can take your stand, as it were, on the line of junction, and lay your hand on one side on barbarism, on the other on the perfection of civilization. In travelling from Dublin to Dingle you travel through two centuries. It is like going backward and forward through the rooms of a well-arranged historical museum; with this difference, that where such collections exhibit only the productions of men, in different ages, this great depository of living monuments shows you the actual perpetrators of past times, and obsolete manners, in their proper persons. A procession on the stage, commencing with the gentleman of the present day, and terminating with the serf of feudal times, with shifting scenery, suited to each portion of the pageant, would be an interesting spectacle. Now, our whole island is the scene of such an exhibition, not acted, but real; not shown from behind a proscenium, but open to the inspection of all; not to be sought only at stated times, and in one place, but everywhere presenting some permanent feature of interest—some constant subject of speculation;—a panorama, indeed, of physical nature, a theatre of life.

Three distinct races of men inhabit

the island, all of them originally settlers, and all, more or less, dispossessioners of former occupants: for, who they were who first peopled our aboriginal wilds, is now a question far beyond the reach of human record. Partholain himself was but a Celtic Strongbow; and Milesius, if a Scythian, was no better than a Scythian Cromwell. The sword carved out a title to the lands which had been won by the hatchet and the arrow;—the musket made prize of the spoils of the sword. The same passions and the same means have brought us together. Love of conquest, and desire of gain, were the motives that alike spread to the wind the snowy canvass of the British galley, and the untanned hide of the Celtic coracle. The same tale must be told by the early historian of every country under the sun. The aborigines are nowhere to be found in any nation worthy of a history. As transplantation develops and fructifies the wild roots of the earth, so, generally speaking, must the races of men leave their original seats, and root themselves in a foreign soil before the sour berry of savage life will mellow into the sweet fruit of arts and industry. Race after race has now been transplanted into our social garden, and all is ready for the final engraftment. That consummation has hitherto been retarded by the necessity of circumstances. The amalgamation of blood has, it is true, taken place almost universally; but the identification of habits, not to speak of interests, is still lamentably incomplete. Let us, however, take advantage even of misfor-

time; and, while we deplore the differences that still remain, use some of them; at least, as grounds of a more pleasing speculation.

The design and order of our social structure are wholly British—the materials are nearly altogether Irish. The one race has impressed upon the country its own language and laws, and has imparted to it its own arts, sciences, and literature; the other has infused its blood so largely into the great mass of the people, that, with the exception of those in some peculiar districts, hereafter to be mentioned, there is perhaps not a single family of one century's standing in the country, of unmixed British descent.

The mother, it is said by physiologists, imparts her characteristics to the offspring more largely than the father. In early ages a nation, when it migrated, took with it its full complement of wives; and where it settled, it exterminated its predecessors—husbands, wives, and children. It was thus the Saxon blood came pure into England, and was perpetuated through unchanged channels for centuries. It was thus the peculiar breed, which has stamped its characteristics on the Irish people,—(call it Scythic, or Scotie, or Gothic, it matters not,—and possibly all are right, for probably all are one)—came pure into Ireland; and, despite the intermixture of Danish and Anglo-Norman blood, preserved, as it has done to the present day, its original features and dispositions. But, with the humanizing progress of Christianity, the horrors of invasion were greatly, though slowly, mitigated. Extirpation, in process of time, came to be no longer the necessary concomitant of colonization. The adventurous youth of overpeopled countries, bidding adieu to mothers and sisters, demanded, with the new seats they had won, new kindreds and alliances, where their grandfathers would have siezed on lands and habitations only. The feudal system, also, had its share in the change. The man-at-arms who had to follow his lord at all times to the field, was not in a condition to burthen himself with the charge of wife or family; and when the field was won, and the lord settled in his new possessions, the retainer found himself in a situation so remote and inacces-

sible, that all communication with former friends, for one of his means, must have been next to impossible. Thus, if the noble did not marry the child of the chief, the man-at-arms was sure to espouse the daughter of the clansman; and the second generation rarely failed to see the composed and regular Saxon features of the father sharpened into unwonted vivacity on the countenance of the half-Hibernized son. Irish, or semi-Irish mothers had then to be sought for the ensuing generation; and so the change went on, until, to use the words of an eminent writer on these subjects, "within less time than the age of a man, they had no marks or differences left amongst them of that noble nation of whom they were descended."

The infusion of English blood in the time of Cromwell was more effectual; for, the means of communication were then much improved; and the settler with his family could follow safely in the path of the victorious soldier. But the Cromwellian colonists of the better sort, naturally sought the alliance of nobler blood among the families of old English name; and those of the humbler class, gradually forgetting their extraction, also began to admit their native neighbours to occasional intermarriages; so that even among the midland houses, whose pedigree appears wholly British, if carried up only to the time of the Commonwealth, the chances are still in favour of a proportion of Irish blood.

But the measure which went most nearly to the establishment of a pure British colony in Ireland was the plantation of Ulster. This being the most important we have placed last in order, although in point of time it preceded the Cromwellian settlement. Here the way was cleared, and the place of reception prepared solely by the civil power. Here the settler on his arrival found himself surrounded by neighbours of his own nation, and often of his own name. The return of the natives was slow, and the condition of such as were tolerated on their return was servile. Men do not readily intermarry with a race who are permitted to mix with them only on sufferance; and many generations must have passed before the planter at length conde-

ascended to mingle the unadulterated current of British veins with these despised drainings of the woods and mountains. But, in spite of natural antipathy, the mixture has to a considerable extent taken place. Still, as a body, the northern colonists are the most unmixed race in the island. But it must not be supposed that by the northern colonists is meant the population of Ulster at large. The more prolific native, while excluded from impressing here as elsewhere, his proportion of peculiar characteristics on the population at large, has raised up in every direction of the province, a separate progeny, which only awaits the removal of fictitious differences to be received into a complete amalgamation with the British colony. Whether such an amalgamation would improve the character of that fine people is a question open to discussion.—It is certain that it would greatly mitigate that severity of manners which many consider a blemish on the northern character : but it is equally true that it must produce a taste for ease and luxury perhaps detrimental to their reputation of activity and industry.—Be the effects what they may, the two races stand side by side, like ingredients on the ledge of the chemist's alembic, ready at the touch of the operator to coalesce, and give to the world a new combination of humanity.—Who is to be the operator ? Who shall achieve that great experiment in the laboratory of nations ? These are questions, this is a speculation, in the solution of which many a noble intellect shall yet be employed. The Providence which has so long been bringing the materials together will surely guide them to a happy combination ; and for our own parts we have neither doubt of the means nor fear of the result.

In reviewing these various transplantations, it is interesting to observe what effects followed the different modes in which they took place. The colonizations effected by the most contrary means seem to have been the most successful. Thus we find the races which seized on their new seats by complete extermination, and by sole act of the legislature, respectively the most permanent : those which depended on a

partial exercise either of the sword or of the law, have melted much more readily into the mass of their predecessors.

Another striking consideration arises from the survey of these facts. While we are becoming every day more English in intellectual habits, in industry, and in prosperity, we, referring to the population at large, are growing, even in a greater ratio, more Irish in blood and temperament ; for there is not now, nor has there been at any time since the plantation of Ulster, any new importation of British blood sufficient to interrupt the regular process of Hibernization attending on these intermarriages which to a greater or a less extent have taken place in almost every family of the colonists. Thus any Irish blood that may have been acquired by the British race is secured at all events from diminution, while it is constantly liable to increase.—But in the mean time the great bulk of the community, which is more prolific in proportion as it is more Irish, continues in a much more rapid ratio to swell the proportion of native blood from year to year, and thus there constantly accrues a greater proportionate amount of constitutional Irishism—if the expression may be used—in the present generation, than in the one last passed. Whether the question, why is the one race more prolific than the other ? be solved by the economist or by the physiologist, the fact is the same ; and from this tendency, unless modified by some means hitherto undiscovered, the same consideration must always arise, namely, that as the Irish mind seems daily approaching more nearly to maturity, we ought daily to expect some demonstration of peculiar powers, such as have been exhibited by other races of men arrived at eras of full intellectual age. Hitherto we have achieved comparatively nothing. Our reputation has just been heard in oratory, and in the fine arts, but we have founded no order of polite literature—no school of general science. We now speak of the Irish race, of the bulk of the population, the men who will hereafter most probably give the bias to the national mind. We would gladly, if we could, claim for that race the honors of a

Geldsmith, a Berkeley, or a Gratten—but the men whose names have most adorned our Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen are British all by blood—all sprung from that noble stock, famous in arms and glorious in intellect, which Wellington and Nelson represent in war, which Newton represents in science, Milton in poetry, and Shakespeare on the stage. But we cannot all be Britons, and although we would gladly be even West Britons in wealth and tranquillity, we must be Irish in mental achievements or we are nothing. That we are not destined for the latter alternative, we have a well-grounded confidence. First, when we reflect that it is but eight and thirty years since the country was the scene of a sanguinary civil war, and that since that disastrous period, it has been almost incessantly torn by intestine strife, and shaken to the centre by agitation, we are surprised rather that we should have come out of these tempestuous times so little thrown back in the pursuits of peace as we are, than that we continue to occupy a position considerably behind neighbours who have enjoyed nearly two hundred years of uninterrupted tranquillity. But the consideration which weighs most with us in forming an estimate of what we may be able to effect in intellectual pursuits, is this. The Scotch have a national literature; a Scottish school of science, and a purely Scottish school of poetry and romance. The men who have achieved this honorable distinction for Scotland are not of the British, but mainly of the Irish, stock. It matters not whether Scotland was peopled from Ireland, or Ireland from Scotland; the Scottish race is the same in both countries. We will not enter upon debateable ground, and, although we believe Walter Scott to have been a Scot, and therefore of the Irish stock, as his name implies, we leave him to be claimed by Norman genealogists, and content ourselves with quoting Campbell, Mackenzie, Stuart, Mackintosh and Macculloch, all men of the Gaelic family, and all leading men in the several fields of Scottish achievement. If then these scions of our stock have so distinguished themselves under one set of circumstances, why should not we be equally or more suc-

cessful in another? The development of a new national genius is an era in the history of human life. The foundation of a school of arithmetic has done more to make Arabia famous than all the juggleries of Mahomet. Our day for distinction may also be approaching. It will soon be seen whether we are good for anything besides embroiling the empire with complaints and recriminations. Hitherto we have been scientifically the most neglected country in Europe. All our wants in that respect are now being supplied at once. Geography, topography, statistics, and natural and civil history, are all in operation at the present moment for our benefit. Nor is it in theoretical science alone that our wants are about being so fully supplied. Great works, the result of scientific enquiry are everywhere in operation, opening up the country, and bringing the members of our family as it were under one roof. Level roads are laid down where a few years since were nought but steep and rocky bridle paths; bridges of solid masonry supplant the unstable stepping stones that served to bear the last generation from bank to bank of mountain torrents, out of one wild into another; harbours open their wide-spread arms to shelter the distressed merchantman, where formerly an inhospitable coast presented its ironbound front to the breakers of a tempestuous sea. We are exercising a new industry, and with wealth we are acquiring that self-respect which will soon demand leisure for the luxury of intellectual employment. Every step in the progress from facilitated intercourse and increased knowledge of ourselves and our resources, to self-respect and intellectual competition is pregnant with importance. The introduction of a new breed of cattle is fraught with interest to the farmer; the discovery of a new generator of power excites all the attention of the mechanist; the appearance of a new star would be hailed by the astronomer with rapture—how much closer does it come home to the educated man to see a young nation entering the lists of intellectual competition, striking out paths of inquiry hitherto untrodden, creating styles and schools hitherto unimagined—perhaps in the collision of intellects throwing

light upon questions till then involved in undissipated darkness? If there be any originality or power in the Irish mind, it is now or shortly that it must begin to show itself forth; and, in calculating the probable development and tendency of these faculties, surely there is a field for the most pleasing speculation opened to the philosophic man.

Curran and Moore have given us a foretaste of what the national genius can effect in oratory and poetry; and with regard to both, we must withdraw an opinion expressed above; for each has been the founder of a separate and characteristic school. Kirwan and O'Sullivan have also founded an independent and purely Irish school of pulpit oratory. In the fine arts, too, we may say that our name has been more than heard. The school of arts in Great Britain at the present day boasts amongst its high ornaments, men of purely Irish blood. We may enumerate Sir Martin (O') Shea, the President of the Royal Academy; (O') Mulready, the rival of Wilkie, and (O') Collins, perhaps the first painter in his line of any age or school.—MacClise (MacGiolla Iosa) is another rising Irishman of whom we would be proud, did he not too frequently lend his talents to the service of a party of degenerate Irish in London, who seem to have no better occupation than the really suspicious one of vilifying their country and caricaturing her people. We need scarcely say that we allude particularly to the wretched illustrations of Barrow, in every line of which the shrinking and awkward pencil of the artist gives evidence of conscious prostitution; but, indeed, with one or two brilliant exceptions, there are few other works of Mr. MacClise with which we have not the same fault to find in, a greater or less degree.

But, whether the national mind is

likely to take this course which we have perhaps too sanguinely sketched out for it or not, there will always be abundance of interest for the curious or contemplative inquirer in observing the manners of so many and so various families of men as are here to be found within the compass of a three days' journey.

Let us suppose our traveller at Waterford; he has but to cross the Barrow into the baronies of Forth and Bargie to travel back almost to the times of Strongbow; an historical journey of six centuries performed in little more than twice as many miles! Here twenty years ago he might have found the perpetrators of English manners very nearly as they were in the days of Ivanhoe. Robin Hood has conversed with just such a yeoman in trunk breeches and round hat, as he who might then be met in every field; and Allan-a-dale may have kissed just such a pretty wench in coif and kercher, as she who might then be seen spinning from the distaff at every cottage door. The last generation have lost much of the primitive manners of their fathers; but, to this day, the specimen of old England in dress, in language, and in customs is, perhaps, more perfect than in even the most rural and secluded district of the mother country.*

Again let us suppose our traveller at Belfast; here in like manner a drive of ten miles will place him among the representatives of the Scottish lowlanders of the time of the Covenant. Among them he will find the national dialect of Scotland as broadly and almost as primitively spoken as that of England in the district he is supposed to have last visited. Scotch language, Scotch looks, Scotch habits will strike him wherever he turns; we must, however, admit that no discernible trace of peculiar Scotch costume

* As a specimen of the Bargie dialect, we would subjoin the opening stanzas of a song, published by Vallancey, in an appendix to the Statistical Survey of the county of Wexford, but that the song itself is, we believe, the composition of a humorous Wexford priest of the last generation, who passed it off on the simple antiquary as a composition of the times of Henry the Second. The late address to the Lord Lieutenant from the inhabitants of that district, will, however, be in the recollection of our readers, and answer the purpose equally well.

is likely to arrest his attention. Indeed the lowland costume, at the period of this settlement, was not distinguished by any very remarkable feature except the bonnet, and the bonnet has generally been doctored for the ordinary felt hat in both countries. The long stockings rolled over the knee, are, it is true, still seen on some primitive individuals; but the cases are few, and the wearers are looked on, to use the phrase of the country, as "doctored auld bodies." It is remarkable that the recollection of the mother country is scarcely, if at all, cherished; yet there is a perfect similarity of habits and disposition. In nothing does this appear so strongly as in the popular taste for poetry. Robert Burns' own parish was not more deeply imbued with the love of song than the central district of the county of Antrim. We could

enumerate at least a dozen rustic poets whose works have been published from time to time in a district not more than fifteen miles in length by ten in breadth. The last volume which emanated from this little rustic Arcadia, is entitled "Feudal Scenes," by John Fullarton. It aspires to a loftier character than any of its predecessors and really possesses a considerable share of heroic fire and poetic diction. The language throughout is pure, and although often bombastic, is generally dignified. It was published by subscription at 3s. 6d. per copy. The names of the subscribers amount to one hundred and fifty three; of these three only are above the rank of the small farmer; the bulk of the subscribers to this volume of poems having considerable epic pretensions are weavers and cottiers.*

* We give a few extracts to show the sort of writing patronised by these humble men. Mr. Fullarton's "Brazil," the principal poem, is a performance in several cantos. Its chief fault is a sacrifice of sentiment to description, and of clearness of incident to crowded and unnecessary action, blemishes more or less flagrant in the works of almost all young writers. But, however obtrusive, the descriptions are in themselves full of spirit. Take the following scene in the Isle of Arran, on the shores of which the hero has just been disembarked:—

And now the sun sunk redly in the west,
As Brazil gained the solitary shore;
And even to him that eve looked calm and blest,
And all his pangs of sorrow seemed no more.
Day's last streaks flashed on cliff and mountain hoar,
Long dusky shadows overhung the glen,
The purpled stream came down with dashing roar,
And screamed aloud the tyrant eagle then,
And 'woke the coward fox from his sequestered den.

And Brazil looked unto his slender bark,
As glad she hastened from that hoary strand:
Then turned to gaze upon the mountains dark,
And sighed, and mused, and clench'd his burning hand:
And still the reddening West threw, sadly grand,
Her varying tints of crimson o'er the lea,
And gilt with blood the giant rocks which stand
In horrid gloom above the stormy sea,
Frowning as they have frowned through dread Eternity.

And long he gazed, and felt a strange delight,
And long he listened to the bleating flock,
Nor recked his spirit for the coming night;
Lo! where the wild-goats spring from rock to rock,
His eye hath marked a thunder-riven oak
That hung its branches from a neighbouring steep;
There, all alone, wrapt in his folding cloak,
The youthful warrior couched himself for sleep,
Lulled by the rising breeze that moaned along the deep.

Another volume of poems published under not much higher patronage was the production of an humble weaver of Donegore; they are chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and possess, in the midst of all sorts of bad taste, both humour and pathos. The poems of Orr of Ballycarry have acquired a more than local celebrity; his song of "the Irishman" in particular has long been a general favourite in the north. We could readily extend the list; but we have done enough to show the poetic character of the people. Before leaving the district we would, however, mention a custom peculiarly characteristic of these descendants of the countrymen of Burns. In some parts of the country, in the wild district of

Glenwhirry in particular, they have stated meetings at one another's houses on a certain evening in each week called "singings." Here the business of the evening commences with instructions in sacred music given by a teacher either hired or elected for the purpose. After the completion of this lesson, the meeting resolves itself into what may be called a school of versification, and each person present is called on in turn for an original couplet. The verses produced on such an occasion, are, as may well be supposed, neither very poetical in spirit nor elegant in diction; but a collection of them would be found to embody a good deal of rough humour—mixed as might reasonably be expected with

'Tis sweet, O Night, to gaze upon thy sky,
While close we shelter 'neath the greenwood tree!
'Tis sweet to climb the misty mountain high,
Unmarked by all save by the moon and thee:
Through the blue hills 'tis sweet to wander free,
When Silence lingers on the dusky world;
'Tis sweet to watch the white mists of the sea
Climb from the waves up cliff and cataract bold,
Till gleams the pale grey east in clouds of floating gold.

Again the sun flamed redly o'er the hill,
And 'woke the Stripling from his rocky bed;
The fragrant freshness of a neighbouring rill—
The morning breeze that wantoned round his head,
Gave life and vigour, while his light steps sped
Up yonder mountain crimsoned by the sun;
The wild-deer started from his path in dread—
The lark sung sweetly as he hasted on,
And northward rolled the mists in heavy volumes dun.

Of the warlike aspirations of the author, we select from numberless instances the following—the latter from a minor poem:—

"By heaven the spirit bounds to hear the clash
Of steel encouraging steel in mortal fight—
When meet the foremost ranks in deathful crash—
When the first blood leaps bubbling into sight,
And reeking dimes the brands so lately bright;
When eye meets eye, fixed—frowning, and on fire;
When foot to foot, man strives with man in might."—

* * * * *

"We've seen the wild encountering shock
Of ocean's wave with ocean's rock;
When from the height or heaving bark,
Far up the steep our eyes could mark
The swelling waters thunder dark!

much absurdity and coarseness. Roads are the great equalisers of manners: fifty years ago there was no road in this district passable for wheel cars; personal communication was kept up upon foot, and produce was transported on sledges, a sort of vehicle now degraded to the sole use of the turf-cutter. The men of that generation who still remain are well worth the study of the historian; they are purer specimens of the times of Bothwell Bridge and Drumclog, than could perhaps be furnished out of Galloway.

We have seen specimens of the English yeoman and Scottish lowlander: let us travel ten miles farther north and we are among another race. This light-limbed glenman is, to all

intents and purposes, a Highlander. He speaks the language of Roderick Dhu, and is, perhaps, himself, a descendant of Colkisso. Highland scenery surrounds his hut; his walls echo to the noise of waterfalls and mountain torrents; clouds rest halfway between his garden and his sheepwalk, and for nine months out of the twelve he is, in strict truth, a child of the mist. This is the genuine representative of the Redbank; you would not find the race more purely perpetuated in Can tyre. True, the kilt is a spectacle now no where seen in Ireland; but these descendants of the kilted Gael, although they have indured themselves with lowland broad clothes and corduroys, have only put off the old

But he that marks the sons of death
 Throw high the mingling brands in wrath—
 That feels the fire which springs at once,
 When bosoms meet the axe or lance—
 That hears the crash of foemen brave—
 Deems alight the shock of thundering wave."

In picturesque and stirring action he is equally spirited:—

"The foe has begirt the lone hill with his men,
 Who pause where the mists lean their edge on the glen!
 And mark how they toss their long lances on high!
 How gleams the blue battleaxe broad on the sky!

"Start they to the voice of the wild mountain erne,
 As she screams for their blood from the neighbouring cairn?
 Or strain they to catch the far sounds of the rill,
 As dashing it falls from the brow of the hill?

"More swift than the race of that torrent from high—
 More loud than the scream which has pierced thro' the sky,
 Came the tread—'woke the war-shout of Lhuman the bold,
 As downward he rushed from his dark mountain-hold!

"The mist-wreath is broken—and banner, and spear,
 And war-axe, and falchion, and helmet appear!
 The mist-wreath is parted—and forth from the height,
 Fierce, rapid, and stern, burst the sons of the fight."

A melancholy, romantic turn of mind breaks out everywhere; torrents, mists, and storms surround the pathway of his wayward and enthusiastic muse; but she does not always cross the cataract with dignity, and among the mists and blasts she often loses her way, and travels twice over the same ground. Still, the book is very highly creditable to the author, and still more so to the district; and we have no doubt, should Mr. Fullarton's avocations leave him opportunity for the mature study of classic models, that Antrim may yet have to boast of having fostered in him a native genius of no mean order. But let him not be deceived: he has much to learn, and still more to unlearn, before he can attain such a distinction.

man from the skin outwards. But they are a doomed race; the engineer has planted his theodolite against them, and the road maker, who is following, with pick and shovel, will ere long level all distinctions as well of language and habits as of hill and plain.

Let us now accompany our traveller from his head-quarters southwards. The evidences of industry and enterprise, of intelligence and peace, seen as they are in splendid factories, in extensive bleach-greens, in well-farmed fields, and comfortable dwellings, will delight and instruct him on every side for the next thirty miles. Here he will have his best opportunity of studying that most interesting race, the Ulster yeomanry. In the isolated districts so far alluded to, we have seen the representatives of races the great prototypes of which are to be sought in other countries, as in Western England, in Galloway, in Argyleshire, or the Isles; here we have to do with a people peculiar to the district they inhabit. They are neither pure Scotch, nor pure English; but a mixed race retaining more of the Scot in their persons and language, and of the Englishman in their habits. They are a more cleanly people than the Scotch; a more austere and hardy population than the English. Independence and self-respect are stamped on their very looks and gait. It is true, they have been a peculiarly favoured people; the interests of the landlord and tenant have almost ever been the same, and the recollection of great services done to the state in one grand emergency has rendered them for a series of generations the fostered favourites of the authorities. They are now independent of patronage: bounties which were formerly supposed essential to the existence of their trade, would, at the present day, be rejected by manufacturers who know how confidently they can rely on their own superior skill and industry in the fair field of competition: privileges necessary for the support of an infant colony are no longer coveted by men sufficiently numerous, and sufficiently determined to give weight to their freely expressed sentiments in the councils of the empire; and indulgences in local demonstrations of opinion, not per-

mitted to their neighbours, will soon cease to be desired by those who are capable of making so good a use of all legitimate channels for the assertion of their principles. These are the men, who, in proportion to their numbers, hold the greatest amount of the nation's destinies in their hands; for, in proportion to their numbers, they are the most intelligent, the most active, and the most self-possessed. Surely such a people are worthy of study; and though the north contained no other variety of population, the spectacle of such a race of men employed in works so extensive and important would of itself be sufficient inducement to the philosophic traveller to extend his most careful observation to their province.

We are now to take leave of Ulster; that range of mountains extending along the southern horizon is the boundary of another province. Still the same order and decency prevail; the same evidences of prosperity abound on every side. Newry, which is placed immediately under the barrier, has all the cleanness and comfort of Belfast; nay, even more, for the employment of stone, instead of brick, imparts a cheerful air to the scattered villas and piles of warehouses which does not by any means distinguish our northern metropolis in the same proportion. The dress of the people is the same; the men still appear in the dark blue body coats and trousers, the women in shawls and bonnets, with neat shoes and stockings. You cross the Newry water, and, if a lover of picturesque scenery, are so occupied with the scene to the left, where the valley opens towards Carlingford, that you pay no attention to the passing groups upon the roads until the view is shut out by intervening eminences. You look around and find yourself in a desolate tract of bogs spread out at a great elevation among surrounding mountains. A crowd of people, we will say, are crossing by a rough track through the morass towards the main road. Suppose it a funeral: the eye is first struck with the bright red cloaks of the women, relieved by the black peat bags through which the little procession winds. The ear is next startled by the wild cadence of the Irish cry. And now we distinguish the long

grey, great coats of the men floating loosely round limbs cased in short breeches which are open at the knee: their hats, broad at the crown and overhanging, are slouched over their eyes; their brown throats are bare; their gait is loose and lounging, but they are a well-grown and athletic set of men; the women are for the most part bare-headed; but some have white and coloured handkerchiefs wrapped round their coal-black hair. They are now so near that you can distinguish their features, but, alas, what a change is here! these open projecting mouths with their prominent teeth and exposed gums, these high cheekbones, and depressed noses, bear barbarism on their very front, and excite as much regret as astonishment that the first specimen of the purely native population met by a stranger on his journey from the great northern seaport to the capital, should contrast so very disadvantageously with even the hard-featured peasantry of Down. The fact, however, is easily accounted for, and in the man acquainted with the history of the country excites no surprise. On the plantation of Ulster, and afterwards on the successes of the British against the rebels of 1641 and 1689, great multitudes of the native Irish were driven from Armagh and the south of Down into this mountainous tract extending from the barony of the Fews eastward to the sea; just as on the other side of the kingdom the same race were expelled into Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo. Here they have been almost ever since exposed to the worst effects of hunger and ignorance, the two great brutalizers of the human race. Take the most intelligent yeomanry of England; transplant them to the bogs and mountains; outlaw them, and isolate them, and if they leave their fastnesses in search of education or of subsistence, hunt them back to their hovels with indignity and violence; pursue this course for but a very few generations, and the noble-featured race with whom the experiment was begun will have deteriorated into a wide-mouthed, flat-nosed, low-browed, and hollow-eyed, rabble, poor in person and pitiable in intellect. A spare potato diet for seven years would reduce Hyperion himself to a satyr. As the mode of life of a people is assimilated to that

of the lower animals, so will the peoples' persons become brutalized in proportion: let the original features be what they may, the change induced by barbarizing habits will bring them to the same debased standard in the end. Looking, again, then at these representatives of the famished outlaws of the Fews, our wonder will rather be that they should have preserved that loose, athletic energy of frame, and that quick intelligence of countenance, which still distinguish them in the midst of all their uncouthness of aspect, than that hardships which few other races could have borne at all, should have left even these strong evidences of their severity on features always the most liable to change and deterioration. In them, however, such as they are, we have the best existing realization of the old Irish Tory or Raparee, and for the sake of Redmond O'Hanlon and his merry men we cannot but look upon them with a sort of historical interest.

Descending into Meath, we meet with the same race, but no longer in a state of physical degradation. Famine has never had her lean fingers over the well chiselled and handsome features of these light-limbed, large-bodied sons of the soil, whose courteous salutes it almost fatigues the hand of the traveller to return as he bends his steps southward from Navan towards the Liffey. These are emphatically the Irish peasantry, and as we look on their shrewd and daring countenances, their light energetic tread, and frames so well fitted for endurance and exertion, we feel a mingled pride and apprehension—a pleasing dread—a glow of congratulation that we are the countrymen of such spirits as these men could furnish in a good cause—a thrill of anxiety that these very men at the moment they delight us by their vivacity and charm as by their urbanity, may perhaps be engaged in secret designs the most formidable and atrocious. For, if it be but too true that secret associations have spread their baneful influence throughout the body of the midland peasantry, can there be imagined any spectacle fraught with a more fearful interest than an assembly of these ready instruments of God knows what convulsion? Look at the men; they are

adapted for any service that requires energy, promptitude, and mutual fidelity. From Monaghan to Cork, and from Kildare to Galway, they occupy the whole of the central plain of Ireland—well-fed, well-clad, ripe for action, and unanimous in whatever designs they entertain, they are invested with a practical romance, such as has not attached to any population in those islands since the days of the Scottish clans. The kilt still lingers in the Highlands, but the spirit of the Gael is dead. The story of feudal days survives in Scotland, with a fulness of detail which Irish history can never possess; but it is story only:—the dirk is sheathed for ever, and the last battle of the clans, even among Scottish school-boys has long since been fought, never to be revived. Here, on the contrary, while the original condition of society is forgotten, or at most, where nothing but a vague tradition remains, the great leading feelings of barbarous times remain fresh, and in daily operation. An Irish peasant returning from a faction-fight is a better representative of Clan Chattan or Clan Quhele, than could be found at the present day in all Scotland. The tourist looks on a highlander in his national costume as a picturesque appendage to a landscape; he is in character with the scene, like the beef-eater who shows the armoury in the tower. He regards him rather with a patronising air. "It is so interesting," he says, "to keep up these old associations!—we are carried back to the days of Donald Bane Leane, and Fergus M'Ivor, when we catch the flutter of his tartans," and so forth. We look upon this perpetuation of a disused costume as mere stage trick upon a larger scale; and we will undertake to find more stirring and actual romance in the frize coat and corduroys of a Kilkenny or a Tipperary peasant than in all the plaids and philabegs that ever flapped about the frozen hams of any would-be barbarian from Stirling Castle to Cape Wrath. There is no association of ideas required with the Whiteboy: there he stands, misguided creature that he is, as unsophisticated an outlaw as Johnnie Armstrong himself; with a hatred of the Saxon as pure as was ever cherished in the plaided breast of Roderick Dhu. It is the living wolf-dog in comparison

with the stuffed skin of the dead lion. The traveller has here food for stirring speculation on the future; there he has material only for contemplation of the past. But let us repeat; the one exhibition may be visited with fully as great safety as the other. To be a stranger, is the passport which ensures the traveller respect and kindness go where he will, and to proclaim his privilege he has but to open his mouth.

But, while we dwell on the interest to be derived from the study of the Irish Whiteboy, let us not run into the error of representing the country in a state of such permanent danger as would draw only amateurs of the character militant of a people to visit and study us: we would not represent ourselves as a volcano to be inspected only by connoisseurs in convulsions, while the merchant and the farmer remove from its sides to avoid an approaching explosion—God forbid. If the country carry in her bosom these lurking seeds of malady, or even if she exhibit less unequivocal symptoms of actual distemper at times, we are satisfied of the power of the reasonable and well-disposed to apply the necessary remedy whenever it may be called for: meantime we would only point out the opportunity of studying the national constitution under circumstances at all events very favourable to the developments of its peculiar pathology.

We have spoken of a race undegenerated by hardship; well-fed, and well-clothed, the tillers and occupiers of the soil of the midland counties. It is a mistake to suppose that the peasantry of Ireland at large are in a state of privation, not to speak of destitution; the men of whom we have been speaking, want little else than a peaceable disposition to make them as comfortable in all respects as the yeomanry of the north; but on the borders of the great plain occupied by them, and in most of the towns and cities of the kingdom at large, there is a class very inferior, indeed, in every thing that conduces to the physical and domestic respectability of a population. Some of these of the inferior grade we have already met with on the eastern extremity of the border of Ulster; but on the boundary of that province towards the west, the accumulation of misery was originally much greater and here, in

Silgo and northern Mayo particularly, the consequences of two centuries of degradation and hardship exhibit themselves in the whole physical condition of the people, affecting not only the features but the frame, and giving such an example of human deterioration from known causes, as almost compensates by its value to future ages for the suffering and debasement that past generations have endured in perfecting its appalling lesson in the persons of their descendants. It is not necessary to travel out of Dublin to study in this school. From June till August, our quays are a commodious class-room. A hundred professors of spare diet may here be found any day in the week giving ocular demonstration of the effects of famine on the human frame and visage. Five feet two upon an average, pot-bellied, bow-legged, abortively-featured, their clothing a wisp of rags, their goods and equipage a handful of oatmeal, a straw knapsack, and a reaping-hook, these spectres of a people that once were well-grown, able-bodied, and comely, stalk abroad into the daylight of civilization, to fright the sister island with annual apparitions of Irish ugliness and Irish want. While on these excursions revisiting the glimpses of English comfort, their condition is too painfully forced upon the world not to be known to all; but the condition of such of them as remain at home, or only migrate to adjoining counties, has no where been so faithfully depicted as by Mr. Weale, the intelligent and benevolent officer of Woods and Forests.

"It startles an English ear," he says, speaking of the population similarly situated on the borders of Cork and Limerick, "to be told that there remain at this day, within the limits of the united kingdom, in the cultivable mountains and wastes of Ireland, an immense and increasing population in a state of *villainage* dependent on the will of their respective lords for the very means of existence, and who contribute nothing to the revenues of the state, either by direct taxation, or indirectly as consumers of commodities on which an impost has been levied: whose condition differs in no substantial particular as regards them personally, from that of the *villain* in early feudal times; who are not permitted to appropriate to their own use, any portion of

the fruits of their labour which is convertible into saleable produce at the nearest adjacent markets, and multitudes of whom, to obtain a tenure of this mere means of existence, are yearly compelled to migrate to other districts, and there labour for the coin they are required to render to their means lords, as a compensation for those corporal services which the ancient *villain* was bound to render to his lord, but which would be of no available advantage to the modern landlord, whether he be the owner in fee, or the owner's lessee of the lands; since by their desertion from the country, and the security which the government provides against a violent usurpation of their territories, they have neither demeanors to cultivate, nor occasion to marshal vassals in their personal defence"—(*Report on the subject of the experimental improvements on the crown estates at King William's Town, county of Cork, 15th March, 1834.*)

The men of whom Mr. Weale here speaks inhabit a district which previous to the commencement of the new road begun in 1822, "*must have remained neglected by the hand of civilization from the period at which its ancient proprietors, the late Earls of Desmond, had been dispossessed of it, in the reign of Elizabeth!*" There are many districts in the west and north-west of which the same might be said, changing only the names of the ancient proprietors, at the present day. If Fynes Morrison were to rise from the grave and travel into one of these districts, he might be half persuaded that his death had occurred but yesterday, so nearly the same language and the same manners described in his Itinerary, two centuries ago, would meet him at every step. But let it not be supposed that these representatives of barbarous times form any very important portion of the community; happily they are in number insignificant when compared with the bulk of the thriving peasantry. Still, that a single British subject should be permitted to continue in a state, the only thing fortunate about which is, that it perpetuates past times to the historian of barbarous ages, is a blot that must not be longer suffered to deface the character of our government. In the district described by Mr. Weale, the reformation has begun; the inhabitants of a tract of land of

5000 acres lately escheated to the crown, are at the present moment in the fair way of making themselves independent and respectable men. The chief aid afforded by government is in opening up the means of communication, first, with quarries from which to procure lime for their lands, and secondly with markets to which to carry the produce of the ground so reclaimed. Assistance of this kind does not make the peasant feel that the improvement of his condition is fictitious, and that he is in fact a dependent on bounty, as where he is lodged in an ornamental cottage, and ostentatiously supported at an expense which his labour can never repay. Good roads are almost the only boon which the peasant can receive without humiliation, and of all the means taken by a benevolent government for the amelioration of the peasant's condition, the construction of good roads is the most effectual. Before the commencement of the government roads in the neighbourhood of the district alluded to, the chief means of communication throughout an area of 620,500 acres, were the old military passes constructed immediately after the last rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, running in straight lines direct over hill and valley, with an inclination very frequently of one foot perpendicular in six feet horizontal, and in many places even of one foot in four. To convey twenty-four firkins of butter, the common load of a single-horse cart, from Listowell to Newmarket, a distance of about thirty-two English miles, on such roads, required the employment of from eight to twelve horses and as many men. To transport two hundred weight of limestone from the quarry to the field, a distance of four miles, required the united labour of a man, a horse, and a boy for a whole day. In 1821, there were throughout this district of 970 square miles, no roads whatever passable in wet weather. Through this district government ran 75 miles of good road, which were thrown open in 1829.—Now, mark the result, which cannot be too frequently quoted :—

“At the commencement of the works the people flocked to them from all quarters, seeking employment at any rate which might be offered; their general

appearance bespoke extreme poverty; their looks were haggard and their clothing wretched; they rarely possessed any tools or implements of husbandry, beyond a very small ill-made spade, and as might be expected under such circumstances, nearly the whole face of the country was unimproved and in a state of nature; but since the completion of the road rapid strides have been made towards cultivation and improvement: upwards of sixty new lime-kilns have been built for the purpose of burning lime for agriculture in the last two years; carts, ploughs, and harrows, of superior construction, and other agricultural implements have become common; new houses of a better class have been built or are building in great numbers, in the vicinity of the new roads; and also in the villages of Newmarket, Castleland, and Abbeyfeale; new inclosures of mountain farms are being made in every direction; and this country, which, within the last seven years was the theatre of lawless outrage, and the residence of what might be termed the rebel army, has become perfectly tranquil, and exhibits a scene of industry and exertion at once pleasing and remarkable.”—(*Mr. Griffith's Report, 1829.*)

Strange as it may appear, the chief obstacle to the rapid extension of public works in this district is now the scarcity of hands; intercourse has produced employment, and the legitimate occupations of the tillers of the soil pay them better than even the liberal wages of government. Here is a field of observation unsurpassed in interest for the philanthropist. To watch the progress of this great civil change in the physical and moral characters of the people; to trace the effects of better diet and growing independence, in the fining features of the mouth, in the contracting stomach no longer distended with an innutritious mass of solely vegetable food, in the expanding chest and erect carriage, in the steady eye and open brow, in the frank looks and manly actions of an improving generation—to study from each change in the condition of these men how best and easiest to effect a similar improvement in races so far doomed to neglect and deterioration elsewhere—and to devise means of combined physical and moral culture by which the whole population may

yet be made to develop their full powers of body and of mind ; so that from end to end of the kingdom, we shall have a family of able, intelligent, and independent men—this surely would be a study productive of the most agreeable speculation to every man who takes even a passing interest in the country. But, even though the hand of improvement had never visited these wilds, the people would claim our best attention, from the mere fact of the confirmation they afford to the truths of history. They are the rack and sea-weed, thrown up by the storms of confiscation, and to this day their scattered huts mark the extent of those political tempests which swept from Clonmel to Tralee in Sir Peter Carew's time, and from Newry to Ballyshannon in Mountjoy's.

But we return from the physical characteristics to the manners of the people. We have gone the round of the lower orders, sketching, as far as space and material permitted us, the old English and Scottish settlers and the mixed planters of Ulster. On the general genius and disposition of the native peasantry, we need not enlarge : their "Traits" are given by another hand, the inimitable works of which are already familiar to the public ; but, between the peasantry and the nobility, which latter class is not in any way distinguishable from their peers of Britain, there are other grades and characteristic orders well worth the observation of every man who aspires to the honourable distinction of an observer of the varied family of mankind.

The decayed representative of an old Irish family is perhaps the most interesting character now to be met with in these islands. We shall make no apology for introducing a full-length portrait of the last MacSweeney, or as it is usually pronounced M'Swine, of Donegal, from the well-furnished Gallery of the ingenious C. O. :—

"I cannot take leave of Glen Veagh, (it is a valley lying between Litterkenny and the mountain of Muckish,*) without

calling to mind a visit we paid to a characteristic dweller of this singular and solitary scene. In a sunny nook where a dark deep ravine expanded itself into a little grassy valley, affording room for a potato garden and a small meadow, and beside a small garrulous brook, rose a cabin—I dare not call it a cottage, for that supposes comfort, and associates cleanliness, neatness, the woodbine bower, the rose-covered lattice—but here we had no such amenities—the grunt of a starving sow, the growl of a gaunt greyhound, were the sounds that accosted us as we bent our heads to enter the narrow aperture that served almost as much for a chimney as an entrance. But when you entered, things bore a somewhat more satisfactory appearance ; there was better furniture than is generally to be seen in an Irish cabin ; some old-fashioned, high-backed chairs ; a decent dresser on which were ranged some pewter dishes and plates ; implements of fishing were suspended along the walls, and a long French musquet, its barrel mounted with brass hung right over the immense mantelpiece of the chimney, that jutted out almost into the centre of the apartment.—Above the gun was an old mezzotinto print of the Holy Family, after Raphael, and over that again an old armorial bearing on which you could observe a salmon, a lion passant, and a bloodhound, all well marked. Beneath the canopy of the immense chimney, and beside the hob, in a comfortable high-backed chair, made of straw in the manner of a bee-hive, sat the master of the mansion. He rose apparently with pain as we entered. I thought he would never cease rising, so slowly did he unbend his extraordinary height ; and with apparent difficulty, as if suffering under rheumatic pains, he advanced to meet my friend, whom he accosted with all the ease of an old gentleman, and all the cordiality of an ancient Irishman. The lord of a palace could not have received us with more kind and unembarrassed courtesy than did this dweller of the lonely mountain hut ; and when I was introduced to him as one who had come from Dublin to see and admire the beauties of Glen Veagh, nothing could exceed the anxious kindness with

* If my glen and my lake were not Irish ; if the curse of being unfashionable did not put everything Irish under attainder, I would venture to show Glen Veagh against any of those foreign fashionables (the scenery of Cumberland and the Highlands), and would encourage my mountain nymph to hold herself as fair in varied beauty as any of them.—*Sketches, &c. by C. O.*

which he expressed his desire to do every thing to further my views: he lamented that he had not a boat; that his fishing tackle was not in trim for our use; in short, he seemed to feel a double pang that he was a poor man. Our friend of Glen Veagh maintained that he was the Mac Swine na Doe—the camfinny or head of the ancient sept of the Mac Swinee, who, next and only inferior to the O'Donnells, possessed a large portion of Tyrconnell—and, surrounded by poverty as we saw him, the dweller of the wretched hut, without one shilling of income, with nothing to live on but the produce of his potato garden, and the milk of a few cows that ranged the mountains, yet Philip the Second of Spain, ruling over dominions on which the sun never set, was not prouder in his bearing, nor richer in the recollections of his Austrian ancestry, than this fading shadow of an Irish Taniat: the man literally lived, moved, and had his being, as dependant on his family associations. Grey he stood, and tempest worn, like one of the withering oaks on the side of Glen Veagh, yet still he put forth the leaf, and struggled for existence. No one could possibly have seen the old man so tall, so meagre, and yet so decent in his coarse attire, and so urbane and so gracious in the old-fashioned manner of the last century, without wishing that some portion of the wide domains of his ancestors was restored to him, and that his grey hairs might descend with decency to the grave."

Having said so much of the individual himself, we cannot refrain from adding the following spirited account of the lives and fortunes of the race he represented:

"The MacSwinees, as proprietors of a large portion of the mountain district of Donegal, had usually sided with the O'Neills against the O'Donnells; and when James I. conquered the O'Donnells, and escheated their lands, as a reward to MacSwine for his opposition to this chieftain, his mountains, perhaps because not worth confiscating, were left to him in peace; and in the following reign of Charles, when the execrable rebellion of 1641 broke out, the MacSwine, for some reason, did not join in it; there was no proof of massacre or murder against him, and the Act of Settlement left him his property as an innocent papist. Here, then, down to the present century, the

MacSwinee lived, the lordly paragon of these glens and mountains, in barbarous and profuse hospitality. Here, surrounded by followers and retainers—amidst fosterers and cosherers—their hall full of horse-boys, and dog-boys; and cow-boys—all idlers—all gentlemen;—all disdaining any trade or occupation—fishing, fowling, hunting, or fighting, by day—feasting, quarrelling, and carousing by night. Thus the MacSwinee, from father to son, lived—borrowing money, and mortgaging one mountain-tract or line of sea after another. This is the common history of an Irish Castle Rack-rent family, and thus the common fate of the Sir Thadys and Sir Condeys of Ireland, attended the MacSwinee; and our poor friend came into the world the inheritor of his forefathers' name, pride, recollections and imprudencies; but, alas! his lands had all vanished, and become, under freeland mortgages, the properties of families who possessed the low-born English and Scotch propensities of foresight and frugality; and still he clung to the hope and expectation of recovering some of his alienated lands. He told us how certain tracts were illegally conveyed away from him by his father, and he besought me, with all the anxiety of a man who was catching at vague impossibilities, that I would search the records in Dublin Castle and make out his title for him."—*Sketches in Ireland*, pp. 77—83.

Such was, and such, perhaps, still is MacSwine-na-Doe; he was living a few years back, poor and infirm, but still respectable. On the privacy of such a man we would be sorry to be the means of intruding the heartless or the prying tourist; but the chances are that the green turf in Kilmacrenan now shuts out all human visitors, and that MacSweeney of the Districts is removed from the vulgar rivalry of Jack Joyce and Miss Flynn by the timely hand of death. There are still some men of the same class surviving; the regalia of his race were, within the last thirty years, in the hands of one of them, who was universally recognised by the families of his name as the Prince. But this is delicate ground, and we prefer illustrating the gent character that suggests itself, by an example taken from the last century. Men of whom the subject of the following quotations might be taken as:

slightly overdrawn prototype, might still be pointed out in some remote districts; but to do so more particularly would be invidious, and we leave to the adventurous enquirer after men and manners to find out for himself, among the wild spirits of the western coast, the nearest realization he can of the once renowned Murtoth Oge O'Sullivan of Ross M'Owen. Ross M'Owen is a dilapidated mansion, at the foot of Hungry mountain, and hard by the waterfall of Adrigoll, on the eastern side of Bantry Bay.

"This dwelling," says an anonymous writer, who visited it about 1750, "though it might savour somewhat of the bleak and dreary from without, yet presented nothing of the cold or dismal within: on the contrary, hospitality of the warmest kind was the order of every day, let who would be the comer or the visitant. There was a copse near it, the remains of a considerable oak wood that the expenses of O'Sullivan's table had contributed to reduce to a very limited size. We had come to it for the purpose of shooting woodcocks, and were soon joined by O'Sullivan's son, who carried a gun, but had no ammunition, with which, however, we supplied him."

After their sport, they adjourn to the house, on an invitation from the proprietor.

"Murtoth O'Sullivan's person and countenance were prepossessing, his manners and conversation those of a well-bred gentleman, whose youth had been passed in polite society, and who '*morem luminum mulerum vidit et urbes*.' It was evident that the rays of fortune which shone on his youth, had been withdrawn in his old age, and that the style of his entertainment was at variance with his wishes. But he made no complaint of his altered state; offered no apologies for the plainness of his fare; and was as cheerful as if he had entertained with claret and vension. We remained longer than might seem prudent, considering that it was a winter's night, and that we had some miles to return over rock, and bog; for, as to road, that was an accommodation then wholly unknown; but we were furnished with a sober guide and two excellent ponies, as expert at climbing rocks as goats, and the only risk we ran was a chance slide into a bog hole;—this being a matter of common occurrence, was only

a thing to be laughed at; and though the night was dark, I think I occasioned but one opportunity for mirth during my entire ride. My companion was not so fortunate," &c. &c.

And he proceeds with a sufficiently characteristic account of O'Sullivan's kitchen, through which the stream of Ross M'Owen ran, entering through a grating in one wall, and discharging itself through a hole in the other. The grating served a double purpose: to keep the channel free from rubbish in a flood, and to stop the salmon and sea trout which come up the stream from the neighbouring bay; so that the fish which supplied his table were not only dressed but taken in his own kitchen. But remarkable although this anecdote of Murtoth Oge's kitchen fishery is, the interest of his story depends on circumstances of a graver character. Mr. Croker thus relates the sequel of his history in his "Sketches in the South of Ireland:"

"Chief of a rude and mountainous district, and supported by a numerous and hardy body of dependants, he set both the laws and magisterial authority at defiance. Grown confident of his own strength, and fearless of legal punishment, he became an agent for the French and Spanish governments, enlisting men for their service in Ireland, and transferring them in a vessel of his own to the Continent. Mr. Puxley, a neighbouring gentleman of respectability, laid informations before the Secretary of State of such notoriously disloyal conduct; and O'Sullivan, actuated by revenge, having by some means gained intelligence, way-laid and shot Mr. Puxley on his return from church. This daring assassination called for a particular visitation, and on the 2d May, 1754, a party of military, commanded by Lieutenant Appleton, was despatched from Cork to Beervan, where they arrived on the Saturday following about midnight. O'Sullivan, expecting an attack, had fortified his residence, and posted sentinels, who were surprised; but the barking of a dog alarmed the inmates, and they obstinately defended themselves for some time, until the house was set on fire, and O'Sullivan appearing at the door, was shot through the heart. Many of his men were killed, or wounded in this engagement, and two were made prisoners. The vessel employed by him in carrying on his illegal

traffic with France, was immediately sunk by a king's cutter sent round for the purpose, to the stern of which his body being lashed, was towed through the water to Cork; his head was afterwards spiked on the south gate of that city, and his remains buried in a bastion of the new fort."

But perhaps the most interesting part of the story is still to come. One of O'Sullivan's clansmen, named Connell, was taken to Cork, and there executed. On the night previous to his execution he is said to have composed a keene or death-song in Irish, the translation of which, given by Mr. Croker, abounds with bold transitions, and touching, though rude and ill-connected sentiments:

"Murtoogh, my dear and loved master," he commences, "you bore the sway for strength and generosity. It is my endless grief and sorrow, sorrow which admits of no comfort, that your white head should be gazed at as a show upon a spike, and that your noble frame is without life.

"I have travelled with you, my dear and much loved master, in foreign lands, and through various provinces and countries, and in the royal prince's army, where we moved with kings. . . .

"The great God is good and merciful! I ask his grace and pardon, and his support; for I am to be hanged at the gallows to-morrow without doubt: the rope will squeeze my neck, and thousands will lament my fate; but may the Lord have mercy on my master! it was for his sake that I am now in their power.

"Men of Kerry, pray for us! sweet and melodious is your voice; my blessing I give to you, but you will never see me again among you alive; our heads will be upon a spike as a show, under the cold snow of the night, and the burning sun of the summers, and every other change of weather. . . .

"The lady, his wife, heavy is her grief, and who may wonder at that, were her eyes even made of green stone, when he, her dear husband was shot by that ball? If he had retreated our grief might have been lighter, but the brave man would not, for the pride of his country, retreat. . . .

"He has been in king's palaces, and in Spain he got a pension; the lady of Clare gave him robes bound with gold lace, as a token of remembrance. He was a captive on the shores of France, and yet

must he return to Ireland, for us to lose him.

"There is a lady in London who supports him every day with his vessel." . . .

And here the dirge breaks off. It is but eighty years since; the keens are still sung in the barony of Bear, as if it related to events of yesterday; and Murtooghs and Connells, of lives almost as lawless, and habits very nearly as primitively Irish, are to be found among the still unbroken clans, and almost uninvaded principalities of a few districts to the present day.

We have done with the representatives of Brehan masters, and are come to the Irish gentlemen of the old school; one who, when duly qualified by travel, was, in the opinion of the first authority in the world, the most finished gentleman that ever graced a court. George the Fourth was the authority, and the late Bowes Daly of the county of Galway was understood to be the individual to whom he more immediately alluded. A few of the precious but fast fading race may still be met with, and even among the few who remain, we can distinguish the representatives of the two great schools into which their order was divided—one, the race of bucks, monks of the screw, and knights of Tara—waggish, dashing, and dissipated; the other the refined votaries of wit and gallantry, polished, courtly, and accomplished, all punctilious in honour, and all, if more at home in one situation than another, most at home in the field. But here as in the case of the peasantry, a contemporary hand has sketched in infinitely more vivid colours than our degenerate palette could be expected to furnish, the maddest and the brightest days of the old regime. Amid all his extravagancies—in spite of the ever-occurring blemish of exaggeration—Sir Jonah Barrington has realized a picture of society in Ireland during the latter end of the last century, which must excite in every man who peruses its highly animated pages a desire to become acquainted with the few who remain of a generation so full of patriotism, valour, *bonhomie*, and gallantry. One fine old gentleman of these days is a treat in society, sufficient to retrieve a whole province. On the bench, at the bar, in the retirement of his

woods and fields, wherever he wears out his remaining hour, in these unseasonal times, he reflects a lustre on the circle in which he moves. But, alas, these lights of former days are fast dropping from the darkened hemisphere; and he who would behold the last of the constellation that shed its glories on our country when the star of Glendon was in the ascendant, must hasten while the pall of night is yet a little while withdrawn from the few faint luminaries that still glimmer on the verge of our horizon.

But blight and darkness have had too much to do with the latter portion of this paper. Decay is of all other ideas the one least adapted to the aspect of society in Ireland in general; but the melancholy subjects we have handled are particular attractions in the midst of a great mass of promise and even of prosperity. But the excitement to be derived from the study of each class of subjects is of a different sort; the one calculated to stir the heart of a contemplative man with tender and pensive emotions—the other to awake the speculations, and excite the energies of a practical observer. We have reviewed all the groups but one that constitute society, from the wanderer of Connaught, to the dignified representative of the time of the Union. The order which we have preserved for the close of this section is that of the present nobility

and gentry of the country; and with heartfelt pride we can say, that in the pursuits of science, in the cultivation of solid literature, in serious attention to the important duties of life, there never was a time when that all-important body were so deeply, so devotedly engaged. The necessities of the times have taken away considerably from that hearty shew of enjoyment, and perhaps from that elegant taste for the drama and fine arts, which once distinguished them. But with the dashing manner of the former generation they have parted with its dissipation, and in place of the pursuit of intellectual luxury, they have contracted that of scientific labour. Enter that stately mansion: the rooms are lined with cabinets of minerals—the towers of yonder castle are mounted, not with birth-day patararoos, but with telescopes and sextants—the assembly round this festive board are not boon companions, but men of science from the remotest parts of the kingdom—these are not playbills, but the emanations of a religious press that stem the bondoir—yet far be it from us to say, that with all this severity of pursuits there is not still enough of the old Irish virtues among even the most serious of our gentry to make any traveller feel that at their board, or in their assemblies, he is still in the land of song, of wit, and hospitality.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. VII.

JAMES, EARL OF CHARLEMONT.—PART III.

THOSE who live at the present day can form but a faint idea of the electrical influence produced upon the national character by the embodying of the Irish Volunteers. The cloud of foreign hostility, by which they were called into being, rapidly passed away, but not so the mighty combination to which it had given rise, and which was felt to be important as an authoritative organ of the national will, even after it ceased to be necessary as a protection against foreign aggression.

Nor was England, at this time, in a condition long to resist the just de-

mands of armed and indignant Ireland. Her reverses in America had humbled her spirit, and crippled her power; and the *principle* at issue between her and the parliament of Ireland was so nearly the same as that, the attempted assertion of which in America had cost her so dear, that its defeasance in the one case could not but be looked upon as anticipatory, but by a short period, of its renunciation in the other.

The people were now possessed of an army, by which the national spirit would be fearlessly supported; and that army

organised upon a strictly democratical basis,* were furnished with fire-arms, and munitions of war, by a government which yet viewed with a secret apprehension the possible uses to which they might be converted.

The trade of Ireland, as we have said, was to be vindicated. The friends of the country in both houses of parliament felt themselves powerfully reinforced by the combination which had taken place out of doors, and, for the first time, our senators were acted upon by an external pressure, which made it clear that if they did not resolve to advance before those who urged them on, they must submit to be trampled beneath them. They had, in truth, no option. There was now no halting between two opinions. A national spirit had been excited which could only be allayed by the real redressal of what were felt to be great national grievances; and those who at that time took the lead in the movement, were far too keenly intelligent to be baffled by any plausibilities of the minister of the day, or satisfied with any thing short of the full measure of the expected national advantages.

Indeed, the hesitation with respect to a full compliance with the demands of the Irish parliament of a participation in British trade, proceeded less from the British minister than from the British people. The manufacturing towns in England had so long enjoyed a profitable monopoly in the sale of their goods, and its trading population had been so confirmed in the notion, that any extension of commercial privileges to this country, must be at *their* expense, that they were unremitting in their exertions to defeat, by every possible means, any beneficent measure by which our perishing manufacturers might be relieved, and some prospect opened for the future prosperity of the kingdom. And this unworthy jealousy it was which gave rise to the retaliatory measures, which, while they added energy to the determina-

tion of the stern assertors of the nation's rights, struck dismay into the hearts of those by whom those rights had been so long resisted.

No sooner was the jealousy of the English traders practically felt, than a non-importation and non-consumption agreement of British produce was entered into by the whole kingdom.

"No sooner," writes Sir Jonah Barrington, "was this measure publicly proposed, than it was universally adopted;—it flew quicker than the wind through the whole nation. The manufacturing bodies—the corporate towns—the small retailers—the general merchants—almost universally adopted this vigorous determination,—and the great body of the people, by general resolutions, and universal acclamations, avowed their firm determination to support the measure, till they should acquire a restoration of their political rights."

When we consider the exciting causes by which a whole nation was thus suddenly uproused, we may well wonder that there was so little of extravagance, where there was so much of agitation. Nor can we fail to be satisfied that this was not a little owing to the degree in which the mild and gracious spirit of Lord Charlemont commingled itself with their deliberations. The character which he had obtained, by a long course of public service, endeared him to the nation as the chosen champion of her rights, and gave an authority to views and principles, which, while they went the full length of vindicating the national honour, and providing for the national interest, gave a pledge, that he, at least, would not push them to any extreme length, incompatible with the security of British connection, or the general well-being of the British empire.

But, little can the most sagacious foresee the lengths to which they may be carried, when once they launch upon the troubled waters of political discontent. Even the most honest can

* "Self-formed, self-governed, the Volunteers accepted no commission from the Crown, and acknowledged no connection with the government;—the private men appointed their own officers, and occasionally cashiered them for misconduct or incapacity;—they accepted no pay,—the more wealthy soldier cheerfully shared his funds with his poorer comrade—and the officers contributed their portions to the general stock-purse."—*Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, p. 46.

scarcely account for the steadiness of their own principles : and vain will even the most powerful endeavour to curb the extravagance of the heady and intemperate, by which the advantages, which seemed almost securely within reach of a wise moderation, may be endangered.

It must, indeed, be held in mind, that British subjects can never be wholly unprepared for the exercise of political functions, such as people brought up under more despotic governments must be altogether incapable of discharging with any public advantage. The very atmosphere which they breathe renders them naturally politicians, even as the element by which we are surrounded, renders our maritime population naturally sailors. And hence, the steadiness as well as the vigour with which the Volunteers, under their noble leader, advanced in the pursuit of national independence. It must, also, be taken into account, that the period of their organization preceded the French Revolution, and that, during the season of their highest excitement, the wild anti-monarchical and republican notions, which afterwards came to have such a pestilential influence, had not infected the public mind. Real grievances were felt, and constitutional redress was sought ; and it was not until the nation was arrayed as one man against the usurpation of the British parliament, and intoxicated with the enjoyment of unaccustomed power, and flushed with the pride of victory, that any thing beyond the most ample redress entered into the contemplation of the popular leaders.

Nor may we pass over the mode in which discipline was acquired by this distinguished body, without omitting a feature in their history of no small importance. This was accomplished chiefly by the instrumentality of the disbanded soldiers, who had served in the American war.

“ The intercourse and conversation of those persons,” Sir Jonah Barrington justly observes, “ had a powerful effect, by transfusing into their pupils that military mind which a veteran soldier can never relinquish. In their convivial hours, the serjeant, surrounded by his company, expatiating on the events of

actual service, and introducing episodes of individual leaverly, perhaps of his own undauntedness and sagacity, gradually banished every other topic from their conversation at those meetings. The successful perseverance of America had impressed even the soldier himself who had fought against her, with an involuntary respect for the principles of his enemies ; a constant intercourse with his Irish associates excited in him congenial feelings—and he began to listen with pleasure to their interesting question, ‘ why should not his own brave countrymen possess as much of constitutional liberty as those foreign colonists who had conquered him ? ’ ”

There were now in Ireland two independent armies ; the one the regular army, commissioned and officered by the crown—the other the volunteer or irregular army, commissioned and officered by the people. Each was inspired and influenced by sentiments favorable to the authorities under which they respectively served, and it required no small address on the part of their respective leaders to prevent abrupt collisions, and to preserve a good understanding between them.—How difficult this was at times, may be understood from the following little incident, which we give in the words of Sir Jonah Barrington with the more confidence, as it corresponds exactly with the relation of it, which we ourselves had from an eye-witness :—

“ Lieutenant Doyne, of the 2d regiment of Horse, marching to relieve the guard in Dublin Castle, at the head of the cavalry, came, accidentally, on Essex-bridge, directly at right angles with a line of the volunteer infantry, commanded by Lord Altamont. An instant embarrassment took place. One party must halt or the other could not pass ; neither would recede—etiquette seemed likely to get the better of prudence—the cavalry advanced, the volunteers continued their progress till they were nearly in contact ; never did a more critical moment exist in Ireland. Had one drop of blood been shed through the impetuosity of either officers, even in that silly question of precedence, the Irish Volunteers would have bent to arms from north to south in every part of the kingdom, and British connexion would certainly have been shaken to its very foundation. As the cavalry advanced,

Lord Althamont commanded his corps to continue their march, and incline their bayonets, so as to be ready to defend their line. The cavalry officer, wisely reflecting that by the pause even of a single moment every possibility of disagreement would be obviated, halted his men for an instant; the Volunteers passed on, and the affair ended without further difficulty."

Thus, for that time, was the explosion of a thunder-cloud, surcharged with national ruin, happily prevented; but every succeeding day presented some new occasion upon which some similar danger might arise; and had not the leaders been men of integrity and honour, who, without exciting national suspicion, could moderate the natural ardour, and manage and mitigate, while yet they stimulated, the fiery temperament of a mercurial people, the consequences would have been disastrous in the extreme, and instead of contemplating the tranquil and majestic march of an armed people for the vindication of their liberties, the historian would be called upon to trace, with sorrow, the bloody and doubtful fluctuations of a civil war.

Nor was there one, amongst the distinguished patriots of this period, to whom his country was more indebted for this happy result, than to Lord Charlemont. He had so conducted himself throughout the whole of his public life, that his loyalty was never distrusted by the court, nor his integrity doubted by the people. He had frequently given to the one indubitable proofs of his fidelity, and was constantly affording to the other fervent tokens of his love; and now that a crisis had arrived, when the supreme power of the British parliament was about to come into conflict with the independence of Ireland, no such fitting mediator could be found for bringing the people, without any compromise of their rights, into allegiance to their sovereign, and the sovereign, without any surrender of his dignity, into cordial amity with his people.

The following little incident (in relating which, in this place, we somewhat anticipate the progress of our

history,) will serve to evince the just estimation in which Lord Charlemont's personal character was held; and the hold which he had on the affections of the armed patriots of Ireland. A rumour having prevailed in 1781, that an invasion was meditated in the south of Ireland, he waited on the Lord Lieutenant, and stated "that he would instantly set out for the north, where he had no doubt such a spirit would be displayed as would baffle every effort of foreign hostility."* With the approbation of the Viceroy, he did as was proposed; and having assembled his troops, he desired to know from them "what they would authorise him to say to the Lord Lieutenant."—After a short deliberation, their colonel was commissioned to speak for them, and his answer was in the following words:—

"My Lord, till this instant you have never done anything displeasing to your regiment. Your present application to us is not only needless, but in some degree offensive to our feelings. We have unanimously chosen you our colonel; and in that quality, relying upon our spirit, and certain of our obedience, instead of applying to us, you should, in the first instance, have assured the Lord Lieutenant that your regiment would immediately join the King's troops at Cork. *You should then have sent down your orders, and we would have instantly obeyed, marched, and met you in the field.*" "Lord Charlemont told them," adds his affectionate biographer, "that their kind reproof was one of the highest compliments he could have received from them, but that he thought it his duty to speak to them previous to any other step being taken; and he hoped that they would draw up some resolution, which he might lay before the Lord Lieutenant. 'No resolution—no resolution,' they unanimously exclaimed! 'Only have the goodness, my Lord, to acquaint his Excellency that our regiment shall be as soon in Cork as any troop in his Majesty's service; and we beg that you will never again use us so ill as to make such an application to us, but answer at once for us in your own name, and command us always.'"

We mention this little incident not

merely for the purpose of showing the estimation in which Lord Charlemont was held; but the spirit of the body at the head of which he was placed, and we ask, what, in the then excited state of the country, might not have been done by such an army, if it had not been officered by such commanders.—Nothing short of the influence which Lord Charlemont possessed, could have confined it within constitutional limits, or converted into a useful servant of the public, what was but too well calculated to be a terrible master.

The session of 1779 was most important. The unanimity which pervaded all classes of people respecting the measures indispensable for a preliminary redress of Irish grievances, found its way into the parliament, and the minister could no longer continue blind to the necessity of making some decisive move to gratify the national expectations. Even amongst his own steadiest supporters, there were many who would not have gone the length of committing themselves in a contest with the people. But a wise liberality was wanting in the conduct of those who were at the head of affairs, and the measures of relief which the aspect of the times imperatively required, and which should have had the grace of being frankly and affectionately acceded, were to be doled out grudgingly, and of necessity. The Lord Lieutenant was directed to open the session with a speech "remotely alluding to his Majesty's sentiments of liberality, but without specifying any measure of concession, and so cautiously worded, as neither to alarm the public, nor commit the government".* But this would never do. The time had gone by when such equivocal cant could be endured. The minister could no longer treat an excited and impatient people, as the knavish traveller proposed to treat the exhausted horse, when he told him, that, if he brought him to the end of his journey, he would give him a promissory note for a feed of hay. Not words but deeds were now to be relied on; and it was clear, that, unless something demonstrative of sympathy with the people, and a determi-

nation to redress national grievances was clearly evinced, a contest was at hand, by which the public tranquillity would be compromised; and of which it would be difficult to foresee the termination. The minister, therefore, who was not prepared to look through a long vista of blood, must resolve, before long, to make his peace, upon honourable terms, with the armed patriots of Ireland. But the commencement of that celebrated session, we must give in the words of one who was an eye-witness of what he describes.—Thus writes Sir Jonah Barrington:†

"At length the parliament assembled; the anxious and inquisitive eye of the secretary, and of the steady partizans of government, passed rapidly throughout the house—alarmed by the appearance of some unusual resistance, they endeavoured from the looks, the suggestions, the manner of the members, to prejudge the result of the first night's debate, which had generally decided the complexion of the ensuing session—but no sagacity could anticipate the turn which Irish affairs were to receive on that night—no human foresight could have predicted that blow which the system of the British cabinet was about to receive by one single sentence, or have foreseen that that single sentence would be the composition of the first law officer of the crown.

"The Lord Lieutenant's speech was delivered by him in the House of Lords, in the accustomed tone of confidence, ambiguity, and frivolous recommendations; and in the Commons, the usual echo and adulatory address was moved by Sir Robert Dean—a person completely devoted to the views of government. A pause succeeded, and an unusual communication was perceivable between several members on the government and the opposition sides of the house. A decided resistance to the usual qualified address now became certain;—the secretary, moving irresolutely from place to place, was seen endeavouring to collect the individual opinions of the members—and the law officers of the crown evinced a diffidence, never before observable in their department: throughout the whole house a new sense of expectation and anxiety was evident.

"At length, Mr. Henry Grattan rose,

* Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation. p. 53.

† Ibid. p. 54—56.

with a somewhat more than usual solemnity ;—he seemed labouring with his own thoughts, and preparing his mind for a more than ordinary exertion.

After an oration, replete with the most luminous reasoning—the severest censure—pathetic and irresistible eloquence, Mr. Grattan moved an amendment to the address, viz.—“ that we beseech your majesty to believe, that it is with the utmost reluctance we are constrained to approach you on this occasion ; but the constant drain to supply absentees, and the unfortunate prohibition of our trade, have caused such calamity, that the natural support of our country has decayed, and our manufacturers are dying for want ;—famine stalks hand in hand with hopeless wretchedness,—and the only means left to support the expiring trade of this miserable part of your Majesty's dominions, is to open a free export trade, and let your Irish subjects enjoy their natural birth-right.”

The die was now cast. The patriot leader had passed the Rubicon. There was mutiny in the camp of the minister, and it was plain that he could not calculate upon the support of by far the ablest of his retainers. At length, and with much hesitation, Sir Henry Cavendish arose, (a paltry pettifogger in debate, who had early become the auctioneer of his own public virtue,) and moved, as a substitute for Mr. Grattan's amendment, “ to supplicate for a redress of grievances.” He was feebly supported by the Attorney-General, Mr. Scott, whose parliamentary assurance for the first time seemed to fail him, and who evinced, by his irresolute and wheedling tone, a consciousness of ultimate failure. But when Flood, Mr. Ogle, the Provost, Sir Edward Newenham, declared their concurrence in the amendment, there no longer remained a hope of carrying the miserable expedient by which it was sought to be defeated. And no tongue can paint the consternation of ministers, when Hussey Burgh arose, and publicly declared, that strong statement, rather than pathetic supplication, was adapted to the crisis, and that he never would support any government in fraudulently concealing from the king the rights of his people. As Mr. Grattan's amendment was conceived, by some of the best friends of Ireland, to be objectionable for alluding so

pointedly to the absence, a class of persons whom it was, just at that period, desirable rather to propitiate than to provoke, Mr. Burgh proposed to substitute for it the following brief but significant sentence—

“ That it is not by *temporary expedients* that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin.”

“ The effect of this speech,” observes Sir Jonah Barrington, “ was altogether indescribable, nor is it easy to be conceived by those who were not witnesses of that remarkable transaction. The house, quick in its conception, and rapidly susceptible of every impression, felt the whole force of this unexpected and important occasion. The character, the talents, the eloquence of this great man bore down every symptom of resistance ; many of the usual supporters of the government, and some of the viceroy's immediate connections instantly followed his example, and in a moment the victory was decisive—not a single negative could the minister procure—and Mr. Burgh's amendment passed unanimously, amidst a tumult of joy and exultation.

“ This triumph of Irish patriotism made an instantaneous and powerful impression on the minds of the people ;—it was their first victory, and the minister's first discomfiture. The volunteers attributed this unexpected success to the impressions which their spirit had diffused throughout the country, and they determined to adopt this measure, as if it had been their own offspring,—and thereby identify the virtue of parliament with the energy of the people. On the circumstance being announced, the drums beat to arms—the volunteer associations collected in every part of the metropolis—and they resolved to line the streets, and accompany to the gates of the castle, that part of the legislative body which moved in solemn procession, to present their wholesome warning into the hands of the viceroy.”

Such was the memorable resolution, which acted as a talisman upon the public spirit of our country, and alarmed the blinded egotism of another. The national feeling had been brought into a focus ; and nothing but perseverance on the part of the parliamentary advocates was wanted to ensure the speedy and complete success of the cause of the people. The only question now was, in what manner or to what extent,

the boots should be concocted, which every one saw could not be much longer delayed. Meanwhile, the country resounded with the praises of the distinguished man, by whose eloquence, and whose virtue, this great triumph had been achieved; and with an armed nation at their back, such men were not likely to desert the post of honour in the hour of danger.

As the success of this night was chiefly owing to the spirited conduct and splendid eloquence of Hussey Burgh, who had then the office of Prime Serjeant, and who nobly flung his place to the winds, when the cause of his country, as he deemed, required such a sacrifice, it cannot be improper, in a few words, to introduce him to the notice of the reader. He was a singularly gifted man, and may not be omitted, even in the most passing sketch of Irish affairs at this period. — With moral qualities of the highest order, he possessed taste and genius of no ordinary kind, combined with a very considerable power of vigorous and manly reason. As a statesman, his integrity was more conspicuous than his ability, and the nationality of his sentiments, than the wisdom of his determinations. His understanding rather reflected the lights of other minds, than shone with any undervived and original brightness. His acquisitions were elegant, though superficial, and his learning various, though not profound, furnishing rather a storehouse for his fancy, than a workshop for his reason, and serving rather to give currency to ephemeral sentiment, than to stamp authority upon enlightened views. As an orator, he was more ornate than forcible, and, to use a phraseology not unlike his own, he may be said to have traversed the milky way in the firmament of Irish elocution. What was wanting in intellectual power, was thus supplied by native worth, and the mild radiance of his virtues threw a lustre around his path, which gave a kind of perpetual *ecclat* to his political existence. His imagery was always classical, often striking, and sometimes produced a most startling effect; while, at others, it rather overlaid his subject, or acted as the *ignis fatuus*, by which he was himself bewildered by his own hallucinations. Applause he loved, and was

pained when it was not liberally accorded. But no power of corruption could shake his integrity, or abate, even for a moment, that intensity of romantic attachment with which he prosecuted the independence of Ireland. Going as he did, with the tide of public feeling, he appeared to exert over it an almost magical power; but, had his efforts been in the other direction, he would soon have been made sensible of his error, and found how very great the difference is, between the influence which may aggravate, and the power which can dispel popular delusion. It may be truly said of him, that his strength and his weakness, his deficiencies and his perfections, equally fitted him for the distinguished part which he now acted on the theatre of public affairs, and that, had his abilities been greater, or his integrity less, Grattan might have wanted an indispensable auxiliary, or government have found a useful supporter. As it was, his feelings were interested in the cause of his country, while his mind was not sufficiently farsighted to catch a glimpse of the perils which awaited her in her bold and headlong career of independence. — And the peculiar temperament of his genius enabled him to throw a kind of aurora-borealis radiance around the views which he advocated, which caused them to be seen in a softened splendour, by which their vagueness and their rashness was concealed, while, whatever they possessed of beauty or of plausibility was made to appear to most advantage.

"He resembled," said Grattan, talking of him, in after-times, at his own dinner table, to Theobald Wolf Tone, "a general who stops upon his march to pluck daisies, which he weaves into a garland, flings around his shoulders, and enters the field of battle, half hero, half opera dancer."

This is not an ill-natured, nor very extravagant caricature of the peculiarities of Hussey Burgh, whose talents, character, and position, rendered him an invaluable accession to the popular party, and whose departure from the ranks of the minister may be said to have struck the government with dismay, and to have determined, in a great measure, the future measures of administration.

Mr. Daly was another able man, whose efforts also, entitled him, at this period, to a large share of national gratitude and admiration. For sound, practical wisdom, and insight into human nature, he stood, probably, at the head of that patriotic band, who had espoused the cause of their country, with a chivalrous determination to conquer or to die in their efforts for her liberation. British monopoly had no more resolute antagonist, nor Irish freedom a faster friend. His mind was enriched by learning, and disciplined by vigorous and manly thought, and he was distinguished above all his contemporaries, by a perspicuous sagacity, which, in the discussion of difficult or complicated questions, put him, as it were, into possession of a clue to the labyrinth, in the mazes of which most others were lost or bewildered. As an orator, he proved, on more than one occasion, that he could attain the very highest honours. Whenever he summoned his powers for a great effort, his arrangement was consummate, his treatment of his subject masterly, and the ease, grace, dignity, and simplicity of the language and the imagery which he employed, such as to extort the loudest admiration. But his efforts in that line were not frequent, and he contented himself, except on rare occasions, with brief and pertinent remarks, tending to disentangle the subject under discussion from the perplexity incident to multitudinous debate, or set it in some point of view in which its real bearing might be most apparent. He was one of the very few, at this period, whose wisdom led him early to apprehend the fatal consequences but too sure to result from the extremes to which the patriotic party seemed likely to be led, and who would fain have imposed a curb upon their restless spirit, before it passed the limits of control, and spurned the restoring efforts of those by whom it had been excited.

But the trade of the country was now to be vindicated, and in conjunction with Grattan and a few others, all his powers were concentrated upon that object. He it was who framed the resolution which Grattan moved, and for which Hussey Burgh's amendment was afterwards substituted. It had been concocted at the village of

Bray, whither Grattan and Daly had retired, that they might communicate, previous to the commencement of the session, unreservedly and uninterruptedly, respecting the affairs of Ireland. Similar communications had taken place between Flood and Hussey Burgh, who were determined not to lend even a passive countenance to the continuance of a system of misgovernment by which the energies of their country had long been paralysed. The respective parties were unacquainted with each other's intentions, when the discussion upon the amendment commenced; and Grattan and Daly were but too happy to accede to that proposed by Hussey Burgh, when, by so doing, all that they wanted was gained, together with a vast accession of support, including a moral weight of opinion, that could not otherwise have been looked for.

The decision of this night virtually settled the question of free trade, and constituted an auspicious commencement of Lord Carlisle's administration. The patriotic party were now reinforced by such a phalanx of talent, that in point of brilliancy and effect, they eclipsed all competition, and the men of property began to be so rapidly impregnated with popular principles, that Grattan said the people were now beginning to get *landed security* for their liberties. Nor was the noiseless agency of Lord Charlemont but little influential in bringing to pass that consummation by him and others so passionately desired. He was untiring in his efforts to make proselytes, amongst men of his own order, to the new opinions; and his open countenance of the people in their previous "non-importation" agreement, for the purpose of encouraging Irish manufactures, and the ardour with which, on all occasions, he seconded their views, and sought to promote their interests, and that, without the remotest prospect of any personal benefit, so endeared him to all classes of his fellow-countrymen, that in the very highest transports of their patriotic ardour, his will was respected as a law, and his approbation of their measures as earnestly desired, as if he was entitled to their allegiance.

We speak now of the first fervors of the people, when, with arms in their

hands, they demanded a free trade, which seemed at that time the ultimatum; of their political expectations.—The reverence and the love with which they then regarded Lord Charlemont should be witnessed, in order to be understood. It was with reference to that period of his life that Grattan so beautifully said—

“He cast upon the crowd that followed him, the gracious shade of his own accomplishments, so that the very rabble grew civilized as it approached his person.”

But the days were at hand, when a different spirit was to possess his countrymen, and when the advice of the most revered of their benefactors was to be disregarded. But we must not anticipate. “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”

The minister now saw that he could no longer neglect the interests, or trifle with the feelings of the people of Ireland. The reverses in America humbled his pride, and the opposition of an armed nation, indignant at rights so long withheld, scared him into a sense of justice. Concessions, in point of trade and commerce, to the full amount of our demands, were now, not without reluctance, resolved on; and, as if every measure of liberality was to be accompanied by something that should provoke and aggravate the very feeling which it was intended to propitiate, Lord North sought, as the price of his enlargement of our trade to perpetuate the mutiny bill, which, together with the hereditary revenue of the crown, which would have rendered the King independent of his Irish parliament, would amount to a virtual suspension of the constitution.

Never was there a period, in the history of our country, when such an experiment could be less safely made; and had Lord North's intention been to inflame, instead of to extinguish the national enthusiasm, he could not have been more successful. All that had been granted, seemed mean and inconsiderable, in comparison with what would be lost, by this insidious attempt

upon the virgin purity of their constitution; and, accordingly, a rally of public spirit was produced, which made the struggle for free trade, which had just been attended with such complete success, to be forgotten, in the mightier struggle which now succeeded for national independence.

It is not to be omitted, even in the briefest notice of these stirring times, that the spirit of the volunteer association elicited an expression of national sentiment from the prostrate body of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and operated upon them with such a magical effect, that they forgot their own peculiar grievances in their aspirations after Irish freedom. They were thus, for the first time, brought under the friendly notice of many of their Protestant countrymen, who had, before, regarded with jealousy any relaxation of the penal restrictions; and, already, a public sentiment began to be expressed in favour of a mitigation of that severe and vindictive system of laws, which had the immediate effect of generating the seeds of divisions amongst the volunteer body itself, and was, ultimately, the means of disassociating those whom a feeling of national honour had united.

The following eloquent passage which we extract from one of the pamphlets of the day,* will describe the position of Ireland after she had attained freedom of trade, and before she had as yet acquired legislative independence.

“As soon as trade was opened, the Irish nation conceiving that her associations and charter would be a reproach, if, notwithstanding both, she consented to be governed by laws which she did not make; conceiving also that nothing in justice or policy, in the real or the apparent interest of Great Britain, stood in the way of liberty, denied in her different counties and cities the supremacy of the British parliament; and having herself asserted liberty, instructed her representatives to give to that assertion the solemnity of a law, or the countenance of a resolution. You saw the policy of declaring your sentiments, that England might see the danger of invading, your

* Observations on the Mutiny Bill, addressed to the People of Ireland, with some strictures on Lord Buckinghamshire's Administration in Ireland, second edition.” Dublin: printed by W. Wilson, 6, Dame street, 1781.

own parliament: the safety of your asserting, and all the prudence of allowing rights of which an armed and chartered nation proclaimed herself tenacious. You proceeded in this great business like a serious animated nation, who entertained a deep sense of her privileges, and a calm determination to maintain them. It was not the measure of a faction, it was not the act of a party; but of a people, rising up like one man to claim their freedom, a whole people long depressed, and cruelly divided, flocking together with the most perfect order, and each individual, man by man, from his own lips, preferring his right to be free. That people! the Irish nation, whose grossness, tameness, and disorder, had been a subject of ribaldry to themselves, to those very men of our own country, to whose inconstant, mean, frivolous, and venal political habits; you now gave the soundest lessons of constitution, and the brightest example of order: neither was this great act confined to one persuasion—but Protestant and Papist, their ancient animosity in such a cause subsiding, signed the same declaration of right; and those whom neither severity, nor lenity, nor the penal code, nor its relaxation, had been able to unite, in freedom found a rapid reconciliation; a certain flame rectified the humours of superstition. The time had arrived when the spirit of truth and liberty should descend upon the man of the Romish persuasion, and touch his Catholic lips with public fire. He was tried and was found faithful, he was weighed in the balance and proved sufficient. We have learned at last a simple but great truth, that one man is like another, and that all men wish to be free.

"I have been told the Roman Catholics had no right to sign instructions. I do not enquire into the right, I am satisfied with the fact; for the Catholic, taking a constitutional test, qualifies, and is, in conscience and equity, constituted a brother and a fellow-citizen. In short, such were your measures and declarations, that I defy the most learned of your traducers, from all the store of their reading, to produce any thing comparable to the conduct of the Irish nation. And I will further say, that if it had not been you who had spoken, but the laws you were employed to restore; if the law had put forth a voice and promulgated herself, she had not been reflected in accents of more

truth, temper, and purity. You shook off the tyranny of the English; you deterred the invasion of the French; you restored the liberties of the Irish; you gave operation to laws; you gave education to manners; you raised a sleeping province; you humbled a many kingdoms; you compassed a mighty revolution; you became a theme of public worship; and the subject of just and necessary thanksgiving; they who abhorred, revered your institutions you never heard of, spoke of, yours, nothing was wanting but the uniform concurrence of your parliament, to have placed the Irish nation on the broad foundation of liberty, and the summit of fame."

It is to be observed, that the leading men in parliament did not, at that period, disdain to make the public press the medium through which their sentiments were conveyed to the people; and anonymous pamphlets have, accordingly, survived, in which the stern logic and the vigorous condemnation of Flood, and the splendid declamation and the epigrammatic point of Grattan, may be clearly discerned by the intelligent reader.

Such was the indignation with which the perpetual mutiny bill was regarded, that some public spirited individuals determined to make a stand upon that point, and to bring "the legality of British statutes, operating upon Ireland, into issue, through the medium of their own conduct, in refusing to obey them."* This, however, would have been a hazardous experiment, as the judges were then entirely dependent upon the crown; and the patriots acted far more wisely in "biding their time," and waiting until the progress of national feeling rendered it dangerous for the minister to refuse their rights, than in attempting a vindication of their legislative functions by the doubtful and undignified process of a decision in an Irish court of justice. Nor were there wanting, at that period, sturdy champions of prerogative, who could not be at a loss for plausible grounds to defend the existing usage, had it been made a question of law, instead of a question of constitution.

Lord Buckinghamshire was now recalled. He was succeeded by Lord

* "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," page 81.

Cardinal. As the Volunteers were called into existence by the imbecility of the first, the merit of the second was to consist in their dispersion; and, for this purpose, nothing which address or eloquence could accomplish, was wanting on the part of the new lord lieutenant, to flatter their vanity, soothe their pride, and, by a kind of ostentation and anticipatory proffer of national address, to deprive them of any pretext for continuing any longer in arms. He met parliament, for the first time, on the 9th of October, 1781, and his speech was well calculated to purchase for him golden opinions, from a sanguine and an excited people. But it contained nothing specific, which might furnish to the more wary patriots, any solid grounds of national exultation. The minister thought that much was gained, when he induced Mr. John (afterwards Lord) O'Neil, one of the first of the Irish commoners, to move the customary complimentary address; but he was quickly undeceived, when that gentleman, immediately after, moved a resolution "of thanks to all the Volunteers of Ireland, for their exertions and continuance." The effect of this was truly embarrassing. The minister was taken completely by surprise.

"To return thanks," observes Sir Jonah Barrington,* "to an independent army for their exertions and continuance, which acknowledged no military superiority, and called, with arms in their hands, upon their Irish kings to restore their civil rights and plundered constitution—was a step, undoubtedly, not warranted by precedent—but prompt decision was necessary; and the then Mr. John Fitzgibbon, in one of the first efforts of that decided but inconsiderate impetuosity which distinguished him throughout life, harshly opposed Mr. O'Neil's motion; but, by endeavouring to support the government, he deeply embarrassed it; and Mr. Scott, the attorney-general, on that occasion, showed, in its strongest colours, the advantages of well-regulated policy. He instantly acceded to what he could not oppose, and gave an appearance of full approbation on the part of government, to an address of thanks to these men, which nothing but that political duplicity

which he so amply possessed, could have induced him to consent to."

Truly has it been said, by the same writer, a cotemporary observer of the transaction which he records, that this resolution of thanks, communicated, as it was, by the order of the House of Commons, through the sheriffs of counties, to the corps of Volunteers in their respective bailiwicks, "made a considerable progress in the emancipation of the Irish people;" it virtually gave to an irresponsible confederation of armed men an attitude and an authority which placed them above the control of the British parliament. Thenceforth nothing remained to be done but to adjust the terms of Irish freedom.

Indeed it is not wonderful that nothing should now seem impossible to such a body of men as the volunteers, caressed as they were by a reluctant government, and backed by an united and admiring people. Nor was there in their conduct anything which could operate as a drawback upon the confidence now universally reposed in their spirit, their integrity, their patriotism, and their moderation. The inspiring names at the head of every movement by which the liberties of their country was to be vindicated, were Grattan and Charlemont; the one that illustrious commoner who had already given commerce to his country; the other the venerated nobleman who never considered the wealth, or the station, or the dignity which he possessed, but as trusts for the benefit of the people. Most of Lord Charlemont's time was now taken up in attending to the discipline and the organization of the brave men who had chosen him as their leader. To a retiring disposition such as his, the labour and bustle attendant upon his military avocations, must have been not a little disagreeable and irksome; for he possessed no military genius, and "the pomp and circumstance" of mimic war, in which he now so frequently found it his duty to bear a part, were only not insupportably distasteful to him, because they powerfully seconded his political views for the peaceful regeneration of Ireland.

* "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," page 87.

"From the camp to the peaceful shades of Marino," and his excellent library," observes his biographer, Mr. Hardy, "was Lord Charlemont's usual transition in those days. Literature was his constant resource, aided by an agreeable and varied society. Except by a few, it cannot be said that letters were much cultivated at that time in Ireland; yet, though the pursuits of a camp are necessarily incompatible, for the moment, with literary study, the volunteer institution, so far from being formidable to such studies, eventually contributed to their extension. Almost every man of a liberal education throughout Ireland was now, occasionally at least, in the field; and many gentlemen of literary acquirements devoted no inconsiderable portion of their time to the camp, and such military knowledge as, in their situation, they could obtain. The different ranks of society became more mingled. Those who were uninformed, frequently, often daily, met those who were not so. Liberal intercourse took place, and many were ashamed of continuing ignorant. Reading became, though slowly, a fashion, and what was originally fashion became changed into a favoured and pleasing habit. It is, indeed, to be wished that that habit was still more extended. But unquestionably more books were bought, and continued to be so, after the volunteer institution was formed, than ever before in Ireland. To Lord Charlemont's society and library every man of letters, when properly recommended, was entirely and unaffectedly welcome."

But politics again became all absorbing. The celebrated convention of Dunganon was now at hand, which was soon to be followed by the event-

ful session of 1792, in which Ireland underwent a sort of magical transformation, and passed, as it were, *per saltum*, from an extreme of servitude incompatible with Irish prosperity, to an extreme of independence incompatible with British connection. The patriots deluded themselves into the belief that these two things were perfectly reconcilable; but events speedily demonstrated the baseless and visionary nature of their expectations.

The favourite notion, now, was, that Ireland was an independent kingdom.

"That the king was bound to govern Ireland, not through the crown of England, but his crown of Ireland, transferred upon him by the Irish nation, and worn by him in conjunction with that of Great Britain, as the chief magistrate of both; but to govern each country severally by their respective laws, and their distinct legislatures, and not the one through the other; and though the Irish crown was, by the constitution of that country, placed for ever on the head of the same legislative monarch who should wear that of England, yet the Irish people were not legally bound to obey any laws but those enacted by their own legislature."

This was, in point of fact, nothing more than a revival of the doctrine of Molyneux, which had before subjected its propounder to persecution, but which was now maintained with a force of logic which sixty thousand men in arms knew so well how to employ, and which recent events at the other side of the Atlantic, significantly admonished the minister could not safely be resisted.†

* Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, p. 40.

† As the national sentiment is generally very correctly conveyed in popular songs, we subjoin the following verses of a song that was universally popular at this period. Our citation may not be quite accurate, as we quote from memory, having heard it frequently, in our younger days, sung by an old relative who was himself a Volunteer, with all the enthusiasm which it was so calculated to inspire.

"By your leave, gossip John,
By my faith 'tis too long,
Since you've played us a fiddle
The same key on, same key on.

"Dont turn a deaf ear,
For our tune, now, you hear
We have got our own music,
To play on, to play on.

The little attention paid to the demands of the popular members in the House of Commons, was the ostensible cause of the assembling together, in the town of Dungannon, of the delegates from the armed associations of Ulster. Their meeting Sir Jonah Barrington thus describes :

"This celebrated meeting was conducted with a decorum, firmness, and discretion, unknown to the popular meetings of other times and other countries. Steady, silent, and determined, two hundred delegated volunteers, clothed in the uniform, and armed with the arms of their respective regiments, marched two and two to the church of Dungannon—a place selected for the sanctity of its nature, to give the greater solemnity to this memorable proceeding.

"The entrance of the delegates into that sacred place, was succeeded by an awful silence, which pervaded the whole assembly. The glittering arms of two hundred patriots, for the first time selected by their countrymen to proclaim the wrongs and grievances of the people, was, in itself, a scene so uncommon and so interesting, that many of these men, who were ready in a moment to shed the last

drop of their blood in the cause of their country, as soldiers, were softened into tears, while contemplatively they surveyed that assembly in which they were about to pledge themselves to measures irrevocably committing Ireland with her sister nation—the result of which must determine the future fate of themselves, their children, and their country."

Of the individuals who figured in that convention we cannot afford space to speak separately; but we see no reason to deny to them the praise of honesty and integrity, as well as of spirit and independence, although there can be no doubt that, had not a ready compliance on the part of government anticipated in some measure the objects which they had at heart, they would have involved their country in civil war, and that, as the event has proved, for an eighteen years' possession of an untimely, a turbulent, and a precarious independence.

The repeal of the sixth of George the First was one of the first measures deemed necessary by the armed asserters of constitutional freedom.

"Nay, some folks go further,
We hope tis no murder,
To say it will make
The king dance, sir, king dance, sir.

"Sixty thousand brave boys,
Have contrived such a noise
As now charm the ears
Of gay France, sir, gay France, sir.

"Were you not very dull
When you took off our wool,
To leave us so much
Of the leather, the leather.

"Did it ne'er enter your pate,
That a sheep-skin well beat,
Would rouse the whole nation
Together, together?

"One and all, young and old,
None complain of the cold,
Though stript to the skin
And the bone, sir, the bone, sir."

"All join the parade,
And shout out, a free trade,
Or else, you may let it
Alone, sir, alone, sir.

The mutiny bill, of course, was not forgotten; and a declaration of right was resolved on, in which it was boldly stated that the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland were the only body competent to make laws entitled to the obedience of the people.

Having thus significantly expressed their sentiments respecting the measures essential, in their judgment, to the national interest, and evinced a determination not the less energetic because it was calm and deliberate, to prosecute them, if necessary, with their fortunes and their lives,—

"This body of armed patriots adjourned, committing," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "the further procedure to the coincidence and zeal of the other provinces of the nation; and, with a discretion almost unparalleled, a body of patriots, who might in one week, have collected a military force, which all the power of England could not then have coped with, and at the head of an irresistible army, in a triumphant attitude, might have dictated their own terms to a trembling government—by their wise and temperate conduct, avoided the horrors of a civil commotion, proved to the world the genuine attachment of Ireland to her sister country, and deliberately represented to Great Britain the grievances which, by more hostile proceedings, they could, by their own power, have redressed in a moment."

At this convention it was that the Earl of Bristol, who was at that time Bishop of Derry, first declared himself favourable to Irish independence. It was a singular phenomenon to see a Church of England prelate thus identify himself with the popular cause, and go even beyond the most flaming of the Irish patriots in protesting against the usurpations of the land of his birth, and contending for the rights and liberties of the country of his adoption. He was a prelate whose mind was not unenriched by learning, and whose manners were easy and prepossessing; but in whom an inordinate greediness for popular applause superseded, while the fit was upon him, every feeling and principle which would become him as a churchman, a politician, or a Christian. While he thus openly confederated with those among whom a republican spirit began to prevail, by which the throne and the altar would

have been equally endangered, he affected the most lordly prelatical state, and seemed equally to enjoy the pomp and splendour of his spiritual rank, and the noisy acclamation of his popular adherents. As a churchman, but few could have recognised, in this modern Wolsey, the meek professor of the gospel of Christ, while many were not slow to admit the largeness and the liberality of his charities, and, in the disposal of his patronage, his disinterestedness, if not his discrimination. He might be said to have brought to the office of the bishop the virtues of the demagogue, rather than have infused into the conduct of the demagogue any of the peculiar graces of a bishop; although it is not improbable that Ireland may have, at this period, owed her happy exemption from that heady turbulence that would have involved her in a contest with Great Britain, in which the question at issue must be decided by the sword, to the degree in which his ecclesiastical functions impeded the movements of this extraordinary man, and made him feel that, in his most adventurous enterprises as a patriot, public opinion imperatively required that the decorum becoming his office and his station should not be altogether abandoned.

It is very difficult to say what might or might not have been the result of the convention at Dungannon, had England been in a situation to give a stern refusal to their demands, and to enforce submission by those prompt and vigorous measures which, on former occasions, had been but too successful. But such was not the case. After a long struggle with a powerful opposition, the disasters in America now compelled Lord North's ministry to give way, and the Marquis of Rockingham was called to the helm of affairs, at the head of the popular party, and assumed office with a full determination of going every constitutional length in giving satisfaction to the people of Ireland.

The following letter from the Marquis himself to Lord Charlemont announces this pleasing intelligence, and shows the high estimation in which the latter nobleman was held by those who then presided over the destinies of the country.

"MY DEAR LORD CHARLEMONT—The long and pleasing friendship which has so mutually and so cordially existed between your lordship and me, for many, many years, may now, I trust, facilitate what I am sure has been the object of our public conduct—the mutual advantage and prosperity of both these countries. National distrusts and jealousies will not have the smallest weight on either of our minds.

"The Duke of Portland being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is, I think, my dear lord, a pretty good pledge of the fair intentions of his Majesty's ministers. His Grace's character and disposition of mind, as well as the principles on which he has long acted, are well known to your lordship, and I cannot but hope, that many advantages will arise from a trust and confidence in his character, which may produce the happiest effects, both in the commencement and progress of such plans as may be suggested. I can assure your lordship, that his Majesty's present ministers will not loiter in a business of such magnitude. This day his Majesty sends a message to the House of Commons, stating, that distrusts and jealousies have arisen in Ireland, and that it is highly necessary to take them into immediate consideration, in order to a final adjustment. The Duke of Portland will set out for Ireland tomorrow evening. His grace is empowered to send the same message to the Parliament in Ireland. I should hope that an adjournment of the House of Commons in Ireland, for a fortnight or three weeks, in order to give the Duke of Portland the opportunity of enquiring into the opinions of your lordship, and of the gentlemen of the first weight and consequence, will be readily assented to. I cannot think that it would be good policy in the House of Commons of Ireland, to carry on measures, at this juncture, which should appear as measures to extort. In truth, my dear lord, I think the time is come, when a new system, and new arrangement of connection between the two kingdoms, must be settled, to the mutual satisfaction and the reciprocal interests of both. Let us unite our endeavours in so good a work. I cannot conclude, without expressing to your lordship, how anxious I shall be to hear from you. Lady Rockingham begs to present her best compliments to your lordship, and Lady Charlemont.—I have the honour to be, dear

Lord Charlemont, most affectionately yours,
ROCKINGHAM.

"Grosvener Square, Tuesday, P.M.
Five o'clock, April the 9th, 1782."

The adjournment requested was not to be obtained. The expectation of the nation had been wound up to the highest point of intensity, and any apparent trifling with a body like the volunteers, might have led to results to the highest degree disastrous. Lord Charlemont, therefore, while he expressed his joy at the accession of his friend to office, and his gratitude for the expected benefits which such an event was likely to ensure to his country, hesitated not, in the most explicit manner, to inform the Marquis, that his wishes, in that particular, could not be complied with. The following is part of his reply :

"From what I have now said, your lordship will readily conceive, that no greater misfortune could possibly befall me, than to be prevented in any way from giving my whole support to an administration, which is, in every respect, so dear to me. But, thank heaven, I have little reason to dread any such event; yet, unfortunately, a difficulty occurred at setting out. The adjournment proposed by your lordship was absolutely impracticable, and a thorough knowledge of the state of this country would, I am sure, convince you, that it would have been extremely imprudent to have hazarded the proposition. The parliamentary declaration of right was universally looked up to as an essential and necessary preliminary. It was a measure pointed out by the people, from which nothing could ever have induced them to recede, and if an adjournment had been proposed, the new administration would undoubtedly have been defeated at their first setting out. The message sent to parliament rendered an immediate proceeding still more indispensable. The king desired to be informed of the causes of discontent, and those causes could not have been too soon ascertained, and declared, in order to their speedy removal. The nation was to the last degree anxious, and the minds of all men were attentively fixed on the event of the 16th April; and so decidedly was the sense of the people against any adjournment, that by giving way in a matter so very repugnant to their wishes, we whose power of sup-

postponement principally, if not wholly, in our popularity, might have endangered that influence, which, upon the expected and necessary redress of all our grievances, we wish to Ampley in your behalf. These reasons, and many others, too tedious to be now detailed, induced me to think the measure proposed, not only improper, but highly imprudent also; and they seemed to have some weight with the Duke of Portland, who honoured me with a long conference on the subject, and who, with great prudence as well as goodness, gave up the point; neither will he, I am confident, have any reason to repent his concession. At the same time, lest it should be thought that our aversion to postponement concealed under it the least distrust of the present administration, I think it necessary to declare to your lordship, as I did to the lord lieutenant, that my mind is incapable of harbouring any such principle; my intimate knowledge of you must naturally and necessarily banish all distrust. Yes, my dearest lord, I look up to you with the most unbounded confidence, a confidence founded upon a thorough knowledge of your principles, and your wisdom. We ask but for our rights—our incontrovertible rights—restore them to us, and for ever unite in the closest and best-rikked bonds of affection, the kingdom of Ireland to her beloved, though hitherto unkind sister! Bind us to you by the only chains that can connect us, the only chains we will ever consent to wear—the dear ties of mutual love, and mutual freedom. But I have already detained you much too long. Pardon this unconscionable letter. I shall hasten to conclude by returning you my most sincere acknowledgments for the honour and favour of your's, and by assuring you that, as I loved you out of office, my affection still equally continues, even though you are a great minister, a rank of men, with which my heart has not often been much connected. Lady Charlemont joins with me in best respects to Lady Rockingham, and desires her sincere compliments of congratulation to your lordship. Believe me, my dearest lord, that I speak much less than the sentiments of my heart, when I assure you, that I have the honour to be, your lordship's most faithful, most affectionate humble servant,

“CHARLEMONT.”

From Mr. Fox, he also had a letter, highly characteristic of that extraordi-

nary man. He, also, desired a short adjournment, and received a similar answer. Fox had alluded to Grattan, in a manner highly complimentary; the following is part of Lord Charlemont's reply, which we give, as evincing the entire disinterestedness, with which he and his friends acted on this great occasion, and the entire oblivion of self which marked their struggle for constitutional independence.

“I have seen Grattan, and have communicated the kind paragraph in your letter concerning him. He desires his most sincere thanks to you for your goodness and friendly opinion of him. We are both of us precisely of the same mind; we respect and honour the present administration; we adore the principle on which it is founded; we look up to its members with the utmost confidence for their assistance in the great work of general freedom, and should be happy to support them in Ireland, in the manner which may be most beneficial to them, and honourable to us; consulted, but not considered.”

The Duke of Portland was now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His instructions were, to obtain from the popular party as much delay as he conveniently could, while he fed the country with the hope of a full redress of the national grievances; in order that his friends in England might be fully informed of the real state of affairs, and that nothing, in such important matters, should be done, which did not bear the character of mature deliberation. Ireland had, as it were, at this time, quickened in the womb, and great was the anxiety and the agitation which prevailed, when the empire was about to be delivered of a kingdom.

The popular party (which now included many of the strongest supporters of the government,) were irretrievably pledged to a declaration of right, and the 16th of April had been peremptorily fixed to bring the subject under the consideration of parliament. It would, therefore, have been perilous in the extreme to have trifled with the public feeling by any unnecessary procrastination; and Lord Charlemont and his friends, whatever might have been their private wishes, were wholly unable to comply with the earnest soli-

cisions of their friends in power, with such a loss of influence over their armed associates as might compromise the tranquillity of the kingdom. On the other hand, the new government were perplexed in the extreme by the firm attitude of the Irish patriots, and the necessity which seemed imposed upon them of coming to a hasty decision upon matters of such immense importance. If they declined to accede to the declaration of rights, they could expect nothing less than the energetic hostility of an united people. If they acceded to it, they could not but be startled by the perils which no blindness could prevent them from foreseeing as inevitably consequent upon the new order of things, which involved changes in the established policy of the country, to an extent that might endanger the security of the empire.

In this dilemma, Mr. Grattan was consulted. He fairly submitted to the lord lieutenant the intended declaration of rights. Various modifications were proposed to him, by which, as he thought, its vigour would be destroyed, and the expectation of his friends disappointed. These were firmly, but respectfully, declined. Mr. Grattan felt that he was now in a position in which he might dictate his own terms, and he was determined that nothing less than a direct recognition of the great principles set forth in the resolutions of Dugganau, should be accepted. Such was the only basis of final adjustment which he would consent to recognise. And as the duke, who had now only two days to consider the matter, was not prepared to go the whole length which he required, they parted without any explicit declaration of the course which the government intended to pursue, at the approaching momentous crisis.

The intense public anxiety which was manifested, when parliament assembled, on the 16th of April, by special summons, to deliberate upon the most important motion that ever was submitted to their consideration, cannot be better described than in the words of Sir Jonah Barrington, who was an actor as well as an observer in the scene which he almost presents to the eyes of his readers.

“Early on the 16th of April, 1782, the great street before the house of par-

liament was thronged by a multitude of people of every class and of every description, though many hours must elapse before the house would meet, or business be proceeded on. As it was a circumstance which seldom takes place on the eve of remarkable events, it becomes a proper subject of remark, that though more than many thousands of people inflamed by the most ardent zeal, were assembled in a public street without any guide, restraint, or control, save the example of the Volunteers, not the slightest appearance of tumult was observable; on the contrary, such perfect order prevailed, that not even an angry word or offensive expression escaped their lips.

“The parliament had been summoned to attend this momentous question by an unusual and special call of the house; and by four o'clock a full meeting took place. The body of the house of commons was crowded with its members, a great proportion of the peerage attended as auditors; and the capacious gallery, which surrounded the interior magnificent dome of the house, contained above four hundred ladies of the highest distinction, who partook of the same national fire which had enlightened their parents, their husbands, and their relatives; and by the sympathetic influence of their presence and zeal communicated an instinctive chivalrous impulse to eloquence and to patriotism.

“Those who have only seen the tumultuous rush of imperial parliaments, scuffling in the antiquated chapel of St. Stephen's, crowned by a gallery of notetakers, anxious to catch the public penny by the earliest reports of good speeches made bad, and bad speeches made better, indifferent as to subjects and careless as to misrepresentation; yet the principal medium of communication between the sentiments of the representative and the curiosity of the represented, can form no idea of the interesting appearance of the Irish House of Commons. The cheerful magnificence of its splendid architecture; the number, the decorum and brilliancy of the anxious auditory; the vital question that night to be determined, and the solemn dignity which clothed the proceedings of that awful moment, collectively produced impressions, even on disinterested strangers, which perhaps had never been so strongly or so justly excited by the appearance and proceedings of any house of legislature.

“Mr. Perry took the chair at four

o'clock. The singular wording of the summonses had its complete effect, and procured the attendance of almost every member resident within the kingdom. A calm but deep solicitude was apparent on almost every countenance, when Mr. Grattan entered, accompanied by Mr. Brownlow and several others, the determined and important advocates for the declaration of Irish independence. Mr. Grattan's preceding exertions and anxiety had manifestly injured his health; his tottering frame seemed barely sufficient to sustain his labouring mind, replete with the unprecedented importance and responsibility of the measure he was about to bring forward. He was unacquainted with the reception it would obtain from the connexions of the government; he was that day irretrievably to commit his country with Great Britain, and through him Ireland was either to assert her liberty or start from the connexion. His own situation was tremendous; that of the members attached to the administration embarrassing; that of the people anxious to palpitation. For a short time a profound silence ensued; it was expected that Mr. Grattan would immediately rise, when the wisdom and discretion of the government gave a turn to the proceedings, which in a moment eased the parliament of its solicitude, Mr. Grattan of the weight that oppressed him, and the people of their anxiety. Mr. Hely Hutchinson (then secretary of state in Ireland) rose. He said, that his excellency the lord lieutenant had ordered him to deliver a message from the king, importing, that, 'his majesty, being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies were prevailing amongst his loyal subjects of Ireland, upon matters of great weight and importance, recommended to the house to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to effect such a final adjustment as might give satisfaction to both kingdoms.' And

Mr. Hutchinson accompanied this message with a statement of his own views on the subject, and his determination to support a declaration of *Irish rights, and constitutional independence.*

"Thus, on the 16th of April, 1782, after nearly seven hundred years of subjugation, oppression, and misery, after centuries of unavailing complaint, and neglected remonstrance, did the King of Ireland, through his Irish secretary of state, at length himself propose to redress those grievances through his Irish parliament; an authority which, as King of England, his minister had never before recognized or admitted. In a moment the whole scene was completely changed; those miserable prospects which had so long disgusted, and at length so completely agitated the Irish people, vanished from their view; the phenomenon of such a message had an instantaneous and astonishing effect, and pointed out such a line of conduct to every party and to every individual, as left it almost impossible for any but the most mischievous characters, to obstruct the happy unanimity which now became the gratifying result of this prudent and wise proceeding."

Here we must pause. It was our intention to have concluded in this number; but deference to the claims of valuable contributors compels us to put off, to our next, the completion of this sketch, which, if it seem to partake more of the character of history than of biography, we trust the intelligent reader will see that the intense nationality of the subject has been the cause, and that Lord Charlemont's life cannot be fully or fairly written without embracing some account of the men with whom he acted, and the most stirring events in the most brilliant period of the history of Ireland.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY.*

THE doctrine of final causes, or in other words the proofs of designing intelligence with which the world abounds, is the only basis on which the prin-

ciples of natural theology can repose; for it is only by a study of the phenomena of the universe that we can arrive (by natural means) at any know-

* "Geology and Mineralogy Considered with Reference to Natural Theology. By the Rev. William Buckland, being No. 6 of the Bridgewater Treatises, 2 vols, 8vo., London, 1836.

ledge of the existence and attributes of its creator. All attempts towards an *a priori* demonstration of the existence of the Deity, even when conducted by minds of consummate acuteness, have only led to a complication of difficulties, and failed in affording any satisfactory evidence of the great truth which they have attempted to establish. On the other hand, the argument of induction from final causes is so conclusive in its results, so obvious as to be made available even in the infancy of science, and so simple that the most untutored mind may be made to comprehend its force, that we have no reason to regret the failure of the bold *a priori* demonstration, which even if as conclusive as its inventor imagined would still be unnecessary.

The value of the argument from final causes cannot be placed in a stronger light than by the fact that it ever has been the favourite weapon of writers on natural theology, both in ancient and modern times, in the rudest state of physical science as well as in the matured condition of every branch of knowledge in our own days. To the sages of antiquity the heavens declared the glory of God no less than to the astronomers of modern Europe, and the proofs of wisdom and goodness, displayed in the structure of animals, was as familiar to Socrates as to Paley. When we remember that the enquirers of antiquity were destitute of that better light which has been revealed to us, it is not surprising that they should have valued the doctrine of final causes so highly as the only principle which could lead them to any glimpse of the Great First Cause. It is surely pleasing to reflect, that the scanty knowledge of natural phenomena, which the ancients possessed, was still sufficient to afford a demonstration of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, to those noble minds to whom such important truths were the subjects of earnest and anxious enquiry.

The early philosophers of the Ionic school were much occupied with physical enquiries and discussions respecting the origin of the world ; but their theology was of an extremely suspicious kind, and some of them appear to have excluded the Deity from all

concern in the creation and government of the universe. But the study of the works of nature at length conducted Anaxagoras to a better theology than any of his predecessors had maintained, and to him belongs the praise of being the first and perhaps the only pure theist of antiquity. He boldly proclaimed that the first cause of the universe was the supreme Deity, and with a courage which none of his successors ventured to imitate, and with a simplicity of belief to which none of them ever attained, he at once discarded all notions of subordinate divinities, and rejected the polytheism of his countrymen. The sun, moon, and stars were to him only heavenly bodies and parts of the material world ; the fall of a meteoric stone was merely a natural phenomenon of rare occurrence ; and the birth of a monstrous animal was merely a curious phenomenon to be cleared up by the anatomist and not by the soothsayer. These opinions, so much in advance of his age, excited the hostility of an ignorant populace, and that philosopher, who, of all his countrymen had the worthiest notions of the Deity, was banished as an atheist. But the opinions of this great man were not promulgated in vain ; for a few years after his banishment we find Socrates employing the doctrine of final causes for its legitimate object in proving not only the wisdom and power of the Deity from the structure of animals, but establishing his providence and moral attributes from the structure of the human intellect and moral nature of man. The same kind of arguments were employed by Plato, and with still greater development by his successor, Aristotle. This last named philosopher not only appreciated the value of final causes to natural theology, but by a happy generalization, rendered this doctrine the fundamental principle of physiological science ; it was the guide which directed him in his classification of animals, and in the study of the uses of their organs ; and such it remains at present, acquiring increasing value with the progress of science. In our own times, Cuvier has often reiterated the opinion that final causes constitute the only rational principle in zoology ; in truth his noblest work—his re-

searches concerning fossil bones—is but one of the most brilliant applications of this doctrine to the purposes of science.

We have ventured into this brief discussion, to show that even in the most imperfect state of scientific knowledge, enough of evidence was found to prove the existence of a designing mind, the Creator of all things, and the first cause of the useful and the beautiful of which we perceive such numberless instances. The argument is still the same, but prodigiously extended and strengthened by a far greater induction of facts; and we may add, that even the hypotheses which in recent times have been opposed to its validity are merely the inventions of ancient sceptics cloaked in the phraseology of modern science.

If the inductive argument be of such inherent vigor, as to be capable in all ages of silencing objections, and vindicating the most important truths, still it is susceptible of an accumulating force which can only be measured by the progress of human knowledge. The discoveries of Newton and La Place have opened before us a magnificent view of the vastness of creation, and consequently of the omnipotence of the Deity; while at length the aid of the microscope has enabled naturalists to explode the old doctrine of equivocal generation, and to establish on its ruins the most admirable illustrations of the omniscience of the Creator. Thus each science affords its own peculiar illustration of some divine attribute, or some apt and happy solution of a doubt or an objection, while it requires the concurring aid of every science to form a harmonious system, and exhibit a complete and symmetrical view of all that unaided reason is able to accomplish. If anatomy affords evidences of wisdom and goodness, and astronomy proofs of almighty power, geology affords evidence of unity of design, the adaptation of man to external nature shows that he also is the work of the Creator; and thus we proceed from the contemplation of an intelligent and powerful Creator to the acknowledgment of him as the moral governor of the universe.

It has been justly remarked, that next to astronomy, geology exhibits to us the grandest views of the magni-

ficence of the creation. If the one carries us so far into the regions of space, transporting us beyond the range of our solar system to the immeasurably remote fixed stars; from them, to those nebulae which some philosophers regard as nascent worlds; geology carries us far into the regions of time. We live on the ruins of former worlds. Animals of gigantic size and strange organization appear before us; and still farther, in the remote past we perceive the ruins of another system, destitute of all remains of living inhabitants; but even here our induction does not cease, for the fragments of older rocks, which they contain, prove that even these strata are the relics of a still remoter world. We are aware that such statements may appear not only startling to many minds, but also as inconsistent with the annals of creation as recorded by the inspired historian. Fortunately, however, this is far from being the case, and a few sentences will, we trust, place the subject in its proper light. Here we have to observe, that the question is simply this, do the Scriptures expressly limit the age of the world to the period which has elapsed since a little before the creation of man? Geology assures us in the most positive manner, that numerous races of plants and animals have lived and flourished on the face of the earth, which became extinct long before man was called into being. Here, however, it will be found, that there is no discordance between science and scripture, and that a fair interpretation of the two first verses of Genesis will allow ample scope for the speculations of the geologist, and in no way infringe on the authority of the divine record. In the commencement of the book of Genesis, we are informed that prior to the work of the first day, "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It is obvious, therefore, that a period of time of indefinite length elapsed after the beginning, when the heavens and the earth were created, and before the commencement of the first day. Now, in as far as regards the question of time, this is all that the geologists require—all the phenomena which they have recorded, may have happened during this indefinite period. Such is the opinion advanced by Dr. Buck-

land, and we think it is abundantly satisfactory, being at the same time in strict agreement with the Mosaic record, and the established truths of science. It is also of great importance to observe that this interpretation is not a forced one; invented after geological discoveries had pressed the question upon Scripture critics; but it was adopted by many eminent writers of unquestioned piety, from the time of St. Augustine, and, consequently, before the subject acquired its present importance. It is also worthy of notice, that this interpretation has the sanction of many of the soundest divines of the present day, and now comes forward with the support of an eminent geologist, whose regard for the sacred record no one can call in question. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the consideration of time as an essential element in all geological phenomena, will no longer be held in the back ground, thus excluding from our meditations some of the important exhibitions of the creative power.*

It is to the preservation of these remains of former creations that we have now to direct our attention. If we examine the solid strata and alluvial depositions which constitute the superficial crust of our globe, we will find every where the relics of former creations. In the vegetable world we find plants of every type of organization, from the simple sea-weed, to the palm and the arborescent fern, we find the delicate fern leaf preserved as perfectly in these ancient archives of nature, as the stately stems of the pine or the *Arancaria*. Nor is the preservation of animal relics less complete; every class and order of the animal kingdom had its representatives in the ancient earth. We find the entire skeletons of the mammoth in the ice of Siberia; and in the strata of Germany we find the remains of the *Dinotherium*, the largest of terrestrial quadrupeds. The skeletons of lizards and fishes occur in the most perfect preservation; but it is when we de-

scend to the lower orders of animals that we are most astonished by the profusion with which their relics are distributed. Entire strata are composed of the remains of shell-fish and corals, and even the number of species of extinct shells is greater than that of the existing kinds which are yet known to naturalists.

"Besides these more obvious remains of testacea," says Dr. Buckland, "minute examination discloses occasionally prodigious accumulations of microscopic shells, that surprise us no less by their abundance, than by their extreme minuteness. The mode in which they are sometimes crowded together may be estimated from the fact that Saldani collected from less than an ounce and a half of stone found in the hills of Casciana, in Tuscany, 10,454 microscopic chambered shells.

"Of several species of these shells, four or five hundred make but a single grain; of one species he calculates that a thousand individuals would scarcely weigh one grain. He further states, that some idea of their diminutive size may be formed from the circumstance, that immense numbers of them pass through a paper in which holes have been pricked with a needle of the smallest size."

We shall select another example, taken from Mr. Scrope's work on central France:

"There are entire strata composed of the *Indusia* or larva cases, of a species of aquatic insect, and these tubes are composed in many cases of small shells, which the insect cements around itself. More than a hundred of these shells," says Mr. Scrope, "might be counted on each tube, and ten or twelve tubes are constantly packed together within the space of a cubic inch. If, then, we consider that repeated strata, varying from five to six feet in thickness, and almost entirely composed of these tubes, appear once to have extended over the whole plain of the Limagne, occupying a surface of many hundred square miles, we shall arrive at an imperfect idea of the countless myriads

* This opinion as to the interpretation of the first verses of the first chapter of Genesis, gains ground among the divines both of this country and America. Dr. Buckland refers to Professor Silliman's edition of Bakewell's *Geology*, Bishop Horsley's *Sermons*, Bishop Sumner's *Records of Creation*, Higgins on the *Mosaic and Mineral Geologies*.

of minute beings, belonging to a single species of mollusca, which have lived and died in turn within the spacious bottom of this once extensive lake. Such a reflection, like many others of a similar stamp which occur at every step to the investigation of nature, recalls the trite but true French saying—*Dieu est grand dans les grandes choses mais il est encore plus grand dans les petites.*"

It is to be remembered that these vast accumulations of the remains of of extinct animals and plants are not the relics of a single creation, but successive races have become extinct, while a new creation has reseeded the air, earth, and waters, and these astonishing changes have not taken place once, but repeatedly, so that the present races are but the last of a series of creations. Of the truth of these remarks we have ample evidence, for each stratum or formation of rocks contains its own peculiar fossil bodies. In the north of Ireland there are three limestones of different ages, as is ascertained by their order of superposition, named respectively the carboniferous, the lias, and the chalk—all of them abound in fossil shells, but belonging to totally distinct species; so that if we make a collection from each of these strata, the collections will differ as much from each other as those collections of living shells made on the coasts of New Holland, Africa, and Chili.

We have entered into these details, because they afford a strong and additional argument for the unity and personality of the Deity. "New countries," says Paley, "are continually discovered, but the old laws of nature are always found in them. We never get amongst such originally and totally different modes of existence, as to indicate that we are come into the province of a different Creator, or under the direction of a different will." What Paley thus predicated concerning the creation with respect to space, the geologist may extend with respect to time; for of all the wondrous creations which geology reveals to us, none of them occurred under the sway of a different sovereign. Strange and heterogeneous as the structure of many extinct animals may appear, the same laws of organization presided over their struc-

ture. Of this the discoveries of Cuvier respecting the fossil animals of the Paris basin afford a beautiful illustration, by applying his consummate knowledge of living animals to the investigation of a few teeth and bones found in the tertiary strata, he was enabled to restore these ancient denizens of our globe, not merely to our imagination, but to our senses, and to give almost every detail of their organization, except the colour of their integuments.

So true is it that in studying the remains of these ancient creations, we never ascend to the epoch of a different Creator, that all the extinct animals which are daily brought to light by the activity of naturalists, readily assume their places under our established systems, that it has not yet been found necessary to modify the characters of any of the primary divisions of the animal kingdom. It may be maintained with strict truth, that the discovery of the existing quadrupeds of New Holland occasioned more modifications in our zoological systems, than the discovery of the fossil quadrupeds of the Paris basin, or the lizards of the lias of England. We every where in this comparative study of the animals of different and remote countries, and of incalculably distant ages, perceive what Leibnitz denominated variety in unity, that is, so much uniformity of structure as to exclude all chance, and so much variety as to exclude all fatalism.

This assertion admits of ample proof; for if we look to the existing species of Pachydermata, or thick-skinned animals, which includes the horse, the elephant, and the rhinoceros, we contemplate an incongruous and motley group of animals, having but few affinities with other classes, or with each other. It is in this class that the greatest number of extinct genera of quadrupeds have been found, and the result has been, that all is now order and affinity where, when we knew only the living individuals, everything appeared insulated and unsatisfactory. Can there be a stronger possible argument for unity of design?

Again, there is another illustration of no less force, which may be derived from the study of fossil conchology. There is a very numerous genus of

bivalve shells called *Terebratula*,—a genus of which living species are found in every sea from the poles to the equator. The same genus has its representatives in rocks of every geological formation, from the most ancient to the most modern; all, however, of distinct species in each formation. Thus proving the uniformity of the laws of nature, or, to speak more correctly, unity of design.

The last and most surprising illustration which we shall quote, is derived from an extremely recent discovery. Most of our readers must have heard of those minute and microscopic beings denominated infusorial animalcules, these almost infinitely minute creatures whose tenuity is such, that no less than a number, of some species, amounting to eight hundred millions (the number of human inhabitants of the earth) may be contained within the space of a cubic inch. These creatures whose supposed simple and gelatinous structure afforded the last stronghold for the doctrine of spontaneous generation, have been shown by Ehrenberg to possess an organization of the utmost complexity. They have one or more stomachs, nerves, eyes, muscles, and even teeth. If we have admired the strange quadrupeds, of such colossal dimensions as the *Dinotherium*, and the *Mastodon*, which exceeded the elephant in size; and the *Iguanodon*,—a monstrous lizard, which attained the length of eighty feet,—what must be our surprise when we are informed that the remains of these minute infusory animalcules have been detected in the same ancient strata. This remarkable discovery has been made by Ehrenberg, who has found their silicified remains in a substance called tripoli, or polishing slate.

There is another still more important contribution to natural theology, which the study of extinct animals affords. This study carries a step beyond the former limits of the science of final causes, and brings the evidences of divine power and providence as operating at a time before rational and moral agents became inhabitants of the earth.

We have already stated, that successive races of plants and animals have been created and destroyed during the lengthened phases of our

planet's history. Now, of the two hypotheses which divide geologists upon this subject we need not enter upon any detail, as either supposition is equally available for our purpose. It matters little to the present discussion whether we suppose the creation or extinction of an entire population of animals was simultaneous; or, that one species died out after another, and the new races were inserted into the world successively. Under either supposition the final result is the same; namely, the loss of entire races and the appearance of new ones.—There are only three hypotheses which can be formed on the subject,—either we must admit the doctrine of spontaneous generation,—or that all animals were created at once, but that from various causes one race may be transmuted into another,—or lastly, that each species was created by the direct will of the Deity. The first of these opinions may be considered as now nearly abandoned, unless by some German physiologists, the believers in a system of universal identity. Even the infusory animalcules besides their otherwise complicated organization, possess distinct sexual organs; so that the hypothesis can scarcely be maintained with reference to them. In the tribe of parasitic worms, infesting the bodies of animals, the structure of many of them is far too perfect to admit of such a supposition; while the preservation of their ova, for long periods, in a torpid state, and their transmission through the vessels of animals affords a simple solution of all difficulties.

The second hypothesis, which is nearly allied to the preceding one, and is in fact essential to it, may, however, be held separately; and it may be affirmed that one species can be transformed into another. Such was the opinion of La Marek. But no valid evidence in favour of this idea has ever been advanced. It is only in a state of domestication that numerous variations take place in any species; and it is very generally under such circumstances that hybrids are produced. Now such causes as those, brought about by human care, could never operate upon the extinct races. With respect to the domestic races we have, in some instances, the experience of

four thousand years, tried under every variety of external influences, to prove that the metamorphosis of one animal into another has ever occurred. We have, therefore, only one supposition left, namely—that each species was called into existence by a direct exertion of creative power. This is an opinion that few will venture to controvert, unless he maintain that there is some law of nature, in virtue of which animals start into existence,—and no such law has been proved to exist. We are therefore compelled to admit the direct interference of the Deity in the government of the world;—the veil of natural laws, which in other cases conceals the Great First Cause, is in this case thrown aside. We have thus disclosed to our view a series of interpositions which may justly be termed miraculous.

Of what value would not such an argument have proved in the hands of a Butler! or in those of the eloquent expounder of cause and effect. The importance of this truth, for such it is, cannot be too highly estimated.

But this view of the question not only displays before us a new fact in natural theology, it also affords a satisfactory answer to one of the acutest sophisms of modern times.

The celebrated argument of Hume, that the world is a singular effect, and consequently that we cannot infer from its phenomena that a designing mind presided over its formation, meets with an experimental refutation from the facts which geology has revealed to us. This acute sceptic, proceeding from an erroneous, or at least an imperfect theory of causation, has erected, in the strength of his fallacy, a very subtle argument against the evidence of design, as exemplified in the mechanism of the material world. Proceeding upon the assumption, that our belief that the like cause will always be followed by the like effect, is a belief derived from experience alone; he tells us, that we have experience of only one world, and may be mistaken in attributing its origin to a Creator. If we see an optician construct a single telescope, we cannot infer that he designed the production of an instrument

destined to assist vision; but, if the artist forms a second telescope, and have then an experimental proof that the telescope was formed by a designing mind. In this repeated experience there is no room for mistake; and our conviction is complete. But, the present world is the only experiment which we are acquainted with, and of no other,—it is only a single experiment, and the knowledge of at least a second would be requisite to bring conviction to our minds in the case of the universe as well as in the example of the optician.

The following are his own expressions:—

“When two species of objects” have always been observed to be conjoined together, I can infer, by custom, the existence of the one, whenever I see the existence of the other; and this I call an argument from experience. But how this argument can have place, where the objects, as in the present case, are single, individual, without parallels or specific resemblance, may be difficult to explain.”

“Have you ever seen nature in any such situation as resembles the first arrangement of the elements? Have worlds ever been formed under your eye? and have you had leisure to observe the whole progress of the phenomena, from the first appearance of order to its final consummation? if you have, cite your experience, and deliver your theory.”

Again:—

“To ascertain this reasoning it were necessary that we had experience of the origin of worlds,” &c. &c.

The acute fallacy of Hume's is not completely original. It is curious to see that the same argument was not unknown to the ancient sceptics. An objector addressing Socrates, urges that he beholds none of the gods as making and governing all things, whereas I see the artists when at their work here amongst us. There are two replies which may be made to this celebrated sophism—we may prove that our belief in the uniformity, and of cause and effect, or in other words, that like events have always like causes, is not a belief

deduced from experience at all; but is a faith, which, has for its basis the very constitution of our intellectual nature. This is assuredly the safest and most satisfactory answer to a difficulty which has perplexed many an able writer; but, fortunately, we can also, in the language of Hume's challenge, cite our experience, and deliver our theory. We have, in our experience, at all events, evidence of the origin of worlds. It follows now, consult the archives of geology and decipher the records of our globe, we will find no difficulty in accepting of the challenge so boldly offered. The only facts which we shall adduce, are such as are admitted by all geologists—facts which are alike the belief of those who contend for sudden and violent revolutions, and those who maintain a system of uniformity, and that all the operations of nature are slow and imperceptible. It is true that if the past events of our planet's history had been confined to changes in the disposition of inorganic matter—if we contemplated no changes but those produced by the erosive action of water in motion, or by the violent energy of subterranean heat and expansion, we should readily admit that inert masses of matter which compose the crust of our globe might be modified *ad infinitum* without suggesting one argument for design, or a single proof the Creator has ever interfered, by direct volition, in any of the phenomena of the universe since its original formation. But besides the changes incidental to inorganic matter, which are after all merely changes of local position, we have also, as formerly stated, physiological changes affecting living creatures of every class and order of the animal or vegetable kingdoms. Successive creations of plants and animals have lived and disappeared, and new creations have succeeded them, and these again have been followed by others. Now, therefore, we have a glimpse of the origin of worlds, and we find that the successive creations are not without parallel or specific resemblance. If under a fallacious theory of cause and effect at least two telescopes must be produced before we can venture to ascribe designing intention to the artist, so even upon this defective theory we can meet the objector and

bring forward also two animal kingdoms to complete the parallel.

But besides these brilliant illustrations which natural theology derives from an investigation of the history of our globe, there are ~~also~~ others, which, although of less force in establishing the fact of design, when once this is admitted, are of great value for the further development of the argument. We have hitherto considered geological phenomena, with reference to the evidence which they afford of a designing mind—we may consider it with reference to its aptitude for becoming the abode of an intellectual being, endowed with social principles, and capable of progressive advancement from ignorance and all its ills, to civilization and all the charities of life. Sociability is one of the most powerful springs of action essential to the nature of man, which leads to union and co-operation, and finally to an indefinite accumulation of knowledge, which, ceasing to be the exclusive property of a few individuals, becomes the property of all, and can never be lost but by causes which would destroy the race in whose keeping it is deposited. This social principle of human nature is beautifully adapted to the constitution of the inorganic world—to the interposition of an expanse of ocean between the great continents, where the regular winds of the tropics carry the adventurer to every land, and to the magnificent rivers which diffuse fertility over kingdoms, and serve as canals for communication among the peaceful industrious inhabitants of their banks. But these adaptations are not so striking as those derived from a consideration of the dispositions of the mineral masses which constitute the crust of the earth. Under the present constitution of nature, the trade winds are the result of astronomical causes, and consequently depend on the relation of our atmosphere to the sun—the great source of heat and aerial motion. We could, however, readily conceive that the nature of our strata might be everywhere the same, and yet the general course of phenomena be but little affected; or we might conceive all the strata to occupy a perfectly horizontal position, and in this case, although we could still have a habitable globe, yet the course of human improvement

would be vastly impeded. To illustrate this idea, let the reader imagine the strata to be disposed horizontally, like a number of books placed on their flat surface on a table. If the strata were so arranged, the lowest of them would be placed at unfathomable depths—the deposits of metallic veins would be inaccessible, and those precious deposits of fossil fuel would be of as little avail as if situated in another planet. If the books which we have chosen to represent the horizontal strata be a little elevated at one end, and the extremities of the lowest volumes will then appear uncovered by any of the upper ones, and thus all the strata of books will be in part exposed. A similar arrangement prevails in the strata, and the lowest is found in some place to crop, as the phrase is, from beneath the upper ones. The happy result of this is, that the strata of the globe are, as it were, dissected for us to a depth of ten miles. Hence every variety of mineral is thus exposed for the use of man, and each district has its own peculiar resources. Hence, as Dr. Buckland observes, if a traveller were to land at the extremity of England, and pass through Cornwall, Wales, and the western parts of the Scotch coast, he might conclude that Britain was a poor and thinly peopled country, inhabited by a few miners and shepherds. If a second traveller were to proceed from Dorset along the eastern counties as far as Yorkshire, he would find a comparatively level country, whose sloping hills are covered with flocks, while the lower country abounds in rich fields covered with abundant harvest. If a third traveller were to pass through the midland counties, he would visit a district abounding in vast manufacturing cities, and placed on the coal formation the seat of commercial industry, and densely peopled with ac-

tive communities. Now, this great variety depends entirely on the circumstances which we have explained in the difference of mineral structure of the respective districts, and hence a powerful stimulus to our social nature. Each country has its own peculiar sources of wealth, but is dependent on its neighbours for much which its own soil cannot afford; and thus are multiplied to an indefinite extent those feelings of common interest and common sympathies which cement the fabric of society, and render the welfare of one region the interest of all.

But we must draw these speculations to a close, and recommend the work which has given rise to them, to the perusal of our readers, as affording materials for many an able argument in support of the first of all truths, and opening many splendid views of the greatness of creation. The infinitudes of time and space are brought before us, and we perceive the most magnificent results accomplished by the minutest means. The fresh water limestones of the Limagne (already mentioned) extending over an area of many miles, have demanded countless centuries for their formation, and they are but the work of a minute shell-fish. The coral reefs of the Pacific, extending for more than a thousand miles, are the work of almost invisible animalculæ, and the coral rag of England, and much of the limestone of this country owes its origin to no other source, as if the minimum of space and the immensity of time were pressed on our consideration.

Deum sempiternum, immensum, omniscium, expergefactus a tergo trans-euntem vidi et obstupui! Legi aliquot ejus vestigia per creata rerum, in quibus omnibus, etiam in minimis ut ferre nullis, quæ vis uanta sapientia! Quam inextricabilis perfectio!

In addition to our notice of the argument upon the interpretation of Genesis, [see p. 694.]—we here add an extract from Mr. Buckland, which is, we think, admirably adapted to quiet the groundless fears which are so often the necessary result of our imperfect knowledge. We shall, next month, have a further occasion to discuss this important point.

“The disappointment of those who look for a detailed account of geological phenomena in the Bible, rests on a gratuitous expectation of finding therein historical information respecting all the operations of the Creator in times and places with which the human race has no concern. As reasonably might we object, that the Mosaic History is imperfect, because it makes no specific mention of the, much

mind of Jupiter or the rings of Saturn, as feel disappointment at not finding in it the history of geological phenomena,—the details of which may be fit matter for an *Encyclopædia of Science*, but are foreign to the objects of a volume intended only to be a guide of religious belief and moral conduct.

“ We may fairly ask of those persons who consider physical science a fit subject for revelation, what point they can imagine, short of a communication of Omniscience, at which such a revelation might have stopped, without imperfections of omission, less in degree, but similar in kind, to that which they impute to the existing narrative of Moses? A revelation of so much only of astronomy as was known to Copernicus, would have seemed imperfect after the discoveries of Newton; and a revelation of the science of Newton would have appeared defective to La Place: a revelation of all the chemical knowledge of the eighteenth century would have been no deficient, in comparison with the information of the present day, as what is now known in this science will probably appear before the termination of another age. In the whole circle of sciences there is not one to which this argument may not be extended, until we should require from revelation a full development of all the mysterious agencies that uphold the mechanism of the material world. Such a revelation might, indeed, be suited to beings of a more exalted order than mankind—and the attainment of such knowledge of the works as well as the ways of God, may perhaps form some part of our happiness in a future state;—but, unless human nature had been constituted otherwise than it is, the above supposed communication of Omniscience would have been imparted to creatures utterly incapable of receiving it under any past or present moral or physical condition of the human race: and would have been, also, at variance with the design of all God's other disclosures of himself, the end of which has uniformly been, not to impart intellectual, but moral knowledge.—*Buckland's Geology*, p. 14.

LA ROSA.

Di se stessa invaghita, e del suo bello
 Si specchiava la Rosa
 In un limpido, e rapido rusiello;
 Euando d'ogni sua foglia
 Un aura impetuosa
 La bella rosa spoglia.

Casear, nil rio le foylie, e il rio fuggeudo
 Se la porta correndo;
 E così la beltù
 Bapidissamamente oh Dio! d'enva.

DE LEMENE.

TRANSLATION.

A self-enamored lovely Rose
 Made her mirror of a stream;
 Full calmly, swiftly on it flows,
 While the tender leaves, I deem,
 Zephyr rudely doth dis sever
 From the parent flower for ever.

On, on the rapid river runs,
 Nor spares its leafy treasure;
 So Beauty in Life's stream consumes,
 Fades quickly—and for ever!

E. L.

JANE SINCLAIR, OR, THE PAWN OF PROVIDENCE. CONCLUDED.
BY WILLIAM CARLETON, Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

"THANK God, dear Henry," said her mother, "she is not at all events an idiot. Children," said she, "I trust you will remember your father's advice, and bear this—this—" But here the heart and strength of the mother herself were overcome, and she was sinking down when her son caught her ere she fell, and carried her out in his arms, accompanied by Maria and Agnes.

It would be difficult for any pen to paint the distraction of her father, thus placed in a state of divided apprehension between his daughter and his wife.

"Oh, my child, my child," he exclaimed, "perhaps in the midst of this misery, your mother may be dying! May the God of all consolation support you and her! What, oh, what will become of us!"

"Well, well," his daughter went on; "life's a fearful thing that can work such changes; but why may we not as well pass at once from youth to old age as from happiness to misery? Here we are both old; ay, and if we are grey it is less with age than affliction—that's one comfort—I am young enough to be beautiful yet; but age, when it comes prematurely on the youthful, as it often does—thanks to treachery and disappointment, ay, and thanks to a thousand causes which we all know but don't wish to think of; age, I say, when it comes prematurely on the youthful, is just like a new and unfinished house that is suffered to fall into ruin—desolation, naked, and fresh, and glaring—without the reverence and grandeur of antiquity. Yes—yes—yes; but there is another cause; and that must be whispered only to the uttermost depths of silence—of silence; for silence is the voice of God. That word—that word! Oh, how I shudder to think of it! And who will pity me when I acknowledge it—there is one—one only—who will mourn for my despair and the fate, foreordained and predestined, of one whom he loved—that is my papa—my papa only—my papa only; for he

known that I am a well-kept—
A-WAY!"

These words were uttered with an energy of manner and a fluency of utterance which medical men know to be strongly characteristic of insanity, unless indeed where the malady is silent and moping. The afflicted old man now discovered that his daughter's mind had, in addition to her disappointment, sunk under the frightful and merciless dogma which we trust will soon cease to darken and distort the beneficent character of God. Indeed it might have been evident to him before that in looking upon herself as a cast-away, Jane's sensitive spirit was gradually lapsing into the gloomy horrors of predestination. But this blindness of the father to such a tendency was very natural in a man to whose eye familiarity with the doctrine had removed its deformity. The old man looked upon her countenance with an expression of mute affliction almost verging on despair; for a moment he forgot the situation of his wife and everything but the consequences of a discovery so full of terror and dismay.

"Alas my unhappy child," he exclaimed, "and is this, too, to be added to your misery and ours! Now, indeed, is the cup of our affliction full even to overflowing. O God! who art good and full of mercy," he added, dropping on his knees under the bitter impulse of the moment, "and who wilt not the death of a sinner; oh lay not upon her or us a weight of sorrow greater than we can bear. We do not, O Lord! for we dare not; desire thee to stay thy hand; but oh, chastise us in mercy, especially her; her—our hearts' dearest—she was ever the child of our loves; but now she is the unhappy child of all our sorrows; the broken idol of affections which we cannot change. Enable us, O God, to acquiesce under this mysterious manifestation of thy will, and to receive from thy hand with patience and re-

signation whatsoever of affliction it pleaseth thee to lay upon us. And touching this stricken one—if it were thy blessed will to—to—but no—oh no—not our will, oh Lord, but *thine* be done!”

It was indeed a beautiful thing to see the sorrow-bound father bowing down his grey locks with humility before the footstool of his God, and forbearing even to murmur under a dispensation so fearfully calamitous to him and his. Religion, however, at which the fool and knave may sneer in the moments of convivial riot, is after all the only stay on which the human heart can rest in those severe trials of life which almost every one sooner or later is destined to undergo. The sceptic may indeed triumph in the pride of his intellect or in the hour of his passion; but no matter on what arguments his hollow creed is based, let but the footstep of disease or death approach, and he himself is the first to abandon it and take refuge in those truths which he had hitherto laughed at or maligned.

When Mr. Sinclair arose, his countenance, through all the traces of sorrow which were upon it, beamed with a light which no principle, merely human, could communicate to it. A dim but gentle and holy radiance suffused his whole face, and his heart, for a moment, received the assurance it wanted so much. He experienced a feeling for which language has no terms, or at least none adequate to express its character. It was “that peace of God which passeth all understanding.”

In a few minutes after he had concluded his short but earnest prayer, Agnes returned to let him know that her mamma was better and would presently come in to sit with Jane, whom she could not permit, she said, to remain out of her sight. Jane had been silent for some time, but the extreme brilliancy of her eyes and the energy of her excitement were too obvious to permit any expectation of immediate improvement.

When her mother and Maria returned, accompanied also by William, she took no notice whatsoever of them, so perked did she appear to have an eye for anything external to her own deep but unsettled misery. Time after time they spoke to her as before, each

earnestly hoping that some favourite expression or familiar tone of voice might impinge, however slightly, upon her reason, or touch some chord of her affections. Those tender devices of their love, however, all failed; no corresponding emotion was awakened, and they resolved, without loss of time, to see what course of treatment medical advice would recommend them to pursue on her behalf. Accordingly William proceeded with a heavy heart to call in the aid of a gentleman who can bear full testimony to the accuracy of our narrative—we allude to that able and eminent practitioner, Doctor McCormick of Belfast, whose powers of philosophical analysis and patient investigation are surpassed only by the success of the masterly skill with which he applies them. The moment he left the room for this purpose, Jane spoke:

“It will be heard,” she said, “and I need not conceal it, for my very thought has a voice at the footstool of the Almighty; the intelligences of other worlds know it; all the invisible spirits of the universe know it; those that are evil rejoice, and the good would murmur if the fullness of their own happiness permitted them. No—no—I need not conceal it—hearken, therefore—hearken;” and she lowered her voice to whisper—“the Fawn of Springvale—Jane Sinclair—is predestined to eternal misery. She is a cast-away. I may therefore speak and raise my voice to warn; who shall dare,” she added, “who shall dare ever to depart from the truth? Those—those only who have been foredoomed—like me. Oh misery, misery, is there no hope? nothing but despair for one so young, and as they said so gentle, and so beautiful. Alas! alas! Death to me now is no comforter!”

She clasped her beautiful hands together as she spoke, and looked with a countenance so full of unutterable woe that no heart could avoid participating in her misery.

“Jane, oh darling of all our hearts,” said her weeping mother, “will you not come over and sit beside your mamma—your mamma, my treasure, who feels that she cannot long live to witness what you suffer.”

“The Fawn of Springvale,” she proceeded, “the gentle Fawn of Springvale, for it was on account of my gentle-

ness I was so called, is stricken—the arrow is here—in her poor broken heart; and what did she do? what did the gentle creature do to suffer or to deserve all this misery?”

“True, my sister—too true, too true,” said Maria, bursting into an agony of bitter sorrow; “what strange mystery is in the gentle one’s affliction? Surely, if there was ever a spotless or a sinless creature on earth, she was and is that creature.”

“Beware of murmuring, Maria,” said her father; “the purpose, though at present concealed, may yet become sufficiently apparent for us to recognize in it the benignant dispensation of a merciful God. Our duty, my dear child, is now to bear, and be resigned. The issues of this sad calamity are with the Almighty, and with him let us patiently leave them.”

“Had I never disclosed my love,” proceeded Jane, “I might have stolen quietly away from them all, and laid my cheek on that hardest pillow which giveth the soundest sleep; but would not concealment,” she added, starting; “would not *that too* have been dissimulation? Oh God help me!—it is, it is clear that in any event I was foredoomed!”

Agnes, who had watched her sister with an interest too profound to suffer even the grief necessary on such an occasion to take place, now went over, and taking her hand in one of her’s, placed the fingers of the other upon her sister’s cheek, thus attempting to fix Jane’s eyes upon her own countenance—

“Do you not know who it is,” said she, “that is now speaking to you?—Look upon *me*, and tell me do you forget me so soon?”

“Who can tell yet,” she proceeded, “who can tell yet—time may retrieve all, and he may return; but the yew tree—I fear—I fear—why, it is an emblem of death; and perhaps death may unite us—yes, and I say he will—he will—he will. Does he not feel pity? Oh yes, in a thousand, thousand cases he is the friend of the miserable.—Death the Consoler! Oh from how many an aching brow does he take away the pain for ever? How many sorrows does he soothe into rest that is never broken!—from how many hearts like mine, does he pluck the

arrows that fester in them, and bids them feel pain no more! In his house, that house appointed for all living, what calmness and peace is there? How sweet and tranquil is the bed which he smooths down for the unhappy; there the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Then give me Death the Consoler!—Death the Consoler!”

A sense of relief and wild exultation beamed from her countenance, on uttering the last words, and she rose up and walked about the room wringing her hands, yet smiling at the idea of being relieved by Death the Consoler! It is not indeed unusual to witness in deranged persons, an unconscious impression of pain and misery, accompanied at the same time by a vague sense of unreal happiness—that is, a happiness which, whilst it balances the latent conviction of their misery, does not, however, ultimately remove it. This probably constitutes that pleasure in madness, which, it is said, none but mad persons know.

At length she stood, and, for a long time seemed musing upon various and apparently contrasted topics, for she sometimes smiled like a girl at play, and sometimes relapsed into darkness of mood and pain, and incoherency. But after passing through these rapid changes for many minutes, she suddenly exclaimed in a low but earnest voice, “where is *he*?”

“Where is who, love?” said her mother.

“Where is he?—why does he not come?—something more than usual must prevent him, or he would not stay away so long from ‘his own Jane Sinclair.’ But I forgot; bless me, how feeble my memory is growing! Why this is the hour of our appointment, and I will be late unless I hurry—for who could give so gentle and affectionate a being as Charles pain?”

She immediately put on her bonnet, and was about to go abroad, when her father, gently laying his hand upon her arm, said, in a kind but admonitory voice, in which was blended a slightly perceptible degree of parental authority—

“My daughter, surely you will not go out—you are unwell.”

She started slightly, paused, and looked as if trying to remember some-

thing that she had forgotten. The struggle, however, was vain—her recollection proved too weak for the task it had undertaken. After a moment's effort, she smiled sweetly in her father's face, and said—

"You would not have me break my appointment, nor give poor Charles pain, and his health, moreover, so delicate. You know he would die rather than give me a moment's anxiety. Dismiss that again—I know not what puts doubt into my head so often."

"Henry," said her mother, "it is probably better to let her have her own way for the present—at least until Dr. McCormick arrives. You and Agnes can accompany her, perhaps she may be the better for it."

"I cannot refuse her," said the old man; "at all events, I agree with you; there can, I think, be no possible harm in allowing her to go. Come, Agnes, we must, alas! take care of her."

She then went out, they walking a few paces behind her, and proceeded down the valley which we have already described in the opening of this story, until she came to the spot at the river, where she first met Osborne. Here she involuntarily stood a moment, and putting her hand to her right shoulder, seemed to miss some object, that was obviously restored to her recollection by an association connected with the place. She shook her head, and sighed several times, and then exclaimed—

"Ungrateful bird, does it neglect me too?"

Her father pressed Agnes's arm with a sensation of joy, but spoke not lest his voice might disturb her, or break the apparent continuity of her reviving memory. She seemed to think, however, that she delayed here too long, for without taking further notice of any thing, she hurried on to the spot where the first disclosure of their loves had taken place. On reaching it she looked anxiously and earnestly around the copse or dell in which the yew tree, with its turf seat stood.

"How is this?—how is this?"—she murmured to herself, "he is not here!"

Both her father and Agnes observed that during the whole course of the unhappy but faithful girl's love, they never had witnessed such a concentrated ex-

pression of utter woe and sorrow as now impressed themselves upon her features.

"He has not come," said she; "but I can wait—I can wait—it will teach my heart to be patient."

She then clasped her hands, and sitting down under the shade of the yew tree, mused and murmured to herself alternately, but in such an evident spirit of desolation and despair, as made her father fear that her heart would literally break down under the heavy burthen of her misery. When she had sat here nearly an hour, he approached her, and gently taking her hand, which felt as cold as marble, said—

"Will you not come home, darling? Your mamma is anxious you should return to her. Come," and he attempted gently to draw her with him.

"I can wait, I can wait," she replied, "if he should come and find me gone, he would break his heart—I can wait."

"Oh do not droop my sweet sister; do not droop so much; all will yet be well," said Agnes, weeping.

"I care for none but him—to me there is only one being in life—all else is a blank; but he will not come, and is it not too much to try the patience of a heart so fond and faithful as mine."

"It is not likely he will come to-day," replied Agnes; "something has prevented him; but tomorrow—"

"I will seek him elsewhere," said Jane, rising suddenly; "but is it not singular, and indeed to what strange passes things may come? A young lady seeking her lover!—not over-modest certainly—nay, positively indelicate—fie upon me! Why should I thus expose myself? It is unworthy of my father's daughter, and Jane Sinclair will not do it."

She then walked a few paces homewards, but again stopped and earnestly looked in every direction, as if expecting to see the object of her love. Long indeed did she linger about a spot so dear to her; and often did she sit down again and rise to go—sometimes wringing her hands in the muteness of sorrow, and sometimes exhibiting a sense of her neglect in terms of pettish and indirect censure against Osborne for his delay. It was in one

with the mournful truth of this melancholy observation, filled every eye with tears, except those of her father, who now exhibited a spirit of calm obedience to what he considered an affliction that called upon him to act as one whose faith was not the theory of a historic Christian.

"But how," asked Jane, "can I be unhappy with the promise in my bosom?" The promise—oh that I were not repentant and foredoomed—then smiled; he might be there—all, all by one suppression of truth—but surely his participation his poor girl for that. Where is, I know, one that loves me, and one that pities me. My papa knows that I am foredoomed, and cannot but pity me; but where is he, and why does he delay so long. Hush! I will sing—

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee—only thee!

She poured a spirit into these words so full of the wild sorrow of insanity, as to produce an effect that was thrilling and fearful upon those who were forced to listen to her. Nay, her voice seemed, in some degree, to awaken her own sensations, or to revive her memory to a confused perception of her situation. And in mercy it would appear that Providence unveiled only half her misery to reason; for from the effect which even that passing glimpse had upon her, it is not wrong to infer that had she seen it in its full extent, she would have immediately sunk under it.

After singing the words of Moore with all the unregulated pathos of a maniac, she wrung her hands, and was for a considerable time silent. During this interval she sighed deeply, and when a pause of half an hour arose suddenly, and seizing her father by the breast of the coat, brought him over, and placed him on the sofa beside her. She then looked earnestly into his face, and was about to speak, but her thoughts were too weak for the task, and after putting her hand to her forehead, as if to resist her recollection, she let it fall passively beside her, and hung her head in a mood, partaking at once of childish pique and deep dejection.

The doctor, who watched her closely, observed, that in his opinion the consequences of the unhappy intelligence

that day communicated to her, had not yet fully developed themselves. "The storm has not yet burst," he added, "but it is quite evident that the elements for it are fast gathering. She will certainly have a glimpse of reason before the paroxysms appear, because, in point of fact, that is what will induce them."

"How soon, doctor," asked her mother, "do you think she will have to encounter this fresh and awful trial?"

"I should be disposed to think within the lapse of twenty-four hours; certainly within forty-eight."

The amiable doctor's opinion, however, was much more quickly verified than he imagined; for Jane, whose heart yearned towards her father with the beautiful instinct of an affection which scarcely insanity itself could overcome, once more looked earnestly into his face, with an eye in which meaning and madness seemed to struggle with each other for the mastery. She gazed at him for a long time, put her hands upon his white hair, into which she gently twined her long white fingers; once or twice she smiled, and said something in a voice too low to be heard: but all at once she gave a convulsive start, clasped her hands woefully, and throwing herself on his bosom, exclaimed,

"Oh papa, papa—your child is lost: pray for me—pray for me."

Her sobs became too thick and violent for further utterance; she panted and wrought strongly, until at length she lay with locked teeth and clenched hands struggling in a fit, which eventually, by leaving her, terminated in a state of lethargic insensibility.

For upwards of three days she suffered more than any person acquainted with her delicacy of constitution could deem her capable of enduring. And, indeed, were it not that the aid rendered by Dr. McCormick was so prompt and so skilful, it is possible that the sorrows of the faithful Jane Sinclair might have here closed. On the fourth day, however, she experienced a change; but, alas, such a change as left the loving and beloved group who had hung over her couch with anxious hopes of her restoration to reason, now utterly hopeless and miserable. She arose from her paroxysms a beautiful, happy, and smiling maniac,

from whose soul in mercy had been removed that susceptibility of mental pain, which constitutes the burthen and bitterness of ordinary calamity.

The first person who discovered this was her mother, who, on the fourth morning of her illness, had stolen to her bedside to see how her beloved one felt. Agnes, who would permit no other person to nurse her darling sister, lay asleep with her head reclined upon the foot of the bed, having been overcome by her grief and the fatigue of incessant watching. As her mother stooped down to look into the sufferer's face, her heart bounded with delight on seeing Jane's eyes smiling upon her with all the symptoms of recognition.

"Jane, my heart's dearest," she said, in a soothing, low inquiry, "don't you know me?"

"Yes, very well," she replied; "you are my mamma, and this is Agnes sleeping on the foot of the bed. Why does she sleep there?"

The happy mother scarcely heard her child's question, for ere the words were well uttered she laid her head down upon the mourner's bosom, in a burst of melancholy joy, and wept so loudly that her voice awakened Agnes, who starting up, exclaimed,

"Oh, mother, mother—what is this? Is—is our darling gone at last! Jane gone?" she said, "No, no—she must not—she would not leave her Agnes. Oh mother—mother, is it so?"

"No, no, Agnes love; no—but may the mercy of God be exalted for ever, Jane knows her mamma this morning, and she knows you too, Agnes."

That ever faithful sister no sooner heard the words, than a smile of indescribable happiness overspread her face, which, however, became instantly pale, and the next moment she sunk down, and in a long swoon forgot both the love and sorrow of her favorite sister. In little more than a minute the family were assembled in the sick-room, and heard from Mrs. Sinclair's lips the history, as she thought, of their beloved one's recovery. Agnes was soon restored, and indeed it would be impossible to witness a scene of such unexpected delight, as that presented by the rejoicing group which surrounded the bed of the happy—alas, too happy, Jane Sinclair.

"Is it possible, my dear," said her

father, "that our darling is restored to her sense and recollection?"

"Try her, Henry," said the proud mother.

"Jane, my love, do you not know me?" he asked.

"To be sure, papa; I to be sure," she replied, smiling.

"And you know all of us, my heart's treasure?"

"Help me up a little," she replied; "now I will show you—you are my papa—there is my mamma—that is William—and Maria there will kiss me."

Maria, from whose eyes gushed tears of delight, flew to the sweet girl's bosom.

"But," added Jane, "there is another—another that must come to my bosom and stay there—Agnes!"

"I am here, my own darling," replied Agnes, stooping and folding her arms about the beautiful creature's snow-white neck, whilst she kissed her lips with a fervour of affection equal to the delight experienced at her supposed recovery.

"There now, Agnes, you are to sleep with me tonight: but I want my papa. Papa I want you."

Her father stood forward, his mild eyes beaming with an expression of delight and happiness.

"I am here, my sweet child."

"You ought to be a proud man, papa; a proud man: although I say it, that ought not to say it, you are father to the most beautiful girl in Europe. Charles Osborne has travelled Europe, and can find none at all so beautiful as the Pawn of Springvale, and so he is coming home one of these days to marry me, because, you know, *because* he could find none else so beautiful. If he had—if he had—you know—I, you may be assured, would not be the girl of his choice. Yet I would marry him still, if it were not for one thing; and that is—that I am foredoomed: a reprobate and a cast-away; predestined—predestined—and so I would not wish to drag him to hell along with me; I shall therefore act the heroic part, and refuse him. Still it is something—oh, it is much—and I am proud of it, not on my own account, but on his, to be the most beautiful girl in Europe! I am proud of it, *because* he would not marry if I were not."

Oh unhappy, but affectionate mourners, what—what was all you had yet suffered; when contrasted with the sudden and unexpected misery of this bitter moment. Your hearts had gathered in joy and happiness around the bed of that sweet girl, the gleams of whose insanity you had mistaken for the light of reason; and now has hope disappeared, and the darkness of utter despair fallen upon you all for ever.

"I wish to rise," she proceeded, "and to join in morning prayer; until then I shall only dress in my wrapper: after that I shall dress as becomes me. I know I have nothing to hope either in this world or the next, consequently pride in me is not a sin: the measure of my misery has been filled up; and the only interval of happiness left me, is that between this and death. Dress me, Agnes."

The pause arising from the revulsion of feeling, occasioned by the discovery of her settled insanity, was indeed an exemplification of that grief which lies too deep for tears. None of them could weep, but they looked upon her and said each other, with a silent agony, which far transcended the power of clamorous sorrow.

"Children," said her father, whose fortitude, considering the nature of this his great affliction, was worthy of better days; "let us neither look upon our beloved one, nor upon each other. There," said he, pointing upwards, "let us look there. You all know how I loved—how I love *her*. You all know how she loved me; but I cast—or I strive to cast the burthen of my affliction upon Him who has borne ALL for our salvation, and you see I am tearless. Dress the dear child, Agnes, and as she desires it, let her join us at prayer, and may the Lord who has afflicted us, hearken to our supplications!"

Tenderly and with trembling hands did Agnes dress the beloved girl, and when the fair creature, supported by her two sisters, entered the parlour, never was a more divine picture of beauty seen to shine out of that cloud, with which the mysterious hand of God had enveloped her.

At prayer she knelt as meekly, and with as much apparent devotion as she had ever done in the days of her most rational and earnest piety. But it was

woful to see the blighted girl go through all the forms of worship, when it was known that the very habit which actuated her resulted from those virtues, which even insanity could not altogether repress.

When they had arisen from their knees, she again addressed Agnes in a tone of cheerful sweetness, such as she had exhibited in her happier days.

"Agnes, now for our task; and indeed you must perform it with care. Remember that you are about to dress the most beautiful girl in Europe. What a fair cast-a-way am I, Agnes?"

"I hope not a cast-a-way, Jane; but I shall dress you with care and tenderness, notwithstanding."

"Every day I must dress in my best, because when Charles returns, you know it will be necessary that I should justify his choice, by appearing as beautiful as possible."

"Give the innocent her own way," said her father; "give her, in all that may gratify the child, her own way, where it is not directly wrong to do so."

Agnes and she then went up to her room, that she might indulge in that harmless happiness, which the fiction of hope had, under the mercy of God, extracted from the reality of despair.

When the ceremony of the toilette was over, she and her sister returned to the parlour, and they could notice a slight tinge of colour added to her pale cheek, by the proud consciousness of her beauty. The exertion, however, she had undergone, considering her extremely weak and exhausted state of health, was more than she could bear long. But a few minutes had elapsed after her reappearance in the parlour, when she said—

"Mamma, I am unwell; I want to be undressed, and to go to bed: I am very faint; help me to bed, mamma—and if you come and stay with me, I shall tell you every thing about my prospects in life—yes, and in death, too; because I have prospects in death—but ah," she added, shuddering, "they are dark—dark!"

Seldom, indeed, was a family tried like this family; and never was the endurance of domestic love, and its triumph over the chilling habit of affliction, more signally manifested than in the undying tenderness of their hearts and hands, in all that was necessary to

her own first, on whom she had by the child-like caprices of her amply loved. On going up stairs, she kissed them all as usual, but they then discovered, for the first time, in all its bitterness, what a dark and melancholy enjoyment it is to kiss the lips of a maniac, who has loved us, and whom we still must love.

"Jane," said William, struggling to be firm, "kiss me, too, before you go."

"Come to me, William," said she, "for I am not able to go to you. Oh, my brother, if I did not love you, I would be very wicked."

The affectionate young man kissed her, and, as he did, the big tears rolled down his cheeks. He wept aloud.

"Never, never gave her up till now," he exclaimed; "but"—and his face darkened into deep indignation as he spoke, "we shall see about it yet, Jane dear. I shall allow a month or two—she may recover; but if I suffer this to go on—"
"he paused; "I meant nothing," he added, "except that I will not despair of her yet."

About ten days restored her to something like health, but it was obvious that her constitution had sustained a shock which it could not long survive. Of this Dr. McCormick assured them.

"In so delicate a subject as she is," he said, "we usually find that when reason goes, the physical powers soon follow it. But if my opinion be correct, I think you will have the consolation of seeing her mind clear before she dies. There comes often in such cases what the common people properly, and indeed beautifully, term a light before death, and I think she will have it. As you are unanimous against putting her into a private asylum, you must only watch the sweet girl quietly, and without any appearance of vigilance, allowing her in all that is harmless and indifferent to have her own way. Religious feeling you perceive constitutes a strong feature in her case, the rest is obviously the result of the faithless conduct of Osborne. Poor girl, here she comes apparently quite happy."

Jane entered as he spoke, after having been dressed as usual for the day, in her best apparel. She glanced for a moment at the glass, and re-adjusted her hair which had, she thought, got

a little out of order, as when which she said smiling.

"Why should I fear companions? He may come out when he pleases. I am ready to receive him, but I know I think that my papa and mamma are not at all so fond of me as they ought to be. Is it not so? How can I have for their daughter a girl whose beauty is surpassed by no European, and am not proud of it for my own sake but for his?"

"Jane, do you not know this gentleman, dear?" said her mother.

"Oh yes; that is Dr. McCormick."

"I am glad to see that your health is so much improved, my dear," said the doctor.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I am quite well—that is, so far as this world is concerned; but for all, so happy do I look, you would never guess that I am reprobrate. Now could you tell me, doctor, why it is that I look so happy knowing as I do that I am foredoomed to misery?"

"No," he replied, "but you will tell us yourself."

"Why it is because I do know it. Knowing the worst is, often, a great consolation. I assure you. I, at least, have felt it so."

"Oh what a noble mind is lost in that sweet girl!" exclaimed the worthy physician.

"But it seems, mamma," she proceeded, "there is a report gone abroad that I am mad. I met yesterday—and it not yesterday, Agnes?—I met a young woman down on the river side, and she asked me if it were true that I was crazed with love, and how do you think I replied—mamma? I said to her, 'if you would avoid misery—misery, mark—never violate truth even indirectly.' I said that solemnly, and would have said more but that Agnes rebuked her for speaking, and then wept. Did you not weep, Agnes?"

"Oh no wonder I should," replied her sister deeply moved; "the interview she alludes to, doctor, was one that occurred the day before yesterday between her and another poor girl in the neighbourhood who is also unsettled, owing to a desertion of a still baser kind. It was becoming too affecting to listen to, and I bid her poor thing off."

"Yes, indeed, she chid her off, and

this poor thing as she told me, about to be a bride tomorrow. She said she was in quest of William that they might be married, and asked me if I had seen him. If you do, she added, tell him that Fanny is waiting for him, and that as every thing is ready she expects to be come and marry her tomorrow as he promised. Now, mamma, Agnes said that although she told her, she wept for her, but why should you weep, Agnes, for a girl who is about to become a bride to-morrow? Surely you did not weep because she was going to be made happy? Did you?"

"All who are going to become brides are not about to experience happiness, my dear," replied her sister. "Oh, I should think so certainly, Agnes," replied Jane; "Pie, pie, dear sister Agnes, do not lay down such doctrine. Did you not see the happy girl we met yesterday—was it yesterday? But no matter, Agnes, we shall not quarrel about it. Come and walk. Good-by, my mamma; doctor, I wish you good morning," and with a grace that was inimitable, she made him a distant, but most respectful entry.

"Oh!" said she, turning back, "if any stranger should arrive during my absence, mamma, send for me immediately; or stay—no, do not—let him meet me at the place appointed; I will be there."

She then took Agnes's arm, for Agnes it was who attended her in all her ramblings, and both proceeded on their every-day saunter through the adjoining fields.

A little time, indeed, proved how very accurate had been the opinion of Dr. McCormick; for although Jane was affected by no particular bodily complaint, yet it appeared by every day's observation that she was gradually sinking. In the mean time, three or four months elapsed without bringing about any symptom whatsoever of improvement. Her derangement flashed out into no extraordinary paroxysm, but on the contrary assumed a wild and graceful character, sometimes light and unsettled as the glancing of sunbeams on a disturbed current, and occasionally pensive and beautiful as the beams of an autumnal moon: In all the habits of the family she was

most exact. Her devotional compo-
sure at prayer appeared to be fraught with the humblest piety; her attendance at Meeting was remarkably punctual, and her deportment edifying to an extreme degree. The history, too, of her insanity and its cause had gone far and wide as did the sympathy which it excited. In all her innocent ramblings with Agnes around her father's house, and through the adjoining fields, no rude observation or unmannered gaze ever offended the gentle creature; but on the contrary, the delicate-minded peasant of the north would often turn aside from an apprehension of disturbing her, as well perhaps as out of reverence for the calmness of a creature so very young and beautiful.

Indeed many affecting observations were made, which, could her friends have heard them, would have fallen like balm upon their broken spirits. Full of compassion they were for her sore misfortune, and of profound sympathy for the sorrows of her family.

"Alas the day, my bonnie lady!—My heart is sair to see sae lovely a thing gliding about sae unhappy. Black be his gate that had the heart to leave you, for rank and wealth, my wisome lassie. Weary on him, and little good may his wealth and rank do him! Oh, wha would hae thoocht that the peerless young blossom wad hae been withered so soon, or that the Fawn o' Springvale wad hae ever come to the like o' this. Alas! the day, too, for the friends that nursed you, my bonnie bairn!" and then the kind-hearted matron would wipe her eyes on seeing the far-loved Fawn of Springvale passing by, unconscious that the fatal arrow which had first struck her was still quivering in her side.

The fourth month had now elapsed, and Jane's malady neither exhibited any change nor the slightest symptom of improvement. William, who had watched her closely all along, saw that no hope of any such consummation existed. He remarked, too, with a bitter sense of the unprincipled injury inflicted on the confiding girl, that every week drew her perceptibly nearer and nearer to the grave. His blood had in fact been long boiling in his veins with an indignation which he could scarcely stifle. He enter-

tained, however, a strong reverence for religion, and had Jane, after a reasonable period, recovered, he intended to leave Osborne to be punished only by his own remorse. There was no prospect, however, of her being restored to reason, and now his determination was finally taken. Nay, so deeply resolved had he been on this as an ultimate step in the event of her not recovering, that soon after Mr. Osborne's return from London, he waited on that gentleman, and declared his indignation at the treachery of his son to be so deep and implacable that he requested of him as a personal favour, to suspend all communication with the unhappy girl's family, lest he might be tempted even by the sight of any person connected with so base a man, to go and pistol him on whatever spot he might be able to find him.— This, which was rather harsh to the amiable gentleman, excited in his breast more of sorrow than resentment. But it happened fortunately enough for both parties that a day or two before this angry communication, Dr. McCormick had waited upon the latter, and gave it as his opinion that any intercourse between the two families would be highly dangerous to Jane's state of mind, by exciting associations that might bring back to her memory the conduct of his son. The consequence was, that they saw each other only by accident, although Mr. Osborne often sent to inquire privately after Jane's health.

William having now understood that Osborne and his wife resided in Paris, engaged a friend to accompany him thither, for the purpose of demanding satisfaction for the injuries inflicted on his sister. All the necessary arrangements were accordingly made; the very day for their departure was appointed, and a letter addressed to Agnes actually written, to relieve the family from the alarm occasioned by his disappearance, when a communication from Osborne to his father, at once satisfied the indignant young man that his enemy was no longer an object for human resentment.

This requires but brief explanation. Osborne, possessing as he did, ambition, talent, and enthusiasm in a high degree, was yet deficient in that firmness of purpose which is essential to

distinction either in public or in private life. His wife was undoubtedly both beautiful and accomplished, and it is undeniable that his marriage with her opened to him brilliant prospects as a public man. Notwithstanding this beauty, however, their union took place not to gratify his love but his ambition. Jane Sinclair, in point of fact had never been displaced from his affection, for as she was in his eyes the most beautiful, so was she in the moments of self-examination, the most beloved. This, however, availed the unhappy girl but little, with a man in whose character ambition was the predominant impulse. To find himself beloved by a young and beautiful woman of wealth and fashion was too much for one who possessed but little firmness and an insatiable thirst after distinction. To jostle men of rank and property out of his path, and to jostle them successfully, when approaching the heart of an heiress, was too much for the vanity of an obscure young man, with only a handsome person and good talents to recommend him. The glare of fashionable life, and the unexpected success of his addresses, made him giddy, and despite an ineffaceable conviction of dishonour and treachery, he found himself husband to a rich heiress, and son-in-law to a baronet.— And now was he launched in full career upon the current of fashionable dissipation, otherwise called high life.— This he might have borne as well as the other votaries of polished profligacy, were it not for one simple consideration—he had neither health nor constitution, nor to do the early lover of Jane Sinclair justice, heart for the modes and habits of that society, through the vortices of which he now found himself compelled to whirl. He was not in fact able to keep pace with the rapid motions of his fashionable wife, and the result in a very short time was, that their hearts were discovered to be anything but congenial—in fact anything but united. The absence of domestic happiness joined to that remorse which his conduct towards the unassuming but beautiful object of his first affection entailed upon a heart that, notwithstanding its errors, was incapable of foregoing its own convictions, soon broke down the remaining stamina of his constitution,

and before the expiration of three months, he found himself hopelessly smitten by the same disease which had been fatal to his family. His physicians told him that if there were any chance of his recovery, it must be in the efficacy of his native air; and his wife with fashionable apathy, expressed the same opinion, and hoped that he might, after a proper sojourn at home, be enabled to rejoin her early in the following season at Naples. Up to this period he had heard nothing of the mournful consequences which his perfidy had produced upon the intellect of our unhappy Jane. His father, who in fact still entertained hopes of her ultimate sanity, now that his son was married, deemed it unnecessary to embitter his peace by a detail of the evils he had occasioned her. But when, like her brother William, he despaired of her recovery, he considered it only an act of justice towards her and her family to lay before Charles the hideousness of his guilt together with its woful consequences. This melancholy communication was received the day after his physicians had given him over, for in fact the prescription of his native air was only a polite method of telling him that there was no hope.—His conscience, which recent circumstances had already awakened, was not prepared for intelligence so dreadful. Remorse, or rather repentance seized him, and he wrote to beg that his father would suffer a penitent son to come home and die.

This letter, the brief contents of which we have given, his father submitted to Mr. Sinclair, whose reply was indeed characteristic of the exalted Christian, who can forget his own injuries in the distresses of his enemy.

"Let him come," said the old man; "our resentments have long since passed away, and why should not yours? He has now a higher interest to look to than any arising from either love or ambition. His immortal soul is at stake, and if we can reconcile him to heaven, the great object of existence will after all be secured. God forbid that our injuries should stand in the way of his salvation. Allow me," he added, "to bring this letter home, that I may read it to my family, with

one exception, of course. Alas! it contains an instructive lesson."

This was at once acceded to by the other, and they separated.

When William heard the particulars of Osborne's melancholy position, he of course gave up the hostility of his purpose, and laid before his friend a history of the circumstances connected with his brief and unhappy career.

"He is now a dying man," said William, "to whom this life, its idle forms and unmeaning usages are as nothing, or worse than nothing. A higher tribunal than the guilty spirit of this world's honor will demand satisfaction from him for his baseness towards unhappy Jane. To that tribunal I leave him; but whether he live or die, I will never look upon my insane sister, without thinking of him as a villain, and detesting his very name and memory."

If these sentiments be considered ungenerous, let it be remembered that they manifested less his resentment to Osborne, than the deep and elevated affection which he bore his sister, for whose injuries he felt much more indignantly than he would have done for his own.

Jane, however, from this period forth began gradually to break down, and her derangement, though still inoffensive and harmless, assumed a more anxious and melancholy expression.—This might arise, to be sure, from the depression of spirits occasioned by a decline of health. But from whatever cause it proceeded, one thing was evident, that an air of deep dejection settled upon her countenance and whole deportment. She would not, for instance, permit Agnes in their desultory rambles to walk by her side, but besought her to attend at a distance behind her.

"I wish to be alone, dear Agnes," she said, "but notwithstanding that, I do not wish to be without you. I might have been some time ago the Queen of Beauty, but now, Agnes, I am the Queen of Sorrow."

"You have had your share of sorrows, my poor stricken creature," replied Agnes heavily.

"But there is, Agnes, a melancholy beauty in sorrow—it is so sweet to be sad. Did you ever see a single star in the sky, Agnes?"

"You love, then?"
 "Well that is like sorrow, or rather that is like me. Does it not always seem to mourn, and to mourn alone, but the moment that another star arises then the spell is broken, and it seems no more to mourn in the solitude of heaven."

Agnes looked at her with a sad but earnest admiration, and exclaimed in a quivering voice as she pressed her to her bosom,

"Oh Jane, Jane, how my heart loves you! The day is coming, my sister—our sweetest, our youngest, our dearest—the day is coming when we will see you no more—when your sorrows and your joys, whether real or imaginary—when all the unsettled evidences of goodness, which nothing could destroy, will be gone; and you with all you've suffered—with all your hopes and fears, will be no longer present for our hearts to gather about—Oh my sister, my sister! how will the old man live? He will not—he will not. We see already what he suffers, and what it costs him to be silent.—His gait is feeble and his form already bent since the hand of affliction has come upon you. Yet, Jane, Jane, we could bear all, provided you were permitted to remain with us! Your voice—your voice—and is the day so soon to come when we will not hear it? when our eyes will no more rest upon you? And"—added the affectionate girl, now overcome by her feelings, laying her calm sister's head at the same time upon her bosom, "and when those locks so brown and rich that your Agnes's hands have so often dressed, will be mouldering in the grave, and that face—oh, the seal of death is upon your pale, pale cheek, my sister!—my sister!" She could say no more, but kissing Jane's lips, and pressing her to her heart, she wept in a long fit of irrepressible grief.

Jane looked up with a pensive gaze into Agnes's face, and as she calmly dried her sister's tears, said:—

"Is it not strange, Agnes, that I who am the Queen of Sorrow cannot weep. I resemble some generous princess, who though rich, gives away her wealth to the needy in such abundance that she is always poor herself. I who weep not, supply you all with

tears, and cannot find one for myself when I want it. Indeed so it seems, my sister."

"It is true, indeed, Jane, too true, too true, my darling."

"Agnes, I could tell you a secret. It is not without reason that I am the Queen of Sorrow."

"Alas, it is not, my sweet innocent!"

"I have the secret here," said she putting her hand to her bosom, and no one suspects that I have. The cause why I am the Queen of Sorrow is indeed here—here. But come, I do not much like this arbour, somehow. There is, I think, a reason for it, but I forget it. Let us walk elsewhere."

This was the arbour of others in which Osborne, in the enthusiasm of his passion, said that if during his travels he found a girl more beautiful, he would cease to love Jane, and to write to her—an expression which, as the reader knows, exercised afterwards a melancholy power upon her intellect.

Agnes and she proceeded as she desired, to saunter abroad, which they did for the most part in silence, except when she wished to stop and make an observation of her own free will. Her step was slow, her face pale, and her gait, alas, quite feeble, and evidently that of a worn frame and a broken heart.

For sometime past, she seemed to have forgotten that she was a fore-doomed creature, and a cast-away, at least her allusions to this were less frequent than before—a circumstance which Dr. McCormick said he looked upon as the most favorable symptom he had yet seen in her case.

Upon this day, however, she sauntered about in silence, and passed from place to place, followed by Agnes like the waning moon, accompanied by her faithful and attendant star.

After having passed a green field, she came upon the road with an intention of crossing it, and going down by the river to the yew tree, which during all her walks she never failed to visit. Here it was that, for the second time, she met poor Fanny Morgall, the unsettled victim of treachery more criminal still than that which had been practised upon herself.

"You are the bonnie Fawn of Spring—

ple that's gone—and, with love," said the unhappy creature.

"No, no," replied Jane. "you are mistaken. I am the Queen of Sorrow."

"I am to be married to-morrow," said the other. "Everything's ready, but I cannot find William. Did you see him? But may be you may, and if you do—oh speak a word for me; but one word, and tell him that all's ready, and that Fanny's waiting, and that he must not break his promise."

"You are very happy to be married to-morrow."

"Yes," replied the other smiling—"I am happy enough now; but when we are married—when William makes me his wife, people wont look down on me any longer. I wish I could find him, for oh my heart is sick, and will be sick until I see him. If he knew how I was treated, he would not suffer it. If you see him, will you promise to tell him that all's ready, and that I am waiting for him?—Will you, my bonnie lady?"

"I could tell you a secret," said Jane—"they dont know at home that I got the letter at all—but I did, and have read it—he is coming home—coming home to die—that's what makes me the Queen of Sorrow. Do you ever weep?"

"No, but they took the baby from me, and beat me—my brother John did; but William was not near to take my part?"

"Who will you have at the wedding?"

"I have no bride's maid yet—but may be you would be that for me, my bonnie lady. John said I disgraced them; but surely I only loved William. I wish to-morrow was past, and that he would remove my shame—I could then be proud, but now I cannot?"

"And what are you ashamed of? It is no shame to love him."

"No, no, and all would be well enough, but that they beat me and took away the baby—my brother John did."

"But did William ever swear to you, that if he met a girl more beautiful, he would cease to love you, and to write to you?"

"No, he promised to marry me, and And do you know why he does not?"

"If I could find him, he would? Oh, if you see him, will you tell him that I'm waiting, and that all's ready?"

"You," said Jane, "have been guilty of a great sin."

"So they said, and that I brought myself to shame too. But William will take away that, if I could find him."

"You told an indirect falsehood to your father—you concealed the truth—and now the hand of God is upon you. There is nothing for you now but death."

"I dont like death—it took away my baby—if they would give me back my baby I would not care—except John—I would hide from him."

"William's married to another and dying, so that you may become a queen of sorrow too—would you like that—sorrow is a sweet thing."

"How could he marry another, and be promised to me?"

"Is your heart cold, enquired Jane?"

"No," replied the other smiling, "indeed I am to be married to-morrow."

"Let me see you early in the morning," said Jane—"if you do, perhaps I may give you this," showing the letter. "Your heart cannot be cold if you keep it—I carry it here," said she, putting her hand to her bosom—"but I need not, for mine will be warm enough soon."

"Mine's warm enough too," said the other.

"If William comes, you will find poison on his lips," said Jane, "and that will kill you—the poison of polluted lips would kill a thousand faithful hearts—it would—and there is nothing for treachery but sorrow. Be sorrowful—be sorrowful—it is the only thing to ease a deserted heart—it eases mine."

"But then they say you're crazed with love."

"No, no—with sorrow; but listen, never violate truth—never be guilty of falsehood; if you do, you will become unhappy; and, if you do not, the light of God's countenance will shine upon you."

"Indeed it is no lie, for as sure as you stand there to-morrow, is the day."

"I think I love you," said the gentle and affectionate Jane. "Will you kiss me? my sister Agnes does when I ask her."

"Why shouldst thou, my bonnie, bonnie lady? Why shouldst thou? Oh! indeed, but you are bonnie, and yet to be crazed with love! Well, well, he will never comb a grey head that deserted the bonnie Fawn of Springvale."

"Jane, who was much the taller, stooped, and with a smile of melancholy, but unconscious sympathy, kissed the forlorn creature's lips, and after beckoning Agnes to follow her, passed on."

That embrace! Who could describe its character? Oh! man, man, and woman, woman, think of this!

Agnes, after Jane and she had returned home, found that a search had been instituted during their absence for the letter which Charles had written to his father. Mr. Sinclair, anxious to return it, had missed it from among his papers, and felt seriously concerned at its disappearance.

"I only got it to read to the family," said he, "and what am I to say, or what can I say, when Mr. Osborne asks me, as he will, to return it? Agnes, do you know any thing of it?"

Agnes, who, from the interview between Jane and the unsettled Fanny Morgan, saw at once that it had got by some means unknown to the family into her sister's hands, knew not exactly in what terms to reply. She saw too, that Jane looked upon the possession of the letter as a secret, and in her presence she felt that considering her sister's view of the matter, and her state of mind, she could not, without pressing too severely on the gentle creature's sorrows, inform her father of the truth.

"Papa," said the admirable and considerate girl, "the letter I have no doubt will be found. I beg of you papa, I beg of you not to be uneasy about it; it *will* be found."

This she said in a tone as significant as possible, with a hope that her father might infer from her manner that Jane had the letter in question.

The old man looked at Agnes, and appeared as if striving to collect the meaning of what she said, but he was not long permitted to remain in any doubt upon the subject.

Jane approached him slowly, and putting her hand to her bosom, took out the letter and placed it upon the table before him.

"It came from him," said she, and that was the reason why I put it in my heart. You know, papa, he is dying, and this letter is a message of death. I thought that such a message was more proper from him to me than to any one else. I have carried it near my heart, and you may take it now, papa. The message has been delivered, and I feel that death is here—for that is all that he and it have left me. I am the star of sorrow—pale and mournful in the lonely sky; yet," she added as she did on another occasion, "we shall not all die, but we shall be changed."

"My sweet child," said Mr. Sinclair, "I am not angry with you about the letter; I only wish you to keep your spirits up, and not be depressed so much as you are." She appeared quite exhausted, and replied not for some time; at length she said:

"Papa, mamma, have I done any thing wrong? If I have tell me. Oh, Agnes, Agnes, but my heart is heavy!"

"As sure as heaven is above us, Henry," whispered her mother to Mr. Sinclair, "she is upon the point of being restored to her senses."

"Alas, my dear," he replied, "who can tell? It may happen as you say. Oh how I shall bless God if it does! but still, what, what will it be but, as Dr. M'Cormick said, the light before death? The child is dying, and she will be taken from us for ever, for ever!"

Jane, whilst they spoke, looked earnestly and with a struggling eye into the countenances of those who were about her; but again she smiled pensively, and said:

"I am—I am the star of sorrow, pale and mournful in the lonely sky. Jane Sinclair is no more—the Fawn of Springvale is no more—I am now nothing but sorrow. I *was* the queen, but now I am the *star* of sorrow. Oh! how I long to set in heaven!"

She was then removed to bed, where with her mother and her two sisters beside her, she lay quiet as a child, repeating to herself—"I am the star of sorrow, pale and mournful in the lonely sky; but now I know that I will soon set in heaven. Jane Sinclair is no more—the Fawn of Springvale is no more. No—I am now the *star* of sorrow!" The melancholy beauty of

the sentiment seemed to soothe her, for she continued to repeat these words, sometimes aloud and sometimes in a low sweet voice, until she fell gently asleep.

"She is asleep," said Agnes, looking upon her still beautiful but mournful features, now, indeed, composed into an expression of rooted sorrow. They all stood over the bed, and looked upon her for many minutes. At length Agnes clasped her hands, and with a suffocating voice, as if her heart would break, exclaimed, "Oh mother, mother," and rushed from the room that she might weep aloud without awakening the afflicted one who slept.

Another week made a rapid change upon her for the worse, and it was considered necessary to send for Dr. McCormick, as from her feebleness and depression they feared that her dissolution was by no means distant, especially as she had for the last three days been confined to her bed. The moment he saw her, his opinion confirmed their suspicions.

"Deal gently with her now," said he; "a fit or a paroxysm of any kind would be fatal to her. The dear girl's unhappy race is run—her sands are all but numbered. This moment her thread of life is not stronger than a gossamer." Ere his departure on that occasion, he brought Mr. Sinclair aside and thus addressed him:

"Are you aware, sir, that Mr. Osborne's son has returned?"

"Not that he has actually returned," replied Mr. Sinclair, "but I know that he is daily expected."

"He reached his father's house," continued the Doctor, "early yesterday; and such a pitiable instance of remorse as he is I have never seen, and I hope never shall. His cry is to see your daughter, that he may hear his forgiveness from her own lips. He says he cannot die in hope or in happiness, unless she pardons him. This, however, must not be—I mean an interview between them—for it would most assuredly prove fatal to himself; and should she see him only for a moment, that moment were her last."

"I will visit the unhappy young man myself," said her father; "as for an interview it cannot be thought of—even if they could bear it, Charles

forgets that he is now the husband of another woman, and that, consequently Jane is nothing to him—and that such a meeting would be highly—grossly improper."

"Your motives, though perfectly just, are different from mine," said the Doctor—"I speak merely as a medical man. He wants not this to hurry him into the grave—he will be there soon enough."

"Let him feel repentance towards God," said the old man heavily—"towards my child it is now unavailing. It is my duty, as it shall be my endeavour, to fix this principle in his heart."

The Doctor then departed, after having promised to see Jane on the next day but one. This gentleman's opinion, however, with respect to his beautiful patient, was not literally correct; still although she lingered longer than could naturally be anticipated from her excessive weakness, yet he was right in saying that her thread of life resembled that of the gossamer.

In the course of the same evening, she gave the first symptom of a lucid interval, still in point of fact her mind was never wholly restored to sanity. She had slept long and soundly, and after awaking rang the bell for some one to come to her. This was unusual, and in a moment she was attended by Agnes and her mother.

"I am very weak, my dear mamma," said she, "and although I cannot say that I feel any particular complaint—I speak of a bodily one—yet I feel that my strength is gone, and that you will not be troubled with your poor Jane much longer."

"Do not think so, dear love, do not think so," replied her mother; "bear up, my darling, bear up, and all may yet be well."

"Agnes," said she, "come to me. I know not—perhaps—dear Agnes—"

She could utter no more. Agnes flew to her, and they wept in each other's arms for many minutes.

"I would be glad to see my papa," she said, "and my dear Maria and William. Oh mamma, mamma, I suspect that I have occasioned you all much sorrow."

"No, no, no—but more joy now, my heart's own treasure, a thousand times

more joy than you ever occasioned us of sorrow. Do not think it, oh, do not think it."

Her father, who had just returned from visiting Charles Osborne, now entered her bed room, accompanied by William and his two daughters—for Agnes had flown to inform them of the happy turn which had taken place in Jane's malady. When he entered, she put her white but wasted hand out, and raised her head to kiss him.

"My dear papa," said she, "it is so long, I think, since I have seen you; and Maria, too. Oh, dear Maria, come to me—but you must not weep, dear sister. Alas, Maria"—for the poor girl wept bitterly—"oh, my sister, but your heart is good and loving. William"—she kissed him, and looking tenderly into his face, said,

"Why, oh, why are you all in tears? Imitate my papa, dear William. I am so glad to see you! Papa, I have been—I fear I have been—but, indeed, I remember when I dreaded as much. My heart, my heart is heavy when I think of all the grief and affliction I must have occasioned you; but you will all forgive your poor Jane, for you know she would not do so if she could avoid it. Papa, how pale and careworn you look! as, indeed, you all do. Oh God help me! I see, I see—I read on your sorrowful faces the history of all you have suffered on my account."

They all cherished, and petted, and soothed the sweet creature; and, indeed, rejoiced over her as if she had been restored to them from the dead.

"Papa, would you get me the Bible, she continued, I wish if possible to console you and the rest; and mamma, you will think when I am gone of that which I am about to shew you; think of it all of you, for indeed an early death is sometimes a great blessing to those who are taken away. Alas! who can say when it is not?"

They assisted her to sit up in the bed, and after turning over the leaves of the Bible, she read in a voice of low impressive melody the first verse of the fifty-seventh chapter of Isaiah.

"The righteous perisheth, and no man taketh it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering

that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. **HE SHALL ENTER INTO PEACE.**"

"Oh! many a death," she continued, "is wept for and lamented by friends and relatives, who consider not that those for whom they weep may be taken away from the evil to come. I feel that I am unable to speak much, but it is your Jane's request, that the consolation to be found, not only in this passage, but in this book, may be applied to your hearts when I am gone."

This effort, slight as it was, enfeebled her much, and she lay silent for some time; and such was their anxiety, neither to excite or disturb her, that although their hearts were overflowing they restrained themselves, so far as to permit no startling symptoms of grief to be either seen or heard. After a little time, however, she spoke again:—

"My poor bird," said she, "I fear I have neglected it. Dear Agnes would you let me see it—I long to see it—Agnes in a few minutes returned and placed the bird in her bosom. She caressed it for a short time, and then looking at it earnestly said—

"Is it possible, that you too, my Ariel, are drooping?"

This indeed was true. The bird had been for some time past as feeble and delicate as if its fate were bound up with that of its unhappy mistress—whether it was that the sight of it revived some recollection that disturbed her, or whether this brief interval of reason was as much as exhausted nature could afford on one occasion, it is difficult to say; but the fact is, that after looking on it for some time, she put her hand to her bosom and asked—

"Where, where is the letter?"

"What letter, my darling, said her father?"

"Is not Charles unhappy and dying?" she said.

"He is ill, my love," said her father, "but not dying, we trust."

"It is not here," she said, searching her bosom, "it is not here—but it matters nothing now—it was a message of death, and the message has been delivered. Sorrow—sorrow—sorrow—how beautiful is that word—there is but one other in the language that surpasses it, and that is *mourn*. Oh! how beautiful is that too—how delicately ex-

“*Reverend*,” *weep* is violent ; but mourn, *the* gradual but tearless grief that *wastes* gently—that disappoints death, *for* *life* not but only cease to be. I *am* the star of sorrow, pale and mournful in the lonely sky—well, that is one consolation—when I set I shall set in *heaven*.”

They knew by experience that any attempt at comfort would then produce more evil than good. For near two hours she uttered to herself in a low chant, “I am the star of sorrow, &c.” after which she sank as before into a profound slumber.

Her intervals of reason, as death approached, were mercifully extended. Whilst they lasted, nothing could surpass the noble standard of Christian duty by which her feelings and moral sentiments were regulated. For a fortnight after this, she sank with such a certain but imperceptible approximation towards death, that the eyes even of affection could scarcely notice the gradations of its approach.

During this melancholy period, her father was summoned upon an occasion which was strongly calculated to try the sincerity of his Christian professions. Not a day passed that he did not forget his own sorrows, and the reader knows how heavily they pressed upon him—in order to prepare the mind of his daughter’s destroyer for the awful change which death was about to open upon his soul. He reasoned—he prayed—he wept—he triumphed—yes, he triumphed, nor did he ever leave the death-bed of Charles Osborne, until he had succeeded in fixing his heart upon that God “who willeth not the death of a sinner.”

A far heavier trial upon the Christian’s fortitude, however, was soon to come upon him, Jane, as the reader knows, was now at the very portals of heaven. For hours in the day she was perfectly rational ; but again she would wander into her chant of sorrow, as much from weakness as from the original cause of her malady ; for upon this it is difficult if not impossible to determine.

On the last evening, however, that her father ever attended Charles Osborne, he came home as usual and was about to enquire how Jane felt, when Maria came to him with eyes which weeping had made red, and said—

“Oh papa—I fear—we all fear, that I cannot utter it—I cannot—I cannot—Oh papa, at last the hour we fear is come.”

“Remember, my child, that you are speaking,” said this heroic Christian, “remember that you are speaking to a Christian father, who will not set up his passions, nor his weaknesses, nor his passions against the will of God.”

“Oh, but papa—Jane, Jane”—she burst into bitter tears for more than a minute, and then added—“Jane, papa, is dying—leaving us at last !”

“Maria,” said he, calmly, “leave me for some minutes. You know not, dear child, what my struggles have been. Leave me now—this is the trial I fear—and now must I, and so must you all—but now must I—Oh, leave me, leave me.”

He knelt and prayed ; but in less than three minutes, Agnes, armed with affection—commanding and absolute it was from that loving sister—came to him.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and pressed it. “Papa !”—“I know it,” said he, “she is going ; but, Agnes, we must be Christians.”

“We must be sisters, papa ; and ah, papa, surely, surely this is a moment in which the father may forget the Christian. Jesus wept for a stranger ; what would he not have done for a brother or a sister ?” “Agnes, Agnes,” said he, in a tone of sorrow, inexpressibly deep, “is this taxing me with want of affection for—for—?”

She flung herself upon his breast.—“Oh, papa, forgive me, forgive me—I am not capable of appreciating the high and holy principles from which you act. Forgive me ; and surely if you ever forgave me on any occasion, you will on this.”

“Dear Agnes,” said he, “you scarcely ever required my forgiveness, and less now than ever—even if you had. Come—I will go ; and may the Lord support and strengthen us all ! Your mother—your poor mother !”

On entering the room of the dying girl, they found her pale cheek laid against that of her other parent, whose arms were about her, as if she would hold them in love and tenderness for ever. When she saw them approach, she raised her head feebly, and said—

"Is that my papa? my beloved papa?" The old man raised his eyes once more to heaven for support—but for upwards of half a minute the muscles of his face worked with power that evinced the full force of what he suffered—

"I am here, I am here," he at length said with difficulty.

"And that is Agnes?" she enquired. "Agnes come near me; and do not be angry, dear Agnes, that I die on mamma's bosom and not on yours."

Agnes could only seize her pale hand and bathe it with her tears. "Angry with you—you living angel—oh, who ever was, or could be, my sister?"

"You all love me too much," she said. "Maria, it grieves me to see your grief so excessive—and William, oh why, why will you weep so? Is it because I am about to leave the pains and sorrows of this unhappy life, and to enter into peace, that you all grieve thus bitterly. Believe me—and I know this will relieve my dear papa's heart—and all your hearts—will it not yours, my mamma?—it is this—your Jane, your own Jane IS NOT AFRAID TO DIE. Her hopes are fixed upon the Rock of Ages—the Rock of her salvation. I know, indeed, that my brief existence has been marked at its close with care and sorrow; but these cares and sorrows have brought me the sooner to that place where all tears shall be wiped from my eyes. Let my fate, too, be a warning to young creatures like myself, never to suffer their affection for any object to overmaster their sense and their reason. I cherished the passion of my heart too much, when I ought to have checked and restrained it—and now, what is the consequence? Why, that I go down in the very flower of my youth to an early grave."

Agnes caught the dear girl's hands when she had concluded, and looking with a breaking heart into her face, said—

"And oh, my sister, my sister, art you leaving us—are you leaving us for ever, my sister? Life will be nothing to me, my Jane, without you—how, how will your Agnes live?"

"I doubt we are only disturbing our perished one," said her father. "Let her child's last moments be calm—and her soul—oh let it not be drawn back

from its hopes, to this earth and its affections."

"Papa, pray for me, and they will join with you—pray for your poor Jane while it is yet time—the prayer of the righteous availeth much."

Earnest, indeed, and melancholy, was that last prayer offered up on behalf of the departing girl. When it was concluded there was a short silence, as if they wished not to break in upon what they considered the aspirations of the dying sufferer. At length the mother thought she felt her child's cheek press against her own with a passive weight that alarmed her.

"Jane, my love," said she, "do you not feel your soul refreshed by your father's prayer?"

No answer was returned to this, and on looking more closely at her countenance of sorrow, they found that her gentle spirit had risen on the incense of her father's prayers to heaven. The mother clasped her hands, whilst the head of her departed daughter still lay upon her bosom.

"Oh God! oh God!" said she, "our idol is gone—is gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed the old man; "now, oh Lord, surely—surely the father's grief may be allowed," and he burst, as he spoke, into a paroxysm of uncontrollable sorrow.

"And what am I to do—who am I—oh woe, woe—who was her mother?"

To the scene that ensued, what pen could do justice—we cannot, and consequently leave it to the imagination of our readers, whose indulgence we crave for our many failures and errors in the conduct of this melancholy story.

Thus passed the latter days of the unhappy Jane Sinclair, of whose life nothing more appropriate need be said, than that which she herself uttered immediately before her death—

"Let my fate be a warning to young creatures like myself never to suffer their affection for any object to overmaster their sense and their reason. I cherished the passion of my heart too much, when I ought to have checked and restrained it—and now, what is the consequence? Why, that I go down in the very flower of my youth to an early grave."

On the day after her dissolution, an incident occurred, which threw the whole family into renewed sorrow—

Early that morning, Ariel, her dove, was found dead upon her bosom, as she lay out in the composure of death.

"Remove it not," said her father; "it shall be buried with her;" and it was accordingly placed upon her bosom in the coffin.

Seldom was a larger funeral train seen, than that which attended her remains to the grave-yard; and rarely was sorrow so deeply felt for any being

so young and so unhappy, as that which moved all hearts for the sake of the beautiful but unfortunate Jane Sinclair—the far-famed Fawn of Springdale.

One other fact we have to record; Jane's funeral had arrived but a few minutes at the grave, when another funeral train appeared slowly approaching the place of death. It was that of Charles Osborne!

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. VIII.

SCHILLER'S DRAMA OF WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

COLERIDGE, who translated, in his own unapproachable manner, Schiller's tragedies of *The Piccolomini*, and *The Death of Wallenstein*, chose to leave untranslated the Prelude of *Wallenstein's Camp*, by which those tragedies are introduced. The prelude is in rhyme, and in eight, nine, ten, or eleven syllable metre; and Coleridge's apology was that there were not rhymes enough in the English language to match the German, and that the metre would be rejected by the taste of the English public. Presumptuous as we may be deemed for dissenting from Coleridge on any subject, we think his first plea inadmissible. The fallacy of the notion that the rhyming capabilities of the German tongue surpass those of the English we exposed in a former paper; and our experience, since we printed that paper, has not modified our original impression. We still believe that the English rhymes are more abundant and various than any other rhymes. We have never yet met with a Spanish, French, Italian, Dutch, or German line, which we found it impracticable to render by a corresponding English line. If translators have declared certain tasks impracticable, the declaration may be a proof of their unwillingness to undertake those tasks, but cannot be a proof of any thing besides. They find it convenient to talk of impracticability whenever it is not practicable for them to conquer their own indolence. It was less troublesome to the waggoner in the fable, when the wheels of his cart got imbedded in a miry rut, to sit down by

the way-side, and invoke Hercules, than to apply his own shoulder to the vehicle. The truth lies at the bottom of the well of the translator's incapacity in the shape of want of spirit. His case is the reverse of that of the man, who, when asked whether he could play on the fiddle, answered that he did not know, as he had never tried; the translator has tried, and succeeded, and yet will tell you that he is afraid to attempt a common street-melody. If "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," surely men of great powers occasionally sin in the contrary extreme, and, though only "a little lower than the angels," are a thousand times more timid even than they. It is not the way that is wanting; it is the will. The statue is in the marble, said Praxiteles to his pupil; the point is to hew it out. The equivalents lie ready for all translators; the business is to look for them in the right places. We remember an arithmetical puzzle of our childhood. Given an eight gallon cask of brandy, and two empty vessels, one made to hold five gallons, the other to hold three: so to divide the brandy, as that four gallons shall remain in the cask, and four in the five gallon vessel. This vexata questio posed us for a length of time, because we kept continually pouring the liquor into wrong vessels. The generality of translators are just such powers of liquor, into wrong vessels. The right vessels, however, are always at hand, though they are not to be discovered without consideration. Enough of this here. Perhaps the objection that the verses of the prelude are too

lax for the taste of the English public is entitled to somewhat more attention. Yet we question the validity of even this objection. A large class of readers relish poetry all the better for its freedom from the buckram trammels of the regular metre, "where, one link broken, the whole chain's destroyed." The largest class of all care little about metres. In the *Vicar of Wakefield* the Vicar observes to his travelling companion, that modern dramatists appeared anxious to imitate Shakspeare rather than Nature. "To say the truth," said the other, "I don't know that they are anxious to imitate anything at all." Coleridge may imagine that the English people prefer the metre of Pope's *Homer* to that of Chapman's; but for us, we believe that they entertain no marked metrical predilections in favour of any poem whatever. We think that in metres, as in the staple of metres, they like "everything by turns, and nothing long."—The question is not, What metre the poem is written in: the metre is but, as it were, the *tournure* of the garb in which the poem is attired: the question

is, Whether the poem be worth reading. —We shall here, to the best of our limited ability, give the reader an opportunity of deciding that question to his own satisfaction.

The great name of Schiller consecrates all his works. But let the piece be judged by its proper merits, not by the celebrity of its author. "The magic of a name" is very often upon a level with every other species of jugglery. There is quite enough in *Wallenstein's Camp*, we hope, to secure it attention for its own sake; and in this hope it is that we present a translation of it to our readers. They will now be able to estimate the precise extent to which the severe genius of Schiller was capable of deviating from its otherwise uniformly lofty path. Beyond the point to which it has in this instance verged in search of the familiar and humorous, we may reasonably conclude that it could not wander—and *Wallenstein's Lager* may, so far, be looked upon by Schiller's admirers scarcely less in the light of a curiosity than in that of a poem.

Wallenstein's Camp.

A DRAMATIC PRELUDE, IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SERGEANT-MAJOR. } of TERTZKY's Regiment of Carabineers.
TRUMPETER. }
ARTILLERYMAN.
RIFLEMEN.
TWO YAGERS of HOLK's Brigade.
DRAGOONS, belonging to BUTLER's Regiment.
HARQUEBUSSIERS, belonging to TIEFENBACH's Regiment.
CUIRASSIERS belonging to a Walloon Regiment.
CUIRASSIERS belonging to a Lombard Regiment.
CROATS.
UHLANIANS.
RECRUIT.
BURGHER.
PEASANT.
PEASANT BOY.
CAPUCHIN FRIAR.
CAMP-SCHOOLMASTER.
SUTLERESS.
SERVANT-GIRL.
SOLDIER-LADS.
BAND-MUSICIANS.

The Scene lies before the town of Pilsen in Bohemia.

SCENE I.

Victralling tents, with booths in front for the sale of haberdashery and wearing apparel. Soldiers in various uniforms throng tumultuously to and fro; all the tables

—have crowded. Croats and Uhlans are cooling victuals over a coal-fire. The soldiers are pouring out wine. A group of young soldiers are playing at dice on a drunkenness. The sound of song is heard coming from the tents.

A Peasant and his Son.

PEASANT-BOY.

No good will come of it, father, I say ;
You had best not go in the soldiers' way ;
They are terrible savages,—that they are !
God send we get off without scathe or scar !

PEASANT.

Tut, son, they can't eat us alive—that's plain,
Let them bluster and frown as much as they please ;
No ; listen and mind what I tell you : these
Are troops from the banks of the Saal and Maine
With lots of booty and rare tit-bits,
All which may be ours, if we mind our hits.
A captain, whose throat another cut,
First left me a pair of lucky dice ;
And I mean by-and-by, as you'll see, to put
Their worth to the test : Now, mark !—my advice
Is this : these troopers are all, to a man,
Loose livers and fellows of roystering ways ;
Are vain, moreover, and greedy of praise ;
So lay on the plaster as thick as you can.
How gains that are got o'er the devil's back
Are spent we all know ; and, if these dragoons
Will help themselves to the flour in our sack,
They must lend us a few of their silver spoons ;
And if, being nabbed, we come under their swords,
We must beg ourselves off with snivelling words.

(Singing and other sounds of festivity are heard from the tents.)

How they do revel ! God help us ! All
This mirth is the growth of the labourer's sweat :
Eight months have hardly gone over yet,
Since they drove us from bed, from barn and stall ;
And now in the meadows or plains around,
Is bird or beast no more to be found ;
And we, by ravening hunger pursued,
May gnaw our own fleshless arms for food.
Affairs were not worse when the Saxon first
Like a thunderstorm on our villages burst ;
Yet these are self-styled the Imperial.—

PEASANT-BOY.

Father,

I see two or three coming out of the kitchen :
They don't appear, methinks, to be rich in
Such nic-nacs as you and myself might gather.

PEASANT.

I know them—home-troops Bohemia rears
For Tertzky's band of Carabineers :
They are quartered here now a pretty good while,
And are just the vilest of all the vile,

Though they strut so about, and talk so refined,
 And look so mighty gallant and drest,
 And would scorn to drain a cup with the hind.
 But who are those three I see to the left—
 Those Riflemen round their camp-fire? These
 By their jackets I take to be Tyrolese.
 Come, Emmeric!—here be the gentry of Pilsen,
 The lads who love to twattle and prattle,
 Who gaily tramp to the plain of battle,
 And—better than all—who sport the silver.

(*They draw near to the tents.*)

SCENE II.—*To these enter the Serjeant-Major, the Trumpeter, and an Uhlanian*

TRUMPETER.

What wants the peasant here? Rubbish, away!

PEASANT.

One morsel and sup, noble sirs! I have not
 Ate anything warm as yet to-day.

TRUMPETER.

Those dogs are eternally snuffing the pot!

UHLANIAN—(*giving the Peasant a glass of liquor.*)

Hasn't breakfasted yet? Then swig, thou hound!

(*He then thrusts the Peasant out of the tent, while the others come forward.*)

SERJEANT-MAJOR—(*to the Trumpeter.*)

Well, comrade, what say you? 'Tis rumoured around,
 Do you know, that we touch double pay at present,
 Only just that our hours may roll the more pleasant.

TRUMPETER.

The Duchess comes in to-day, you see,
 With the Princess—

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Bah! that's but the cloak: No, we
 Are treated thus that we may win o'er
 By jovial bounding and free carousing
 The foreign levy halting before
 The gates of Pilsen; they grumble much,
 And 'tis well to lure and secure them by such
 Baits.

TRUMPETER.

Ay, there is something again in the wind,
 Though nothing stupendous, I'm rather inclined
 To fancy.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Why, look you, friend, verily say—
 The generals who mustered here lately—

TRUMPETER.

Did not
Come hither to play at chuck-farthing, I wot.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

And the whisperings and hurryings about, and all that.

TRUMPETER.

I know.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

And that chap in the old peruke,
That came from Vienna but yesterday,
With his gold chain of honor—these things, you know, look
Like.....something. You smoke what I mean to say?

TRUMPETER.

Some hang-a-bone dog, sent to chase the Duke*
From his lands again, or I'm much mista'en.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Us, comrade, the truth is, they do not trust ;
The Friedlander's† face is a mask for the herd ;
He is too mysterious for them—and just
For that they would humble him if they dared.

TRUMPETER.

Well, we at least, are devoted and true.
Ah! if all took pattern by me and you!

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Our regiment and the other four
Commanded by Tertzky, brother-in-law
Of the Duke, and each as determined a corps
As Wallenstein's Camp shall see or e'er saw,
Are his without failure or flinching—he
Himself appoints all their officers and
Reviews them in person—and not one band
Of the whole quintetto, they and we,
But are pledged to serve him with life and limb,
And to lose the last drop of their blood for him:

SCENE III.—*To these enters a Croät, with a necklace in his hand. A Rifleman follows.*

RIFLEMAN.

So ho! we've a pedlar in beads and crystals!
From whom did you filch the necklace, Croät ?‡

* Wallenstein.

† Wallenstein's.

‡ This word is a dissyllable in German; we have left it so. The accent is on the second syllable.

You'd look mighty well in a glass cravat !
Come, now, tip it here, and I'll give you these pistols,

CROAT.

Be easy, old boy ! I am up to trap.

RIFLEMAN.

Well, say I throw in this handsome blue cap,
Which I won just now at the lottery wheel.
'Tis a capital tile, to see and to feel.

CROAT—(*holding the necklace up in the sunlight.*)

But this is all pearl :—O my ! such a sight !
What beautiful hues it shews in the light !

RIFLEMAN—(*taking it out of his hand and viewing it.*)

Yes, that's all there's in it—just barely the sheen—
But come,—you're in luck !—I'll add my canteen.

TRUMPETER.

(*Aside.*)—How he gulls the Croat ! The jackass is blind.

(*To the Rifleman.*)—Snacks, Rifle !—and then Mum's the word, d'ye mind ?

CROAT—(*putting on the cap.*)

'Pon my word, a neat fit ! I think I so far gain.

RIFLEMAN—(*looking round on the troopers, and tipping the wink to the Trumpeter.*)

The gentlemen present all witness the bargain !

SCENE IV.—*To these enters an Artilleryman.*

ARTILLERYMAN—(*to the Serjeant-Major.*)

How goes it, brother Carabineer ?
Well—how long still shall we dawdle here ?
Can we bear to lazily rest on our arms
When the foe is thronging the field in swarms ?

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Does he march by the aid of necromancy ?
The roads are not passable yet, I fancy.

ARTILLERYMAN.

To me they are not ; and I stand benumbed
And powerless here ; but, nevertheless,
A packet, arrived this day by express,
Announces that Ratisbon has succumbed.

TRUMPETER.

Well, then, we'll retake it, with God's good will.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

What ! fight for Bavaria ?—waste blood for a king

Who wishes the prince all manner of ill?
Just keep yourself cool; we'll do no such thing.

ARTILLERYMAN.

Observe!—what you've heard is a secret still.

SCENE V.—*To these enter two Yagers, and, at successive intervals, the Sutleress, a few young Soldiers, the Camp Schoolmaster, and a Servant Girl.*

FIRST YAGER.

Come along! come on!—i'faith, I see
We have here a jolly-cheeked company,

TRUMPETER.

Who, pray, are those Newcome Greenfrocks there,
That enter with such a magnificent air?

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

They are two of Holk's Yagers;—that lace on their dress,
Wasn't bought at the Leipsic fair, I guess.

SUTLERESS—(coming in with wine.)

Good luck, brave Sirs!

FIRST YAGER.

What! how!—*der Blitz!*
That must be Dame Gustel from Blasawitz.

SUTLERESS.

Who else?—and you—yes!—it must be so—
Are gander-shanked Peter from Itzaho,
Who, in one merry night, when our troops were lying
In Gluckstadt garrison, thought it a trifle
To send all your Pa's yellow hammers a-flying!†

FIRST YAGER.

And since have exchanged the quill for the rifle.

SUTLERESS.

O, then, we're old chums, as a body may say.

FIRST YAGER.

And here we are, under Bohemian skies.

SUTLERESS.

Here, coz, today, and tomorrow away,
As the Besom of War, which Destiny plies,
Sweeps legion by legion from region to region.
I, too, have since rambled abroad and afar.

* Lightning!

† Perhaps *gold-finches* would have been a more appropriate term. The original is literally—*he has his father's golden foxes through-brought*—viz. "You spent every ducat your father had left you."

FIRST YAGER.

Ay, ay, I dare say you've seen lions and dragons.

SUTLERESS.

We threshed the Mansfeldians* and emptied their bagons,
And rested a while at Temeswar,
Which I reached in the rear of the baggage-waggons.
I afterwards set up a tent one day
Right under the walls of Stralsund, where
The Friedland army at that time lay,
But my hostelry went to the devil there.
So I went, a few rix dollars in hand,
With the reinforcements to Mantua, and
Marched back with Fera, left Italy,
And joined the Spanish regiment
Which made the expedition to Ghent;
And now in Bohemia I want to see
If the Prince will allow me to turn some old
Bad debts that are due to me here into gold.
That yonder, you'll please to observe, is my tent.

FIRST YAGER.

Never fear, lass! your stewpan's the one for our money.
But what have you done with your partner and crony,
The Scotchman, who followed you everywhere?

SUTLERESS.

He choused me, the varlet! One night he decamped
With all that for years I had pinched and cramped
And stinted myself to save and to spare,
To the very last stick and stitch that I had,
And, of all my loose furniture, only left
Me that log-headed lump of live lumber there.

SOLDIER-BOY—(running up to her.)

He's my papa, mother!

FIRST YAGER.

Well, well: the lad
Will do for a thread in the Emperor's web.
When a soldier is killed his place must be filled.

CAMP-SCHOOLMASTER—(entering.)

Off, boys, to the school!—come, off with you all!

FIRST YAGER.

Poor lads! how they dread the close room and high wall!

SERVANT-GIRL—(coming in.)

Come, aunty, they're going.

* The troops of Lower Saxony, under the command of Count Mansfeld, a military adventurer, who sometimes fought for the Swedes, and sometimes for the Imperialists, and taught his soldiers to subsist chiefly on the proceeds of plunder.

SUTLERESS.

One moment!

FIRST YAGER.

Hey-day!

And who is this arch-looking damsel, pray?

SUTLERESS.

A girl from the Empire, a child of my sister.

FIRST YAGER.

A niece of your own?—a smart baggage, in sooth!

SECOND YAGER—(taking the girl's hand.)

A well-favored wench!—if we could but enlist her!

SERVANT-GIRL.

You sha'n't! I have guests to serve in the booth.

(She disengages herself and trips away.)

FIRST YAGER,

She's a morsel, that girl, for a liquorish tooth;

But the aunt's past her prime—yet there once was a time

When we fought for her smiles with hearty good-will.

Well, well! how the years do slip away!

And what queer turn-ups I have seen in my day!

And yet I may live to see queerer still!

(To the Serjeant and Trumpeter)—This glass to your healths, good sirs and brothers!

We'll take our place here among the others.

SCENE VI.—*The Yagers. The Serjeant-Major. The Trumpeter.*

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Many thanks! To your's also! We all esteem ye
As brothers, and welcome ye into Bohemia.

FIRST YAGER.

You are snug enough here. In the enemy's land
We Yagers were forced to live from hand
To mouth, and seldom could capture a goose.

TRUMPETER.

One should'nt think that; you look very spruce.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Ay, ay; in Misnia, and by the Saal,
You are not over-popular folk at all.

SECOND YAGER.

Excuse me; but I'm surprised at that, rather;
The Croäts first reaped the harvest of spoil,
And we, when we came, could merely gather
The gleanings; and ill they repaid our toil.

THEM-PETER.

That lace on your collars is really splendid;
Your pantaloons also come well recommended;
Then your plumed caps and your ruffles milk-white,
These aid, no doubt, your attractive powers
In the ragged young stripling's dazzled sight;
But as to the toggery we wear—

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Ours

Is the Friedlander's regiment, recollect;
And as such alone has claims on respect.

FIRST YAGER.

Bad compliment that to us, though, who
All bear, as you know, the same title, too.

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

O, yes! you belong to the general mass.

FIRST YAGER.

So then you are,—are you?—a privileged class!
You be hanged!—we differ in garb alone,
And, for me, I am mighty well pleased with my own.

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

You are vulgar! But one must excuse you Yagers,
You live so much among boors and beggars.
Grace, courtesy, polish, refinement of speech,
These only the General's presence can teach.

FIRST YAGER.

The General? Bah!—go to Puck!—You may ape
His manner of spitting and blowing his nose;
But his genius,—his mind, I would say,—never shews
Itself at parade in a seizable shape.

SECOND YAGER.

Thunderbolts! who are we? We are well known afar
As the Friedlander's Own, the Wild Yagers of War!
And will ever uphold that title with pride.
Through the lands of friend and of foe we ride.
Hark, hark, to the Holkian Yagers' horn,
As we dash o'er the fields through the smoking corn!
In the selfsame instant afar and anear,
We, swift as the Sin-flood,* are there and here,
All wild as the fireball that bursts in the deep
Dead night through the roof when the house lies asleep.
No chaffering with us!—no flight from our steel!—
We trample all ties—laugh at every appeal,

* A literal translation of the original, *Sündflut*, the General Deluge.

And clasp—War sheweth nor favor nor grace—
 The virgin's form in our glowing embrace.
 Enquire—I speak not as a braggart—enquire
 In Vogtland, Bavaria, Westphalia, and there ye
 Will hear tales enough, unless Faure be a liar,
 Of the feats it has been our boast to achieve.
 The children our children's children shall leave
 Will tell, when hundreds of years have rolled,
 Of the Holkian Yagers bloody and bold.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

See there, now!—And so, then, the soldier is made
 By slashing and dashing, and slaughter and waste?
 It is Talent that makes him! Slow study must aid
 His prowess,—and judgment, and tact, and taste.

FIRST YAGER.

It is FREEDOM that makes him! All else is but gabble,
 Oldwomanish twaddle and magpie-babble.
 Did I bolt from school and from books to find
 The galleyslave habits that boddice the mind,
 To meet the dull desk, the strait walls that cramp
 The spirit of Youth revived in the camp?
 No! leave me curbless, afloat and free,
 And let me have something each day to see;
 I live in the moments as long as they last,
 Alike independent of Future and Past,
 And reckless of life, because I have sold
 Myself, body and bones, to the Kaiser for gold.
 Command me to charge through volleying thunder
 And smoke and fire by the headlong Rhine,
 Where one man in three falls trodden under,
 I'm not of the sort to hang back or decline:
 But, as to details, you must leave me unchained;
 All I want is to fight, but I'll not be constrained.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

If that's all you want, never fear but with us
 Your wants will be looked to: the trooper's jacket
 Will ever tempt plenty of blades to hack it.

FIRST YAGER.

I'll never forget what a humbugging fuss
 Was kept up by Gustavus,* Tormentor of Man!
 He modelled his camp on a churchlike plan,
 And had prayers each morning by beat of drum,
 To which the reveil bade the soldiers come;
 And if we were gay,—as men's thoughts will wander
 A little at times to the devil, of course,—
 He preached us long sermons astride on his horse.

* King of Sweden, who lost his life in the moment of victory, at the memorable battle of Lutzen, in 1632, in which Wallenstein and the Imperialists were worsted. Puffendorf asserts that he fell by the hand of one of his own generals—the Duke of Lauenberg, if we recollect rightly.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

He was ever, in truth, a God-fearing Commander.

FIRST YAGER.

At last he made even the petticoats go
To church ; 'twas all one if they liked it or no.
I couldn't stand that ; so I gave him leg-bail.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

They now conduct things on a different scale.

FIRST YAGER.

Magdeburg was then soon to be stormed by the League,
And I joined them. Here one had some fun : with fatigue
There was leisure for pleasure : one's riotous life
Was rattling and free, as a soldier's should be,
And juggling and dicing and dancing were rife,
For Tilly * knew how to manage the ranks :
To himself severe, denying, austere, †
He o'erlooked in the soldiers a great many pranks,
And his maxim was, (though he never would give
Aught out of his own purse) *Live, and let live.*
But the star of his destiny paled at length,
And ever from Leipsic's luckless day ‡
He saw himself stripped of some source of strength.
We came off second-best in every affray ;
No measures availed ; our stratagems failed ;
Our fortunes, in short, were fairly wrecked,
And we skulked in disgrace from place to place,
The peasantry closing their doors in our face,
For Rancour had taken the place of Respect ;
So I went to the Saxon and took prest-money,
In hopes that my days would get somewhat more sunny.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Well, then, I dare swear, the Bohemians gave
You plenty of booty.

FIRST YAGER.

No, faith ; all was grave ;
We moved as by clockwork, stood stiff and frigid ;
And guarded the Emperor's treasures with rigid
Precaution—were all ceremonial and form—
And even made war with mechanical art,
Giving but to the business the half of our heart,
As though reluctant to rouse into warm
Response the fierce energies of the foe.
My spirits and purse alike ran low ;

* Commander of the Imperial armies during the period of Wallenstein's temporary disgrace.

† It has been said of him, that his lips never approached either woman or wine-glass.

‡ The 17th Sept. 1631, on which day he was defeated by Gustavus.

In short I got sick of so tame a ~~scene~~,
 And was thinking of making a home-retreat
 To the desk, to try what I still could learn,
 But the Friedlander luckily came to beat
 Up then for recruits from street to street.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

And how long do you stick to us?

FIRST YAGER.

You joke!

As long, i' faith, as I wear *his* yoke
 Right glad shall I be in my corps to stay.
 Where, pray, can a man do more with his pay?
 Here martial rule has a fine broad ground;
 The Genius of War breathes freely all round;
 The meanest dragoon is impelled along
 By the spirit that lives in the general throng,
 And the Wavering and Weak are upheld by the Strong.
 Here the firm earth is less firm than my tread,
 And I dare to stride over the burgher as
 The General does o'er the Prince's head;
 For 'tis here today as it came to pass
 In the good old times, when the naked sabre
 Decided all points betwixt neighbour and neighbour.
 One rule, it is true, I am not to infringe:
Thou shalt not examine, oppugn or impinge
The General's order: to that I bow;
 But all is allowed which is not forbidden,
 And honest thoughts need never be hidden.
 There are two sorts of things, and two alone,
 What belongs to the army and what is one's own.
 For me I'm but pledged to the Standard——

SERJEANT-MAJOR:

Now

You please me, Herr Yager; I like to hear
 You speak as a freeborn Cavalier.

FIRST YAGER.

The Duke does not sway like one whose command
 Is held as a trust from the Emperor's hand:
 He serves not the Emp'r'r at all as he ought:
 What gain have his plans to the Empire brought?
 With all his might in the council and field
 Has he been to the nation a shelter and shield?
 No! his genius is grasping; his wishes aspire
 To sovereign power: he would raise—could he chuse—
 An empire of soldiers to forward his views;
 He would rouse up the world—he would set it on fire——

TRUMPETER.

Hush! hush! these dangerous words must not be!

FIRST YAGER.

What I dare to think I dare to speak;
 As the General said, *Here Thought is free*.

True, true ; so he did ; I heard him last week,
 And these were his words : *Here Thought is free,*
But Action is mute and Obedience blind.
 Exactly his words ; I was close behind.

FIRST YAGER.

Whether these were exactly his words I don't know,
 But the fact is this, that the matter is so.

SECOND YAGER.

And well may it be ; for he can't be put down,
 As chiefs and generals elsewhere are.
 Poor General Tilly outlived his renown ;
 But conquest must ride by Wallenstein's side ;
 His troops are victorious where'er they are tried ;
 He has spellbound Good-Success to his car,
 And she dares not abandon him :—let me fight
 Where only the Friedlander's flag is unfurled,
 And I cannot be vanquished by mortal might,
 For that which I say is known to the world,
 That Wallenstein has and keeps each day
 A regular devil from Hell in pay.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

There can't be a doubt that his life is charmed,
 For lately in Lutzen's bloody affray,
 Where the musquetry roared and the hot shot poured,
 He rode through the fire unalarmed and unharmed.
 His hat was riddled with bullets through ;
 They drilled his boots and his jerkin too ;
 The marks were visible there to view ;
 But his skin was hardly so much as grazed,
 For a magical salve repelled each ball.

FIRST YAGER.

Tush ! no ! there's no reason to feel amazed ;
 He wears an elkskin doublet, that's all,
 Which lead is unable to penetrate.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

No, no !—'tis the hell-salve, just as I state,
 Of imps' and witches' concocting and brewing.

TRUMPETER.

The whole thing is plainly the devil's own doing !

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

They say that he also reads in each star
 All future contingencies, near and far ;
 But as to that point I can set you right ;
 A little old mannikin, grey and grim,
 Glides into his room through closed doors at night.
 The sentinels often have challenged him,
 And there always happened some great event
 When the Grey Old Mannikin came and went.

SECOND YAGER.

Yes, yes ! he has given his soul to the devil ;
 Then let us give ours to riot and revel !

SCENE VII.—*To these enter a Recruit, a Burgher, and Dragoons.*

RECRUIT.

(*Who has just come out of the tent, with a tin scullcap on his head and a Regon of wine in his hand.*)

Go home, my good father!—my hand's on the plough.
And I can't look back; I'm a soldier now.

FIRST YAGER.

Ho! here's a recruit, and a fine one he is!

BURGHER.

Oh, Frank! you will shed salt tears for this!

RECRUIT—(*sings.*)

The blast of the clarion—
The drum and the fife,
And the clangor of arms,
And the neck-or-nought life
That we wanderers carry on
Mid warlike alarms,
Where chargers are prancing,
And sabres are glancing,
And laughter and shout
Speak our fetterless mirth,
And the green floor of Earth
Spreadeth out, spreadeth out
In the Farness before us,
As vast as the armament o'er us—
Those he sounds, this a life, to my mind and my manner:
Hurrah, then hurrah for the Friedlander's banner!

SECOND YAGER.

I say!—that's a strapping young carl as you'll meet.
(*They embrace him.*)

BURGHER.

Hold off!—the lad's come of people of note.

FIRST YAGER.

D'ye think, then, that we were picked up in the street?

BURGHER.

He has money enough to keep him warm:
Just feel the fine cloth he wears in his coat!

TRUMPETER.

'Tis a rag to the Emperor's uniform.

BURGHER.

He is heir to a hat-mannufactory—

SECOND YAGER.

He may pitch to Old Scratch when he mounts the brass hat.
That

BURGHER.

And eke to his grandmamma's mercery-stalls.

FIRST YAGER.

Faugh!—needles, and tapes, and bobbins, and balls!

BURGHER.

His godmother also has left to her dear,
As a legacy, twenty hampers of wine.

TRUMPETER.

Good!—them he'll divide with his comrades here.

SECOND YAGER (*to the Recruit.*)

I say!—you shall be a mess-brother of mine.

BURGHER.

He has left a young wife at home to suffer.

FIRST YAGER.

That's right; it shews that his heart is the tougher.

BURGHER.

His grandam will never get over the shock.

SECOND YAGER.

So much the better; he'll finger her stock.

SERJEANT-MAJOR,

(Advancing towards the recruit, and laying his hand with a solemn air upon the tin scullcap.)

Behold! you have chosen a noble part;
 You bear in your bosom a new-given heart,
 And the helmet and sword are your all henceforward.
 The Army is first of the Schools of Merit,
 You therefore must cherish a noble spirit.—

FIRST YAGER.

And let your cash fly both southward and norward.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

You are now, my young friend, about to begin
 The Voyage of Life in Fortune's bark:
 The globe lies before you, half-bright, half-dark,
 But this be your motto, *Nought venture, nought win.*
 The burgher but tracks the one weary course
 In the selfsame round, like a dyer's horse;
 But the sphere of the soldier is wider of girth,
 For *War* is today the watchword of Earth.
 Look at me for a moment!—though plain be my dress,
 I carry the Emperor's truncheon, no less,
 For the sceptre in the Emperor's hand
 Is only a truncheon,* you'll understand;
 And all your regiments, friend and foe,
 Are led by the truncheon wherever they go.
 Now he that has reached the Corporal's grade
 Is on the first step to promotion and might,
 And a Corporal, Sir, you may yet be made.

FIRST YAGER.

That is, if you're able to read and write.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

I'll give you an instance or two, out of hand,
 There's the Irishman, Butler, that has the command
 Of the corps of Dragoons—at Cologne on the Rhine
 Some thirty years back he and I were no more
 Than privates;—but Valor and Talent must shine,
 And his, before long, were trumpeted o'er
 The empire; and so he's a Colonel now.
 My merits, 'tis true, were passed over somehow;
 But look to our leader himself, him who can
 Control, overcome, achieve all by his power;
 What was he of old? I remember the hour
 He but ranked as a beggarly nobleman;

* The text is still less complimentary—*ist ein Stock nur*, is nothing but a stick.

Yet now, through the fortune of War alone,
 He has raised his fame's edifice stronger than stone,
 And stands the next man to the King on his throne;
 And who knows what he still may reckon to get?
 (*Drily*) For the Day of Reckoning is not come yet.

FIRST YAGER.

Though he now mows down whole columns and ranks,
 He began on a very small scale when young;
 For, being at College in Altorf, among
 The ontire of his harum-scarum pranks,
 He killed but one lad, his servitor-student;
 The feat, however, was voted imprudent;
 And the Nuremberg magistrates, hearing the tale,
 Decided on sending the killer to gaol.
 'Twas a new Stone Jug, and the first who came
 Inside of its walls was to give it its name;
 So, what would you have of my hero? By Jove
 He runs Tray before him to look for a home in't,
 And the gaol is called after the dog to this moment.
 'Twas capital,—eh?—from a juvenile cove.
 Though the anecdotes told of his boyhood are many,
 This always has tickled me more than any.

(*The Second Yager begins toying with the Servant-girl, who has been, for some time waiting at table.*)

DRAGOON (*stepping between them.*)

Comrade, drop that!—you've no business here!

SECOND YAGER.

The devil!—how dare you interfere?

DRAGOON.

On very good grounds: the wench is my own.

FIRST YAGER.

By Jingo?—a girl to yourself alone!
 Are you playing the bully? Explain yourself fully.

SECOND YAGER.

He'd cook up a mess apart in the camp!
 Where the smiles of a woman should just be as common
 To all as the rays of Heaven's own lamp.

(*Kisses the girl.*)

DRAGOON (*pulling her away.*)

I tell you again, I don't tolerate this.

FIRST YAGER.

Huzza! huzza! the dancers draw near!

SECOND YAGER (*to the Dragoon.*)

If you're on for a quarrel remember I'm here.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Peace, gentlemen! peace!—What matters a kiss?

(*To be concluded in the next number.*)

IRISH METROPOLITAN CONSERVATIVE SOCIETY.

THE recent meeting of this Society is an event of such importance, that we feel we should not be doing justice to our readers did we neglect to notice it in a Magazine professing Conservative principles. It is the more necessary so to do, as many misapprehensions are rife respecting the nature, constitution, and objects of the Society. The wisdom of calling the late meeting has also been questioned by many even favorable to the objects the Society has in view, on the ground that it is too like what we condemn in the opposite party. It is not our intention here to repeat the argument so absurdly overlooked, or timidly abandoned by many, that there is no possible analogy between Conservative and Destructive Societies; no argument to be drawn from the illegality of combining to alter the constitution and defy the laws, against the legality of associating to preserve the one and enforce the other. We would indeed almost question whether any species of society, either open or secret, can be unconstitutional, which has the protection of the constitution for its object; or whether any combination can possibly be otherwise which is designed to alter that constitution. Some men, indeed, seem wilfully to forget, that whether alterations are really necessary or not, and whether their advocates are praiseworthy or criminal; yet in no case can those be otherwise than praiseworthy who labour to preserve institutions as they are; since their direct operation is to maintain peace and order, and to support property and rights.

Nothing can be more monstrous than to assert, that when we associate to protect, we resemble those who associate to destroy. Surely it is not at this day that we are to be informed for the first time that that which constitutes the propriety of an association is its object. But if we are to beware of following the example of our opponents, the first thing we must endeavour is to take care not even in the least degree to be successful—for since they have certainly to a great extent succeeded, nothing could be more disgraceful than

that we should do the same. But there is no need for alarm, for as certainly as we abstain from learning and applying such parts of the tactics of our opponents as are suited to a good cause, we shall be free from the least chance of resembling them in their success.

It is said, however, that, although such meetings are perhaps unobjectionable at other times, yet just at the present moment it is particularly necessary that the Protestants of Ireland should be quiet; in order to display more glaringly the perfidy of the government in permitting the revolutionists to hold meetings to agitate the country. In the first place, let us suppose, for argument sake, that we could charge the government with breach of faith, in permitting the Corn Exchange meetings; it is hardly a question whether more good is to be gained by arousing the dormant spirit of our Conservative gentry, by reviving and encouraging our persecuted peasantry, and by shewing the Protestant British nation that we are not lying asleep while they are calling upon us to be up and doing, than by enabling two or three members of Parliament to discharge a pretty display of indignant eloquence against the mad wall of ministerial effrontery in a Radical House of Commons. We have had enough of trusting to the effects of remonstrances. But in fact the government cannot be charged with any breach of faith in permitting O'Connell to hold meetings, to form registering societies, and in every way consistent with the law of the land, to agitate. Any government is as clearly bound to protect him in this course, as it is to hang him the instant he makes use of those meetings to utter treason. No: the government *have* broken faith it is true; but the perfidy consists in this, that they pledged themselves that if the guardians of the constitution would relinquish the secret societies formed for the protection of their lives and properties, they would guarantee the putting down of the secret societies whose object was robbery, assassination and sacrilege; and whose members

are sworn to wade knee-deep in the blood of women and children : and that after our part of the agreement had been fulfilled, they not only neglected to perform their duty, but actually patronize and encourage the very miscreants whom they had pledged themselves to root out of society. This is their breach of faith, or rather one out of the multitude of ungentlemanly acts of perfidy which prove the benefits to be derived from laying down our arms to wait for the protection which a Whig-radical ministry will afford to a Protestant population. To this, let our leaders call the attention of the British nation. For this, added to the long list of their other crimes, let them call down the vengeance of the insulted empire upon the selfish, the unprincipled, the false tools of a denounced traitor, the nursing-mothers of ignorance, falsehood, misery, and crime. Let our leaders amuse themselves, if they will, in trying to bring a blush into the hardened brow of a Melbourne cabinet ; but we tell them and the Protestants of Ireland, that if they wish to make that cabinet smile, they will abstain from demonstrating their strength, in the hope of thus pleasing the Protestants of England ; and if they wish to make that factious ministry tremble in its den, they will cry aloud, and spare not ; they will proclaim to the now awakened empire, that it has been deceived into administering to itself a dose of poison ; they will call on the British people to retrace the steps they have taken down the road of ruin ; they will lay before them earnestly, constantly, in every shape, and on every opportunity, what is the real state of Ireland, and how fearfully important that state must ever be to the interests of the empire at large.

We think the best mode to display the views and objects of the society is to let them speak for themselves.

The first extract we shall make from the Report is one, the painful truth of which, the sufferings of recent years have impressed on the hearts of all acquainted with Ireland.

“ Your committee would respectfully state their conviction that the extreme dangers to which you are now exposed are in a great degree, if not entirely, attributable to the fact that the Protestants

of this country contented themselves for ages past with preserving the constitution, enforcing the laws, and maintaining connexion with England. They omitted to improve their estates, and disregarded the spiritual welfare of those who dwelt on them ; they affected to think themselves English, instead of raising their native country to a moral rank in which they might be proud to own themselves her sons ; they neglected the poorer Protestant, and thus held out constantly a physical as well as moral encouragement to that which needs none ; to popery, the weed that will uniformly sow itself without tillage, and spring up wherever the good seed has not been carefully implanted.”

We sincerely rejoice to find the Committee fearlessly discharging the unpopular duty of exposing our national sins as the causes of our national miseries. We trust that it is not yet too late to amend, and that the evil, though it has reached a fearful height, may yet, by steady patience and conscientious perseverance on the part of our landed proprietary, be checked and finally overcome. But we tell them that, while they ought to register the voter, they ought also to be labouring to create the voter ; that while they are locating and protecting the Protestant, they must also strive to emancipate the Papist from the thralldom of ignorance and superstition. We tell them that, while if they neglect to fight the battle of the constitution at the hustings, their rights, their properties, and their lives will, in the twinkling of an eye, be lost for ever ; yet if they confine their exertions to this course, they will be toiling up a hill of constantly increasing difficulty ; new claimants will be perpetually coming forward, while the actual strength of the Protestant body will be diminishing for want of instruction and encouragement, and the Tartar horde of ignorance and superstition will be proportionably on the increase. One important truth we would implore our friends to bear constantly in mind. If the danger was temporary, and the result of a temporary cause, the registries would be the proper field of your exertions ; but when the contrary is the fact, when the danger has been gradually growing to a fearful intensity, and has

resulted from the mismanagement and misconduct of centuries, the direction of your labours must be more comprehensive; and as it is so powerfully expressed by the Committee in their Report, your objects must be "religious from choice, political only from necessity." This has been so clearly stated in another passage of the Report, that we cannot refrain from extracting it. After replying to several unfounded objections made against the Society by those who would not take the trouble of inquiring into its nature, such as, that it was a revival of, or substitute for, Orangeism, that it was exclusive, affiliated, &c. &c. the Report proceeds:—

"Many of your warmest and most valued friends have objected that the principles and objects of your society are too political, while others viewing merely the temporary danger, and regarding rather the effect than the cause, are disposed to think that you should confine your exertions to direct opposition to that physical force which is marshalled to assault the constitution at the registries.—

Those who are conversant with districts where the diffusion of sound religion and the consequent observance of the laws, secure leisure to lay the foundation of truth, and to build upon it steadily the superstructure of loyalty and morality, belong to the former class; while those who are plunged in the sea of discord, and are daily witnesses of, and sufferers from, the effects of placing power in the hands of the ignorant slaves of a designing priesthood, are, of course, naturally enlisted among the latter. To both, your committee would reply in the same words.—Such is the state of this unhappy kingdom that we are not permitted to wait for the slow and certain effects of religious and moral education in producing tranquillity. We are compelled to exert our most vigorous efforts in a course of political warfare in order to secure time for the more mild but permanent remedies to take effect. We will attend constantly, devotedly, indefatigably to the revival and diffusion of pure and rational religion, and the removal of everything that tends to support that ignorance and superstition which is one true cause of the miseries of our country; but we must at the same time leave no effort untried which will ensure to our country a system of government founded on the principle of

maintaining truth, and enforcing obedience to the laws, and which will aid us in our task instead of employing its force to render our exertions fruitless.

We regret that our narrow limits preclude our giving many extracts from the brilliant and impressive speeches delivered at the meeting; but we are compelled to confine ourselves to a few, more directly illustrating the character and objects of the Society. The Report concludes in these words:—

"Your Committee will now conclude with one observation. You are an Irish society, formed for the religious and political improvement of your native country, in the first place, and, in the second, for the promotion of every thing connected with her agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests. You are a Metropolitan society, and you are, therefore, bound to consult alike, the prosperity of every portion of the island. You are a Conservative society, and, therefore, pledged, in both your social and your individual capacity, to use your wealth and influence for the encouragement of well-conducted and loyal citizens."

The two following extracts are from the speech of the Hon. R. E. Plunkett, M. P.:

"Sir, I had, still supposing myself arguing with our political friends, we have had heretofore registration societies, and a Conservative society; their error, if it be not too presumptuous to charge an error upon the offspring of the great minds that planned those associations, was, that they did not mingle with, and act upon the mass and majority of the party. Sir, these are times when politics come home to every man's heart and hearth. Politics, the science of government, is then, at all events, painfully as intimately interesting, when we feel the pressure of an adverse Government on our own position. Sir, all ranks and grades feel this pressure now. While our feelings are the same, why should not our energies be directed to the same end, diverted from what is unlawful, to the proper and peaceable attainment of legitimate and constitutional objects. Sir, with this in view, let us instil our principles into the minds of the people. These are not times when they can be overlooked. Intelligence is beginning to be widely diffused: education of no ordinary kind nurtures to maturity the

minds of our own intelligent fellow-countrymen. The lazy peer, or wealthy proprietor can now no longer slumber on stores of wealth, of which a more intelligent tradesman can tell him that the Bible (and what higher authority could he quote?) says he is only the steward. The Lords and wealthy Commoners in Ireland must at least be willing to infuse into the minds of such of the people as will hear them the principle of various gradations in society—of our balanced Constitution and the Monarchy;—they must inculcate themselves into the affections, and their precepts into the minds of the people, at least of their own partizans, or they may find themselves, when a crisis arrives, without any party whatsoever.”

“This association, sir, aims at nothing chimerical or unattainable. Sir, I venture to take upon myself to make an assertion which I know will meet the concurrence of the meeting. This assembly, many of whose members, persons in a middle class of life, formed the stamina of the Orange Society, seek nothing violent or visionary; if their very utmost political aspirations were to be expressed, I take upon myself in their name to say that they wish for—not an Orange, not a Tory; no, sir, a moderate, a convincing rather than conciliatory, and yet both—Government. Sir, they would desire to see such men as a Graham, a Stanley, and a Peel, guiding and giving glory to the councils of this unrivalled empire. And Wellington is yet alive, and the lords are not degenerate from the days of Runnymede. No, sir, the barons of Runnymede and the lords of the Pale are rushing to the rescue—the vestal flame of British honor burns pure upon the tripod shrine that Britain rears to the genius of constitutional freedom; her triune Constitution, in King, Lords, and Commons. What is constitutional freedom? It is the liberty which our constitution ensures to all who partake of, and uphold it, of enjoying the utmost limits of his own province, by preventing each from encroaching on the province of the other. Thus still can the battle of the Constitution be fought within the pale of the Constitution: to this intent are we a Central Metropolitan Conservative Association.”

The next passage we shall quote is from the address of the Rev. M. O'Sullivan:

“What is likely to be the natural result,
VOL. VIII.

if this warfare of the registries is to engross all men's thoughts and anxieties? This, Sir—that the contending parties in the State shall become confirmed in feelings of mutual distrust. Opposition will harden into antipathy, and within the boundaries of the same realm there will be two distinct, estranged people, to each of whom the overthrow of its rival will be an object of greater desire than the advancement of the national interests, or even than its own ascendancy. This must be the result. If two parties are committed against each other, in a conflict of absorbing interest, four times in each year, and if their attention is fixed perpetually on the incidents and issues of each encounter, it must be, that in making preparations for the coming struggle—in reflecting on the circumstances of that which preceded—in anxiety to avoid errors which had caused danger or disaster—to guard against a renewal of adverse and discreditable practices—each party will be brought to regard itself and its opposite, as the objects on which alone consideration should be fastened, and thus patriotism will merge into faction, the rivalry of parties will be exasperated into mutual and deadly hatred, and their competition will be inflamed into feuds which shall be, in all but the shedding of blood, civil war, if even blood long ceases to be shed in the incidents of their baleful contention. What then are we to do? We must engage in the hateful struggle—we must persevere in it. This is not matter of choice. A hard, I may say, a cruel, necessity has imposed the duty upon us. It was, indeed, little to be anticipated, and very much to be deplored, that in a country to which, beyond all others, repose from political agitation seemed desirable, it should be appointed four times in the year to bid the storm blow. We are not responsible for the measure; but we are responsible for our use of the precarious privileges with which it has endowed us. We have not shaped for ourselves the circumstances in which we are placed; but we must adjust our measures to the demands they make upon us. We must attend to the registries. We must, if we would avoid ruin, persevere in activities which involve acrimony and hate. What must we do to correct the injurious consequences? By what wisdom shall we be enabled to moderate the passion of the controversy to which we are compelled, or protect our enforced competition from the evil effects of which

without correcting influences, it must be productive? The craft of the adversary should instruct us. What is his wisdom? Concealment, disguise, confusion. He would hide his designs and plans; he would put out of sight the character of your principles and your claims. Justice, order, truth, he would have swallowed up in thick night, and would leave nothing distinguishable, except the strife and tumult of the combat. It should be your part to defeat this self-accusing subtlety. I would address to you the supplication of Ajax—"Restore the day; and, if the cause of Protestantism is doomed, let it perish in the night." But I make this supplication without shame. It is your wisdom as it is the province of your Association, to provide that the contest for truth shall be in truth's own element. Let the disguise by which the adversary would cover his plans be penetrated by splendour—let not the high principles which influence us, and the endeavours by which we would uphold them, be for a moment obscured. Make it impossible for the adversary to gather darkness over his devices—bid the darkness, which has too long been permitted to rest on your defences, disperse. Whatever the conflict may be, however sharp, however stubborn, let there be light upon it, and feel assured that the deeds which are evil will be reprov'd, and that the hostility cherished in ignorance against those whose actions and desires can abide the test, will become sensibly stated."

We regret the less, the very brief notice we have been enabled to take of this important meeting, because we have been informed that the Society have at this moment in the press, a full report of the whole proceedings, which they intend to circulate among their friends, not only in this, but in the sister kingdoms. We shall now conclude with two more extracts.

The first is from the truly powerful and statesmanlike speech of Mr. West, our distinguished representative; the other from that of that gifted advocate of liberty, the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan:

"The resolution which I am asked to propose furnishes me with an ample sub-

ject, but what Irish Protestant can speak to it without shame and sorrow? It recites that memorable declaration of our Conservative leader, 'that the battle of the Constitution is to be fought at the registries, that maxim so well remembered in Scotland—so thoroughly understood in England—forgotten only in Ireland. The Scottish Presbyterian, faithful to his own Church, and retaining all his notions of liberality, recollects, nevertheless, that Protestantism is the living principle of the Constitution; and, seeing Protestantism assailed even in Ireland, he has armed himself for battle at the registry. No Englishman will make the application of a principle injurious to his birthright of freedom, even in another land. Yes, the person of a Scotchman is in no danger; the property of an Englishman is secure. The Irish Protestant alone, upon whom the danger is pressing, shrinks from the discharge of a sacred duty, and leaves the weapons of his faith to take the deposit of the lesson taught by the wisdom of Sir Robert Peel.'"

"Is there one who thinks that by surrendering the objects to which the claims of their adversaries are now limited, the Protestants of Ireland could purchase lasting peace? No. If you gave up the establishment of your religion—if you submitted yourselves to municipal bondage—if you legalized the superstitions and the ascendancy of the Roman Church, consenting that the souls of men should be her merchandize, and that the wealth of the land should be poured into her coffers—if, shrinking from the duty of asserting your rights and supporting your friends, you were satisfied to see her instruments occupying all the posts of legislative influence assigned to the keeping of this country, and by their union and determination dictating the destinies of the empire—so long as you persisted to abide in the land of your birth, you would furnish occasion for invective to that party among your antagonists, whom concession renders courageous to do wrong, and you would not engage the sympathies of that larger portion, who, because you did not well to yourselves would not speak well of you."

INDEX TO VOL. VIII.

Address, the Reined, 561.
 of *Amos's History of Europe, during the*
French Revolution, 280; 565.
 Alphabetic Writing, on the Origin of,
 623.
 Anthologia Germanica, No. VII. Ker-
 ner's Lyrical Poems, 148;—Stray
 a Leaflets from the German Oak, 168 :
 No. VIII. Schiller's Drama of Wallen-
 stein's Camp, 727.
 Attractions of Ireland, No. I. Scenery,
 112;—No. II. Scenery and Society,
 315;—No. III. Society, 658.
 Austria, Sarah, Goethe and his Contem-
 poraries, by, review of, 350.
 Bache, J. S.—The Plundersweiller
 Fair, from Goethe, 524.
 Bounty of Ireland, 220.
 Boyhood of a Drammer, the, 32.
 Brothers, the Four Idiot, 150.
 Buckland, Rev. William, Geology and
 Mineralogy considered with reference
 to Natural Theology, review of, 692.
 Carleton, William.—June Sinclair, or the
 Fawn of Springvale, a Tale, by, 334,
 474, 598, 702.
 College Romances, Chapters of,—Chapter
 V. the Bribed Scholar, Part I. 264;—
 Part II. 435.
 Collision, the, 135.
 Consolation, the Poet's, 155.
 Constantinople during the Greek and
 Turkish Revolutions, by the Rev. R.
 Walsh, 196.
 Conservative Society, Irish Metropoli-
 tan, 738.
 Constituency of the City of Dublin, 471.
 Courtenay's Memoirs of Sir William
 Temple, 60.
 Cousins, a Chapter on, 27.
 Cupid, the ways of, 162.
 Curious and Instructive History of Lord
 Pope; or the Bad House in the Irish
 Row, 307.
 Daughters of Time, an eclogue, 298.
 Dreamer, the Boyhood of a, 32.
 Dreams, 153.
 Dublin City, Constituency of, 471.
 Dublin Review, and Doctor Murray, 495.

Emigrant's Tale, the, 39.
 Emays on the English Poets, No. I.
 George Herbert, 572.
 Flora Hibernica, by J. T. Mackay, re-
 view of, 223.
 Forget me not, 131.
 Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen,—No. V.
 Flood, Part II. 80;—No. VI. Law-
 rence Sterne, 247;—No. VII. Earl of
 Charlemont, 376, 534, 675.
 Garden, the, that fades not, 152.
 Gilliland, Robert, Songs by, 15, 523.
 Goethe and his Contemporaries, by Sarah
 Austin, review of, 350.
 Hazlitt, William, Remains of, 406.
 Holberg's Peter Pears, 178.
 Ichabod! the glory hath departed, 160.
 Ireland, Attractions of, No. I. Scenery
 112;—No. II. Scenery and Society,
 315;—No. III. Society, 658.
 Irishmen, Illustrious, Gallery of, No. V.
 Flood, Part II. 80;—No. VI. Law-
 rence Sterne, 247;—No. VII. Earl
 of Charlemont—Part I. 375;—Part
 II. 534;—Part III. 675.
 Irish Metropolitan Conservative Society,
 738.
 Italianni, I Fiorelli.—No. VIII. 180.
 Kerner's Lyrical Poems, 143.
 La Rosa, 701.
 Latrobe's Rambler in Mexico, review of,
 423.
 Letters from an Irish Protestant to the
 People of Scotland, 367.
 Life is the desert and the solitude, 160.
 Literary remains of the late William
 Hazlitt, review of, 406.
 Man must be a believer, where love is the
 deceiver, 161.
 Meditation, a Moonlight, 192.
 Mexico, the Rambler in, by Latrobe, 423.
 Midnight Bell, the, 148.
 Miser of Padua, a tale, 645.
 Murray, Dr. and the Dublin Review, 495.
 O'Sullivan, Rev. Mortimer, Speeches
 of, 3.
 Plundersweiller Fair, a new Ethico Po-
 litical Puppet Play from Goethe, trans-
 lated by J. S. Blackie, Esq. 524.

- Poetry—Songs by Robert Gilfillan, 15, 523 ;—Sonnets, 16 ;—the Sketcher Foiled, 16 ;—the Boyhood of a Dreamer, 32 ;—Forget me not 131 ;—Kerner's Lyrical Poems, 143 ;—Sonnets, 164 ;—I Fiorelli Italiani, 190 ;—a moonlight Meditation, 192 ;—the Daughters of Time, an eclogue, 298 ; the Ruined Abbey, 571 ;—Songs of the Greeks, 617.
- Poets, English, Essays on the, No. I. George Herbert, 572.
- Poet's, the Consolation, 155.
- Pope, Lord, Curious and Instructive History of, or the Bad House in the Irish Row, 397.
- Remarks Upon the Writing on the Second Set of Tables of the Covenant, by Dr. Wall, S.F.T.C. 210—297, 623.
- Review Of O'Sullivan's Case of the Protestants Ireland Stated, 3 ;—Of Rich's Residence in Koordistan and Nineveh, 17 ;—Of Courtenay's Memoirs of Sir William Temple, 60 ;—Of Walsh's Residence at Constantinople, 196 ;—Of Mackay's Flora Hibernica, 223 ;—Of Alison's History of Europe, during the French Revolution, Vol. III., 230, 505 ;—Of Sarah Austin's Goethe and his Contemporaries, 356 ;—Of Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt, 406 ;—Of the Rambler in Mexico, by Charles Joseph Latrobe, 423 ;—Of Dr. Wall's Examination of the Ancient Orthography of the Jews 623 ;—Of Buckland's Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology, 692.
- Revolution, French, Alison's History of the, 230, 505.
- Rich's Residence in Koordistan and Nineveh, review of, 17.
- Ring, the, 152.
- Scholar, the Bribed, 264, 435.
- Schiller's Drama of Wallenstein's Camp, 721.
- Sick Man, the, and the Voice, 156.
- Sinclair, Jane, or the Fawn of Springvale, a Tale, by William Carleton, 334, 474, 593, 702.
- Society, Irish Metropolitan Conservative, 738.
- Songs, by Robert Gilfillan, 15, 523.
- Songs of the Greeks, 617.
- Sonnets, 16, 164.
- Speeches of the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, 3.
- Stanzas to—, 163.
- Statistical Scraps, 48.
- Steed, the Faithful, 151.
- Stray Leaflets, from the German Oak, 159.
- Tales and Narratives—A Chapter on Cousins, 27 ;—The Emigrant's Tale, 39 ;—The Three Wishes, 165, 308, 554 ;—The Bribed Scholar, 264, 435 ; Jane Sinclair, or the Fawn of Springvale, by William Carleton, 334, 474, 593, 702 ;—Thubber-na-Shie, or the Fairy-Well, 447 ;—The Miser of Padua, 645.
- The Love Adieu, 159.
- The Three Wishes, a Tale, 165, 308, 554.
- Thubber-na-Shie, or the Fairy-Well, 447.
- Time, the Daughters of, an Eclogue, 298.
- University Intelligence, 132.
- Wall, Dr. Remarks by, upon the Writing on the Second Set of Tables of the Covenant, 201, 297 ; Inquiry into the Origin of Alphabetical Writing, 623.
- Walsh's Residence at Constantinople, Review of, 196.
- Wanderer, the, from Kerner, 146.
- Wanderer's Chant, the, 149.
- What is a Radical? 285.
- Where is my Home? 155.
- Who has made thee so ill? 157.

END OF VOL. VIII.



JUL 2 1974



